

The Townships Sun



Townships Life and Culture: Past, Present and Future

It's fair time, see you there.



Feature article-

QAHN Townships Trivia Quiz: The County Fair Pp. 3-5

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Townships Trivia

The County Fair

By Matthew Farfan, QAHN

QUEBEC ANGLOPHONE
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RÉSEAU DU PATRIMOINE
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The 19th century saw the growth of agricultural societies all over the Eastern Townships. Rooted in the traditions of New England, these societies were founded to encourage the different agricultural industries, and to provide farmers and breeders with a forum for exchanging ideas about farming practices, breeding techniques, and mechanical improvements. A by-product of the agricultural society was the annual exhibition or county fair. The fair gave farmers a chance to buy and sell and to improve their breeding stock. It also gave them and their families the chance to show off their produce and livestock. The fair was also a social occasion, a time for people to meet and celebrate the harvest. As county fairs evolved over time, popular entertainment and competitions took on greater importance. Today, the old county system is gone, but the county fair, complete with midways and modern-day rides, is alive and well in the Townships, as are the county agricultural and horticultural societies that host them each year.

1 Horse and livestock parades have been a popular feature of county fairs for generations. Established in 1845, the Stanstead County Fair is located in which town?

- a) Stanstead
- b) Coaticook
- c) Ayer's Cliff
- d) Compton

2 This town, seen here in the 1960s, is host to the oldest county fair (1829) in the province of Quebec. Name the town!

- a) Cookshire
- b) Coaticook
- c) Bedford
- d) Richmond



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3 The famous Brome County Fair, one of the largest fairs in the Eastern Townships, is located in which village, pictured here c.1900?

- a) Brome
- b) Bondville
- c) Knowlton
- d) Fulford



4 Some fair buildings were quite vast. The exhibition building pictured in this photo was situated in which town?

- a) Compton
- b) Granby
- c) Sherbrooke
- d) None of the above



5 Harness racing has long been a popular sport at agricultural fairs, including at the annual exhibition of the Eastern Townships Agricultural Association, seen here. What is the name of the vehicle being pulled in this race?

- a) A buggy
- b) A sulky
- c) A wagon
- d) All of the above



6 Rodeo activities are featured at some fairs. This photo, taken in the 1920s, depicts steer roping at the fairgrounds in which Shefford County town? Note the modest scale of the building in the photo.

- a) Waterloo
- b) Eastman
- c) Granby
- d) Knowlton



7 Dairy farming holds an important place at our Townships fairs. The Compton County Agricultural Fair has a long history. It is held annually in which community?

- a) Cookshire
- b) Compton
- c) Coaticook
- d) Cowansville



9 Children's rides are popular attractions at local fairs, including at the Richmond County Fair. What year was the Richmond Fair first held?

- a) 1856
- b) 1896
- c) 1956
- d) 1976



8 Which fair had its own streetcar stop, seen here c.1900?

- a) Cookshire
- b) Sherbrooke
- c) Cowansville
- d) Richmond



10 All sorts of activities took place at the fair, some of them not the least bit connected to either agriculture or entertainment. This photo depicts a recruiting tent for the 244th Battalion ("Kitchener's Own Rifles") at the Ayer's Cliff Fair. During which war was this photo taken?

- a) World War I
- b) The Boer War
- c) World War II
- d) The Gulf War



All images courtesy of Matthew Farfan

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

Why Health Co-ops are Worth a Second Look

by Dian Cohen

More than 150 years ago, Quebec farmers were among the first in North America to figure out that co-operatives were one of the best ways to meet the needs of the rapidly growing dairy industry. They may very well have given Alphonse Desjardins the idea: 50 years later, in 1900, he developed co-operative banking when he opened his first *caisse populaire*. Mutual insurance companies were created to provide inexpensive protection against the ravages of fire, hail and early frost. This tried-and-true business model spread west to the prairies where farmers organized marketing and supply-purchasing co-ops for grain, fruit, livestock and tobacco. In more industrial areas, credit unions and co-op stores sprang up to provide goods and services at the lowest possible prices.

So, it's surprising to me that so few people understand how a healthcare co-op works to their benefit. And it's even more surprising that policy-makers have lingering suspicions about so user-friendly a way to organize access to needed services.

Here's what a co-op is: a group of like-minded people getting together to provide a needed public service. They provide the "seed money" to get the business started. They also comply with the government's rules about what they can and cannot do by joining the Federation of Cooperatives which is overseen by the provincial government. Once the co-op is formed, others are invited not just to join to have access to the services that are being provided, but also to have ownership in the new organization. Buying shares in the co-op gives members a voice in the co-op's operation; paying a monthly fee provides a stream of income for the co-op to purchase supplies, hire nurses and other health professionals to provide the services.

But wait, say some skeptics – why pay for healthcare when healthcare is free in Canada?

But wait, say some others – being a member tells me this is a private facility – so it must be expensive.

Let's look at both these reasons people give for not joining a co-op.

First, healthcare is not free in Canada (or anywhere else in the world.) Somebody is paying the \$242 billion-plus that goes to support our national healthcare system every year. The Canadian Institute for Health Information (CIHI) says that the "average" Canadian paid \$6,604 last year for their

healthcare. That may or may not be the number you would come up with for yourself, but the fact is that our national system is in itself a kind of cooperative – we all agree that there are certain essentials that we will contribute to through the tax system – we share the expenses with our taxes to have access to "free" healthcare, national security, etc. (And if we think it's too expensive, we become actively vocal and vote in elections.)

As to the myth of an expensive facility, healthcare co-ops are not-for-profit businesses whose goal is to cover costs. Most charge about \$10 a month, which covers the services you might get in a hospital which you pay for indirectly by paying your taxes. As for being private, not so. We respect the Canada Health Act which allows anyone who walks in the door to see a family doctor who is paid by RAMQ (as all our doctors are). That makes us a public facility.

