

The Townships Sun



Townships Life and Culture: Past Present and Future

“In dreams & in love there
are no impossibilities.”

—Janos Amay



Best wishes for

2019

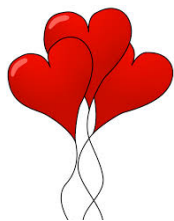


Vol.46, No.6 Jan./Feb.2019 \$2.50

The projected date for publication of the March issue of
The Townships Sun is March 4, 2019.

Table of Contents

Alexander Douglas – 1931 Standard Coupe <i>Clarence Huse</i>3	A Tragic Tale from the Past <i>Linda Knight Seccaspina</i> 15
Townships Trivia: Towns and Villages, Part 2 <i>Matthew Farfan, QAHN</i> 4-6	Connections: Claude H. Alger <i>The Townships Sun</i> 16
Band Tales – Greater Grind <i>Bob Humphrey</i> 7	How Do I Love Thee? <i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> 17
Just One Room: School Memories in Baldwin’s Mills <i>Merritt Belknap/Townships Sun</i> 8-9	Pump Up the Jam at St. Helen’s School for Girls <i>Linda Knight Seccaspina</i> 18-19
The Mystery of Baalbek <i>Lionel Emond</i> 10-11	Going Home <i>Tammy Hadlock</i> 20
Life Was Not a Piece of Cake in Ely <i>Linda Knight Seccaspina</i> 12-13	Pilgarlic the play comes to Eaton Corner <i>Janice Laduke</i> 21
Rotary <i>The Townships Sun</i> 14	Small Vending Machines Deliver Big Benefits for Charities Worldwide <i>QCNA</i> 22-23



Cover design by T. Standish and B. Heath
 Photos: Front cover Jennifer Brown,
 Back cover: 2018 Sun covers



Since 1972

Publisher
 Tom Standish
Editor
 Barbara Heath
Layout Supervisor
 Melanie Cutting
Accounting
 Marion Greenlay
Advertising
 Jennifer Brown
Copy Editors
 Janet Angrave
 Melanie Cutting

Board of Directors
 David Wright, *Chair*
 Janet Angrave
 Jennifer Brown
 Melanie Cutting
 Barbra Heath
 Tom Standish

The Townships Sun Inc. is a non-profit volunteer organization publishing the Townships Sun 9 times a year:

Member of: QCNA (Quebec Community Newspapers Association) and CARD (Canadian Advertising Rates & Data). Registered with La Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec. Publication Mail Agreement: #40016398.

Subscription to print edition - \$25, U.S. \$30.

Electronic, Canada or U.S. - \$15.

Special Introductory Package offer - \$30.

For print and electronic version – 1 year \$30, Canada or U.S.

Payment by mail, cheque or money order, or online at <http://thetownshipssun.org>.

We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada and by the Ministère de la Culture et des Communications du Québec in the form of Project and Operation Grants.

The Sun welcomes manuscripts, letters, photos, and anecdotes. Submissions should include the contributor’s full name, phone number and address.

Please send submissions to heathba@b2b2c.ca



The Townships Sun, P.O. Box 28, Lennoxville post office, Sherbrooke, QC J1M 1Z3
 Tel: 819•566•7424 E-mail contact@townshipssun.ca



Alexander Douglas – 1931 Standard Coupe

By Clarence Huse (excerpted from his book)

Alexander Douglas, better known as Doug, is the owner of this 1931 Standard Coupe.

Doug purchased the car in 1956 from a Mr. Goudreau in Beebe, Quebec, Canada. He transferred, licensed and drove the car until 1964 when he parked it.

Thirty-seven years later Doug purchased another motor for the car, rebuilt and installed it.

The coupe is a work in process, requiring bodywork and new upholstery. Doug has purchased new glass for the doors but not for the back. He also needs a new windshield. He plans to install new running boards and three new fenders. He wants to paint the body Desert Sand and the reveals Tacoma Cream. He realizes Desert Sand is not an official Standard Coupe colour, but this is the colour he prefers.

This car has a metal roof installed on it. Doug is going to go over it with top material and put the moulding on. Unless someone hits it with their hand you will never know the difference.



1931 Standard Coupe.



Amazingly, the car was sitting for thirty-seven years and the brakes never seized. They still work as good as ever, even the hand brake.

At present, the car has sealed beam headlights, but Doug has all the pieces to replace these to original.

Many people have offered to buy the car. In one instance, a buyer and Doug were only fifty dollars apart. Neither party would budge and the deal fell through. In hindsight, Doug is pleased that they did not come to an agreement.

In the first eight years Doug owned the Model "A" he used it like a truck, hauling firewood, brick and everything else. He used it to plough through mud and snow that came over the running boards.

Doug has a lot of history with the old car. We wish him good luck with the restoration. He also has a Model "AA" truck among other vehicles in his collection.



Townships Trivia

Towns and Villages, Part 2

by Matthew Farfan, QAHN

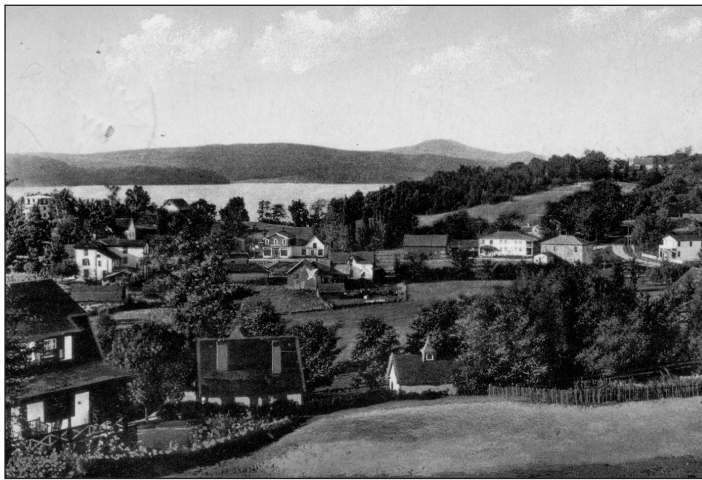
QUEBEC ANGLOPHONE
HERITAGE NETWORK
QAHN



RÉSEAU DU PATRIMOINE
ANGLOPHONE DU QUÉBEC
RPAQ

1 This early postcard, c.1910, shows a scene overlooking what village on what lake?

- a) North Hatley, Lake Massawippi
- b) Lac-Mégantic, Lake Megantic
- c) Georgeville, Lake Memphremagog
- d) Ayer's Cliff, Lake Massawippi



2 This aerial view, c.1940, shows what village and lake?

- a) Magog, Lake Memphremagog
- b) Eastman, Lake Orford
- c) Georgeville, Lake Memphremagog
- d) North Hatley, Lake Massawippi



Quebec Heritage News

Quebec's English-language heritage magazine

Local history * Heritage conservation * Book reviews * Commentary * Letters * And more!

Subscribe now! \$30 for 1 year / \$75 for 3 years / \$40 per year for institutions

Cheque: QAHN, 400-257 Queen, Sherbrooke, Qc J1M 1K7 / **Paypal:** home@qahn.org.

Info: (819) 564-9595 / Toll free in Quebec: 1 (877) 964-0409



3 This photograph from 1910 is taken just up the street from the village "Common" or "Green." But where?

- a) Knowlton
- b) Hatley
- c) Mansonville
- d) Eastman



5 This village is known for its 12-sided barn, seen here on the left. Name it.

- a) Milby
- b) Mystic
- c) Megantic
- d) Melbourne



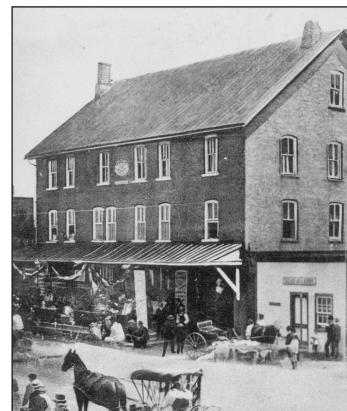
4 This village, seen here c.1930, was settled by French-Canadians repatriated from New England in the 1870s. Mount Megantic is visible in this photo. But what village is it?

- a) La Patrie
- b) Sainte-Edwidge-de-Clifton
- c) Saint-Herménégilde
- d) Saint-Venant-de-Paquette



6 This building, seen here c.1905, is still standing today. Built as a hotel in 1865, it housed the Odd Fellows hall on the upper floor. Name the town.

