

The Townships Sun



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Remembrance

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*cover photo provided by
Merrick J. Belknap*

Remembrance Day: reflections on what to remember

On November 11th veterans should stand in our memory. Soldiers, medics and nurses cut to bits; civilians terrorized by men intoxicated with aggression, women raped and children abandoned for ideological delusions, we should also, even if painful, call to memory. Equal to remembering who fought and why we fought are the victims of war, but also how wars are fought for unequal reasons.

No one argues against resisting Hitler and the ambitions of the Third Reich. In his madness Hitler tried to overwhelm the cradle of our culture with pseudo-science, a fictitious retrograde ethnic morality and a crass materialism that venerated violence. But we are misled, seriously misled, if we forget that his evil, his lust for power, was something that could only be born on German soil; that it does not lurk on this side of the ocean, in the hearts of the men and women that we consort with and with who we are; us.

A couple of decades later, Canadians thankfully had little to no participation in the Vietnam War, but we should consider how the Vietnamese must remember that they too can be subject to the temptation of greed and dehumanizing forces of imperialism.

Today the threat is terrorism, and some of it is real. We cannot take the nefarious actions of clandestine groups bent on disrupting our way of life casually. But we also must remember how the unfortunates of our society, those who don't have the dignity of a decent job so must resort to government aid, are a minimum middle-class in comparison to the poor in countries that spawn terrorists. We must remember, especially in our globalized era, that people compare and how little our injuries measure-up against most everywhere in the world.

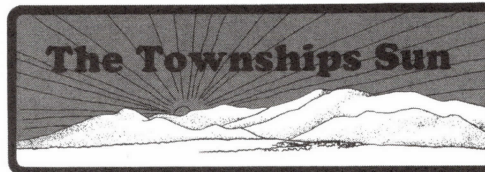
In "Thoughts in the Presence of Fear", a reflection on the response to the 9-11 Al-Qaeda attacks, the American essayist Wendell Berry wrote: "what leads

to peace is not violence but peaceableness, which is not *passivity*, but an alert, informed, practiced and active state of being. ...The key to peaceableness is continuous practice. It is wrong to suppose that we can exploit and impoverish the poorer countries, while arming them in the newest means of war, and then reasonably expect them to be peaceable.”

In other words, peace-keeping is something we do; something we enact; something we incarnate. In an official capacity Canadians have done that honourably; we rightfully salute the men and women who have served on UN peace-keeping missions. But as citizens, unofficially, in our everyday, how can we peace-keep? How do we buy and consume peaceably? How do we peace-keep when we speak to our neighbours? How do we teach our children to be peaceable?

War can be a *regrettable necessity* and that is why we should proudly wear our poppies and recite *In Flanders Fields* with gratitude, not as a passive ritual. But speak to a veteran who has served, speak to a sibling who has lost, and war loses its glory, war loses its greatness and war becomes what it is: a horror we should vigilantly safeguard against.

Rod Leggett - The Townships Sun Editor



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The Pierce Family of Stanstead, Quebec

By Merrick J. Belknap

Stanstead, Quebec. 2010

I first became interested in the Pierce Family after reading an article in the, "Sherbrooke Record" dated April 19, 1911, in which it is mentioned that my great grandfather, John Belknap was engaged by Col. Charles Kilborn to oversee the construction of the canal near the International border. The area resulting from this canal became known as Rock Island. Much later, (1827) Andrew Belknap built a barn for the Pierce family that was 180 feet in length, the longest barn in Stanstead County. But that's another story.....

The Maples Hotel: Wilder Pierce was born on January 3rd, 1788 in Westmorland, New Hampshire. In 1816 he started a mercantile business at Stanstead Plain. In 1817 he married Nancy Parsons of Hatfield, Massachusetts and nine children were born to them. He was an early appointed Magistrate and was very involved in public affairs. He was much involved in the building of the two Wesleyan Churches and the Stanstead Seminary. His farm was taken over by his son Henry and eventually by his grandson Fred. It was during this time that the farmhouse was remodeled into a Hotel and was managed





liberal, and in his contributions to benevolent objects, he was among the foremost. In the erection of the Wesleyan Church, which involved an expense of more than \$60,000, he paid at least \$ 50,000. After the erection of the Wesleyan Church, Carlos Pierce donated an organ to the Church in Memory of his brother George Pierce who had passed away on December 12, 1864. He bought and fitted the former Race Course of the village which he gave to the County Agricultural Society as a place for their annual fairs, etc. He was also a liberal subscriber to the construction of the Massawippi Valley Railroad. He had, with several others, engaged in the purchase of wild lands in Kansas. The business of obtaining a charter for a railroad to pass through these lands was entrusted mainly to Mr. Pierce. Such was the labour attending his efforts that his over tasked system gave way and he died of brain fever on August 20, 1870 at the age of 39 years. The funeral took place on August 23, 1870 at the Wesleyan Church and was attended by about 1,000 people from this and neighbouring townships. The respect of the public was shown by the closing of all places of business in Stanstead, Rock Island and Derby Line, Vermont. All flags were flown at half-mast where they were usually displayed. An immense catafalque pulled by four white horses (provided by the municipal council) carried his body to the cemetery where the last sad tribute was paid.

for many years by the Stratton family. Wilder Pierce died at Stanstead on September 29, 1866 and his wife died on January 10, 1853. Both are interred in Crystal Lake Cemetery.