So, what can you expect if you are a co-op member? In the co-op I belong to in Ayer's Cliff, you can expect timely service close to home without long wait times. You can expect to be known by name. You can expect to be served in either official language. Your first contact at our clinic will be with one of the nurses. To better serve our goal of providing not only medical intervention for health problems, but also preventive and wellness care, the nurse will meet with you to get a good global picture of your health. She'll find out which medications you take, and if you have any allergies. She'll ask for a list of previously diagnosed health problems and surgeries, as well as a brief family medical history. Following that, she will measure your blood pressure, heart rate and get what we refer to as 'vital signs'. If necessary, she will check your blood sugar, weigh you and measure your height. With your permission, she will discuss your eating and exercise habits and can be a very helpful resource for those looking to effect positive lifestyle changes. You can discuss any health concerns with her; she is more than willing to assist you as she can and to refer you as necessary to another health professional. If you don't have a family doctor, she can tell you how to get registered on the "guichet" of people looking for a doctor (the only way to get a family doctor in Quebec).

Let's face it – our healthcare system is not in the best of health itself: hospital emergency rooms are operating above capacity and wait times are unconscionably long. CLSCs in this region are not

(CONT'D ON PG. 7)

taking new patients. Most urban group practices are not taking new patients, either. And if you have a family doctor in one of these practices, it may take you two years to get an appointment. Politicians and public policy experts are working hard to fix these shortcomings, but so are cooperative health clinics. We know we get superlative treatment when we become critically ill and must rush to hospital. We at the Massawippi Valley Health Centre believe that the timelier treatment people receive in a smaller health co-op before they are critically ill helps the overwhelmed health system in general, and the overcrowded emergency rooms in particular.

Our clinic now has five doctors. Our general practitioners are available by appointment. Our orthopedic surgeon is here once a month for consultation. Our medical biochemist specializes in diabetes, blood pressure, cholesterol and thyroid conditions. Our general surgeon is here every two weeks to perform minor surgeries. She is also available for general surgical consults, as well as endoscopy consults.

We have four nurses available Monday through Friday - they do blood pressure checks, dressing changes, ear irrigation, administration of vaccines (vaccine provided by the member), tracking of baby growth rate and general health counselling. Our nurses hold a laboratory testing clinic every Wednesday morning by appointment for members only.

We have four additional health professionals, a podiatrist, a physiotherapist, a psychotherapist/ art therapist, and a dietitian/nutritionist. Their services are not covered by the RAMQ but members benefit from preferential rates.

As our population ages more rapidly than any of us are prepared for, the Canadian Healthcare system quietly heralds the initiative of a group of citizens to step up and look after their own community. Time to give health co-ops another look? We think so.

Dian Cohen is Secretary Treasurer of the Massawippi Valley Health Centre www.csvm.ca



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Sixty Years of Fishing on the Chateauguay River

by John A. Viau

My long and illustrious fishing career on the Chateauguay River began a bit over 60 years ago when my mom and dad rented a camp for the summer on Donald Fiskin's farm near Howick, Quebec. Mr. Fiskin's farm was located on Route 138 about 3 ½ miles from the little village of Howick and about 30 miles southwest of Montreal.

At the time, Donald was farming the land and milking a small herd of 8 dairy cows. To supplement his rather meagre income he had built four summer camps and rented them out to people from Montreal for their summer holidays. He also had a small wharf with three wooden rowboats which his guests could use to try their luck at some fishing in the Chateauguay River which flowed right by his farm.

When I told Donald that I would like to try my luck at some fishing but didn't have a fishing rod he lent me one of his, gave me and my parents a lecture on boat safety, made sure we would wear the life jackets that were in the boat, and pointed to a spot about ½ a mile upstream where an old tree was sticking out of the water, and said, "Try there, it's a good spot." He told us to go dig some worms behind the barn for bait and wished us luck. After a hasty dinner and a half an hour of digging night crawlers, we were off.

It took Dad about half an hour to row up to the tree. We tied the anchor rope to an out thrust limb, and I started to fish. It wasn't long before I had my first bite, and what a bite it was! The fish nearly tore the rod out of my hands. I hung on to the rod for dear life and tried to reel in the huge smallmouth bass that had engulfed my night crawler and was now heading downstream at break-neck speed. Dad hurriedly untied the boat and started to row as fast as he could to stay as near to the fish as possible so it wouldn't strip all the line off the old reel. After about 20 minutes or so the fish started to tire and I managed to get it close enough to the boat for Dad to grab the line and haul it into the boat. Later we found out it weighed 4 ½ pounds. Dad rowed back up to the old tree and tied the boat to the limb. I baited up and threw the line overboard and, to my amazement, I immediately had another hard bite. After a thrilling pulling match that lasted four or five minutes I managed to land (with Dad's help) a beautiful walleye of about 3 lbs. I baited up as fast as I could, threw the line back in, and before the sinker hit bottom, I had another nice fish. After another spirited fight I had myself a beautiful pike of about 4 lbs. Dad said, "Let's head home and ask Mr. Fiskin how to clean them so we can fry them up for supper." I readily agreed and we were off back to the farm.

On the row back about half way we encountered a Mr. Clark, who was renting the camp next to ours, rowing upstream with his rod propped up between his legs and resting on the back seat. He told us he was trolling with a big Red Devil line and he hoped to catch himself a pike for supper. Suddenly a huge fish jumped out of the water almost opposite our boat with Mr. Clark's lure hanging out of its monstrous mouth. Mr. Clark managed to grab his rod just before it flew overboard. But all to no avail for at that very instant the line parted with a sharp "twang." The musky had sheared it off just about an inch away from the lure.

Mr. Clark was swearing to beat the band and looked pretty darn unhappy about the whole affair when, with a mighty splash, the musky jumped completely clear of the water, shaking its head wildly trying to rid itself of the lure still imbedded in its bony jaws. And that was the last we ever saw of it. That afternoon of fishing got me hooked for life on fishing and more particularly fishing on the old Chateauguay River.