- a) Bedford
- b) Dunham
- c) Stanbridge East
- d) Frelighsburg





- Wholesale & Retail Service • Home Cured Ham
- Home Made Cold Cuts • Smoked Meat
- Meat for Freezer

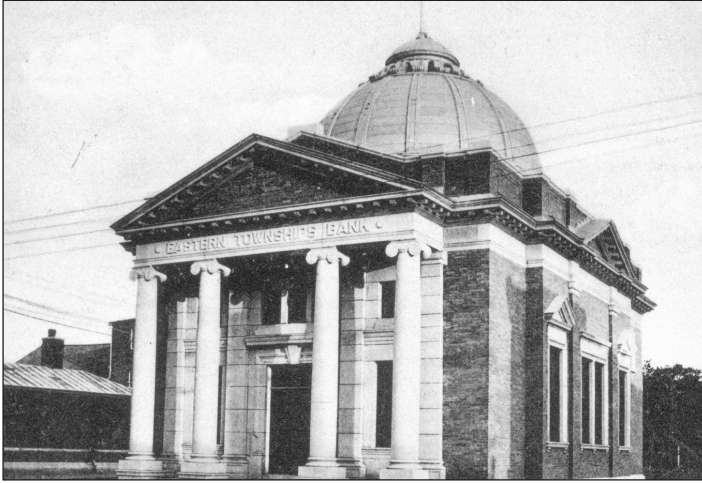
83 COVEY HILL, HEMMINGFORD, QC J0L 1H0
TEL.: (450) 247-2130 TEL.: (450) 247 - 3561





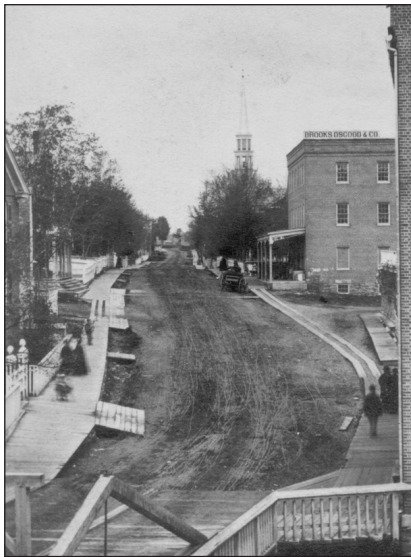
7 The Eastern Townships Bank, which was swallowed up by the Bank of Commerce in 1912, built branches all over the Townships. This branch is still standing today (minus the dome). What town is it in?

- a) Rock Island
- b) Farnham
- c) Coaticook
- d) No idea, that could be anywhere!



8 This view, taken in the 1860s, shows Commercial (later Dufferin) Street from the Magog Bridge. What town is it?

- a) Omerville
- b) Magog
- c) Sherbrooke
- d) Rock Forest



9 The town in this photo was a major lumber producer and was settled largely by Scottish immigrants. Name it.

- a) Stornoway
- b) Scotstown
- c) Sawyerville
- d) Gould



10 This town was settled by Loyalists in the 1790s. Can you name it? Hint: a major ski resort is nearby.

- a) Sutton
- b) Orford
- c) Bromont
- d) Mansonville



All images courtesy of Matthew Farfan. Reproduced with permission.

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

Band Tales – Greater Grind

An old-time snow goes in the record books

by Bob Humphrey

JOHN VIAU LIVES in the rural village of Ormstown, Quebec, which lies on the main flyway for greater snow geese. Not surprisingly, the area is home to several outfitters specializing in snow geese, and even locals frequently use their services due to the massive decoy spreads necessary to lure in big flocks of wary white birds. Viau and buddy, Dave Wright, decided to forgo the guides and invest in two-dozen snow goose shells.



“The first four hours proved to be a complete bust, even though the sky was filled with huge flocks of snow geese,” said Viau. “Two outfitters had set up within

a five-mile radius of our position. They set over 1,000 decoys and were shooting large numbers of geese.”

The pair was about to call it a day when they noticed a large flock headed toward them. The birds circled several times before finally dropping in. Viau and Wright fired six quick shots of Black Cloud BBs, dropping nine geese. One of the birds bore a band.

“Later that day I reported the old goose’s band number,” Viau recalled. “After quite a long pause, the service officer politely asked me to verify the band number.” Viau corresponded back-and-forth with the agency several times before they requested a picture of the band, which he promptly sent.

That elicited a follow-up telephone conversation where Viau related, “They still seemed a little doubtful.” It was only after he answered several more general questions that they were satisfied, and acknowledged the authenticity. Though the bird was banded an unremarkable 250 km away, it was banded in 1996, as an adult, making it at least 20 years old.

When a quick look at longevity records from the Bird-Banding Lab failed to show any for greater snow geese,

I contacted Danny Bystrak, a wildlife biologist at the lab. After doing a little research he reported: “It appears that 22 years, 8 months is the oldest verified record. There are a few reports older than that, but in each case something about them looks suspicious enough to reject them as longevity records.” He further noted there are currently 19 records longer than 20 years, 5 months (the estimated age of Viau’s bird), though a few of them are probably also suspect.



HUNTER: John Viau, Ormstown, QC.

BAND #: 1227-63903

SPECIES: Snow goose (F)

BANDED: Cape Tourmente, QC.

LOCATION: 10/11/1996

RECOVERED: 12/07/2015

LOCATION: Ormstown, Qc.

Just One Room: School Memories in Baldwin's Mills

by Merrick Belknap in Collaboration with the Townships Sun

Life fills us with memories, one by one as we move through life. They make us smile and sometimes they make us cry. And often we yearn for the good old days, when times were simple and neighbors were our friends. As we grow older, we know just how important these memories are, without which life would have no foundation and no meaning, just a series of empty days.

I hope you are able to bear with me as I travel back in time. My memory may not be as complete as it once was; however, some recollections are etched in my mind. Early education is a part of my life I remember well. I liked school, which made it even more curious that, on my first day of school, I pretended to be very upset. My mother and father drove me to school; I got out of the car, and stood there with my arm over my eyes pretending to cry. My father said "Oh, damn it, come on." I immediately jumped back into the car and went home. The next day I returned to the school, jumped out of the car and attended class like nothing had happened.

The school was located near the cemetery at the end of Lake Lyster. We could see the Pinnacle from the school. It was awesome, a work of nature, a majestic marking of Baldwin's Mills. The school house had one teacher for grades 1 - 6, so she taught all subjects. We had 20 or more students. The teacher usually boarded with the people who lived just down from the school. During my time in school I had three teachers: Mildred Cearles, Miss Cummings and Miss Cunningham. Like a lot of the young boys, I had a crush on my teacher: Miss Cearles was probably my favorite.

The room was furnished with wooden desks, as well as a shelf where the water pail and tin cup were kept. Everyone drank from the same cup, and the water pail was filled daily. A couple of the older children would go to the house next door to fetch the water. There was a box stove used to heat the building; a man would go in each day to build the fire and keep the woodshed stocked.

Connected to the school was a two seater outhouse. Not sure why a two seater, as I do not recall ever seeing two people there at the same time. Of course, the outhouse came complete with the Eaton's catalogue, for sanitary purposes.

Punishment for misbehaviour was carried out by the teacher employing a long wooden ruler which she used to hit the offender. You would stand in front of the class and take your punishment. I was pretty good about

talking my way out of punishment. I recall one young lad, Vionel Norton, who was smaller, so I decided to take his punishment and be his protector. I have had the great opportunity to speak with his daughter on several occasions. What a lovely lady she is; he would be so proud of her.

Ted Perkins, the Baldwin Boys, Vionel Norton, and Margaret Markwell Hamilton were all old school buddies. I have to let you in on a secret- I had a crush on a fellow student, Ruby. But alas, it was all one sided; maybe she just was not ready for a relationship. I have been able to keep in touch with many of these friends over the years, and we have lots of good memories and stories to share. Due to my mother's vigilant care I was able to run and play with the other youngsters although I had suffered from polio at the age of three. My mother rubbed my legs every day with coconut oil. In the winter we would go out and have snowball fights. Who did not like snowball fights? We would eat our packed lunch at our desks and then it was outside for a little play time. One day I hit Miss Cearles' brother in the eye. Oh boy, did he have a black eye! Once again I was able to talk my way out of trouble.

One of the major highlights of school was seeing Big Jack Garland in the school yard. He was a local legend, a massive man who towered above us, and was a bit of a recluse. Many people were somewhat fearful of him and his odd ways. He was a well-educated man from England who came to Canada under a mysterious cloud. He was very gentle with children, and they loved him as he seemed to love them. We had our own gentle giant right there in the school yard.

My father would often walk us across the frozen lake to school. The roads were cleaned by a snow roller and not always the easiest to navigate, so the lake was an alternative and the walk was good for these young spirits. One day while walking across the ice, my father suddenly fell through. He called to us to get a big limb that had come down in the storm just a couple of days earlier, and instructed us to get on our tummies and carefully, slowly slide the branch to him. He reached out and grabbed the limb while we held on. He managed to get himself out of the water, so we returned home where he sat by the box stove to get warmed up and put on dry clothes. I can still see him shivering, with water dripping off from him. After that we took the horse and sleigh to school. No more walking for a while.

