

# The Townships Sun

*Townships Life and Culture : Past Present and Future*

Courtship and  
Marriage  
Mary Copley and  
James Webb  
Page: 6

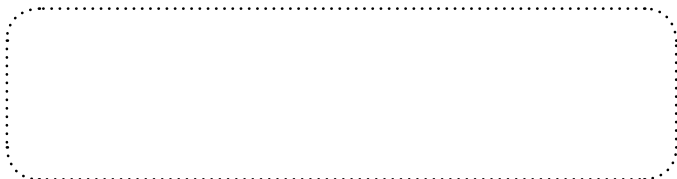


He loves me  
He loves me not

My Dearest Evelyn,  
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Gloria Goodsell & Hector Callaway  
April 1967 - 2017 50 th Anniversary  
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The projected date for the next publication of *The Townships Sun* is  
**March 9, 2018**

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Front cover: photos of rose, daisy and bottom two photos of Hector and Gloria by Brenda Goodsell.  
Photos of Mary and James by James Webb.  
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# Townships Trivia

## Hotels, Inns and Boarding Houses, Part 2

By Matthew Farfan, QAHN

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The first inns in the Townships date from the early 1800s. They were located along the stagecoach route, and were built at a time when travel was slow and very uncomfortable. A number of large hotels were constructed in major towns and on some lakes during the railroad boom of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. And with the proliferation of the automobile and mass tourism, smaller hotels, motels, and boarding houses appeared in just about every community and at popular tourist destinations.

**1** The Cecil Hotel, seen here, complete with gas pump, c.1915, is now home to the Old Mill Pub. Name the village!

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

**2** Potton Township was the site of a hotel that attracted thousands of visitors over the six decades of its existence. What was the hotel called?

- a) Knowlton Landing
- b) Potton Springs Hotel
- c) Bolton Springs Hotel
- d) All of the above



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3 What was the main attraction of the hotel, seen here c.1905?

- a) A nearby sulphur spring
- b) Subterranean tunnels
- c) A big hot tub
- d) An all-you-can eat buffet



4 The Bay View Hotel, which catered to people traveling between Montreal and Vermont, was situated on the east shore of Lake Champlain (Missisquoi Bay) in which village?

- a) St. Armand
- b) Philipsburg
- c) Lacolle
- d) Farnham



5 The Carpenter Hotel, seen here in the 1920s, was conveniently located on the international border. It overlooked the Canadian and American customs houses at Norton, Vermont, and what Canadian village?

- a) Stanstead
- b) Stanbridge
- c) Stanhope
- d) Standstill



6 This view of possibly the village's very first automobile was taken outside the Central Hotel in West Shefford around 1910. What is the village now called?

- a) Iron Hill
- b) Granby
- c) East Shefford
- d) Bromont



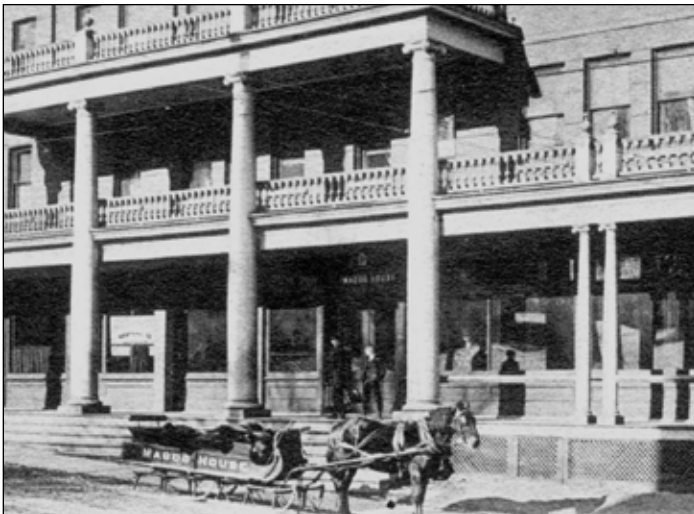
7 This establishment was located near the Canada-U.S. border on the site of the later Del Monte Hotel. What was the name of the hotel (hint: it was named after the town)?

- a) The Beebe Hotel
- b) The Rock Island House
- c) The Highwater Inn
- d) The Frelighsburg Hotel



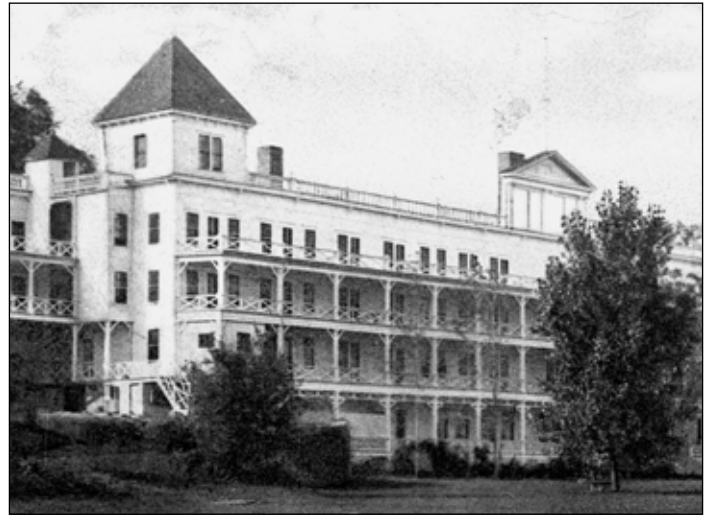
8 The Magog House was located in which town?

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



9 This sprawling three-storey hotel was built on the shores of Lake Massawippi in North Hatley in 1902 to replace an earlier inn of the same name. It could accommodate 200 guests, and amenities included golf, tennis, bowling, billiards, croquet, dancing, music, a bath house, canoeing, a trout pond, and steamer service. What was the name of the hotel?

- a) Hatley Inn
- b) Hovey Manor
- c) Glen Villa Inn
- d) Massawippi Inn



10 The Grand Union Hotel, pictured here about 1920, was a popular stop for travelers driving between Sherbrooke (or points west) and Maine. What town was it in?

- a) Lake Megantic
- b) Lennoxville
- c) La Patrie
- d) Coaticook



**ANSWERS:**  
 1) b 2) b (a.k.a. Pottou Sulphur Springs Hotel, or Pottou White Sulphur Springs Hotel 3) a 4) b 5) c  
 6) d 7) b 8) b 9) c 10) a

# Mary W. Copley and James F. Webb: Our Courtship and Marriage

*by James F. Webb*

**H**ow did I become a husband to this wonderful person? In December, 1957, a chance meeting brought us together. We attended a dance at the Airmen's Club at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Fairborn, Ohio. Two people with very different backgrounds. Mary Wilma Copley age 18, class valedictorian, graduated that year from Rio Grande High School in southeastern Ohio. Born in Prenter, West Virginia, she was the daughter of a lifelong coalminer. Mary's mother was a true country woman, raising seven children in conditions created by no electricity or indoor plumbing. In 1946 the family moved to Ohio, a home with electricity, but still no indoor plumbing. They had to walk downhill to fetch water from a distant well.