In a few years time I was still spending my summers at Donald's farm and I now had a little 3 Horse Power Elto outboard motor and was king of the river. Now I was mobile and proudly started to explore for miles upstream and down. I soon learned all the best places for walleye, smallmouth bass and pike. Musky were harder to pin down but over the years I finally found some of their hangouts. Many things have changed over the years on the Chateauguay River and yet many things have remained the same.

One thing that has changed dramatically over the last 60 years is that the pike fishing has deteriorated dramatically. During the 50s and 60s and in the first part of the 70s you could go out for an afternoon's trolling and catch your limit of 6 fish, usually in about an hour. If you practiced catch and release, it wasn't uncommon for two fishermen trolling together to catch over 50 pike in an afternoon's fishing.

My best day ever pike fishing on the Chateauguay River, Mervyn Spedding and I caught a total of 68 pike from 12 noon to just after 5:30 p.m. We released all but two big ones of about 8 lbs. each. I don't think we ever caught the same fish twice because we started out trolling at Donald Fiskin's farm and trolled all the way down towards Ste. Martine to where the English River empties into the Chateauguay. Today you could troll all summer long and catch perhaps 3 or 4 pike.

Smallmouth bass fishing has always been spectacular on the Chateauguay, and that hasn't changed. Find any

(CONT'D ON PG. 9)

of the small rapids on the Chateauguay and fish either above or below them, and even right in the rapids as well. You'll catch bass after bass. My best day smallmouth fishing on the Chateauguay River was July 2nd, 2004. I boated and released 48 bass from 8:00 a.m. to 11:45 a.m., and another 61 bass from 2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m., for a total of 109 bass. Sounds almost unbelievable, doesn't it? Let me assure you the story is true. In this case I might possibly have caught the same fish twice or even three times. Many of the bass were quite small, some under a pound, but there were two dozen or so over 3 lbs. and one about 4 1/2 lbs. None were weighed but I'm a pretty good judge of weight. Every bass was caught in and around two different sets of rapids about three miles from my house in Ormstown, where I now make my home.

The two lures I was using were a small "S" size Canadian Wiggler - one in a silver color and one red. The technique was to cast the lure out, let it sit absolutely still for two or three minutes, and then start reeling rapidly. Repeat the procedure until you've completely retrieved the lure. Not to brag or exaggerate, but I can truthfully say that I have never gone fishing on the Chateauguay River for smallmouth bass and not caught my limit.

In the next edition we'll talk about fishing for walleye and musky on the beautiful Chateauguay River.

Grandma

Submitted by Casey Vriesendorp

You're in the corner of my mind
 A memory so sweet and kind.
 Though time and you both slipped away
 I miss you more each passing day
 I was so young when you were near
 And yet I knew how much you cared
 You were there to calm my fears
 To share the laughter and the tears
 We soon moved our separate ways
 These were my selfish and careless days
 I did not seek to stay in touch
 That must have hurt you very much
 To me you are such a stranger still
 So much to know but never will
 Did you enjoy your childhood years?
 Was there much love in between the tears?
 Were you a thoughtful caring wife?
 Who were the lovers in your life?
 So many thoughts are in my mind
 Too many things I should have said
 Like Grandma I love you so
 I wonder if she will ever know
 If God could grant one wish to me
 I know so well what it would be
 To stroke your face and to touch your hand
 And have you hug me once again
 Who knows what lies ahead of me?
 How much of life is yet to see?
 But I pray that when it is through.
 That God will let me walk with you.
 Author Unknown

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A Sensitive Subject

By Kathleen Y. Rattigan

Today we will whisper together (I hope) on an issue that has been sweeping our headlines. The loss of people who seemed to have everything – fame, fortune and fabulous lives –and yet they chose to leave life by their own hand.

Suicide – a choice made that leaves us all wondering, heart-broken, and often angry.

I was gently asked if I would – or could – write an article addressing this sensitive subject. I said yes because of my own intimate involvement with the many people who have had to personally deal with this. Also, in my work as a counsellor and spiritual teacher in an addiction center for the past 13 years, I discovered that this sad reality has touched many of the lives of our clients. I have talked with too many who have lost loved ones, family and friends, and who have also attempted suicide themselves due to their belief that life had nothing left to offer.

In group therapy sessions we discussed the spiritual beliefs as to what happens to those souls who chose to leave by their own hand. So here I will share publicly what has only been said in closed sessions. Of note: I do understand that each of us walks our own spiritual/religious path, and please know that I honor all our different truths about death. I have been a spiritual teacher for over 30 years and chose to study and learn about the many different traditions from worldwide cultures concerning the transition from life to death.

What do I believe? I believe that being a human is very, very hard at times. We feel such deep and sometimes overwhelming emotions that we can “shatter”. Those who choose suicide as a way out of life have reached the end of their ability to cope and deem it is time to go – so they do. Is it wrong? For those of us left behind, it is devastating as we struggle with the guilt and blame for ourselves and others. Could anything said or done have changed their minds?

Religion teaches us that it is wrong – spirituality casts no judgement. These souls feel they have completed their journey and that is the free will decision that felt right to them. I sincerely believe that we are eternal beings experiencing many lives, and that these ones will learn and grow and come back to try again in another life. I hope that we can say “What If?” What if we do come back and are wiser and stronger and perhaps able to help and teach others that life is precious even when it seems all is lost.

If you or someone you love has lost a beloved through suicide – talk with them openly and without judgement

on the one who is gone. I have discovered that this is what is most comforting to the grieving – sharing stories, being able to weep together, walking with them through their loss.

I have a beloved elder in my life who at times has expressed the wish that she could end her life. She says she lacks the “courage” to do so! We talk about this and I feel such empathy because I see how hard it is for her to feel so sick and yet – she goes through it and is then grateful that she is still here, though says she is ready (and at times eager) to go.

I was suicidal once in my life. I was in my 20’s and was going through a devastating divorce. I was estranged from my family and from everything in life that had meaning. I got up one morning and walked to the medicine cabinet, ready to take anything that would end this pain. There was nothing that would work and I looked deeply into my own eyes and thought about my life and decided I had to go on. I walked alone for a while knowing I had to find meaning and new purpose to keep on going. Our magical and gentle universe guided me through these dark times, but I did learn that hard times end, once we decide on “life”. And I believe that this is what we struggle so hard with when someone does commit suicide: that some of us chose to keep on living, and they didn’t.