(CONT'D ON PG. 9)

(CONT'D FROM PG. 8)

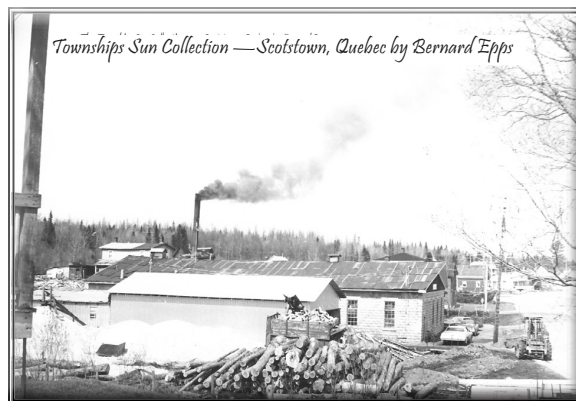
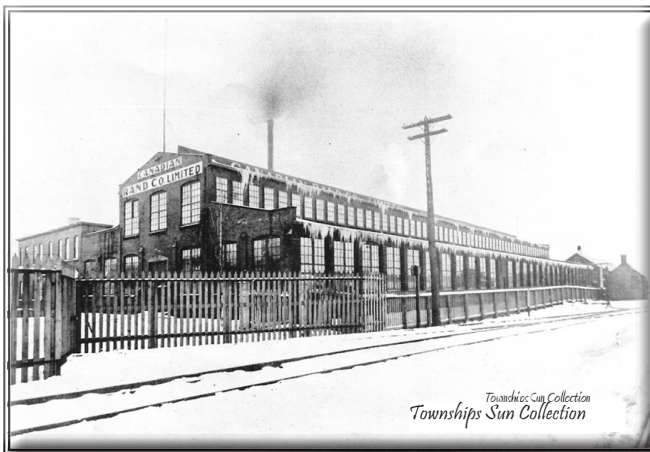
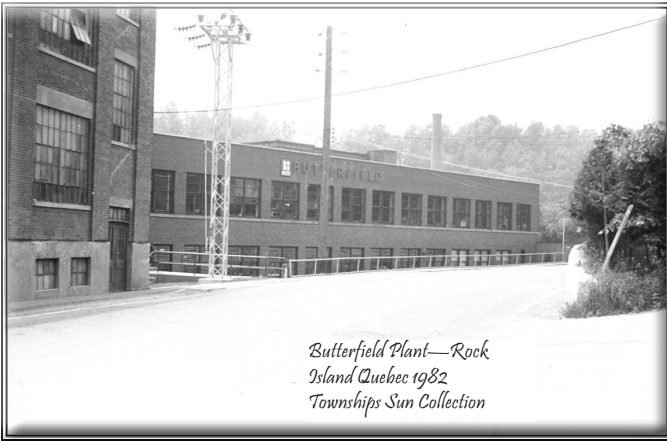
As a teenager I hung out with the other young lads. To continue on in high school I had to go to Magog, where I stayed with my brother George, who was a game warden and superintendent of the Magog Fish Hatchery. That ended in 1937, when my father purchased a new Ford pick-up truck. I had just learned to drive and could not wait to return home to drive that new truck! Besides, it would relieve my mother of the responsibility of doing all the driving, since my father did not drive. I was in my glory driving this beautiful new truck.

World War II broke out, and due to the polio, I was unable

to sign up for military service. I did however, after much convincing, enroll with the Frontiersmen station at Dominion Textile in Magog. There were guards there 24 hours a day.

I think someone must have been looking out for me. I would take the canoe from the Fish Hatchery and paddle upstream to Main Street in Magog. No one with me, no life jacket, and yet here I am, many years later. My life has been filled with adventures, and I attribute much of this to my love of reading. I had a curious mind and loved to read. It has informed me and opened many doors.

A Gallery of Pictures from The Townships Sun Collection



The Mystery of Baalbek

by Lionel Emond

In 2001, while on a Rotarian audit of a local humanitarian project in Lebanon, the author was given a tour in the Beqaa Valley by two locals, who coincidentally were agents in Lebanon and Syria for a Canadian Tool Company! My main interest was the Baalbek Ruins, located east of the Litani River, 85 km from Beirut.

Baalbek is one of the most mysterious ruins in the world, predating the Roman Empire: a two thousand year old temple to Jupiter that sits on 3000 ton stone blocks, occupying an ancient mound. It is a "Colossal Enigma", as Glen Quasar described it, "a past super civilization, or at least a technically advanced civilization of pure history."

Baalbek is named for Baal, the Phoenician deity, although the Romans knew the site by its Greek name, Heliopolis (city of the sun). For three centuries, the Roman emperors endeavoured to make their presence felt by enriching Baalbek with colossal architecture. Only ruins remain today, but in spite of the destruction, they are among the most impressive in antiquity (8th wonder in the world).

The historian Dell Upton has noted the unusual lack of documentation regarding who might have commissioned, paid for, or designed the temple. As a result, theories and myths prevail, eg: on an ancient coin** from the city of Byblos is depicted an ancient temple, with an enclosure in which stood a rocket ship upon a launch pad, which experts have identified as the Landing Place of Sumerian lore, the place where the Sumerian king Gilgamesh witnessed a rocket ship rise. This, experts declare, as being the vast platform in the mountains of Lebanon, at Baalbek, upon which stands the ruins of the greatest Roman temple ever built. Supporting the massive platform are three colossal stone blocks that have been known since antiquity as the Trilithon.

According to Upton, the site is a metaphor for the role of imaginative distortion in architectural history. In the absence of concrete information, he writes, Baalbek has become "a very accommodating screen upon which to project strikingly varied stories." There are many local legends about the origin of the temple: Cain built it to hide from the wrath of God; giants built it, at Nimrod's command, and it came to be called the Tower of Babel; Solomon built it, with djinns' assistance, as a palace for the

Queen of Sheba. (It is said that the reason some blocks were left in the quarry is that the djinns went on strike.) Since the author's visit to Baalbek, additional discoveries have been made, such as the discovery of the world's largest carved stone lying nearby in a quarry. This 1659 ton stone matches those that support the Temple, while the pillars of Stonehenge weigh only about 40 tons.



Urquhart concludes that the temple must have been built by contemporaries of Noah, using the same technological prowess and foresight of a pending flood that enabled the construction of the Ark. Work was halted because of the flood, which swept away all the similar sites, leaving the enigma of Baalbek alone on the face of the earth.

But perhaps the biggest mystery is the question of size. Nothing puzzles archaeologists so much as impracticality, and although the topography of Baalbek demands strong foundation stones, and although one big stone is easier to move than many smaller stones, the pillars holding up the temple's podium, Van Ess says, are bigger than they need to be. The monumental entrance to the "temple of Bacchus" forty feet high and more than twenty-three feet wide, is one of the most sumptuous gateways of antiquity.

The temple itself was enormous. It covered 288 ft. by 156 ft. Of the original columns, only some six or so, still stand. Three blocks of stone can be seen supporting the gigantic wall. Admirably hewn and fitted together, they are about 66 feet long, 14

(CONT'D ON PG. 11)

feet high and 12 feet thick. Their estimated weight is nearly 800 tons, and they are thought to be the largest stones ever used in any building,

An alternative theory, proposed by the late author Zecharia Sitchin, is that the podium at Baalbek had to be big enough to serve as an "intergalactic" landing pad, as documented in the Epic of Gilgamesh. One finds that archaeologists are seldom receptive to the notion of ancient astronauts—although one could argue that, when the archaeologists went looking for answers, all they managed to find was an even bigger and more mysterious stone block.

The reader is directed to Sitchin's *The Earth Chronicles* (Books 1-4), wherein he looks back to the Sumerian period, which he suggests was tied in with the advent of interplanetary explorers who established a base for their interplanetary sorties. This provided the "ultra-human powers" required to develop the huge structures that evolved from that time, including Baalbek.

The myths which exist amongst the native Peruvians; the astral evidences in the Nazca Lines carved in the sands; the stories of the prophets who cruised the country, warning people of the flood and telling them to tie themselves to trees; the "giants" who built the huge structure in Cusco (Sacsaywarnan): all infer that visitors from outer space were indeed active.

In any event, Baalbek is one of the author's most treasured archeological sites in the world, along with Cusco and Machu Picchu, and it challenges the mind by the creation of immense structures which defy explanation, unless we accept that this was aided by a "super race" which arrived on the planet in pre-historical Sumerian times.

(Extracts taken from Sitchin, Quasar, *In Search of Lost Worlds* by Eydoux and others, found in Google, coupled with the author's own observations and opinions of the various sites described.)

** Sitchin, *When Time Began*, p. 50





The only locally produced English-language broadcaster covering the Townships

88.9 FM

Local news, weather and timely interviews plus all the new hits you love:
the Qube is your home on the FM dial!