Sunnyside was one of the finest and most elaborate homes in Lower Canada and many famous people, including the Earl of Dufferin and his Lady were entertained there during the time that Carlos Pierce made it his home. In October 1870, the contents of the house, consisting of furnishings and art works from all over the world were sold at auction. In 1896 the Pierce family donated the property to Stanstead College and until the 1920's the building was used by Stanstead College as a Girl's Residence. It proved to be impracticable for educational purposes and was demolished during WW II. (What a great loss to the community).

Ps: An old friend and Stanstead's well known historian, the late Joseph Maheux once told me that Sunnyside was sometimes referred to as, "Pierce's Folly".

Sunnyside: This majestic home with its beautiful grounds that once graced the present site of Sunnyside Elementary School will be remembered by many in the community. Built prior to the Civil War by Col. Kilborn. It was later sold to Carlos Pierce (son of Wilder) who purchased additional land that consisted of over 600 acres, which with the buildings and improvements he made, involved an expense of \$150,000. He was an astute businessman and philanthropist. He raised an enormous Ox weighing nearly 1,840 Kg. (4,000 pounds) named General Grant, which was widely exhibited during the American Civil War to help raise money for charity. The Ox was presented to President Abraham Lincoln during the War and later to President Ulysses Grant during his inauguration to the Presidency in 1869. His donations to Crystal Lake Cemetery and other improvements were

MJB.

Everything's Coming Up Roses!

By Christine & John Hodge

*"I don't know whether
Nice people tend to grow roses?
Or growing roses makes people Nice!"*

-Roland A. Beown

Fall is upon us! Our fall foliage is faded, the colours are gone. It is time to get our gardens ready for winter. The first thing to do is weed and clean your beds. Weed now because this will cut down on your weeding in the spring. Clean your beds removing all fallen leaves and debris. Insects and molds love to hide under leaves for the winter.



Now is the time to put bone-meal around your plants to feed the roots. This product is very slow acting and will activate in early spring just when it is needed.

It is also time to put mulch around the base of your roses to protect them from the winter's cold. Mulch should be put down before the ground freezes. It can be mounded fairly high on the plants. If you want to know what to trim at this time refer to our earlier article on trimming.

Please refrain from using Styrofoam to cover your roses. If you get some very warm weather in winter, your roses are a little too cozy and actually start thinking it is time to start growing and they will. When it freezes again the new growth dies, compromising the health of your plant. Styrofoam also causes lots of condensations under there!!

You can if you want reapply dormant oil using the same principals you did in the spring.

At *Rose des Champs* we only cover our Hybrid teas, Grandifloras and Floribundas. We trim them back to about 12ins in height and then heap the mulch on them. We circle the beds with garbage bags full of leaves then heap leaves on top of the roses themselves. This protects them from harsh winter winds.

The next thing to do is put a log on the fire, curl up in your easy chair with a blanket and a hot cup of tea. Haul out your seed catalogues and chose your new additions to your garden for next spring!

On behalf of *Rose des Champs* we would like to thank *The Townships Sun* for giving us this opportunity to share our knowledge and love of roses with all of you this past gardening season!!

Have a good winter and keep safe and warm!!



Winter Birding Forecast

By Tom Moore



After last winter's slow and fairly uneventful birding season, the bird science people are evaluating the situation for the coming season. Last winter's light snow accumulation and warm temperatures in north eastern North America, combined with abundant cones on coniferous trees and seeds on hardwoods, resulted in many of our transient finches, grosbeaks and redpolls remaining in the north for 2011-12.

This year things are different (at least on the tree seed crop front). The hot dry weather that we experienced in the northeast this past summer has reportedly resulted in low yields of cones and seeds, and many fruit tree crops like crab-apple, mountain ash and buckthorn are of poor quality and low nutritional value. These conditions are reported for most of the northern forest areas of eastern Ontario, Quebec, the Maritimes, New York and the New England states. These conditions should result in higher numbers of winter finches at feeders in southern Canada and the northern US.

The following is a summary of Ontario ornithologist Ron Pittaway's annual "winter finch forecast" as it applies to some of our common winter visitors:

- The numbers of evening grosbeaks have dropped markedly from the 60's and early 70's: this is attributed to a much lower breeding rate in eastern North America since the eradication of the spruce budworm, a favourite diet constituent. Scattered sightings at black sunflower seed feeders only.

- Pine grosbeaks should come south due to the poor berry crops: black sunflower seed is a favourite

- Purple finches will head south because of the poor cone and seed availability, attracted to sunflower and niger seed

- Stock up on niger seed (or find the niger seed left over from last year).

- Pine siskins are highly nomadic food searchers and will be under pressure to move by the poor crop conditions but may go west, where conditions for cone crops are good.

- Higher than usual numbers of red-breasted nuthatches may arrive due to the poor cone crop.

- Bohemian waxwings were plentiful last winter: will the poor berry crops cause a repeat?

As for other bird species, a number of reports of higher than usual saw-whet and boreal owls has been reported. Maybe a good chance of lots of snowy owls?

In closing, please note that the title of this brief article includes the word "forecast". The weather and stock-market forecasts come to mind. Accuracy isn't guaranteed.

Pine Siskin



Moore Nature Photo

The Old Train Station

By Mead Baldwin

Train stations evoke memories of journeys gone by, of romance and possibilities. Sometimes I drive the back roads from Baldwin's Mills to Stanstead. When I see the old Compton Railway perched on the hill, I make a different journey, a journey of the heart.