Suicide seems to occur when there is no more hope. Our indigenous societies are suffering and I know about this as I work with our Inuit people who experience suicides at an alarming rate. I do recognize that alcohol and drug abuse are often high risk causations in every culture as substance abuse causes such harm to our psyches.

Here is my conclusion (so far). We must love enough to really listen and allow a space for another to speak their truth and be able to say how sad and hopeless they feel. Death is part of life and we need the courage to give a hurting human the right to express their struggle. They do not want us to change their mind, just listen to them and let them be sad. And miraculously, this is enough.

Let’s talk. If you wish, you may send letters or comments in care of the Township’s Sun.

Peace be with you.



When a Second Parent Dies

by Tamera Hadlock

It is said that the worst emotional pain comes from the death of ones' child. And although I cannot even fathom the thought of losing one of my children, the departure of a second parent, in my eyes, is a loss that leaves a complete emptiness in a person's soul.

The definition of the word "orphan" is "a child whose parents are dead," yet the word child is a bit bewildering to me since it indicates that the person is a minor. If someone is an adult when their parents both pass away, are they not considered orphans anymore? At what point is this definition no longer valid? Perhaps at an older age we are just supposed to accept this loss with the knowledge that death is a part of life. This seems to be a cold reality, or is it just that our innocence of when we were children has also departed? As we age, there is a different perspective on life; we may become more cynical when it comes to life in general, with the sentiment that "things just happen."

Following the loss of a first parent, if we are lucky, we can still lean on the remaining parent. Memories of that person can still be shared with the remaining parent, since they understand and feel those memories. However, with the loss of a second parent, a bond that had not been severed but rather slightly fractured earlier, has now been broken, and no glue can put it back together. Whom do you turn to at this point, who will help you get past the extreme pain that only a parent can help heal?

It is unfortunate when this occurs at the young age of a child: we don't understand what we actually have in our lives. The expression "If I knew then what I know now," is all too true. And too many us of think we will always have tomorrow, yet tomorrow doesn't always come. But life goes on, and we heal, and we move on, as orphans. I still find this word peculiar, being a parent myself now. How can I be an orphan? But the fact is, I am.

Although I was not the "perfect child," (what child is, really?) both of my parents loved me unconditionally. Perhaps they wished better for their child, and were sad to see their child in need, but were always there with encouraging words, a shoulder to cry on, or perhaps a kick in the pants to smarten up. However, I always knew that I could go to them to seek advice on what seemed like a mountain to climb in my life, only to find out that it was merely a molehill. Parents are good at that, and I hope that this trait has been passed on to me to help my children in their lives.

I feel lucky to have a symbolic connection to each parent. My father was a cardinal (bird) lover; ironically there is a saying that when you see a cardinal, it is someone from heaven who is visiting. Because of this, the cardinal has a very special meaning for me, so much so that I have a cardinal tattoo on my ankle. In this way, I carry my dad with me each and every day. With my mum, it is a cameo, especially the black and white ones. The cameo to me is something strong and precious, an item that withstands time and is classic, just like my mum was. She was my rock, precious and strong.

With these two symbolic connections, my parents live on forever, with reminders of them surrounding my home and life.

Each day is hard, not being able to pick up the phone and share a thought or a moment, but with the faith that I have, I know they are in a better place. Although not present in body, they are forever in my heart.

Life is to be lived and enjoyed. Happily both of my parents did just that. Now it is for me to do the same.

They are forever the examples, and certainly never forgotten.



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Sergeant Louis Bronson Pierce (1884-1971) A Veteran of both World Wars

By *Gérard Côté (Lennoxville and Ascot Historical and Museum Society)*
and *Jean-Marie Dubois (Université de Sherbrooke)*

Louis Bronson Pierce was born at Glover, Vt. on June 28, 1884, the son of Mary Jane Southworth and of Pastor Edwin Pierce (1849-1911). At the age of 21, he came to work in Beebe at the boarding stables for the horses of his future parents in-law, Susan Susie Rexford (1861-1926) and Josiah Frederick Feltus (1860-1926). On December 27, 1910, he married Bessie L. Feltus in Beebe Plain Weley



Photo : Catherine Pierce-Vaudry, Sherbrooke.

Church. They had five children: Josiah Edwin, Alton A., Catherine Alice, Henry and Mary. Louis Bronson Pierce joined the army on December 4, 1915, registering as a barber. He took part in World War I with the 97th Overseas Battalion. He suffered a shoulder wound at the 1917 battle of Passendale in Belgium. On his return to Beebe, Sergeant Pierce went back to being a barber. In 1937, he moved his family to Lennoxville and set up his barber shop on Main Street (now Queen), near College Street. In World War II, he was a sergeant with the Veterans Guard of Canada, serving as a guard, first at the Newington internment camp in Sherbrooke (present site of the Provincial Detention Center), and then at the Grande-Ligne internment camp (Île aux Noix) near Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu. His involvement with the German prisoners was instrumental in preventing a large escape that was being prepared. For this, he was awarded in 1948 the British Empire Medal (BEM). Louis B. Pierce died in Sherbrooke on May 17, 1971. He was buried with his wife in Malvern Cemetery in Sherbrooke's Lennoxville Borough. Pierce Street was opened there and named for him in 1974.

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Gardening: Did you know?

by Martine Drysdale

There are a number of ways to get rid of those little garden problems without the use of chemicals. Your plants will thank you, and you will be so happy to see the positive results from using a few home remedies. Your garden center, libraries and the internet are great resources from which much information is available.

When you look at your patio stones do you see annoying weeds growing between the stones? Rather than use chemicals, one way to get rid of the weeds in a more environmentally friendly way is to pour boiling water directly onto the weeds. You may have to repeat this process a couple of times.