I, on the other hand, James Frederick Webb, had a totally different upbringing. I was born in Hardwick, Vermont, the son of an American mother and Canadian father. At the age of one we moved to Montreal, Quebec, Canada. My Dad, as a veteran of WWI, worked for the Department of Veterans Affairs. During the next 12 ½ years I enjoyed all of the benefits of a big city: large stores, home delivery of ice, milk, bread, riding the trolley cars to school, and anywhere else I wanted to go from one end of the island to the other, and of course electricity, water, and indoor bath facilities. In November, 1949, we moved to Rock Island, Quebec, my Dad's hometown. Now I experienced the fun of a small town. Many distractions resulted in my not becoming a valedictorian, like Mary. In fact, I was at or near the bottom of my class, requiring a retake of parts of my senior year. Finally, I passed.



When we met at the dance, I was a US Air Force Staff Sergeant, Air Traffic Controller, working in the control tower at Wright-Patterson AFB, Fairborn, Ohio. Mary was working for the government at the Air Force base as a Clerk Typist earning \$1.25 an hour. My salary was not much greater. The evening of the dance I was scheduled to work in the Control Tower at

11 p.m. Fearing that I might not see this nice, pretty, person again, I put my best foot forward and managed to talk her into a date. The next night (Friday 13<sup>th</sup>), we went on our first date, roller skating in Springfield, Ohio. A week later I was in Rock Island visiting my parents for Christmas. Overcoming many travel problems, I was able to return to Ohio for New



Year's eve with Mary. So, the courting began. We made several visits to the family farm in Rio Grande, OH. The next 4 months gave me the chance to get acquainted with Mary's parents and six siblings. Their home was always a place of great comfort for me. In April, after Mary agreed to spend the rest of her life with me, I approached her folks to ask for her hand. I remember sitting across the table from her dad (a man with the interesting first name of 'Russia'). As I made my pitch he looked directly at me and very seriously said, "Jim, if I had a gun now, I'd shoot you." Shocking, but I survived that verbal shot. We went on for the next 30 plus years to experience a wonderful friendship that frequently gives me the best of memories.

Mary paid \$15 for the marriage license in Gallipolis, OH, and, after purchasing a new tire for my 1953 Pontiac 4-door sedan, in preparation for the honeymoon, we were married May 31, 1958, in the Methodist Church, Rio Grande, OH. Mary was 19, I was 22. We had less than 15 attendees, all family. Next was the honeymoon trip to Rock Island to present my new bride to my parents. Along the way we stopped at Niagara Falls; I also took her to one of my favorite places, the top of Burke Mountain, in Vermont.

On May 31, 2018 we will celebrate our 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary. In these 60 years, we have had innumerable opportunities to experience life in so many unique ways. Our lives together have truly provided experiences we would happily relive.

# May I have this dance?

## H.J. Callaway and "Glo"

*by Hector Callaway*

On April 15, 2017 "Glo" (Gloria) and I celebrated 50 years of marriage. I have known Gloria or "My Glo," as I refer to her, since we were in grade three. Maybe, as



*Hector fishing with oldest granddaughter Shana - her first fish*

much as a young lad would notice a pretty young lady, I loved her from the beginning. However it was not until June of 1966 that I made the decision to ask her out on a date. Nothing fancy, just a date to dance and listen to the music.

It was the beginning of our journey together. Glo set me straight before she even got into my car: you drive fast and I will never get back in your car again. I knew then I did not want to mess this up so I drove slowly. I never really thought I drove fast, but like a lot of young men, I enjoyed cars and a little speed was fun. How fast can this baby go? Gloria meant more to me than a fast car, so no more notice was needed.

Gloria Goodsell was the only girl out of nine children. I felt lucky that her parents and brothers liked me. Her cat, though, was not so pleased with me entering Glo's life. He would get between us and slap Glo. Maybe he was asking, "What are you thinking?" Her dad was impressed that I did not go to their fridge like her previous

boyfriend. Thank goodness my parents had taught me good manners. And besides, food had little importance, I was dating Glo. She certainly was pretty. But it was not just the looks on the outside, it was her inner beauty that made me so fascinated with her. I knew this was someone very special in my life, and I wanted to make her happy.

After work at night I would make my way to her house. Spending time with Glo was at the top of my list; nothing was more important to me than the time we spent together, and that has not changed over the years. Exploring the love between two people is personal and deep rooted. Physical attraction probably came first but the true test of our love was the real attachment and commitment I felt. Joy and grief are woven into our lives, and it is the



*Callaway siblings (l-r): Hector, Glen, Ken, Diane. Front - Lawrence*

ability to face them together that defines enduring love and commitment. Savoring all these moments together is so important, as is always wanting the best for your partner. This is love with depth and breadth.

Our official dating lasted about a year, and then I proposed to her. Glo tells me the proposal was romantic, but I do not remember as I was so nervous. We were married on April 15, 1967. It was a small, intimate ceremony with family and friends. We were married by Rev. Joyce at the Stanstead South United Church. The reception was

(CONT'D ON PG. 8)

(CONT'D FROM PG. 7)

held at the old Beebe Town Hall. It truly was a good beginning for us. Hector and Gloria, now Mr. and Mrs. H. Callaway. I was so proud to be her husband, and that she had said yes to my proposal of marriage. If you had the opportunity to read an article in the August, 2015 issue of *The Townships Sun* about Gloria, you already know that

Wayne, Allen and Ellen; the Munroe children, Bev and Glenna; the Boudreau children, Mike and Francis; the Wood family, Oakley and Eugene; Roger Sisco; Leo and Roger Gingras; the McIntyre family, Francis Embury, and so many more. These were fun times. I recall Allen and



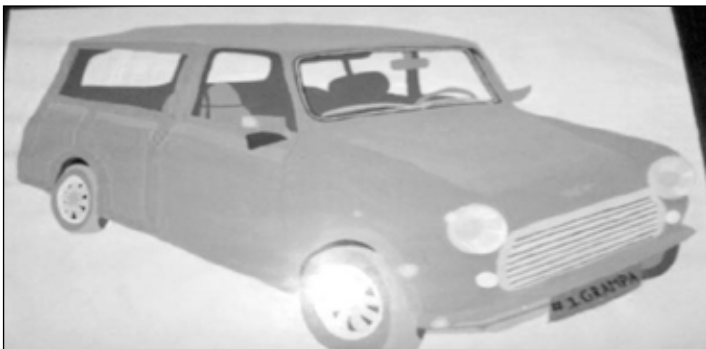
*Hector, John, Julia, Diane*

she sang and played guitar. She sang two songs at our reception: "I Used to Love You," and "Nearest Thing to Heaven." Glo said there was no hidden meaning to the song "I Used to Love You", she just really liked this song. But people chuckled anyways. My wife, who has a great voice, still sings, but not as much as she used to.