Life Was Not a Piece of Cake in Ely

by Linda Knight Seccaspina

In 1799 John Wales built a log house on a better-than-average lot in Dunham, Quebec, but after listening to bogus information he heard that Ely was the place to call home. John and his friend decided to head out and see what the supposed new colony offered. Even though they were determined to become permanent settlers of Ely it seems like they didn't investigate the matter thoroughly. In previous years other settlers had attempted to settle there only to remain for barely two years, as it was starvation, or move on. It seemed to be a mystery to John and his friend what had happened there, and there were few clues as to what might have passed. A number of the original settlers were upper-class gentlemen who were not accustomed to manual labour; the group included very few farmers or skilled men, so they were doomed from the start.



Ely photo- Photo BANQ

But sometimes people are stubborn, as was John Wales, who had already spent 11 years toughing it out in nothing more than could be considered a



South Ely- Photo BANQ

backwoods life. No matter how bad things are however, you can make things worse: Mr. Wales packed up what he thought were provisions for a year that would be enough for his family. Being a generous man, he welcomed all those that stopped at his home for a day or two until they could prepare a home of their own.

Needless to say, the family's provisions ran out sooner than expected, and he had to make a decision to travel to Frelighsburg, over 46 miles away. It was the dead of winter when he began his journey with only his sled and a yoke of oxen. Because the

snow was deep he was forced to make his own road through the snow for much of the distance to Frelighsburg.

As the days passed. John's family became alarmed at his long absence and worried about their own existence. They had little left to eat and ate solely bread made from coarse cornmeal that John's wife prepared in a mortar. This was no easy thing as the corn needed a lot of cleaning and they had to pull broken grains, cob, and rocks out as well as be religious about 'picking' the grains to save a tooth or two. The whole family hoped that he would be back soon with something better for them to eat as starvation was eventually going to knock at the door.

Finally, one night more than a week after his departure, his 8 children were roused from their slumber by an unusual noise below. Hearing their father's voice, they descended the ladder from their upstairs berth, and, baking

in the open hearth was a good size short cake. then called Soda Cake. Before baking powder hit the scene in 1856, making anything was not a piece



Gears Falls Dunham Quebec- Photo BANQ

of cake. In addition to beating air into their eggs, they often used a kitchen staple called pearlash, or potash, made from lye and wood ashes, and this agent was difficult to make, caustic and often smelly.

You would think Wales would have thought twice about living in Ely and having to travel so far for food, but he carried on even though his cattle were being eaten by bears and crops were constantly being destroyed. Cold and isolation could take its toll on families, who found themselves literally snowed in for weeks at a time.

His family eventually moved back to Dunham, having had just about enough of Ely, but one son remained with John Wales. The work was relentless, and the story goes that his son undressed only once during the course of three months. At night, the local bears kept them busy. Pigs, sheep, you name it, became meals for these bruins and such were the incidents

(CONT'D ON PG. 13)

which Mr. Wales experienced during his stay in Ely.

Years later, John finally gave up and moved back to Dunham. In 1812 he settled comfortably on a plot of land owned by his grandson, Orlin Wales, and lived there until he died. Of all the family, Orlin was said to be just like his grandfather. He began the first cheese factory, became postmaster and was a pillar of the community. For his grandfather, it was a long and painful road getting to a life he felt happy with. Life is hard, but there are moments, sometimes hours - and, if you're really lucky, full days - where everything feels just right.

Recipe for Soda Cakes (Mary Randolph)

Dissolve half a pound of sugar in a pint of milk, add a tea-spoonful of soda; pour it on two pounds of flour--melt half a pound of butter, knead all together till light, put in shallow moulds, and bake quickly in a brisk oven.

Letter to the editor and all the members of the Townships Sun Magazine

I would like to express my appreciation for one of your latest additions to *The Townships Sun* Magazine writers. It is with great anticipation I await my next issue of the magazine to read the short stories of Linda Seccaspina.

Thank you so much.
Lorna Lundeborg

Note: Anyone submitting photos for publication in *The Townships Sun* has the responsibility of ensuring that all photos conform to the following:

- The photos submitted belong to you
OR
- The photos are classified as being in the public domain
AND
- Are NOT taken from the internet or any other source without permission.

Historical photos over 70 years old are customarily in the public domain; however, you must not take them from sources, such as the ETRC, without permission. It is imperative to note that the photo is courtesy of its source, e.g. name of photographer, title of organization.



Propane plants
& trucks
Installation & repairs
Welding
Metal fabrication

65, rue Winder
Sherbrooke, Qc
J1M 1L5

Tel: 819 566 - 8211
Fax: 819 821 - 2513

Pro - Par Inc



Hon. Marie-Claude
Bibeau
DÉPUTÉE COMPTON • STANSTEAD M.P.



175, rue Queen, bureau 204
Sherbrooke (Québec) J1M 1K1
marie-claude.bibeau@parl.gc.ca

819 347-2598
www.mcbibeau.liberal.ca
mclaubibeau

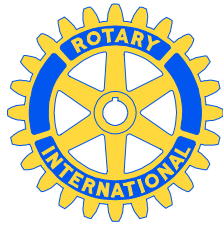
A message from The Townships Sun

We appreciate your ongoing support as a writer and subscriber. The Townships Sun is a non-profit organization, and like other organizations, we have to work hard to keep funds available for the functioning of the magazine. Upgrading is expensive, but necessary. It is with this in mind we ask for your co-operation and understanding concerning payment for articles. If you submit an article as a first time writer we will pay according to our scale for the article. We depend on the money generated from the sale of the magazine to pay the writers. If you are not a subscriber, the second article payment will be reduced by the amount of a subscription. If you are already a subscriber, payment criteria continues as normal. We are partners, supporting each other in keeping this magazine thriving. This is your voice, let it be heard. Thank you.

Rotary

by The Townships Sun

Rotary “Boundary”



Rotary clubs are non-political, non-religious humanitarian organizations. Each Rotary club uses its own judgment in conducting meetings in a manner that reflects Rotary principles of tolerance, and emphasizes shared Rotarian service ideals and projects.

THE OBJECT OF ROTARY

The object of Rotary is to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

First: The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.

Second: High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying of each Rotarian's occupation as an opportunity to serve society.

Third: The application of the ideal of service in each Rotarian's personal, business, and community life.

Fourth: The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional persons united in the ideal of service.

There are a number of Rotary Clubs though out Quebec, one of which is located in Stanstead. In 1935 The Boundary (Rotary International's First International Club) received its charter.

YOUTH SERVICE



The Council on Legislation added Youth Service as an Avenue of Service on 28, April, 2010.

The Avenue of Youth Service recognizes the positive change implemented by youth and young adults involved in leadership development activities, community and international service projects, and exchange programs that enrich and foster world peace

and cultural understanding.

On November 26, 2018 the *Townships Sun* was invited by Rotary member Lionel Emond to attend a presentation from Stanstead College Students on a project supported in part by the Boundary Rotary club. The group of young people, along with their teachers, presented the results of a project that the students developed and carried out in the spring of 2018.

The students were responsible for finding a project and developing all aspects of the two week trip. Partly due to one of the teachers living and teaching in Vietnam, the students chose



go to Vietnam to work with Island Development, which offered a facility for holding a camp for impoverished young people. The project was designed to offer the students a new learning experience while having fun. They read books, played games and pool, watched movies, hunted treasure, and danced.

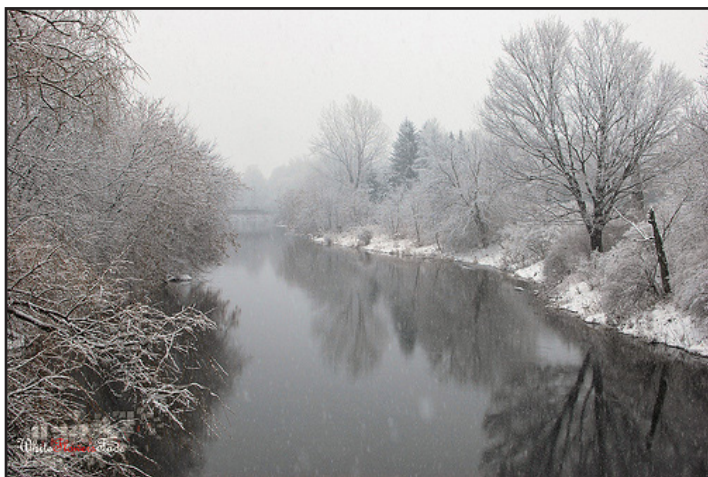
The students from Stanstead College embarked on this adventure with no computers, tablets or phones, just their skills and a strong will to be part of making connections. The students were divided into groups according to age and ability, and they were up early and ready to go, because their day started with a 30 minute boat ride on the Saigon River, eventually returning home at night. It was clear by their voices that it was a project that will stay with them for many years to come. They talked about returning there, as well as the life connections they had made while in Vietnam. They spoke of the lack of basics, like good kitchens, supplies and many other things we take for granted.

The students paid their own costs for the trip, but what they brought back was priceless. They come from various countries, and in this project they experienced different lifestyles, love and caring. They realized how fortunate they are, and that life is not all about money, but about giving time and asking what can they can bring to the table. All are hoping to return to Vietnam and once again see the smiles of the Vietnamese children. What an adventure! Kudos go to these young people for planning and executing such a worthy project.