You have probably heard this one: save those egg shells. Rinse, crush them and then place them around the base of your hostas as an insect repellent. This will discourage slugs or cutworms, but unfortunately not the deer.

If powdery mildew is a problem, try treating it with this mix: 1 tablespoon of baking soda; 1/2 teaspoon of liquid soap and 1 gallon of water. Spray on the infected plant. Spraying your plants is preferably done on an overcast day to prevent it from burning the foliage. Spray as needed. I would recommend that you search the web sites that deal with the issue of powdery mildew to know all the possible home remedies.

When to water? My suggestion is to water early in the morning or later in the daynever water on a sunny day during the heat of the day as you may end up scorching the leaves of your plants.

Have a great time gardening but stay safe. Like any exercise, warm up first and wear gloves. It is important to listen to your body. Like any activity you may choose, you should approach it with good techniques, and taking care of yourself is at the top of the list. Finally, if a road trip visiting gardens is in your future, go to the following web site:

<https://www.gardenvisit.com/gardens/in/canada/quebec>

They list 22 gardens to visit in cities between Ottawa and Mont Jolie. Close to home are the Howard Gardens in Sherbrooke. Charles-Benjamin Howard, a local businessman, gave the city of Sherbrooke the greenhouses and the gardens which he had started in 1926. The glasshouses (what we now know as greenhouses) allowed the city to continue the Victorian art of carpet bedding for which is has since become famous. Next time you are traveling King Street West between Belvedere

and Wellington streets in Sherbrooke, have a look at the median (without causing an accident!) to see an example of 'carpet bedding', which we now refer to as mosaic gardening.



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Debunking the Stories My Family Told Me

By Linda Knight Seccaspina

I am the last one standing from the Knight and Crittenden family dynasty, and come from a lineage that not even Heinz 57 would understand. My bloodlines are thick with British and Irish roots and a few other tree branches slipped in between. My mother's side from the Call's Mills and Island Brook areas were all from Ireland; as a child, I was told tales on a weekly basis about our Irish ancestors.

My favourite story was one about my great, great aunt fighting off the Fenians during the fight at Eccles Hill on May 25, 1870. According to the Crittenden legend, she fought them off single-handedly using a spoon as a door lock. Knowing my mother's side of the family, I assumed she probably invited them in to play cards and have a few pints.

Farmers in the vicinity of Eccles Hill near Frelighsburg, Quebec were in constant dread of being robbed by the Fenians, and complained that the Irish were invading the area like a hobby. Many of the locals took their valuable silverware to the woods and buried them in order to be safe. But, like the rest of my past dynasty, it seems that my family didn't worry about their cutlery and used their silverware instead to lock their doors.

We all need to remember locking doors wasn't a huge priority in those days. Even if they left home for a week or two, houses were unlocked as break-ins didn't happen that often. Knowing my family, I am sure there were some big, scary-looking dogs involved, that would either deter robbers from trying, or ensure intruders would be caught and immediately maimed in the process. But these were the hopeless Fenians that were invading Eccles

Hill while presumably the Benny Hill Theme song was playing in the background.

So how did this great, great aunt of mine with nerves of steel do it? This family folklore has stuck with me



since I was a child, and instead of wondering for the brief years I have left, I decided to finally find out the truth once and for all. Upon doing research I found out how to open a door with a spoon, but nothing was coming up until I found a story of a woman who went to the last Olympics and found that her room had no locks on it. So she used a spoon.

I looked at the photo once, I looked at it twice and shook my head- it was that simple. All those years wondering. That was it? Yes, that was all she wrote, as they say. So many chapters in my life lost in this little family tale. Some families have Kodak moments, some families have wonderful memories, but I swear my family has straitjacket moments.



James H. M. Parker (1865-1919)

An Outstanding Horse and Cattle Producer

by Jean-Marie Dubois (*Université de Sherbrooke*) and

Gérard Côté (*Lennoxville and Ascot Historical and Museum Society*)

James Herbert Murray Parker was born at Springfield Farm in Waterville, Quebec, July 16, 1865. He was the son of Mary Wilson (1827-1920) and Captain William Edward Parker (1821-1902), a farmer who immigrated here in the 1830s. They were both married in the Waterville Anglican Church on March 25, 1852. Their son James studied at the Waterville Academy. From 1885 to 1888, he served with the North-West Mounted Police. He then came to Lennoxville and married Katherine Elizabeth Wilson (1866-1955) in St. George's Anglican Church, on August 22, 1888. From 1890 to 1901, he was a Canadian Immigration agent in Duluth, Minnesota. The Parkers had 8 children, all born in Duluth except for the oldest and youngest sibling: Gladys Maude (1889-1961), Violet Frances (1892-1965), Kathleen Mary (1894-1988), Frank Hyde St. Clair (1897-1958), Constance Beatrice (1899-1972), Cecil T. (1902-1984), Dorothy Fern Wilson (1904-1982) and Gordon Douglas (1908-1986). James H. Parker returned to Lennoxville in 1907 and bought Willowdale Farm from the Bieber family. Willowdale



Stock Farm became one of the largest breeding farms in Quebec, specializing in pure-bred animals (sheep, cattle and horses), importing in particular Clydesdale horses and Durham cattle. The farm shipped to the U. S. and furnished the Dominion Government Agricultural Department. In the course of his farming career James won many

prizes at different exhibitions. He was a member of the Dominion and Provincial Lecturing Staff on agriculture. From February 2, 1914 to at least 1915, he was a Lennoxville Town Councillor, as well as a member of the St. George's Club. He died in Lennoxville on October 11, 1919, and is buried with his wife in the Wilson lot of Malvern Cemetery. In 1920, Katherine Elizabeth Wilson sold the farm to the Beattie brothers, James Gillanders and Victor Raymond Beattie. She then went to live with her daughter Dorothy in Portland, Oregon. In 1963, Parker Street was opened in Lennoxville.