*Macpherson family enter front grandparents Ken and Miriah Macpherson. Julia - Hector's mother on front right.*

Brian driving with me to Brome Lake in my Austin to camp on the beach. We would hang out at the old grain shed and listen to music. There was a building near our home where we would gather to listen to Wayne Rever play music. We would go to the swimming hole at the



*Hector's Austin - picture drawn by oldest granddaughter Shana*



*Hector and group at table (friends and family) Front right - clockwise Oakley Wood, Eugene Wood, Vivian Buzzell, Allen Rever, Diane Callaway, Dollard Lussier, Ellen Rever, Hector Callaway, Danny Sisco, Francis Embury.*

I will go back a little in time and give you a bit of my family history. My father's name was John Callaway and my mother's name was Julia MacPherson. They have both passed away. We lived most of my life in Tomifobia, in a home my dad built. It was the property of an "unknown soldier." My father worked at Goudreau Construction and my mother worked at Spencer Supports. I am the oldest of five children, four boys and one girl: Glen, Ken, Diane, Lawrence and myself. Glen and Diane have both passed away. My sister died along with other members of her family, while visiting in western Canada. It was a horrific accident. This was a very sad time for my family.

bottom of "The Falls" located on Ben Cote's property, and at times we would have a corn roast. I never took Glo there, as the water was much too cold.

Growing up in a small village was a blessing. You got to know your neighbors, and they had your back. So many memories and good times with the Revers, Larry,

We have so many memories, simple activities, but done together: picnics at Baldwin's Mills, camping at the Mystery Spot in Lennoxville, dancing at the Fur Farm, listening to Fred Goodwin, the fiddler Morel and Tom Wheeler, to mention but a few. The arrival of our boys John and Jody was a delight to both our lives. When the

(CONT'D ON PG. 9)

boys were little I spent long hours on the snow plow, but I made time to take them fishing, sliding, and skating at the Arena. I loved time with the boys. Now the boys continue to play a supportive role. They are just around the corner when we need help. And in the circle of life, John and our daughter-in-law, Louise have brought three beautiful granddaughters into the family. They are young ladies now, starting their own lives as loving, kind, talented and beautiful young women. They are Shanna, Tosha and Diana, and with them the love keeps growing. Our youngest son Jody has always given us laughter. I am thankful for each and every one of them.

And most of all I am thankful that Gloria came into my life: Thank you for 50 years and hopefully many, many more. My dear Glo, "May I have this dance?"



## Spell Checking Made Easy

*Barbara agreed to share this humorous look at the best of technology. For anyone who has used spell checker you will connect to virtues of a new age.*

**By Barbara Miltimore,  
Spelling checker**

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# New Year's Eve '68: Thrills and Spills with the High School Golden Boy

By Linda Knight Seccaspina

I stopped celebrating New Year's Eve during my seventeenth year on this earth. That year was so traumatic it cured me for life of participating in any future celebrations. Well, maybe I did do a brief stint in my nineteenth year, but it was exactly thirty three minutes of participation and no more than that. That was the actual time it took to jam eleven people into an Austin Mini. It was snowing hard that night, and people did need a ride home.

For approximately four years in high school I loved a boy, and he was no ordinary boy. He was *"The Golden Boy of Cowansville High School."* He was blonde, French Canadian and handsome as all get out. When he smiled, you could see the stars glimmer from his teeth and when he walked down the hall girls melted into puddles. Of course, I had no chance of ever snaring this magnificent creature as I was about 102 pounds overweight. I smiled, I curled my hair, I used deodorant and he would never even look my way. I was so huge he probably thought I was a school corridor column and not the girl who loved him.

At age sixteen I left high school, went to fashion design school, and all thoughts of Golden Boy left my head. I worked part time in a fashion store, lost about a zillion pounds, and had the wardrobe any mod in the 60s would die for. That was probably one reason I lost so much weight. It was either food or clothes and the clothes won out hands down.

So before the year 1968 ended, it found me holding an invitation to the coolest New Year's Eve party around. It was to be held in the basement of an old A & P store in Granby, Quebec and I knew my old school chums would be there. I was excited to see them, and dressed very carefully. I wore a black velvet "Twiggy" mini-dress with a front zipper and white collar, black fishnets, and patent leather Cuban heel shoes with big silver buckles on them.

As I walked down the stairs and into the makeshift teen club, people's mouths dropped and screamed when they saw me. Taking off my long black Dr. Zhivago-style mid-coat carefully, I slowly walked up to the dance floor in all my glory. I happily danced my feet off to a half dozen Creedence Clearwater songs until I was a sweaty mess. To cool off, I went outside to get air, and of course, icicles started forming on my hair from the frigid air.



I don't smoke, so I tried to lean against the brick wall seductively while the icicles were quickly multiplying in my hair. Maybe this year I could honestly snag a guy to dance with me. I prayed silently, "Just this once, God, before I die, let me dance with a real boy."

Through the haze of cigarette smoke and ice fog, I saw a shadow following me. He was tall, lean, and boy, was he blonde! Yes, dear readers it was none other than Golden Boy. Golden Boy in all his glory was approaching me from 30 degrees north.

The icicles in my hair suddenly started to melt and I became tongue tied as he looked at me and then hugged me. I just couldn't savour this moment I had yearned for, as I was too busy worrying if I stank from perspiration. He spoke in a low, sexy voice that made the earth shatter and the heavens suddenly opened. My heart was beating in overdrive and I was about to explode as he said, *"Linda, you look just fabulous!"*

Wait, was he talking to someone else? I looked around and saw no one, so yes he was talking to me. More icicles started to melt from my hair as my body overheated. He grabbed my hand and we went inside where we proceeded to slow dance. I could feel his heart beat and we were so close I could smell his Aqua Velva and his Gitanes. We proceeded to dance the rest of the night away and he rode home with me in the bus holding my hand tightly. The heavy snow had turned to a deadly freezing rain but he insisted on walking me home.

We walked up the short path to the handmade, death-defying wobbly concrete steps that were now a skating rink. He took my head in his hands and kissed me. In fact he kissed me a lot. Yes, he kissed me so much, he wanted more.

(CONT'D ON PG.11)

(CONT'D FROM PG.10)

Instead of being in lust, angry thoughts of how badly he had treated me in the past suddenly flooded my brain. I started to rage that if I wasn't 100 pounds thinner he wouldn't be kissing me right now. In reality I was aiming for the snow bank on the right when I poked him hard, but instead he fell down the icy concrete steps. Yes, the very same steps I had fallen down years ago when I cracked my head open. Golden Boy lay there and was most definitely knocked out. In fact he was knocked out good and cold, like the freezing rain that was coming down heavily.

I called my father to drive him to the hospital. He was fine, except he had one problem: he was having a hard time remembering anything. He somehow could not remember that he had 'slipped' and 'somehow fallen'

down the stairs. Everyone blamed the slippery conditions, and no one even thought that a former chubby had stood up for herself that night. Yes, she had given her all for every other high school or college girl that had loved a Golden Boy once in her life and was treated badly.