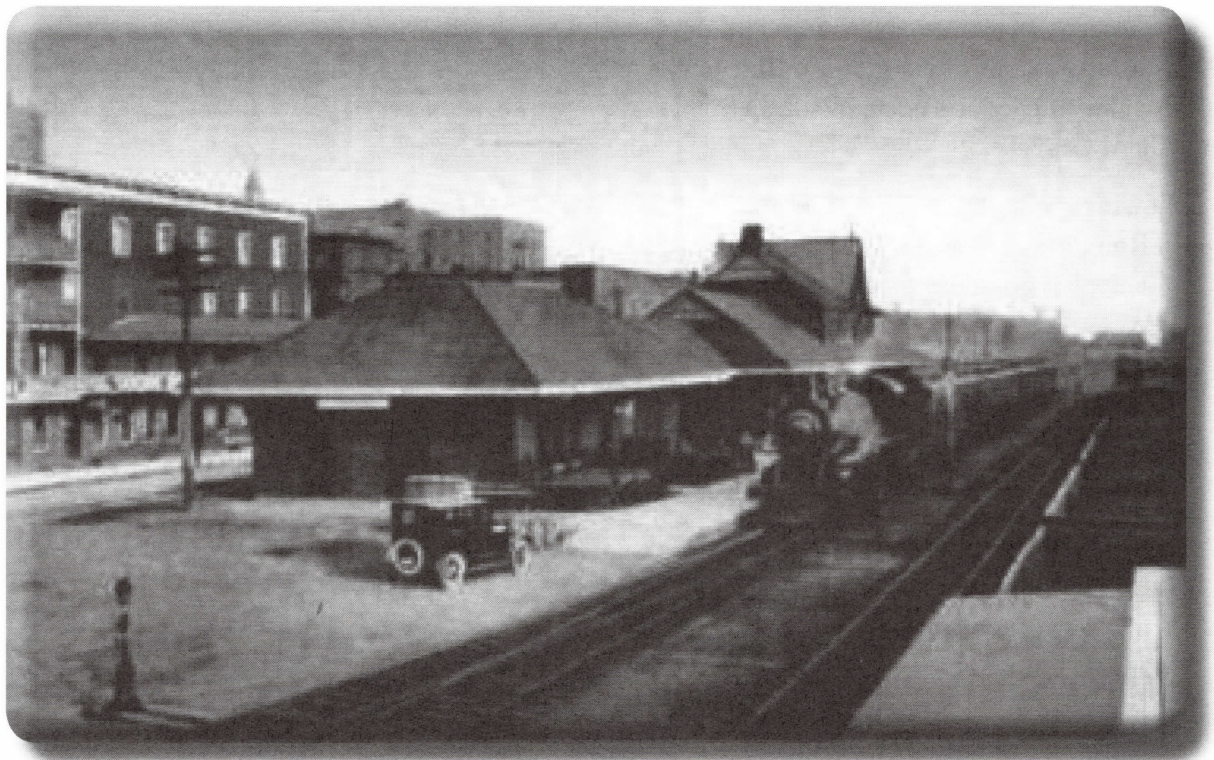
I was fifteen years old. After two weeks of glorious summer holidays at Camp Livingstone, Jim Carter, the Camp director, approached our Senior boys cabin with a proposal. We were invited to stay at camp for two more weeks, two weeks to enjoy swimming, waterskiing, and wonderful evening campfires. All we had to do was spend each day dismantling the Magog Railway Station and bringing the lumber back to the camp for storage. Next spring it would be used to build a new dining hall.

Of course, I jumped at the opportunity. When my parents arrived to retrieve me and my sister Eva, they were surprised that I didn't want to return home just yet. It was work, my Dad was a total

enthusiast, and so I began my journey to adulthood.

By day we used hammers, crowbars, and nailpullers, and were drenched with sweat and insulation dust from the collapsing walls and ceilings. By night we swam, waterskiied and enjoyed camp without rules, schedules or curfews. But we did work! There were 5 of us, just enough to fill the rest of the seats of the van Jim Carter drove. Ron Scantlebury and Vance Arthur Davis Junior the third were from Little Burgundy in Montreal, David Walker was from Ayer's Cliff, and Glen Eastwood was from Ormstown. We were quite a team.

Each day the train station shrunk, and the lumber pile grew. Our apprentice hands, which at first seemed tentative and uncertain, became strong and skilled. It felt like a contest. Could we finish the work in only 2 weeks? Our competitive spirits led to longer and longer workdays, as we desperately wanted to win this challenge. Where once we needed Jim's strict



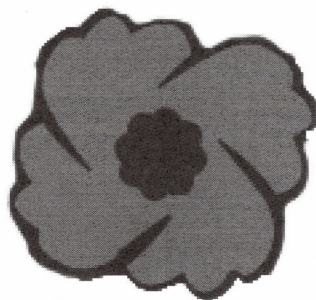
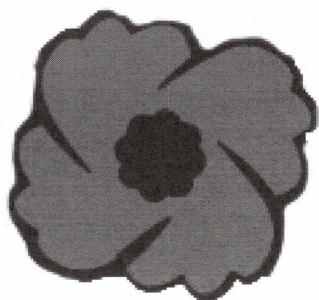
instructions we soon became independent contractors, freeing him to do other tasks. We became a team, anticipating each others needs and working smoothly together.

That Railway station became a doorway: to responsibility, to confidence, to experience, to adulthood.