A Tragic Tale from the Past

by *Linda Knight Seccaspina*

Many years ago, in the days of no seat belts, a beautiful woman was driving way too fast on the icy roads returning from shopping in Granby. She was to be married the next week and her future husband was sitting next to her and her younger sister was fast asleep in the back seat. They were in a hurry to get to a family dinner and she was not paying attention as she roared down the road. In less than one minute she hit some black ice, the car spun around three times, and then rolled down an embankment.



The car lay upside down, deep in snow, barely a few feet from the ice-covered Yamaska River just outside Cowansville. My father, who had just picked me up from my friend's house, sped down the road, as we both had seen the accident. He parked the car on the side of the highway. A neighbour who had also seen everything transpire from his living room window, screamed out of his open door with ice covered words, that help was on the way.

My father told me to stay in the car and I watched him go slowly down the steep, snow-covered hill. I knew he was having a hard time as he had his old black rubber galoshes on. In those days, the soles had no grips and he never fastened his boots.

I saw him look into the car and then start to frantically try to kick the window out. The man who had called for assistance was already down at the bottom of the hill trying to help my father. They managed to pull a blonde-haired woman out and my father was speaking to her loudly. The ambulance and the police had arrived by that time, and it just seemed to be a vision of black and red. I closed my

eyes because I figured there was nothing but tragedy in and outside that car.

Ten minutes later my father came back and had a grim look on his face. I could see the fireman pull a man out and he looked lifeless. My father never said another word that night, nor the next day, about the accident, and I never asked. I found out from my grandmother that the name of the woman who had died was Celine. She had been involved with the marching band's majorettes in town, and my father, being an alderman, had recently approved a town council donation to their organization.

I had really wanted to become a "twirler" and I had called Celine weeks before telling her of my desire. I also added that I was Arthur Knight's daughter, and she told me to come the next night to try out. It never really was a try out; simply eight of us sitting on hard chairs against a wall. She had no clue who I was, and being overweight I was one of two that was not picked. I was devastated and said goodbye to her. She asked me my name and when I told her she looked upset. Immediately Celine told me that I could join, but at that point I felt she was just being kind because of my father. She called me later to apologize and I rudely told her I understood.

A few days later, my father asked me to sit down. He asked me if I knew about Celine and I nodded my head. I knew that she and her future groom didn't make it, but her sister had somehow survived. He took my hand and told me she had opened her eyes for a few seconds and recognized him when they had pulled her out of the car. He said he had repeatedly told her to fight for her life. My father, holding back tears, said she looked at him and all she had said was, "Monsieur Knight.... Linda."

I had tears in my eyes. Her last words contained a mention of my name and I felt just awful. There is never an excuse to treat someone poorly, no matter what the situation is. That week caskets of her and her boyfriend were brought into the same community hall where their reception was to be held. All the guests were there celebrating not their marriage, but, sadly, commemorating their deaths. I have always felt that birth, death, and marriage are destined, and these things can't be manipulated—and I will never, ever forget this tragedy.

Connections: Claude H. Alger

by *The Townships Sun*

On July 29, 1897 a son was born to Ida Flanders and George Willington Alger. Claude Herbert Alger was born under Bunker, a little grove near Fitch Bay. The family moved to Oliver Corner road to the Alger homestead. The only remaining structure on this property is the large barn. Claude grew up and attended school in the Fitch Bay area. Velma Davis of Dunkin, Quebec taught at a small rural school located just below the Alger farm. She was a graduate of Macdonald College. Claude and Velma were married on June 19, 1918. The couple drove from Dunkin to Magog in an open Ford touring car. The couple nearly froze due to the cold weather that day.

The couples' first home was on the Stickney farm on the Fitch Bay – Magog Road. Upon returning home one evening they found their home completely destroyed by fire. They lost all of their possessions. After the fire they moved into the village of Fitch Bay where they lived in several locations. Four children were born to this union: Beatrice Alger Schoolcraft, Merlin Alger (accidently killed in 1948), Robert Alger and Jean Alger West. Bob served as a Canadian Customs Officer for many years.

Claude was a lumber dealer, sold McCormick Deering Farmall machinery, and cut Christmas trees. The trees were loaded onto box cars at the Magog train stations. The trucks were headed for destinations in the United States. Claude also served in the following capacities: school commissioner on the Stanstead County School Board; mayor of Fitch Bay from 1951 - 1959; warden of St. Matthias Anglican Church, as well as being a member of



*Claude and Velma Algers,
45th anniversary*

Mount Orford Lodge A.F. A.M. #48 Georgeville. In 1980 Claude received a life membership, having served the Golden Rule Lodge for fifty years.

Claude built the main dining hall at camp Arrowhead in 1947 on property he had provided. He sold Murray and his business partner Farquhar 50 acres of wooded waterfront property on the Bay. Over a couple of seasons, master carpenter Howard Rollins, with the assistance of local laborers, built the structures that housed the little colony: a lodge, dining hall, infirmary, craft shop, outhouses (to be replaced later by modern toilets with running water) and the wooden platforms which dotted the site and where the tents were pitched. As Arrowhead grew, a number of cottages across the dirt road from the camp were purchased. This is where the camp directors, their families and the camp cook lived during the summer.

Velma taught at the Fitch Bay consolidated School as a substitute teachers. She was very active in the ladies guild and the W.A. of the St. Matthias Anglican Church, was President and received her life membership. Velma was a faithful supporter of the Canadian Red Cross. She also operated the Central telephone office, located across from Claude and Kate Rider's home.



*Alger home to right, and snow car
driven by Stanley Markwell.*

In 1961, Claude and Velma sold their home and moved to their new home on Phelps Street in Rock Island. Velma passed away in February of 1975, and Claude passed in December, 1981. Their daughter Jean wrote of growing up in Fitch Bay: skidding down Sheldon Hill on bobsleds, going to the covered bridge, skiing in back of Harry and Addie Dollof's home, swimming in the river, stopping in at the Huckins' home to get warm after helping the Huckins family sugaring, going to Rider's store for mail, watching Bert Rider grind coffee in the red coffee mill, going to Ethel Rollins' home for Girls' Auxiliary meetings, and tasting Enid Cooke's fresh-baked oatmeal cookies. There are lots of great memories attached to growing up with good neighbors in a small village.

Note: Information supplied by Amanda Lavers.

LENNOXVILLE
SERVICE G.L. PARADIS INC.



Mécanique générale - Mise au point
Antirouille - Soudure - Survolage
Déverrouillage de portes



General Repair - Tune-up
Undercoating - Welding - Car Boosting
Door Unlocking



819-562-8272
56 QUEEN, SHERBROOKE

LOCAL & LONGUE DISTANCE
LOCAL & LONG DISTANCE
REMORQUAGE 24 HEURES
TOWING 24 HOURS

GARAGE JBL INC



CERTIFIÉ C UL US
POUR AUTOPOMPES ET CITERNES

MAINTIEN DE L'ÉQUIPEMENT DES MUNICIPALITÉS
INSPECTION - RÉPARATION - MODIFICATION

JAMES LAROCHE


103, rue Winder, Sherbrooke, Québec J1M 1L6

Tél: (819) 564-8405
Télé: (819) 564-1539
jameslaroche@garagejblaroche.ca
www.garagejblaroche.ca

How do I Love Thee

*How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,
I love thee to the depth and breadth and
height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of
sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace,
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light,
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from
praise,
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's
faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, I love thee with the
breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God
choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.*

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



Pièces de tracteur



RON MACKAY

Tractor parts

New - Used - Rebuilt
Neuf - Usagé - Reconstruit

Tel.: (819) 845-3186 Fax: (819) 845-3456

**357, chemin de la Rivière
St-François-Xavier-de-Brompton,
Quebec, J0B 2V0**

We buy burnt, accidented or old tractors for parts

ARLIE C. FEARON



(819) 562-3473
(819) 562-6996
1486 Wellington St.
Sherbrooke (QC) J1M 1K9

REFUSE REMOVAL / EXCAVATION / SNOW REMOVAL

Pump Up the Jam

At St. Helen's School for Girls

by Linda Knight Seccaspina

Today I remembered the threats from my late father 50 years ago to send me to St. Helen's School for Girls near Dunham, Quebec. I have to admit that two places I loved going with him on his electrical calls were the Brome Lake Duck farm and St. Helen's School for Girls. I was completely mesmerized by the seemingly "perfect world" of the school and their students.

For 97 years, minus a few, privileged girls attended St. Helen's School for Girls in Dunham, Quebec. It was fuelled by the growing preference of women to teach in schools rather than in private families. The young ladies studied a curriculum similar to that provided in boys' private schools, with an emphasis on academic attainment and sports rather than domestic roles.