So after that I never really celebrated New Year's Eve again. I decided what happened that night was enough for me. I mean, sometimes you only get once chance in life, and that was it. So now every New Year's Eve I celebrate with Dick Clark and remember. When I see his name pop up on Classmates.com, I smile. I smile that same sinister smile I wore the night Golden Boy became not so golden, and 'slipped' down the wobbly concrete stairs. I bet after forty years he isn't so golden anymore. Frankly, I'll bet he is a tad tarnished



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# The Coyote: Spirit or Scourge of the Wild? Part 2

By John Viau

The Eastern coyote: what is he? An overgrown dog or a small scale timber wolf? He's a combination of both, with a lot more thrown in for good measure. He is cunning, adaptable, learns quickly, very suspicious, a mean fighter and loves nothing more than a good feed of freshly killed deer. Which brings us to the inevitable question – do coyotes kill deer? Not just weak, sick or wounded deer, but healthy deer in the prime of life? An article, co-authored by noted Quebec wildlife biologists Francois Messier, Francois Potvin and Francois Duchesneau, published by the Quebec Ministry of Hunting and Fishing, stated that deer are a primary source of food for coyotes in a forest habitat. A major portion of the deer in a deer yard near Armstrong, Quebec was killed by coyotes over a three year period. The report states that 12% of the deer in the yard, in one winter, were killed by coyotes. In the summer months, 25 to 30% of the fawns born were killed by coyotes.

In a conversation with N.Y. State Environmental Conservation Officer John T. Flynn, at the Franklin County Fair in Malone, New York a few years ago, he told me that on a springtime patrol, he found 15 adult deer that had been killed by coyotes. The coyotes had been feeding on the carcasses.

An article on coyote control in *Outdoor Life* magazine by Nathan Schrock states in part, "Big predators such as coyotes can eat themselves out of a habitat. During a recent harsh winter a group of us concerned sportsmen found 42 coyote-killed deer in a single yard in Northern Wisconsin. These deer were killed in December, so they had been in healthy condition."

A *Montreal Gazette* article by George Gruenefeld states that hunters in the Gaspé region of Quebec are convinced that coyotes are partly to blame for the decline in the deer herd. Earlier this month, Bruce Patterson took a heavy racked 8 point buck which had been attacked by a coyote. Patterson spotted the buck being circled by a coyote. On inspecting the deer he found there was a gash on his hind leg, which he believed was the work of the coyote.

Personally, I have witnessed, on two separate occasions, irrefutable proof that coyote prey on deer. Years ago, while hunting for rabbits with a buddy, Jean Mongeon, in the Covey Hill area, we surprised a pack of eight coyotes. We came over the top of a small hill and saw the coyotes eating alive a small whitetail doe and her unborn fawn. The coyotes sighted us and took flight, vanishing into a nearby swamp before we could get a shot at them.

A few days later, hunting rabbits in the same area, we stumbled upon the remains of another deer killed by the pack. The coyotes had chased the deer for about a mile before they had brought it down. It had been a bloody chase; the poor deer must have suffered terribly before dying.

The next fall, deer hunting in the same area, two coyotes hotly pursuing a nice 5 point buck did me a favour. They pushed the buck right underneath my deer stand. Without doubt the coyotes were chasing the buck, nipping at his heels. I bagged the buck as well as one of the coyotes. A few weeks ago a friend of mine had an almost identical experience. Along a power line right-of-way he saw three coyotes in hot pursuit of a doe. He saved the doe's bacon with three well-aimed shots from his scope sighted Remington 270.

Establishing that deer are eaten in substantial numbers by our little coyote friends, let me assure you that coyotes also will readily consume sheep, calves, dogs, (they just love Beagles) cats, pigs and, according to some late news reports, they may be acquiring a taste for young children!!! Let me quote verbatim from a news report in the *Montreal Gazette* that reads as follows:

"B.C. toddler badly mauled in attack by fearless coyote. Creston, B.C. (CP) – Victor Kimball says his 18 month old daughter, who was attacked by a coyote last weekend, nearly became the animal's meal." "He was going to have her for lunch, that's all there was to it," said the Edmonton man, who raced about 80 yards to help his daughter after he heard screams. "When I got there she was face down in the dirt and the coyote was biting her in the head and licking the blood, and she was covered in it."

Doctors used more than 200 stitches to close wounds to her face, head, arms, legs, and abdomen. The child was in stable condition in the intensive care unit of Trail, B.C. Hospital, where she was likely to remain for a week. The attack at a southern B.C. picnic area was the sixth such incident in Alberta and B.C. back then.

While on a camping trip in Banff National Park, Christine Carter, 16, of St. Albert, Alberta was dragged from her sleeping bag. She received puncture wounds to her left forearm. The Kimball family, vacationing through B.C., were preparing to leave the picnic area for the trail. Jolynn (18 months) and her sister, Sarina (10) were walking on a well travelled trail around Stag Leap Lake, when the coyote jumped from the bush and attacked. The coyote chewed Jolynn up pretty good. It was thought she would

(CONT'D ON PG.13)

(CONT'D FROM PG.12)

lose her left eye, but the doctor said her eyes were fine; her right ear got chewed, but thankfully no pieces were missing. The animal just jumped on his daughter without warning. Kimball said, "Usually, when I'm travelling in the mountains, I carry a gun, but this time I didn't have one. But I knew this one was going to die, even if I had to go back and do it with my bare hands." Jolynn was wrapped in bandages, and rushed 45 kilometres to a Creston, B.C. hospital. She was stabilized and transferred by ambulance to Trail. Creston R.C.M.P. said they found and destroyed the coyote believed responsible for the attack.

Conservation Officer Martin Melderis said the animal tested negative for rabies. The attack is puzzling as coyotes are generally timid creatures, he added. However the animal that attacked Jolynn seemed to have no fear of people. When Victor Kimball rescued his daughter, it retreated but did not run away. Lu Carbyn, a research scientist with the Canadian Wildlife service, said attacks of this nature are not common but neither are they unheard of. "There are always exceptions to the rule, and what you have here is predatory behaviour on the part of the animal." Makes for pretty scary reading though, doesn't it?

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# "My Dearest Evelyn": A letter to her younger self

*By Merrick Belknap in collaboration with the Townships Sun*

*The contents of this letter are factual, taken from Evelyn Nesbit's memoirs, written in 1914. However, the letter itself is fictional. I ask of you to indulge me in presenting her personal comments. As I have read and written extensively about the tragic story of Harry K. Thaw, Stanford White and Evelyn Nesbit, I kept thinking, what if Evelyn had written a letter to her younger self? A beautiful young chorus girl from Pittsburgh, caught in a world of money, fame, jealousy and rage, that turned her world upside down. She found herself in the middle of a scandal, the most publicized murder since Lizzie Borden: the murder of New York's most famous architect, Stanford White, by playboy Harry K Thaw.*

**M**y Dearest Evelyn,  
The period of childhood is most elusive. Childhood will be the happiest time of your life. You are a bit of a tomboy, and to your parents' dismay, you hold an eagerness to promote combat with the most impossible playmates.