Photos credits: Pierce, Erastus G. (1917) *Men of today in the Eastern Townships* and <http://www.findagrave.com/cgi-bin/fg.cgi?page=gr&GRid=88449799>



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The Little Red Schoolhouse

By The Townships Sun

On the afternoon of Saturday, June 16th the restored, “Little Hyatt One-room Schoolhouse,” which dates back to 1800, was the site of the unveiling of the Virtual Interpretation Panel (Listening Station.) This panel features a bilingual audio track designed to walk visitors through the last 200 years of history, from the point of view of the schoolhouse.

A tent was erected to accommodate visitors, there was music and light refreshments were served. It was a beautiful, sunny day in a lovely country setting. The Panel was a project for the Canada 150 celebration of Canadian Federation. The listening panel also commemorated the 225th Anniversary of the founding of the Township of Ascot. The event, originally planned to take place in September 2017, was postponed due to unforeseen circumstances.

The panel will most certainly be of great interest to visitors, and, since it is outside, it is available 24/7. The Schoolhouse itself is open when members are

on site, by appointment, or during the eight weeks when a summer student is employed (thanks to the Canada Summer Jobs program.) Opening hours are Wednesday to Sunday from 2:00 – 7:00 p.m.

The Little Hyatt One-room Schoolhouse is indeed a hidden treasure. The building sits proudly on one and a half acres of groomed land located at 2185 McVety Road, just off of Highway 147. You will not find it on your GPS, or by the original area name known as “Milby,” since it is now part of the Municipality of Waterville. To find the schoolhouse, turn onto Route 147 (off highway 143), drive through Huntingville, keep going past the Milby Golf Club, and then the Milby Covered Bridge, where you will come to McVety Road. There you will find this quaint little school, complete with an “Outhouse.”

Bev and Milt Loomis, as well as many others, have been very dedicated to keeping this piece of history alive for many generations to enjoy.





All photos these two pages: Barbara Heath



Slavery, Not in My Backyard

by Linda Knight Seccaspina

Years ago I visited **The Hermitage**, located just east of Nashville, Tennessee. Established in 1804, this historic plantation was the “Home of President Andrew Jackson,” as well as the home of over 200 enslaved men, women, and children.

The property also included a kitchen, smokehouse, and three log slave cabins that date to Jackson’s occupation of the property from 1804 to his death in 1845. Some slaves lived in yard cabins, as close as ninety feet away from the main house. I personally spent more time in one of the slave cabins than the main house and could not imagine what it was like to live a life basically in shackles. Reduced to poverty, denied their humanity and individuality as a person—surely, this only happened in the United States, I thought. Wasn’t Canada one of the ‘good guys’ known for the Underground Railroad, where the oppressed found freedom in Canada between 1840 and 1860?

For anyone who might think we were nothing but innocent in Canada, you would be wrong. Slavery

John Stuart, D. D., revealed that he was a slave owner for some time after he settled in Kingston, Upper Canada in 1784. His Negroes were his personal property, he wrote, and that was that. Surely he had to be breaking some commandments somewhere, I thought. Slaves were sold in Lower Canada in 1783 and 1788, and strong healthy men were advertised and sold at a value of \$50 each.

After the American Revolution the Loyalists brought their slaves with their other ‘chattels’ and were allowed to keep them as their slaves in Canada, no questions asked. Unlike racist laws that were found in the United States, Canada had largely unwritten racist codes, which many could argue made it more difficult for black people in Canada.

I wondered how Canadian slaves were treated, but documented proof in a Toronto newspaper made me understand all was not well here either. No one was innocent, from farmers to heads of government, and in 1806 Peter Russell, who had been the administrator of the government of Ontario, placed the advertisement below:

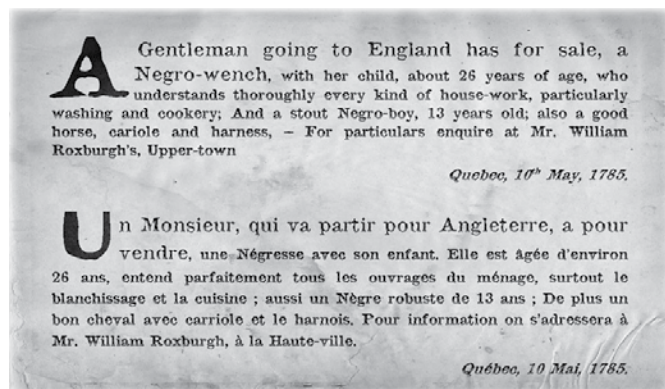
“To be sold, a black woman named Peggy and her son named Jupiter, about 15 years-old, both of them property of the subscriber. The woman is a tolerable cook, washerwoman and understands making soap and candles. The boy is tall and strong for his age and has been employed in the country business, and brought up principally as a house servant.

They are each of them servants for life and the price of the woman is \$150 and for the boy \$200, payable in three years with interest from the day of sale and to be secured by bond. But one-fourth less will be taken for ready money.”— York, February 19, 1806.

Another advertisement said: *“To be sold: a healthy Negro woman about 30 years of age. Understands cooking, laundry and taking care of poultry. She can also dress ladies’ hair.”*

On March 1, 1811, William Jarvis, the secretary of the province, applied to the Ontario courts for the re-imprisonment of a Negro boy and girl who had escaped. Were they criminals? Of course not – they were his slaves.

The last slave sold publicly in Canada was in 1797 when young Emmanuel Allan was sold in Montreal for £36. In 1793, in the first Parliament of Upper Canada under the directorship of John Graves



Announcement of sale of slaves appeared in the Quebec Gazette May 10, 1785

existed in Canada for years, yet only 30 years before Canadian Confederation was it made illegal. Slaves were imported from other British colonies, and the migrations to Canada of the United Empire Loyalists were responsible to a great extent for the existence of slavery in Canada.

The first record of a slave in Canada was in 1629, when a Negro slave was brought to Quebec. By 1784 there were 88 Negro slaves in Quebec City alone, and even the local clergy owned slaves. The memoirs of the founder of the Anglican Church of Canada, Rev.