I didn't know that those final two weeks would be the end of my days at Camp Livingstone. I could not predict the new adventures next summer would bring; a trip to Lethbridge Alberta, my driver's licence, hosting a 17 year old from Vermilion Alberta for two weeks, graduating high school and beginning Cegep.

I do know the result of that train station summer. I still feel the pride and sense of accomplishment the work gave me and I still remember those dusty days and passionate friendships.

When I see the old Compton Railway perched on the hill, I remember a different summer, and a different railway station.



The Rise and Fall of My Singing Career

By Mead Baldwin

It all began the summer of 1965. Baldwin's Mills had a new Student minister named Betty Falconer. She came from Toronto, and was young, pretty (as much a 10 year old boy knows what pretty was) and reminded me of Mary Poppins. She rode a bicycle with a basket, loved kids, and decided to start a choir. My older sister was 12 and my younger sister was 8, and they both sang well. I decided to join too. I was used to singing at campfires so I thought it would be fun. Besides, any time spent with Miss Falconer was bound to be great.

The first few practices were a bit strange. I liked singing and she tried to help us with correct breathing until we sounded pretty good. I don't have a good ear for music but I was enthusiastic. Her only advice to me was not to sing too loud. I knew I wasn't great, but it was fun to be in a choir, and I really liked Miss Falconer. We learned the hymns for Sunday each week, and after a few practices we even did a few anthems. We got to sit up at the front and all the adults thought we were cute. Soon summer was over and so was the choir.

In the winter we worshipped at Sisco Memorial in Coaticook. When they heard we had sung in a choir during the summer they decided that children could join their choir too. This was quite the experience. There were 10 adults in the choir, and 3 men who were excellent singers, Stan Beerworth, Stan Cromwell, and Jack Turnbull. All I had to do was sit with them, sing what they sang and I couldn't go wrong. Our organist was a quiet French Catholic lady who was extremely nervous but a great musician. She made the pipe organ sound wonderful, but she always seemed uncertain about herself. She let Jack Turnbull pick the anthems, and he often told her what tunes to play.

The choir loft at Sisco Memorial United Church was high up behind the pulpit. No one could see us until we stood up to sing. This meant that we could fidget and

no one would notice. I was never very good at sitting still. Jack would give us all mints to suck on. On ordinary Sundays we missed singing the anthem because after the children's story we left for Sunday School. At Christmas and Easter we stayed for the whole hour.

I was in the choir for just a few years but I still remember the highlight of my musical career. An important lady from the church had died, and the service was to be on a Friday afternoon. The family wanted the choir to sing at the funeral, so we had permission to take the afternoon off from elementary school and sing an anthem. There were 5 of us children that day; after all, who could resist an afternoon playing hookey, with parent's permission no less. When the service was over we even had tea and sweets. I remember that afternoon quite clearly, though I have no idea what the name of the lady was who died.

How was I to know that this would be my last good memory of choir. The end began innocuously. We were part of a 5 point pastoral charge, and they decided to form a combined choir with Way's Mills and Ayer's Cliff for a special service at Easter. One Thursday night at Beulah United Church we gathered for the first practice. Claire Shipway was the choir director, a very scary lady. You see, her real



job was as school nurse. She was the one who gave us all those nasty needles whenever we needed a vaccination. She never smiled. I had a feeling of forboding, a sense that the fun was over.

We practiced a few hymns and then started on the special anthem. That's when it happened. She noticed that the sound wasn't right. Sing that verse again, she said. Once again she grimaced. Okay, how about if just the Coaticook choir sings. I started to get worried. Okay she said, just the men. Now I was terrified. When we finished, she looked right down at me. "Mead", she said, "give me

a middle C". The jig was up. I tried my best, but I'm sure I was nowhere near a C let alone middle C. We were a volunteer choir, so she couldn't kick me out. "Just mouth the words," she said.

The rest of the practice went by like a flash, and that was the last night I ever sang with the choir. I was too embarrassed. I never even went to the combined service to hear my sisters sing. It was fun while it lasted, but that was the end of my brief singing career. Oh, I still sing in the shower, sometimes when I'm driving, and at summer camp, but my choir days are over forever.



Chris Hedges in Lennoxville

Chris Hedges, Pulitzer Prize winner and former New York Times war correspondent, will be at Champlain College and Bishop's University on Wednesday, November 7 at 7:30 p.m. to give the Tait / Chattopadhyay Memorial Humanities Lecture at Centennial Theatre.

Chris Hedges, who spent the last two years with the graphic illustrator Joe Sacco reporting out of the poorest pockets of the United States, will talk about the expanding "sacrifice zones" that are engulfing the industrial world as we are reconfigured into a corporate neofeudalism; a

teaches inmates at a correctional facility in New Jersey. He began his career reporting the war in El Salvador. Following six years in Latin America, he took time off to study Arabic and then went to Jerusalem and later Cairo. He spent seven years in the Middle East, most of them as the bureau chief there for The New York Times. He left the Middle East in 1995 for Sarajevo to cover the war in Bosnia and later reported the war in Kosovo. Afterward, he joined the Times' investigative team and was based in Paris to cover al-Qaida. He left the Times after being issued

a formal reprimand for denouncing the Bush administration's invasion of Iraq.