Your father "Win" is a charming, genial man, respected throughout the country. You will have tender memories of him. At the age of 10, just when you are about to form the most roseate impressions of those you have marked for hero worship, your father will die, leaving you, your younger brother and mother to find their way in the world. Your mother is one of the sweetest women you will ever meet. She is artistic, her home is harmonious and attractive.

You are born into prosperity, but after your father's death there will be a great deal of worry. The money will be gone and your mother will be forced to rent rooms to outsiders, keeping the wolf from the door. Poverty will never be far off, and life is fretful. Salvation will be found at your grandmother's in Pittsburgh. You will make many moves in your young life, stability will not rein in the life of the Nesbit family. Your mother, your little brother and you will have to sleep in one room on the floor. Life will be directed by whims or circumstances.

Your move to Philadelphia is the beginning of an independent career. Mrs. Darach, an artist, will ask for you to sit as a child model. It is there you will learn of the possibility of making an income through work as a child model, no nude poses. People will notice your beauty. Eventually your family will move to New York City, where you will encounter fame and glamour. Photographers, magazines, artists and theatre people will approach

you with offers. A girl's dream is never practical. You will be the type of girl to be discovered. The allure of the "proscenium arch," will call you, and your life will be performed under these arches.

Life will never settle, it will only grow in intensity. Every day will hold a mystery and you will be permeated with the delight of living. Promises of all manners of success and dazzling prospects of fame will be given to you. The stage will remain a beautiful place in your eyes. During this time, a man of tremendous power and capabilities, Stanford White, will come into your life. Memories of him will be sad but appreciative. White is an earthquake that will shatter the foundations of the fabric of innocence. Tragedy, heartache and ruin are about to befall you.

Harry K. Thaw, a playboy, is a relentless pursuer. You will marry Harry, but his absorption in your life will result in jealousy and hatred of Stanford White, eventually leading to the cold-blooded murder of White. Life will be surrounded with gossip, scandal, trials and humiliation. In this trial, Stanford's lips will be sealed by death but your lips will be heard. Your school diary delivers an awful blow. It is the silliness of a young girl's diary, which will not work to your benefit. Distinction between fame and notoriety is to be found in the character of the stories.

Love does not die suddenly, but fades in patches, leaving you torn by the truth and loyalty to Harry.

Enduring the veil of suggestions as to the paternity of your child, Russell, will be heavy. As he grows into a young man it becomes very evident he is the son of Harry K. Thaw. Russell will be your shining star. Your connection to the Thaw family will grow further and further away, never being in sympathy with them. You will rise with a sense of determination and triumph.

Glamour, money, romance, drugs, sex and insanity will arise in your life: beauty may not be a gift to you. "The Girl on the Red-Velvet Swing", "An Angel-Child", "A Gibson Girl", "An American Beauty", are all titles that will be applied to you; within this notoriety comes tragedy. So in the final chapters you will be back on the stage, under the arch, performing "The Story of My Life." And when the final curtain descends, the beauty and fame will fade to darkness.



# "Happiness is homemade"

*By Karolyn Kirby Rhicard*



*Bruce and Sharon Kirby*

**A**s summer wedding for Sharron Raymond, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Raymond, and Bruce Kirby, eldest son of the late Ian Kirby and the late Winnona Wheeler, was held at St George's Anglican Church in Lennoxville, on the 12th of June 1976. The late Archdeacon Sydney A. Meade officiated at the double ring ceremony.

Over the past 41 years, Bruce and Sharron have enjoyed travelling together across Canada as well as throughout the USA. They were blessed with two lovely daughters, who kept them busy driving to and from basketball and softball games, girl-guide events, and 4-H club functions. They always made time to have family meals and Saturday night dancing. They have been there for their children, as well



*Kirby parents*

White mum plants along with white satin bows marked the pews. "Homemade with love," is a quote often heard or read around the Kirby house. Homemade has always been the centre of their relationship. Sharron wore a floor length gown, handmade by her mother, and carried a bible, a gift from her parents for her confirmation. The bride and groom took the time on their wedding day to visit Sharron's grandmother at the Youville Hospital.

as helping neighbours and friends throughout the years. Bruce and Sharron have continued the tradition of homemade. Bruce made barnwood creations for both of his girls' wedding days, as well as yearly gifts. He raises farm animals for food while Sharron paints for family and friends. Her art works became yearly gifts, and more specifically on their girls' wedding days.

Sharron and Bruce still reside on their hobby farm purchased following their wedding. You may see them at local fundraisers, farmers markets, garage sales and dances. They thoroughly enjoy spending time with the girls and their families, and their granddaughter provides a special joy for this devoted couple.



*Kirby Wedding Party*



# Memories

By Tamera Hadlock

*Note from the Townships Sun. Yes, we know Christmas is now past. However, we are printing this article just to remind us that memories are built, times changes and keeping the precious things in mind are important any time of the year.*

With each passing year, Christmas comes and goes more quickly, and although Christmas may not be my most favorite time of year (no, I am not a Scrooge), I try to hold onto those special moments and memories. Christmas has become so commercial that it depresses me: stores are bustling and credit cards are being maxed out. All this to get the top-of-the-line gift, to impress the child who has been overwhelmed with the idea that Santa will bring anything we want, whether it is affordable or not. Yet, if we are to be honest, the thrill of that gift soon dwindles and will often be put aside. What we are left with are the bills. What ever happened to the true meaning of Christmas? Sadly, for most, that has been pushed aside as well.

So, find that place, that time, that moment, and bring it back into your holiday season. A special moment happened to me a couple of years ago. It still brings tears to my eyes when I think about it, and to me, proves that the expensive gifts come and go, however, the little moments last a lifetime.

When my children were young, I would always purchase a tin or two of the Danish-style butter cookies that come out at Christmas time. My boys loved them and would fight over the last one. At the time, it was a cute thing that was done and the kids would gobble up the treat, and it meant nothing more than that. But now that my boys have all grown up and two of them have moved away, I do not purchase these cookies very often, and that part of the holidays seemed to fade. Then two years ago, my youngest son wrapped a present for me and put it under the tree. When I opened it, I found a box of our special Danish cookies. This simple gift touched me, bringing tears to my eyes. To me, that little gesture that I did when my children were young, had an impact. This memory was more important than the expensive package with the bright wrapping.

This time of year brings me back to when Pokemon was a big thing. One Christmas, Santa put little stuffed Pokemon characters into all of the stockings. Playing the games with the children, they knew that my favorite was Eevee.

It was also the favorite of one of my boys, so of course he received a small Eevee. When he opened the wrapping, he looked at it, and, aged only 4 or 5 years old, looked at me and said, "Here Mommy, she's your favorite." I think I cried for an hour.