(CONT'D ON PG. 19)

(CONT'D FROM PG. 17)

Simcoe (Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada), an act was introduced to stop this atrocity. Finally, someone had the decency to end slavery - but it was only aimed at the *gradual* abolition of slavery. It had to be gradual, history documents, because they had to preserve the rights of private property.

Really?

Historians believe there were an estimated 4,000 slaves who were forcibly brought to Canada, either directly as property, or shipped through the trans-Atlantic slave trade from other British colonies. But it was hard to document, and when you read there were hundreds of slaves in St. Armand, Quebec, you have to wonder how correct these figures really are.

Finally, no new slaves could be brought into Canada, and children born of slaves would be freed after their 25th birthday. Seeing the life expectancy of a slave was 36, how fair was that?

In reality, there was no complete freeing of slaves in the province of Ontario until 1834; some of the leading prominent families were still slave owners and did not want to give up their labour force. Sir John A. Macdonald is best known to Canadians as the country's first prime minister and a father of Confederation, but he also had a family connection to the slave trade. A new database shows just how much his father-in-law received in compensation from the British government in return for freeing roughly 100 slaves in 1833.

Many went out of their way to make sure that their black fellow citizens didn't have an easy go of it after they were freed. Peter Gallego wrote that, on a tour of the province of Ontario after he was freed, he had been assaulted in taverns and steamships, denied passage on stagecoaches, forced to vacate inns and, finally, had been imprisoned and fined. He was also beaten by a crowd of white individuals when the judge presumed that they had somehow been provoked by the presence of a black individual.

We brag about the War of 1812, Laura Secord, Champlain, Cornwallis, and Louisburg, and a million other things that existed before 1867, but colonial Canadians owned slaves and it was part of Canadian culture. A more extensive system of slavery in the U.S. does not give us license to dismiss its presence and impact here. I would love to see lists of descendants of slaves brought over by Canadian Empire Loyalists written up as also being founders of Canada in all Canadian history books, and not as outlanders. *Canadian slavery* has long been a neglected area in our historical background and nature made no one a slave.

Note: The term Negro was maintained in this article to represent the time period to which the information pertains.

"We have seen the mere distinction of colour made in the most enlightened period of time, a ground of the most oppressive dominion ever exercised by man over man."

JAMES MADISON, speech at the Constitutional Convention, June 6, 1787



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Climate what? Justice when?

By Heidi Monk

Dear Prime Minister Trudeau, I'd like to get you a pair of glasses,
You have become short sighted, which is no good for the masses.
You speak of national interest with this pipeline endorsement
And forget about the Paris agreement signed by your government.

Our collective future depends on an energy transition.
Calls for which, got you into your current position.
Statements about communities granting consent,
Are now brushed under the rug, to our discontent.

When the political analysts look back,
They'll see the straw that broke the party's back.
Using our money to prop up an ill-fated pipeline?
We feel betrayed, and hope you won't sign.

We wanted a leader who would pave the way,
To where we need to go, but to our great dismay,
We have one who is stuck in yesterday.
Expanding oil, you're leading us astray.

We want reconciliation not in words, but in action.
Social justice and fighting inequality is our passion.
We want investments in green energy and transportation,
Social housing, health and education across the nation.

We will build coalitions, use the courts and take to the street.
This isn't over. We're here for the long-haul, and won't accept defeat.

"It is not difference which immobilizes us, but silence.
And there are so many silences to be broken."

-Audre Lorde

"If you are neutral in a situation of injustice, you have chosen the side of the oppressor."

- Desmond Tutu

"Darkness cannot drive out darkness; only light can do that.
Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that."

- Martin Luther King Jr

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The Colossus at Churchill Falls Labrador

by Lionel Emond

Quebec has much to be proud of with its “Clean Water” policy for generating electrical power.

It was this writer’s pleasure to participate in the building of this magnificent structure in early 1960, with Acres Canadian Bechtel acting as prime contractors. At that time, this billion dollar project represented one of the five major funded projects underway in the world.

The Falls, with a drop of 1,000 feet and fed by a huge reservoir of 2,567 square miles, supported the designed capacity, whereby many turbines could be run with a power output of 5,225,000 kilowatts-7,000,000 horsepower.

It was Newfoundland’s premier, Joey Smallwood, who interested Winston Churchill in the project. This ultimately resulted in the creation of BRINCO. The project was under the Construction Management of ACB (Acres Canadian Bechtel), a joint venture of which this writer was AGM.

The challenges were the following: to alter the flow of water during construction of the powerhouse located underground, and subsequently, to conduct the power generated over 500 miles to the marketplace with minimum loss of voltage. Power was generated by 11 giant turbines and 11 generators producing 7,000,000 hp. This was to be transferred to the marketplace by a 735-kilowatt line, the first of its kind in the world.

The bidding documentation detailed the scope of the various contracts to be tendered, with the latest detailed specifications of the terrain, the rock compositions, etc. The contractors would assume liability as to time of completion, while the Corporation was liable for the timely delivery of contractors’ supplies and equipment to their building sites

The Falls presented some features which raised the interest of naturalists. Under the falls was an Amazonian climate which supported orchids and other flora and fauna. The government demanded an exploratory study before shutting off the falls. This was accomplished by engaging a local professor to conduct such a study, concurrent with turning off the tap.

The construction of the huge underground powerhouse, (1,000 feet beneath the surface in granitic gneiss, 1,000 feet long, 81 ft. wide and 154 feet high), required the presence of Maritime coal miners with special skill in hard rock drilling. Their custom of not allowing women underground, since this was regarded as “bad luck,” was successfully challenged when yours truly conducted Libby, his wife, together with another visiting lady, on an underground tour! This writer tends to attribute the successful completion of the power house to the good presence of these two ladies.