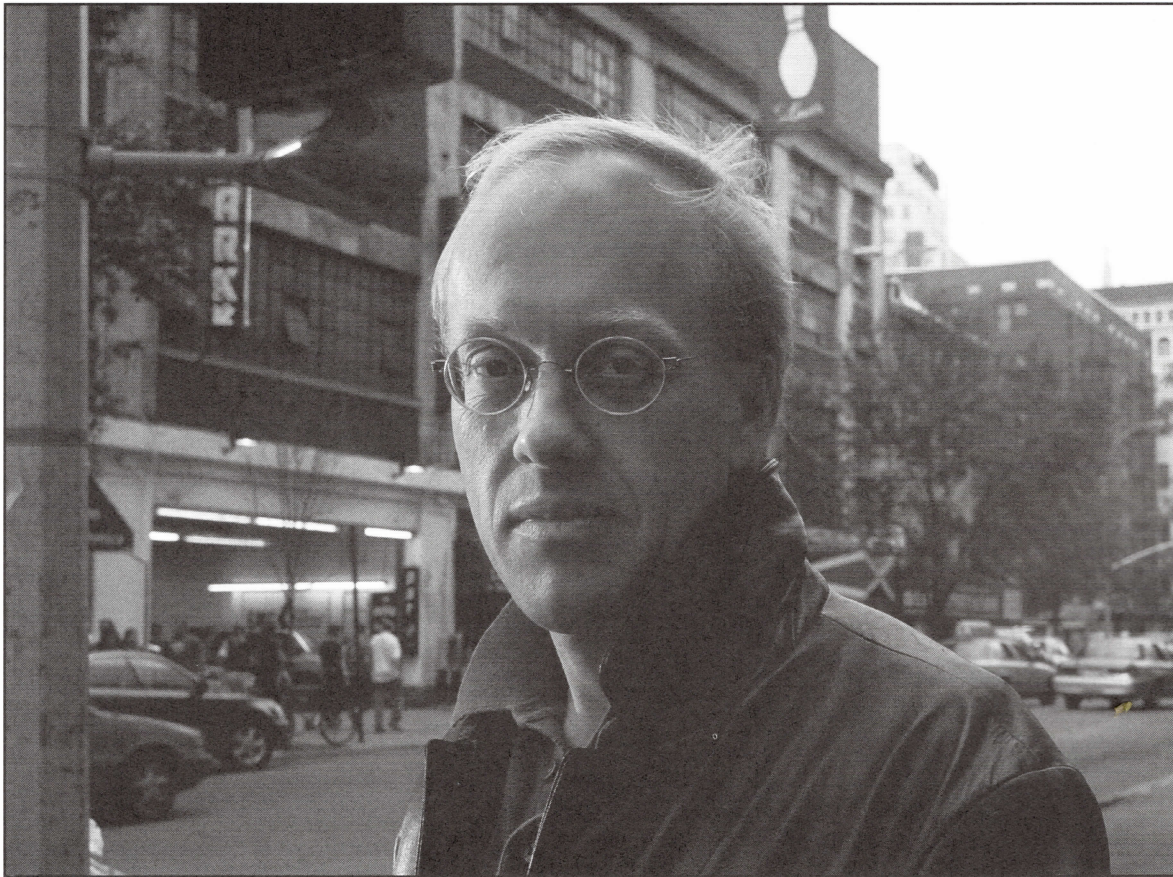
He has written twelve books, including "Days of Destruction, Days of Revolt" (2012), "Death of the Liberal Class" (2010), "Empire of Illusion: The End of Literacy and the Triumph of Spectacle" (2009), "I Don't Believe in Atheists" (2008) and the best-selling "American Fascists: The Christian Right and the War on America"

(2008). They are currently available at Black-Cat Books and the Bishop's University bookstore.

The Tait-Chattopadhyay Memorial Humanities Lecture, organized by the Champlain Humanities Department, has a history covering more than two decades.

modern age of serfdom. Hedges, who was very involved in the Occupy movement, will address effective forms of resistance and the battle to wrest power back from the hands of corporations and return it to citizens.

Hedges is a senior fellow at The Nation Institute in New York City and has taught at Columbia University, New York University and Princeton University. He currently



Remembering Janet Marian (Speid) Motyer: A Townships Sun Salute

The Townships Sun presents an historic article, as a tribute to Janet Motyer's contributions from 1983 to 1985. We proudly reprint her article on the following pages written in February 1985 profiling another important woman from the area, Kathleen Atto.