So, my wish for you every Christmas, is that you find these extraordinary special moments, as little as they may be, and cherish each second. For in the end, it is the little moments that end up meaning the most.

May you have many "Merry and Blessed Christmases," and great moments throughout the coming years.

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# Early Quebecers Pioneering the U.S. Pacific Northwest: Reverend Jason Lee and Reverend Mother Joseph Pariseau

*By Lionel Emond*

The names of two courageous Quebecers who participated in the early development of Oregon and Washington state during the early 1800s are The Reverend Jason Lee of Stanstead, Quebec and The Reverend Mother Joseph Pariseau, Sisters of Charity, Montreal, Qc.



*Reverend Jason Lee*

The state of Oregon was in the process of divesting its newly acquired lands, including the purchase of sizable acreage from the Hudson's Bay Company, which had opened up the famous Oregon Trail, and the state had constructed some 9 trading posts therein. Reverend Jason Lee (1803-1845) was the youngest of fifteen children of Daniel Lee (1754-1806) and Sarah Whitaker (1757-?).

In 1834 Jason Lee led a group of Methodists on a 2,000 mile trek west to Fort Vancouver, to form a mission ministering to the Native American peoples of Oregon, 13 miles north of the Willamette Heritage Center, Salem, Oregon, on the banks of the Willamette River

Persistent flooding led to relocating the mission south to a prairie called Chemeketa. There were a dozen or more French Canadian settlers, previous employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, living there with their native wives and children. Here the missionaries constructed a grist and sawmill, two residences and a school, which would become the nucleus for the city of Salem.

The Lee House (1842) was originally inhabited by four missionary families, including the Lees, Judsons, and Parishes. The house served as headquarters for Methodist Mission Operations in the Oregon County, which included satellite stations as far North as Tacoma and as far east as The Dalles in Wasco County. It was ultimately closed, dismantled, and moved to the Heritage Center in 1965.

The Parsonage (1841) was the second frame structure built with lumber from the mission's sawmill. It was the only building retained by the Methodist Church when the mission closed, and it served as

the parsonage for their minister and as a base for circuit riders (itinerant preachers) in the valley.

The following was written by Lee in 1834, at Laramie's Fork in eastern Wyoming, on his way west to establish the Oregon Mission: "I already long to hear from my dear friends in the east but am doomed to wait many long months before I can know anything of what is transpiring among those I love."

The Lee House is most likely the oldest frame dwelling still standing in the Northwest. It was Oregon's first multi-unit apartment house. After the Mission closed, this building housed the first Oregon Judiciary, Salem's, and the Marion County Courthouse.

Following several illnesses, Lee died in March, 1845. He was subsequently reinterred in the Mission Cemetery in 1906.

The Reverend Mother Joseph Pariseau was born Esther Pariseau, in Saint-Elzéar, Quebec, Canada. In 1843, at the age of 20, she entered the convent of the newly-founded Sisters of Charity of Providence (now Sisters



*Pleasant Grove Presbyterian Church*

of Providence) in Montreal. At that time, her father, a carriage-maker who had accompanied her, is said to have remarked to the Mother Superior, "I bring you my daughter, Esther, who wishes to dedicate herself to the religious life. She can read, write, figure accurately, sew, cook, spin and do all manner of housework. She can

(CONT'D ON PG.18)



*A teaching classroom*

even do carpentry, handle a hammer and saw as well as her father. She can plan for others and she succeeds in anything she undertakes. I assure you, Madame, she will make a good Superior someday.” She took the name Sister Joseph in honor of her father. In 1856, Augustin-Magloire Blanchet, the bishop of the new Diocese of

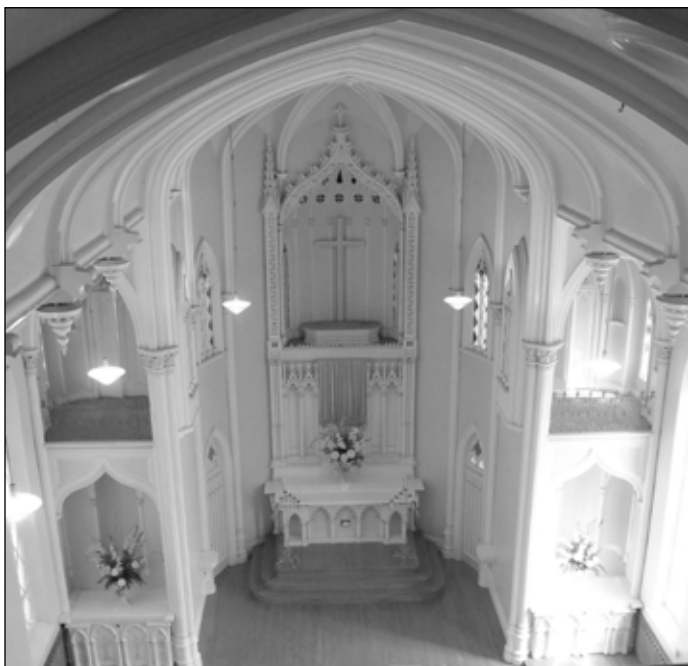
Nesqually (now the Archdiocese of Seattle), approached the Sisters of Providence in Montreal, seeking their assistance for his diocese in the Pacific Northwest Territories of the United States. Mother Joseph was chosen to lead four companions as missionaries to that region. Accompanied by the Bishop, they spent over a month traveling by train from Montreal, arriving on December 8<sup>th</sup> of that year. They arrived only to find that the Vicar General had expected them to settle elsewhere and had not made arrangements for their housing. Their first days were spent sleeping in the attic of the Bishop’s small home.



*Section of school front*

Within a few months, the Sisters had made their home in Vancouver, Washington. A small cabin served as both their convent and first school, which opened April 14<sup>th</sup>, 1857. They accepted into their care several orphans and an elderly, homeless man. Bishop Blanchet gave them two acres on the St. James Mission Claim, and on this land a small group of multi-purpose buildings sprang up. The Sisters named their new home Providence of the Holy Angels. Over the next few years, it housed the convent, novitiate, infirmary, an orphanage for both boys and girls, a boarding and day school, rooms for the elderly and insane, and the first St. Joseph Hospital. The Sisters also cared for the clergy of St. James Cathedral, as well as visiting the poor and sick in their homes.

The diocese became involved in a long dispute over ownership of the St. James Mission Claim. Due to this dispute it was not to become the Sisters’ permanent mission site. Instead, Mother Joseph purchased property away from the disputed area and protected the Sisters’ interests through incorporation as the “Sisters of Charity of the House of Providence in the Territory of Washington” on 28 January 1859. It remains one of Washington State’s oldest corporations and the parent corporation for Providence Health & Services.



*View of the altar*

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In the early 1870s, Mother Joseph began planning a permanent home for Providence of the Holy Angels, on the property she had purchased in Vancouver. She designed and supervised construction of Providence Academy.