It should be noted, though, that for the girls of St. Helen's, the ultimate destination in life was still to become a wife and mother. So, one was also educated to be a "companion" to her husband and to learn how to mother her future children. By the looks of the school photos I looked at in the late 50s and early 60s, they were also taught to be terribly refined while posing for photographs.

I took a huge interest in the school after being told St. Helen's would "knock some sense into me" and studied their annuals carefully. A note to self was that I would never come out alive with some of those gals who would learn quickly that I was a little different than most.

The first thing I noticed was their green school uniforms with crisp white blouses that I knew I could probably never keep clean and neat. There was no skipping class, or going down to the girls' washroom during Home Economics, as you were destined only to leave class at a



Derick, Herbert, 1916-1994 -- postcard of St. Helen's Ladies' College, a boarding school, in Dunham from about the 1930s.-- Eastern Townships Archives Portal

specific time during the day to visit the dentist, doctor or even have your hair styled.

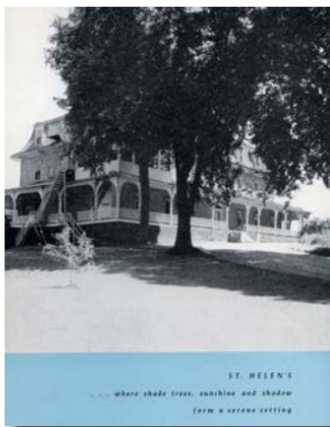
Family connection would be solely any letters or packages from home; knowing that the only mail would be probably my grandmother's homemade squares, I laid low for years not wanting to ripple the waters and end up there. I really meant to behave in my childhood, but there were just too many other options

Even if they looked like refined young ladies, those gals at St. Helen's were no angels. I heard my Dad tell my Grandmother a story once after he did some electrical work there. He never did tell me about the suspension of five young women from the school and the expulsion of three of their comrades, for fear I might change my mind and really want to go there.

Apparently, the members of the senior class gave a reception in the gymnasium to which the juniors were not invited through an oversight. The juniors were offended by the seeming slight and, bent on revenge, a score of girls made a raid on the school kitchen, dressed only in their nightgowns, and secured a supply of jellies and jams.

They made their way to where the seniors were sleeping and played all sorts of tricks on them. Pillow cases were smeared with jelly and chairs were suspended from lights. The fair marauders then marched to the lawn, where they nearly frightened the life out of the watchman, who thought there was a procession of ghosts from a nearby graveyard. He went and informed the Head Mistress who encountered the girls while they were having a dance in

(CONT'D ON PG. 20)



Eastern Townships Resource Centre

(CONT'D FROM PG. 19)

the dining hall. At her appearance, the girls put out the lights and tried to escape. Several did but, those who failed were recognized and brought before the faculty. It was said that an effort to reinstate some of the girls would never happen.

The train took them all back to Windsor Station in Montreal, and some of their friends waved to them from outside the train. The girls inside were completely happy because they were going home, but maybe those smiles would change once they reached Windsor Station and their parents had a "jam session" with them.



School Closing — The 1965 graduating class of St. Helen's School, Dunham, P.Q., at their closing, which was held in the presence of the Rt. Rev. Kenneth Maguire, Bishop of Montreal, chairman of the board

of governors. Back row (l-r): the Bishop of Montreal, Carolyn Crowther, head girl, Sandra Carswell, the Rev. Richard Tase, rector of Dunham and chaplain to the school, Mary Lou Leighton, Celia Shepherd, and the Very Rev. William Bothwell, Dean of Montreal, who was the guest speaker. Front row (l-r): Anne Ware, Carolyn Foss, Barrie Lewis, Linda Leach, Carolyn Phillips, Carolyn Madsen and Felicity Hay.

The Gazette, 17 June, 1965, Page 28

CLASSIFIED ADS

Traiteur Helen Bégin Catering
 Owner/Propriétaire
 819-826-5172
 Buffet spécialisé chaud & froid, vous choisissez votre menu pour toute occasion, ainsi mariage.
 Specialty Catering,
 Hot & Cold Buffet, you can choose your menu,
 All occasions, including weddings.

BLACK CAT BOOKS
 New & second hand books; books of local interest, puppets, CDs, cards & gift certificates
 168E Queen, Lennoxville Borough
 Visit us on Facebook!

Store hours: Monday-Wednesday 10-5
 Thursday-Friday 10-6
 Saturday 10-5
 Closed on Sunday

Janice LaDuke (819) 346-1786
 blackcat@netrevolution.com

Needed
SALES REPRESENTATIVES
 Generous commissions paid weekly, many advantages and promotions available.
 More info contact me Cheryl Coates @ checoa@live.ca
 or call 819 562 5388

All you need is love. But a little chocolate now and then doesn't hurt.



Helping you take the risk out of your Real Estate deal !

Dale Miner
 Certified Inspector / Inspecteur agréé
 819-829-4109
 dale@dminspect.ca

- Reports written in English
- Thorough, comprehensive service
- Experienced in the building trades
- Fully insured
- Serving Sherbrooke and the Eastern Townships area

SWM PEINTURE

Benjamin Moore **INDUSTRIAL**
 Acrylique Uréthane, époxy, quick dry

SCOTT W. MACKEY
 215, Rue Queen, Sherbrooke
 Arr. Lennoxville QC J1M 1K3

TÉL. 819 829-0111
 Sans frais : 1 877 929-0111
 swmpeinture@hotmail.com

ARBONNE.

Mercedes Chenard
 Conseillère Indépendant Arbonne
 Directrice de Zone
 CID#115 622 046

215 RUE QUEEN
 SHERBROOKE, QC J1M 1K3
 819.578.3934
 mercedeschenard@hotmail.com

Going Home

by Tammy Hadlock

Most people believe that their childhood home is a place filled with great memories, laughter and smiles, or at least we tend to keep those in our minds for the sake of our sanity. Nothing is perfect, but if we can't keep our childhoods in our happy place, then how can we look back on fond memories as we get older?

My home growing up was on a farm, with a little over a hundred acres to roam free upon. This to me was pure bliss. Luckily I was a country girl, who loved to climb trees, run barefoot, and spend time in our barn. This was the happiest place on earth when I was a youngster. I am so blessed to have been raised at this time, not chained to the Internet and instant everything. We weren't tracked down by cell phones, people had to come and find us. I was able to spend hours in the woods, with always something new to discover.

With that amount of land, how could we not take advantage? In the winter, cross country skiing had to be part of our lives. The open spaces were great to build up speed and then head into the woods to find small hills to go down. Most outings, we would come across wildlife on our trails.

Over the years we had all types of animals, yet the favorite of mine was our goats. Some people tend to think that they eat anything and are dirty animals; in fact, they are very picky eaters. It was always fun to go to the barn when the babies were being born. I even had a pet goat at one time that followed me everywhere and couldn't have been a better pet.

Really, the only animals that I was not very happy to see when I went to the barn were the guinea hens. They were the nastiest creatures that I have ever had the non-pleasure of meeting. They would sit on top of the barn and swoop down on us as we walked by. There was certainly no love lost when they left the farm.

The fondness of being in the barn, of course, also stemmed from spending time with my Dad. That was a favorite place for him to be, and so I tried to help out as much as I could to be around him. Working in the barn and collecting trees in the woods were activities that kept us busy on most days.

The barn loft, once the haying was done, was a great place to make forts. Probably a dangerous thing to do nowadays, but back then we spent hours making tunnels to one fort to the other. I can't even imagine my kids wanting to do something like this in our day and age.

Of course, with the large land we always had a huge garden. Maybe the weeding wasn't so much fun, but the crop was always great. Fencing it in to keep the deer out and caging raccoons – we did release them afterwards – to stop them from eating the corn was part of our yearly routine.

In the spring, a lot of our time was dedicated to our small sugar shack back in the woods. We rode in the homemade trailer that was being pulled by the tractor to collect the sap. Primitive perhaps, but it certainly did the trick. We would then build up the fire so we could boil down the sap to make sweet, delicious maple syrup. The sample tastes were always the best, and then of course we had to boil some down just a little bit more for sugar-on-snow. I can still remember the smells of that sugar shack, and have always made sure to keep a gallon of syrup on hand.

Remembering our Sunday dinners—a dying art, it seems—is a recollection of sitting at the table with the good dishes, cloth napkins and tablecloth and a meal fit for a king (in my opinion): either roasted chicken or some other kind of roast, which we could smell for a couple of hours in the process of cooking. We never delayed sitting at the table when suppertime was called. Leftovers weren't many, but if there were any, they would be gone the next day. I miss sitting down at the table to enjoy such a family meal, but I guess everyone is too busy these days.

The farm house was a work in progress over all the years that we lived there, but it was always perfect to me. My parents bought it when they were pregnant with me, so that was the only house I knew as I was growing up. Many, many renovations occurred over the years, and the house grew with us. I was lucky to have lived there for around 20 years before I moved out. Just a couple of years after that, the farm was sold, and it brought me to tears. It felt like losing part of my family.