In Memory of

Janet Marian (Speid) Motyer

January 19, 1919 - July 14, 2012

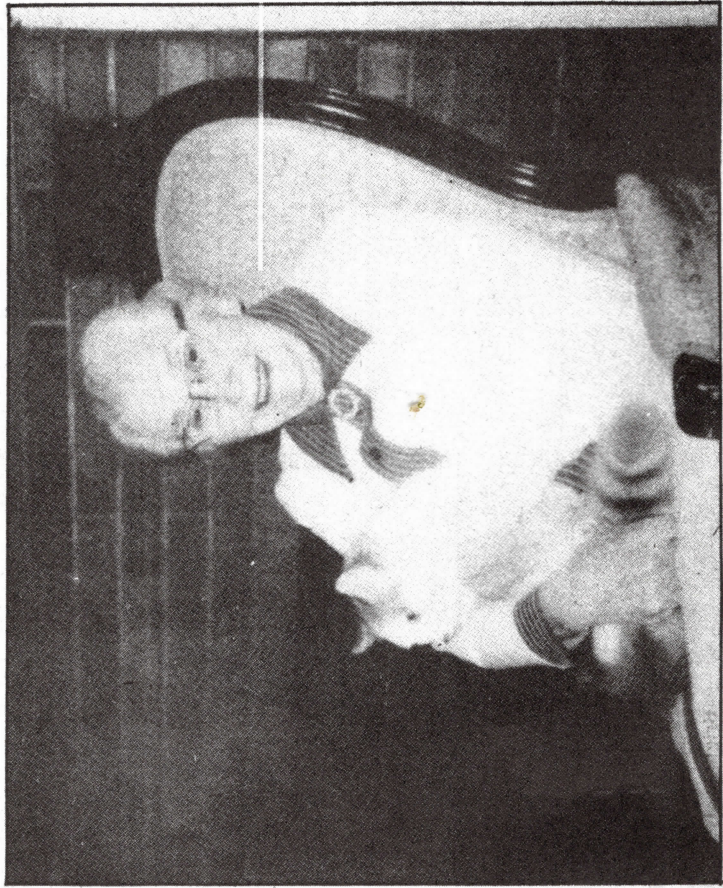
MOTYER, Janet Marian (nee Speid) BA

Passed away peacefully with her loving family by her side on Saturday, July 14, 2012 at Royal Gardens in her 94th year. Born January 19, 1919 in Lennoxville, Quebec, Janet Motyer attended Bishop's University where she studied business, philosophy and history. While there, she was very involved in many aspects of university life, working on committees, playing on sports teams, and acting in major roles in theatre productions. She worked for the naval attaché of the Australian Embassy in Washington D.C. during WWII. After the war she travelled extensively and worked in Bermuda. She returned to her hometown in Lennoxville as secretary to the principal of Bishop's University. Janet was an accomplished, respected artist and was commissioned to do portraits on many occasions. She had a great love of animals, which figured prominently in her artwork. She was an avid rider, and owned several horses in her lifetime. Janet will be lovingly remembered by children Dr. Michael Motyer (Michelle Russelle) and Gillian Allen (Leslie Allen). Proud grandmother of Amanda Motyer, Stephen Motyer, Claire Motyer, Meghan Allen and Jacqueline Allen. Dear sister of the late Catharine (Speid) Bensley and Lorna (Speid) Stewart. She will also be remembered by her loving daughter in law, Dr. Lucie Blouin, and many nieces, nephews, relatives and friends. Janet was the daughter of the late Arthur T. Speid and Mary C. Speid (nee White), and former wife of the late Arthur John Motyer. The family will receive friends for a memorial service on Thursday, July 19, 2012 at ROYAL GARDENS, 1160 Clonsilla Ave., Peterborough, at 2 pm. Arrangements entrusted to COMSTOCK FUNERAL HOME & CREMATION CENTRE. In memory of Janet, donations may be made to the Heart & Stroke Foundation or Lakefield Animal Welfare Society (LAWS). Online condolences may be made at www.comstockfuneralhome.com. We wish to thank the staff of Royal Gardens and PRHC (Emergency, A4 and B4) for the excellent and compassionate care you provided for our mother.



Kathleen Atto

by Janet Motyer



Retirement has not dulled Kathleen Atto's enthusiasm and she is a keen participant in many community and church activities



As Reviewing Officer at the Remembrance Day service last November, she donned her lieutenant-colonel's uniform once again.

she was too old to apply! However, when the U.S. Army Nurses Corps was looking for administrative personnel a short time later, she was invited to join their staff with the rank of 2nd Lieutenant. She says that this made up for being told that she was too young to help in the first war and too old in the second! She was one of the first reserve nurses to attain the rank of Major and

outstanding achievements—she was the first woman graduate of Bishop's to receive an Honorary Degree from that institution.

When she was discharged from the army in 1948, Dr. Atto became Chief of the Nursing Service of the Veterans Administration Hospital in Northampton, Mass., where she remained for the next twelve years. After her retirement

Photos / J. Motyer

People attending the Remembrance Day Service at the Lennoxville Cenotaph last November 11th would have noticed that the Reviewing Officer was a lady in the trim uniform of a Lieutenant-Colonel, U.S. Army. This month, **The Townships Sun** salutes Kathleen Atto, who celebrated her 87th birthday just a week after that service and whose remarkable career spanned the years from World War I through World War II. It has continued since her retirement in the many facets of her involvement in community and church activities.

Born in Lennoxville, Miss Atto received her early education at the Lennoxville Academy and Bishop's University where she received a B.A. in Modern Languages in 1917. She says her interest in a nursing career had its beginning during World War I when she was knitting sweaters and socks for the soldiers overseas, and rolling bandages as her part of the war effort. She longed to be more involved and offered her services as a nurse's aide, hoping that while learning to be a nurse she might even be sent overseas where she could participate more actively. Her hopes were dashed, however, when she learned that she was too young to be accepted—applicants had to be twenty-one and she was just eighteen.

Miss Atto filled in the war years teaching and doing work in a munitions factory before enrolling in the Massachusetts General Hospital School of Nursing



She was appointed to the Surgeon General's office in Washington, D.C., during World War II.

in Boston, where she received her diploma in 1922. She then went on to earn her Master's Degree in Nursing Administration at Columbia University Teachers' College in New York. After this, she advanced quickly in her field to become Assistant Director and Instructor of Nursing, first at Columbia Hospital in Milwaukee and then at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. In 1933 she was appointed Director of the School of Nursing at the McLean Hospital in Belmont, Mass., and was there at the onset of World War II.