The local Hidden Brick Company supplied the bricks for the four-story structure. The sisters, their orphans and boarders moved into the Academy on September 7<sup>th</sup> 1874, before the interior was finished. Mother Joseph supervised construction of a large addition in 1891, but otherwise the exterior of the building remains much as it was built. A stickler for detail, Mother Joseph often inspected rafters and bounced on planks to ensure their support. As architect and artist, she was responsible for designing some of the buildings and supervising their construction. She undertook aggressive fundraising tours, braving the mountains and wilderness on horseback. To finance new buildings and their work, Mother Joseph and some of the sisters launched what they called "begging tours." They spent weeks on horseback and camping outdoors; to go to mines as far away as Montana and Colorado, where they appealed to lucky prospectors for donations. Their records tell of outwitting stagecoach robbers, of surviving severe storms, brushes with fire, wolves, and even a grizzly bear.



Mother Joseph's tombstone

Mother Joseph died of a brain tumour on January 19<sup>th</sup>, 1902, at Providence Academy in Vancouver, Washington, leaving a legacy of humanitarian service. She planned and built some of the region's first permanent institutions of learning and medical care. In 1953 the American Institute of Architects named Mother Joseph Pariseau du Sacré-Coeur, the first architect of the Pacific Northwest; the West Coast Lumbermen's Association

recognized her as the first White artisan to work with wood in the Pacific Northwest. On 1 May 1980, in the Capitol in Washington, D.C., her statue was unveiled in the House of Representatives gallery. A statue of her is also in the Washington State capitol in Olympia. In August I toured these historical sites in Oregon and Washington as part of a Rotary Exchange program, hosted by members of Rotary Clubs in District 510 (Oregon and Washington.)

These two individuals from our home province of Quebec typify the many emissaries sent abroad, even unto today, to open new territories and to carry forward with them the humanitarian qualities for which we Quebecers are renowned.

*All photos except that of Rev. Jason Lee courtesy Lionel Emond. Some material used in this article was found through Google and in Wikipedia, the rest was the result of the author's visit to the area.*

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# Sometimes You Need to Just Walk Your Potatoes

By Linda Knight Seccaspina

*This photo is probably one of my favourite photos of all time. This little girl is standing directly in front of what is now (was in 1991) Don Drysdale's store in the village of Lanark, Ontario*



Lanark, Ontario

Archives Lanark

I don't think I was much older than this wee gal when I used to be sent to Bonneau's grocery store on the corner of Albert and Main Street in Cowansville, Quebec every week. Things were different in those days and communities were safe and most grocery stores looked the same in every village or town. Stores had a human element, and there was nothing you couldn't buy in the family-run stores. There was always fresh bread, gossip, and the grocery store was arguably one of the most important businesses in town. Each store had a wooden counter that people shared conversation around. The grocer always had a pencil behind his ear, a smile, and quick precision as he wrapped a piece of fresh meat, in brown paper tied with string.

The penny candy in the grocery store was always a favourite of mine, even though a neighbour informed me that her Grandfather had warned her that such candy could spread polio. In those days everything "caused polio", but candy was supposed to be the number one culprit. No, doubt some mindful parent had started the rumour to keep her children away from the sweets.

My favourite penny candy was a pair of big, red wax lips. Every summer day I would sit on the edge of the Cowansville public pool, kicking my legs in the water,

with the wax lips that were slowly melting in the hot



Claudia Forster purchase

sun. If they were not available I would buy the little wax bottles and bite off the top and drink the liquid that was probably heavy on Red Dye #40 food colouring. The bottles were made of edible wax, but all everyone did was chew on them forever and then spit them out after the juice was consumed.

Our favourite hangout, away from my grandmother's eyes, was Dion's lumber yard next door to my home on Albert Street. I would go to Mayheu's corner store with 10 pennies and come out with a paper bag full of potato chips, marshmallow-filled mini-ice cream cones, wax lips, and Popeye candy cigarettes. "Smoking" on our candy cigarettes, my friends and I would sit on the top of the



Main Street Cowansville

piles of lumber and have earth shattering conversations about why I cut my bangs so short like Bette Davis. I explained that you can't control everything in life, but your hair was put on your head to remind you of that.

My mother was in a wheel chair so I was sent every few days to buy things needed for meals. Eggs were not sold in

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(CONT'D FROM PG.20)

a dozen and one by one they were placed in small brown paper bags, but I could handle getting those suckers home. Potatoes, on the other hand, were another matter. They were put into larger bags, and usually I brought my sister's baby carriage along as they were too heavy to carry. One day I thought I was too cool for school to bring that carriage and I could handle the situation all by myself.

I made it down half a block until my arms began to ache and I began to worry how I was going to get that heavy bag home until I had an idea. Every few steps I threw a potato out in the neighbour's yards and thought my

mother would never notice. Once I got home I only had half a bag left and of course she thought the grocer had made a mistake. Upon calling the grocer he insisted I had left with 10 pounds and could not understand how I got home with 5 pounds, so I had to fess up. After I confessed she laughed and said that everyone on Albert Street was probably having potatoes for lunch. For years the vision of hot mashed potatoes being served to all my neighbours has haunted me each time I bought 10 pounds of potatoes. In all honesty I wish I had done things differently but as they say, hindsight is as common and as bland as boiled potatoes.



**M**embers of the Canadian Federation of University Women (CFUW) Sherbrooke and District Club work to improve the status of women, and to promote human rights, public education, social justice and peace.

In addition there are interest groups such as Book Club, Dining Out, Fun with Cooking, Advocacy, Walking, Bridge, Travel, Wellness, and Grandmothers for Grandmothers. For information on the club, see <http://www.cfuw-fcfdu-qc.ca/history/history-of-cfuw-sherbrooke-and-district-for-provincial-council/>

Our affiliate, the Lampe Foundation <http://www.lampefoundation.org/> supports the education of men and women in our community and encourages the continuation of studies.

The Dining Out Group provides Townships Sun readers with reviews of some of the restaurants visited. We hope to provide ideas for dining out in our wonderful Townships restaurants.

This past fall, 16 ladies from the CFUW went to lunch at Le Bouchon restaurant. The restaurant is located on the corner of Wellington and Frontenac. We ate on the first floor of the 3 storey restaurant which has very high ceilings and large windows. The seats were comfortable and the room spacious enough so it did not seem noisy. The decor is simple, modern and chic.

Our menu had a variety of choices and our order was taken quickly. Our appetizers arrived shortly. Many enjoyed their salad. The mushroom soup with a touch of truffle oil was tasty but it needed to be hotter. One appetizer was interesting as it was mac and cheese with leeks and small bites of squash.

As this was the week of the food festival we had to wait a bit too long for our main meal, but most agreed it was worth the wait. The pasta with rosé sauce and tiny shrimp was hot, with a nice flavor. The short ribs were resting on top of mashed potatoes that had some fennel infused. The warm brown sauce was a hit. The fish meal was enjoyed also by some the ladies.

The dessert arrived: oh my goodness! The choices and presentation were fabulous. We all had tea or coffee and left with smiles from our meal, social time and very full stomachs.