I always thought that maybe one day, I would be able to go back home, buy back the farm and enjoy all those memories once again. That has never happened, but as I am older now, I am thinking that this was probably for the best. The expression “you can't go home again” is most likely one of the truest thoughts. Even if we can physically return to where we grew up, I don't believe that the past could ever hold up to what it is in our minds. So even though it had been one of my greatest wishes, I no longer dream of being in my childhood home. I choose to keep my treasured memories intact, and when I need to I can always go home in my head. After all, no one can take away or change those memories.

Pilgarlic the play comes to Eaton Corner

by Janice Laduke

On Saturday, February 23rd, the Eaton Corner Museum will present *Pilgarlic*, a play based on the novel written by Bernard Epps. If you have any interest at all in the Eastern Townships, in the people of the Eastern Townships, in the history of the Eastern Townships or the geography of the Eastern Townships, in literature, in plays, in comedy and in tragedy... if you have any interest at all in LIFE, then you must come and see this play.

The Oxford Dictionary definition of Pilgarlic: "A 'pilled' or bald head; a bald-headed man; from 17th century applied in a ludicrously contemptuous way: 'poor creature.'"

Two things inspired me to put this play together and then to propose it to the Eaton Corner Museum, and these were, number one : the plays written and performed by members of the Eaton Corner Museum over the last six years; and number two : the novel, *Pilgarlic the Death*, written by Bernard Epps.

As for the first item, the plays written and performed by members of the Eaton Corner Museum : these were so well done, so brimming with life and enthusiasm and pride in the history of this place where we live, that they filled the hall three times over. Many of those who acted in or took part in writing the plays were descendants of those whose stories they were telling. A look at the cast list in the programs for any of these productions was always confusing simply because so many of the family names appeared on both sides of the list – as actors and as characters in the plays. You simply cannot get more community involvement than that. Anything that these plays may have lacked in finesse or sophistication was easily made up for in genuine love of the material and the experience — experience on the part of the writers, the actors, and the audiences!

The second item, Bernard Epps' novel, *Pilgarlic the Death*, is something I have felt strongly about since I first read the novel some thirty years ago. Why was this novel allowed to go out of print? First published by Macmillan in 1967, the novel sank into oblivion only to be resurrected in the 1980s by Quadrant Editions, a small Montreal publisher. That too went out of print.

The novel did receive notice, however! *The Oxford Companion to Canadian Literature* refers to the novel as follows: "From the Eastern Townships has come a small-town genre painting full of Breughellian love of life in the novel *Pilgarlic the Death* by Bernard Epps."

In 1985 Kathy Williams and I opened McRat's Bookstore above the hardware store on Queen Street in Lennoxville. Our first event in the store, in our first month of opening, was a book launch for Bernard Epps' *More Tales of the Townships*. That was my first meeting with Bernard Epps.

Time passed, bookstores came and went, but in 1998 I opened Black Cat Books with Cynthia Fish, behind the Café Java on Queen Street in Lennoxville. By this time Bernard Epps was living in Lennoxville and he was a bookstore regular from Day One. He was no longer Bernard Epps but Bernie, and a very dear friend. He and I often talked about his writing, and his published and out-of-print books. He had had a stroke by this time, and he would have another, but his mind was fiercely active and he was still writing. In 2000 he published *Please, Sir, I'd Rather Be Ravished*: Selected Rhymes and Reasons, and we had the launch at Black Cat Books.

But what about *Pilgarlic the Death*, I wondered. The novel is a dance, a soliloquy, a celebration. It is a village, it is forests and fields, mountains and rivers. It is very much ALIVE. It cannot be allowed to just fade away. It needs – a voice?

It came to me a year ago while watching *The Settler Story*, the most recent of the plays written, produced, and performed by members of the Eaton Corner Museum. *Pilgarlic* could live on this stage, with these people! And so I set about cutting down and paring out of Bernie's novel, a play. The dialogue in this play is Bernie's dialogue. The humour is Bernie's. The reverence and the irreverence are Bernie's. And these people who are working with me on the play are giving all of this a VOICE!

This play is nowhere near the story in its entirety. It is a sampling, and hopefully, an enticement.

Pilgarlic the Death celebrates this particular patch of earth that we call home. It is drama; it is comedy; and it is tragedy. It is life.

We hope that you will come out to see this play, and we hope that you will enjoy it.

And then, I hope that you will read the novel!

The play will be performed Saturday, Feb. 23rd, at 2 pm and 7:30 pm at the Community Centre, 6 rue Church, Sawyerville. Call Elaine Lebourveau at 819-563-8700 for tickets. All proceeds support the Eaton Corner Museum.

Small Vending Machines Deliver Big Benefits for Charities Worldwide

by QCNA

Tom Semeniuk and Paul Shepperson's passion for creating products led them on the path to invent the world's first counter-top vending machine called Mini Max, which is the latest edition of the successful Vending Fund Raising Programs, starting with the Treasure Chest Vending Giveaway, then the Vending for Hope Program. The 11-inch tall Mini Max machine dispenses candies with the purpose of funding Breast Cancer Research facilities across Canada and the US. These counter-top charitable fund-raising machines will debut in retailers across Canada beginning in late 2018. Over the past 13 years, Tom and Paul's Winnipeg-based company, Accessit Corp, has supported various charities in North America. Since 2010, the 'Treasure Chest Vending Giveaway' program has displayed the faces of missing children while raising \$358,828.64 to date for the Missing Children Society of Canada based in Calgary. And through their 'Vending for Hope' and now the 'Mini Max Profit Centers' under the Sweets for a Cause program, they have raised \$51,303.00 to date for Breast Cancer Research Facilities across Canada and the United States.

Vending Machines are sold to owner/operators who are interested in running their own businesses, and they in turn forward a minimum donation each month for the charity. All moneys raised for Breast Cancer Research stay in the province or state in which the donations were raised.

Tom Semeniuk has designed a line of small candy machines that have also raised a lot of money for charities globally from 2003 on, such as the following: Heartkids Australia; Heart Children New Zealand; Children's Wish Malaysia; Accor in Thailand; Singapore Children's Society; Variety Hong Kong Ltd.; Cry in India; Jack & Jill Children's Foundation Ireland; Make A Wish UK; Al Noor Dubai; Make A Wish Mexico; and Mobile School Belgium.

The Treasure Chest Vending Giveaway Program plus other Candy Vending Machines have had a successful, close working relationship with the Missing Children's Society of Canada since 2005. Craig Peterson, Director of Business Development at Missing Children Society of Canada commented, "Over 47,000 children were reported missing in Canada during 2017 and the partnership with Accessit Corp's charity vending machine program is crucial to raising awareness and funds for our national charity." Peterson emphasized, "Through donations raised,

the Society is continuing to reunite families with their missing children across Canada."

Pictures of the missing children are placed on top of each vending machine which were distributed nationally, while the city or town where the child went missing is highlighted. By having these vending machines in high profile locations, photos of missing children— like the abduction of a child by a family member in Quebec in the spring of 2017— will be highly visible to the public. Last spring, an AMBER Alert was issued for the young child. The MCSC rebroadcast the alert using its Search



Program that reached 1,463,452 people in the area. Through these efforts, the child was safely located in Ontario within hours of the initial broadcast.

This fall, the Mini Max program will be launched across Canada and the US. These specially-designed machines let people spend their pocket change in return for a handful of candies while empowering breast cancer research facilities across Canada and the US.

Merchants who allow placement of these machines on their premises receive a very nice Certificate of Appreciation that they can place on their wall to display their support for a good charitable cause.

Tom Semeniuk, CEO of Accessit Corp. says, "Our mission is to offer a new and original channel for charitable giving within retail environments." Semeniuk added, "It's a sustainable fundraising model which is a step up from the collection box style of raising money."

Paul Shepperson, President of Accessit Corp. says, "Our plan is to establish this new category in fundraising to expand our reach and scope with new vending machine owner/operators, and retailers, as well as local and

(CONT'D ON PG. 23)

(CONT'D FROM PG.22)

national charities, to achieve our donation targets. Our goal is to raise hundreds of thousands of dollars for breast cancer research across North America over the next few years.”

If you are a charity, retailer or a potential owner/operator and would like further information on any of our vending machine programs, visit www.sweetsforacause.com www.tcvend.com www.vendingforhope.com

Charities supported by Accessit Corp. Treasure Chest Vending Giveaway Program are:

The Missing Children Society of Canada
The National Children’s Cancer Society in the United States

About Accessit Corp.:

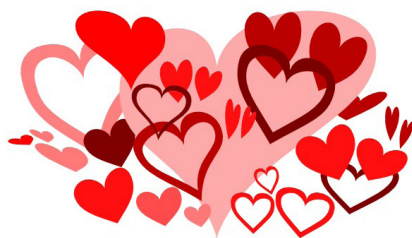
Accessit Corp. is a cutting-edge innovator of successful high-cash producing vending concepts for the 21st century. The principles of the company have over 50+ years of combined work experience in the vending industry and vending route management. Accessit Corp. is a Canadian based company headquartered in Winnipeg, Manitoba, and distributes as well as manufactures our own high-quality vending machines.