When the U.S. entered the war in 1942, she immediately tried to enlist as a nurse, but ironically was told that at 42

two years later had been advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel. She was appointed to the Surgeon General's Office in Washington, D.C., as Public Relations Officer and was in charge of all the nurses in the European theatre of war. Her wish to go overseas was at last fulfilled when she was posted to the Continental Base Headquarters at Bad-Nauheim, Germany, and then to the U.S. Army Headquarters in Frankfurt. During her two years with the occupational forces she had as many as 800 nurses under her supervision and was responsible for the distribution of personnel, their health, housing, promotions and postings. She describes it as "the busiest time I ever had anywhere."

While the work was demanding, it had its rewards too. Whenever she had leave she travelled to various parts of Europe, visiting Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, France and Italy. A trip to Prague was a particularly memorable one as she had arranged to meet a friend who was posted there. The atmosphere in the Russian-occupied territory was very tense immediately after the war and it was difficult to get any accurate information—particularly for anyone in an American uniform. She spent many hours trying to contact her friend without success, and it was only much later that she learned that the friend had frantically been looking for her at the same time.

In 1960 Bishop's University honoured Miss Atto with a D.C.L. Degree for her

she returned to Lennoxville where she still resides. She continued to hold many offices in national and state nursing organizations in the United States, while here at home she became a keen participant in a wide variety of community and church activities. Cansave, the University Women's Club, Canadian Club, Women's Institute, Community Aid, Lennoxville-Ascot Historical Society and the Naturalists' Club are only a few of her interests. Dr. Atto and her committee compiled and edited the first volume of **The History of Lennoxville** which was published in 1975. Recently she has enrolled in an art class "because," she says, "all my life I have wanted to paint but could never find the time."

During her retirement she has continued to travel extensively and the only continent she has not visited yet is South America.

Even the most dedicated advocates of Women's Liberation today would be hard pressed to match her achievements, and one must remember that this indomitable lady did it all when careers for women were the exception rather than the rule. Retirement has in no way dulled her enthusiasm; you may see her at any concert, play or art exhibit you attend, or perhaps catch a glimpse of her as she drives by in her yellow Plymouth.

The Sun and its staff salute you, Kathleen!

□

Obituaries

Gladys M. Brown

Born in Gould 1-1-31. Gladys was raised in Cookshire, the youngest child of Leslie G. and Mabel McKay. She was educated there and at the Sherbrooke Hospital. Gladys went to work at the Nipigon (ON) Red Cross Outpost Hospital where she met and married her husband Dick. They moved to Port Arthur, finally to Sault Ste. Marie, where they raised three sons.

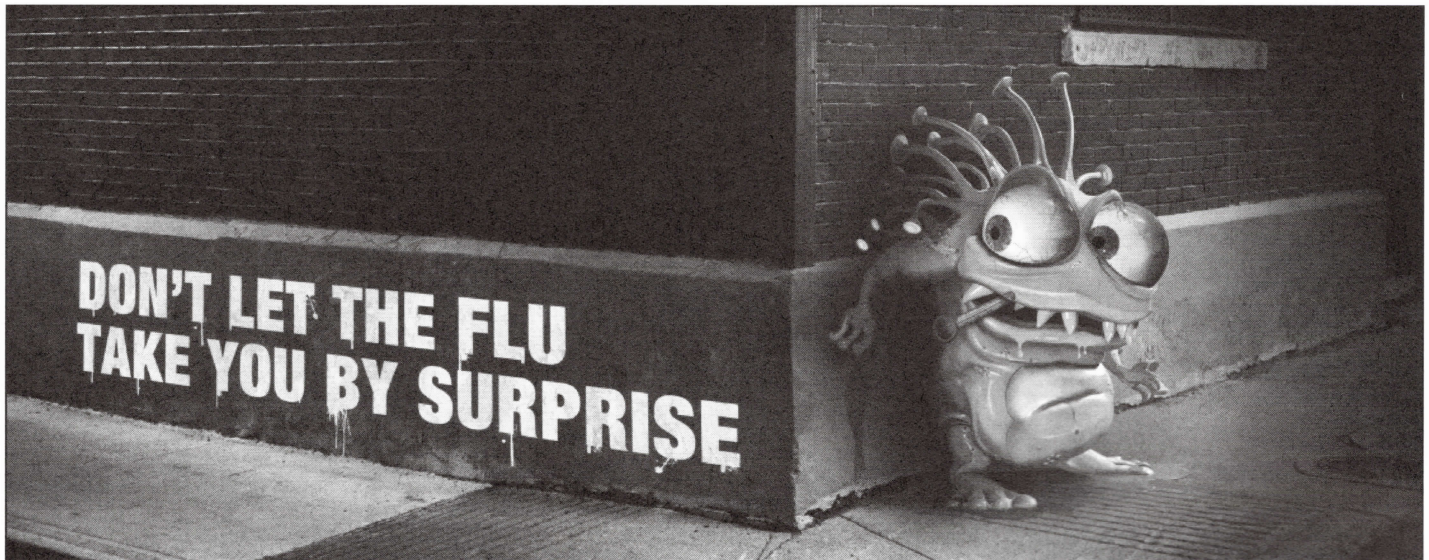
Siblings deceased are Bill McKay, Cookshire, Beryl Bailey (late Raymond), Lennoxville, and Elizabeth Royea (late Cliff), Sherbrooke. Survivors are Mildred Blumberg (late Herb) San Luis Obispo, CA, and Miriam Seabert (late Maurice) Arnprior,

ON, two nieces, Pauline Crease and her husband John, and Monica Royea.