# Yousuf Karsh (1908-2002): Famed Photographer Finds a Welcoming Land in the Eastern Townships, 1924

By Jean-Marie Dubois (*Université de Sherbrooke*) and Gérard Côté (*LAHMS*)

The City of Sherbrooke will soon open a park in the new Rock Forest area housing development, near the intersection of Bertrand-Fabi Street and Saint-Roch Sud Road. It will be named for one of Canada's most famous 20<sup>th</sup> century photographers, Yousuf Karsh.

Abdul Yousuf Karsh was born in 1908, in Mardin, at the time of the ancient Ottoman Empire, now Turkey. Karsh was the son of Armenian parents, Bahiyah Jurjos Nakashian (1883-1958) and merchant Abdel al Massih Karsh (1872-1962). In 1921, his family fled political persecution on the part of the Turks who dominated the country. Having lost everything, they became refugees in Syria, then under French rule. In December, 1923, Yousuf's parents managed with great difficulty to send him to Bahiyah's brother, George Nakash (Nakashian), a portrait photographer in Sherbrooke. He arrived in 1924. Yousuf went on to study at Cambridge Academy (now Mitchell School). In his free time away from studies and work in his uncle's studio, Yousuf amused himself by taking landscape pictures with a small Brownie camera. One photo won him first prize in a T. Eaton store contest.

In 1928, after seeing his ward's talent, Nakash sent him to an Armenian compatriot in Boston, a prominent photographer for the aristocracy and international personalities. He developed a keen interest in portrait photography, mastering the play of shadows, contrast and lighting. In 1931, he became the assistant of Ottawa photographer John Powis, as well as an active member of the Ottawa Camera Club. In 1932 he spent time with a group of amateur thespians of the Dominion Drama League (now Ottawa Little Theatre) and learned the techniques of artificial lighting. There he met Solange Gauthier (1900-1960), who introduced him to the fine arts. They married in 1939 and she became the director of his company. John Powis retired in 1933 and Karsh bought his studio. Prime Minister Mackenzie King became Yousuf's patron. King gave him the opportunity to take the portrait of Winston Churchill, when he came to Ottawa in 1941, making Karsh famous. In 1943, he went to London and expanded his international portfolio. In 1947-1948, he took steps to bring his parents and two younger brothers to Canada. His wife died of cancer in 1960. In New York, in August of 1962, he married Estrellita Maria Nachbar (1929-20--). From 1972 until 1992, Yousuf Karsh operated his studio at the Château Laurier in Ottawa, where the couple lived starting in 1982. In 2005, the hotel management gave

the Karsh name to the couple's suite. Mrs. Karsh donated nine original pictures of the hotel in 2007. Yousuf Karsh retired and closed his studio in 1992. In 1997, the couple moved to Boston, where Estrellita worked on the history of medicine. Yousuf Karsh died there in 2002 from complications following surgery, at the age of 94. He is buried in the Ottawa Notre-Dame Catholic Cemetery next to his first wife.

Yousuf Karsh was one of the world's greatest portrait photographers. During his career, he photographed more than 11,000 people, including Winston Churchill (1941), Albert Einstein (1948), François Mauriac, Pablo Picasso (1954), Audrey Hepburn (1956), Grace Kelly (1956), Ernest Hemingway (1957), Jacqueline Kennedy (1957), Bishop Fulton J. Sheen (1958), Muhammad Ali (1970), Fidel Castro (1971), and Mother Teresa (1988)

Between 1946 and 1996, he published 15 books of photography. His work has been on exhibition in numerous prominent museums and may be found in the world's largest collections. In 1987, Archives Canada bought his complete collection, some 335,000 negatives, prints and slides. Some of his equipment is in the Canadian Museum of Science and Technology. Canada honored Karsh with the Canada Council for the Arts Medal in 1965, Officer of the Order of Canada in 1968, and Companion of the Order of Canada in 1990.



# Winter Blues and Simple Pleasures

By Kathleen Y. Rattigan

As evening falls, the snow is covered with a lacy shadow of icy lavender-blue, dusk fills the sky with hues of purple-blues, and the trees sleep silhouetted in midnight-blue. The winter “blues” are gorgeous to look at, but sure gives me shivers of delight that I am in a warm home listening to the crackling of the live fire in my old wood cook stove.

How do you cope with the “winter blues?” Are you one of those hardy outdoor types who embrace the snow and cold through outdoor sports? Or are you a hot house flower who wilts and moans when the frigid air hits your face and steals your breath? Do you wish you could be a big old bear and just curl up and hibernate in your den, waking up when your alarm clock rings in spring? If you are a snowbird, you get to ignore winter altogether, which is really not fair to the rest of us. I know that many will want to pelt me with snowballs, but I really love winter! I can taste the purity of the air as I fill my lungs deeply, enjoy the startlingly bright blue sky, the diamond sparkle of freshly fallen snow, and the deep peace of a rich land slumbering under its mantle of ice and snow.

Simple pleasures are a delightful way to pass the winter, and even help you enjoy this time of nature’s meditation. The following is a small list of ideas that I am happy to share with you in hopes that the winter blues will change into a feeling of enjoying the slower change of pace that wintry weather brings us.

Buy yourself a toy. Yes, even we grownups must play! All of us have our favourite memories from childhood of the toys that we loved. As a child, my family was poor. I remember longing with all my heart for a Raggedy Ann doll. I never did get one then, but I now have two! They are proudly displayed on my bookshelf and every time I look at or hold them I smile in delight. To allow ourselves to play is to forever remain young at heart.

Discover what you love. All our life we have been fed images of influence on what we must have. The media, society, our families, have helped shape us into who we are today. Find a little notebook and go shopping. You do not even have to leave the comfort of home: just pile catalogues and beautiful magazines all around you. Now: what do you LOVE? You will recognize this by the “Oh, wow!” reaction within yourself. Maybe you are a person who has always worn blues and greens but find yourself staring longingly at a burnt orange cashmere sweater. Make a note of this. Perhaps your furnishings are rustic and brightly coloured—yet your eyes go misty at pale blue and white wicker and rattan. Make a note: Wintertime is perfect for exploring the hidden corners of the desires of your real self.

Attitude. We often concentrate on what we do not have instead of being thankful for what exists in our life. Working with the public as I did in our village post office, I had the privilege of speaking with many people. There were those who came in laughing with rosy cheeks, breathless with awe at our frigid temperatures. The other side of the coin were the ones whose faces were set in lines of rigid disapproval of this icy time. The truth of the moment will not change because of our attitude, but an easy flow of acceptance certainly does make it easier to bear. To have a positive attitude towards unchangeable events (such as our wonderful winter) is to live in harmony with what is!

As this issue of The Townships Sun hits the newsstands, I certainly hope that you are all remaining happy from the spirit of Christmas, that you love all this snow and enjoy the beauty of it—even if it is from the windows of your warm home. If winter is still the bane of your existence – then I hope you have fun with some of the above suggestions, and remember: spring is just around the corner!



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