About Missing Children Society of Canada:

Established in 1986, Missing Children Society of Canada (MCSC) provides investigational support to law enforcement as well as family support in cases of missing children throughout Canada. Over the past 6 years, the organization has pioneered an innovative new technology-driven search network that harnesses the power of technology for crowd sourcing, public social media reach and corporate infrastructure footprint. To learn more, visit <https://mcsc.ca>.

For further information, please contact:

Tom Semeniuk
CEO - Accessit Corp.
204-694-1265



Life at Grace Village will surprise you!

More than 6 decades of compassionate, loving seniors’ care in a beautiful, natural Townships setting. Amazing life and care possibilities, and information resources for our seniors community.



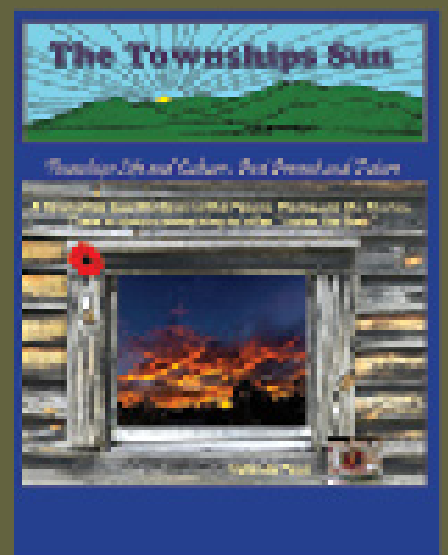
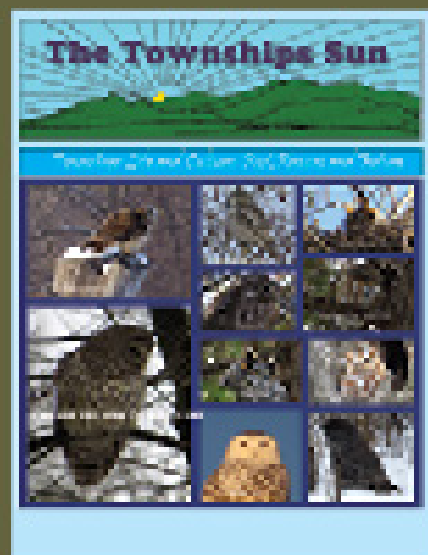
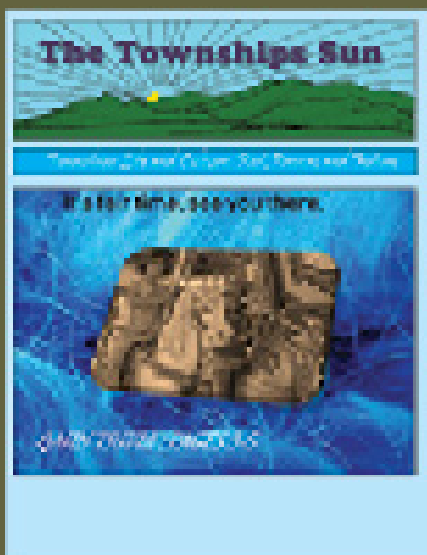
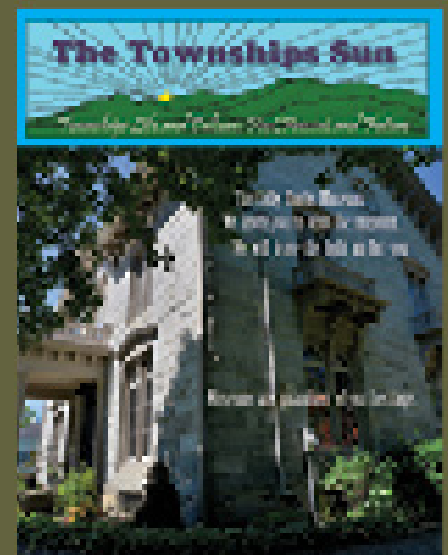
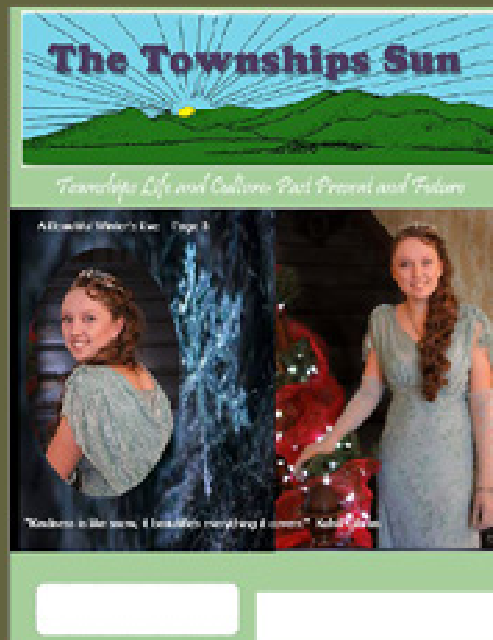
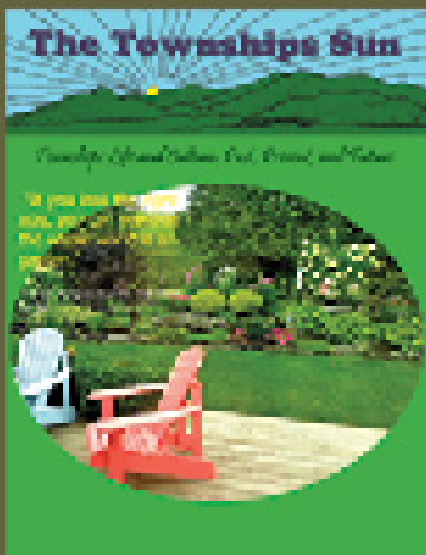
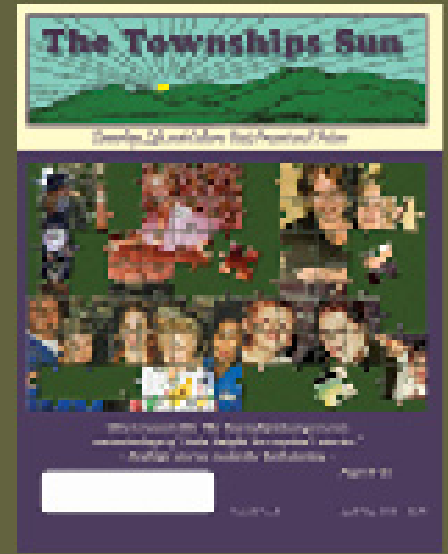
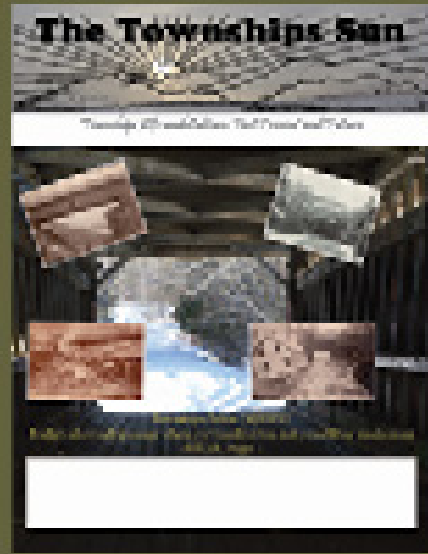
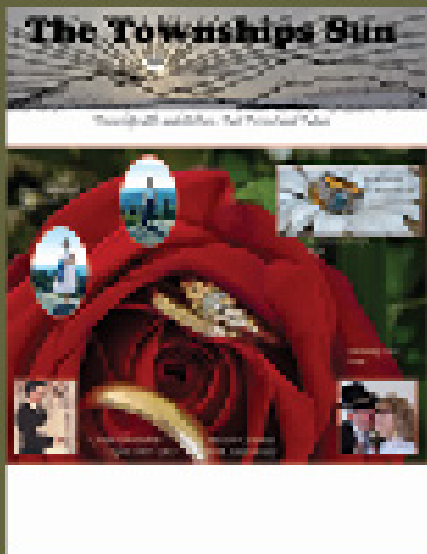
New at Grace Village:

"Resources For Seniors" Seminar Series

As part of our commitment to truly *Making A Difference* in the lives of our residents and the seniors of our community, Grace Village is pleased to launch a series of seniors-oriented information seminars in support of our own residents, their families and the seniors of the community. Seminars will be held at 6:00PM on the last Tuesday of each month at Grace Village. Learn more at gracevillage.ca/seniorsresources.



1515, rue Pleasant View
Sherbrooke, QC J1M 0C6
(819) 569-0546 | www.gracevillage.ca



"Never forget where you've been. Never lose sight of where you're going. And never take for granted the people who travel the journey with you." Susan Gale Wickes