She has lived at 144 East Balfour Street, in Sault Ste. Marie, for 7 days short of 44 years.

Gladys died of cancer. She had wonderful care and compassion from Community Care Access Centre, nurses and attendants.

She provided many dinners and birthday cakes for us through nearly 62 happy years. So many precious moments – she was loved and cherished.



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➔ **FOR PEOPLE AT RISK OF COMPLICATIONS:**

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➔ **FOR ANYONE IN CLOSE CONTACT WITH THESE PEOPLE OR IN CONTACT WITH BABIES YOUNGER THAN 6 MONTHS OLD**

➔ **FOR HEALTHCARE WORKERS**

Santé
et Services sociaux

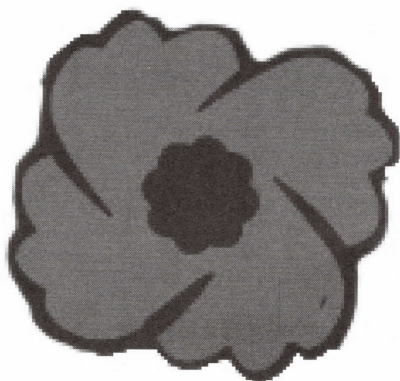
Québec 

Announcements

The 14th Annual Robin Burns Lecture: Eastern Townships in Quebec and Belgium, not only namesakes! How do migrants integrate local communities?

The ETRC cordially invites you to attend the 14th annual Robin Burns Lecture on Thursday, November 15, 2012 at 7:30 p.m. at the Foreman Art Gallery on the Bishop's University campus. We are happy to welcome Dr. Altay Manço, Scientific Director of the Institut de Recherche, Formation et Action sur les Migrations (IRFAM) and our own Claude Belleau, expert on refugees and immigration issues and experienced community worker. Our guests will make presentations and exchange on immigration and integration in the Eastern Townships of Belgium and on the life of newcomers in the Quebec's Townships.

THE EVENT IS FREE AND ALL ARE WELCOME. Refreshments will be served after the lecture. Please RSVP to Jaroslava Baconova at etrc@ubishops.ca or at 819-822-9600, ext. 2647 before November 9, 2012. For more information, please go to the Robin Burns Lecture Series section on our website.



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These are just a few of the questions the staff at the help and referral *Adult Learnline* answer each day.

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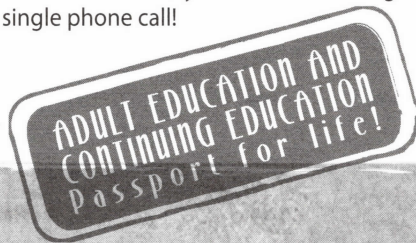
Thinking about taking a course? If so, you have many options. While it isn't always easy to find the course most suited to your needs, the help and referral *Adult Learnline* can help. This telephone service is **free, confidential** and available in **French and English**. With *Adult Learnline*, you only need to call one number to get answers to your questions about the services offered in adult education, and continuing education and training.

PERSONALIZED SERVICE

The staff at *Adult Learnline* give advice not only to people who wish to resume their studies but also to companies that want to upgrade the competencies of their employees. Some of these questions relate, for example, to such matters as obtaining a diploma and training in traditional occupations and more specialized sectors.

Online staff can also provide you with information on vocational training options, the recognition of prior learning and student financial aid. Just think, you can make things much simpler with a single phone call!

learning
throughout life



Québec



We Shall Remember

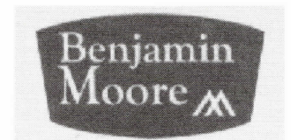
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Advance Notice

Sherbrooke Elementary School Christmas Bazaar Saturday, December 1, 2012

8:30 a.m.-1:30 p.m.
in the gym

Silent Auction
"New to You" tables
Baked Goods & Bistro
Crafts & Raffles
Kiddie Corner etc.

242 Ontario
Sherbrooke, QC
Tel. (819) 562-3515
Fax (819) 563-3234

The annual Christmas Bazaar prepared by the Parent Participation Organization (PPO) is to raise funds to enhance the quality of school life for the students.

We accept donations
merchandise for our Silent Auction
items for our New to You (garage sale) tables
financial contributions will be added to our funds

For more information or to make a donation

Jennifer Brown
PPO Representative
(819) 348-9113
jene_brown@hotmail.com

Be sure to mark this date on your calendar & share
with friends & family

Classified Ads

The Sun now offers a classified section. Classified ads must appear for a minimum of three months and the classified ad must be accompanied by the payment in full (\$25 taxes included). The classified sub-sections are: professional services, local business, general labour, hobbies, artists/musicians, arts & crafts, transportation, food and beverage. Please contact Jennifer Brown at jene_brown@hotmail.com or the Sun at townsun@netrevolution.com for more details.

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Thank You for supporting our fundraiser Babies & Kids Bazaar + Used Book Sale

St. Francis Elementary School
355 College S. Richmond
Saturday, October 20th
8:30-1:30

Books - Toys - Clothes - Accessories - Snacks
Door Prizes!

To donate items, or rent a table
at future Bazaar (Spring '13)
please contact Mandy Sullivan
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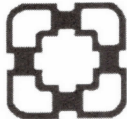
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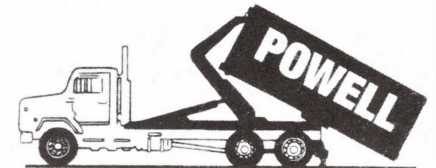
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