During the plans for the diverting of the river flow around the construction cofferdam, we were concerned about the heavy winter that had just ended. Without any published statistics of water level flows available we did not know when the crest of the water would hit our cofferdam. Fearing a heavy surge of water, we felt that the present cofferdam may not be sufficient and that the work to date would be destroyed. We advised the

client to finance the strengthening of said cofferdam, or accept the challenge posed. They concurred with the suggestion, and at great cost, approved the strengthening of the work. We then counted down the days of the melt-down.....22 river days.....21...20....till around day 14, the water level normalized as the snow rapidly melted. This was a unique example, appropriate for a poker player, of “when to raise and when to lay down the hand.”

Being under Newfoundland auspices, they had first call in the hiring process. We engaged operators for our heavy equipment, drawn frequently from Newfoundland training schools. In any event, it was a work force which successfully brought everything together. We gave our Maritime workers a holiday after 3 months; it was not only appreciated, but many of them did not return since they had enough money to live on for the balance of the year.

The major tragedy associated with the project was the plane crash which occurred in Labrador, when a private plane carrying a group representing senior management crashed into a mountain upon takeoff. It was the result of the pilot being unfamiliar with the terrain and using out-of-date flight logistics issued by Canadian regulators. While logical opinion would be to never allow groups to fly together to prevent the eventuality of such disasters reoccurring, Bechtel’s policy was to encourage company and client personnel to travel together in order to build up good relationships and advance business discussions.

With appropriate introduction of new personnel to replace the lost members, the project continued onward to completion. It became the fore-runner of other downstream construction, namely the James Bay Hydro Project, and, more recently, the Muskrat Falls Power project.

In retrospect, it was a great project to be part of. I made over 35 flights between Montreal and the project in coordinating the project’s costs and accounting. In addition, during these flights, I learned, along with my counterpart on the client management side, how to play gin rummy!

At the town site we had comfortable accommodations, a ski run down a river embankment, great salmon and trout fishing in the vicinity and really cold weather which challenged our cars and trucks. Many vehicles were left to run all night in addition to using their block-heaters. All the cottage freezers were stocked with frozen fish caught by the locals. On every trip I returned home appropriately furnished.

An international highlight was a visit from a Russian Minister of Northern Affairs, who was most impressed by our Northern communication system which enabled him to call home and wish his wife a happy birthday.

Yes, the North Country is a beckoning place for enterprise, tourism and further development. The Northern lights, of course, are an added bonus.

Fair Time

by Elaine Laraway

One of the most exciting times during the summers when I was a kid was Ayer's Cliff Fair time. It was the time that I, and all of my brothers and sisters, looked forward to. Haying was done. We made sure it was finished before fair time. The weeds were all out of the garden. It wasn't quite time to mow the oats and we were free to attend the fair.

We waited impatiently for that day when we could go to the fair. We had saved money earned from jobs we'd had during the summer, so we were an elated bunch of kids when we set off for Ayer's Cliff. It was our very own day to do as we wished. Of course, all of us headed straight for the midway. Back when I was a kid, you had to have tickets to go on rides. Since I was younger, my older sisters and brothers helped me buy my tickets and showed me which rides I could go on. One or more usually accompanied me, but after one or two rides, I wanted to see something else.

Off to the building that housed poultry and small animals. I loved to see the different kinds of hens, as we didn't have most of those kinds on our farm, and rabbits, many with the floppy ears. The ducks were friendly and it was enjoyable to see them with a family of fluffy babies.

Down to the cow barns was next on the list. Some of my cousins had cows that they led in a parade. We got through there quickly and then went on to see the horses, my favorites! I liked to creep up to the stall and put a piece of hay in front of the stall.

A short time later, I would hear a snort and then the horse's head would appear in the opening to take the piece of hay. If the owner was nearby, he would let me pet the horse and tell me how he took care of it and raced it in the horse races. Other horses were used for horseback riding. I once got to sit in a real saddle and walk around with the horse! That really made my day.

Of course, going to the Fair meant having hot dogs for lunch. Real steamers covered with mustard and relish! Mmmmm! This was followed by ice cream which we took to the grandstand and watched a parade of sheep, goats, ponies, and calves, with the judges giving prize ribbons to the winners. Then back to the midway we raced for more rides, or trying out some of the games. I usually disappeared back to the building where the horses were kept. That is where my sisters would find me when it was time to go home. It was a great day, and the time seemed to go so quickly.

I used to love the Ayer's Cliff Fair when I was a kid. I still love to see the animals. The petting zoo for kids is great, too. I have no interest in the rides now, as the noise really bothers me. An hour or two is all I can tolerate. This year is the 173rd year of the Ayer's Cliff Fair. They must be doing something right, since it is still in popular demand, and the kids especially still look forward to attending. I have no doubt that it will, weather permitting, be another great year.

All photos these two pages: Linda Hoy



It's Fair Time in the Eastern Townships!

by *The Townships Sun*

Hey everyone, fair time is soon approaching, so get your tickets and attend some of the local events. There is fun for all ages. Animals are a big focus at the fairs, and if that is not really your interest, then there are midway rides, craft and commercial vendors, arts and crafts, horticulture, kids' activities, lots of food, farm equipment and music. In short, there is something for everyone! So mark the dates on your calendar and have a great time.

August 9 - 12 Bedford

This is a fair featuring midway rides, farm animals, commercial and craft booths, musical shows and competitions such as a demolition derby, lawn tractor races and tractor pulls (farm, super stock, pro stock and semi-trailers). Every year since 1828, at the beginning of August, the town holds its annual fair, the oldest of its kind in Quebec, and the second oldest in Canada.

Site of event: Terrain de l'exposition de Bedford, 16 Philippe-Côté, Bedford, Québec, Canada, J0J 1A0
450 248-2817

August 16 - 19 Cookshire

This traditional country fair includes judging of animals and agricultural products, rides, vendors and shows. It has been operating since 1845.

Site of event: 580, route 108 E., Cookshire-Eaton, Québec, Canada, J0B 1M0

August 23 - 26 Ayer's Cliff

This agricultural event is in its 173rd edition. Discover four days of family activities and shows. On the program: livestock competitions and judging, arts and crafts, horticulture, rides and games, truck pulls, country bands, pari-mutuel harness racing and a petting zoo.

Site of event: Main entrance, 977, rue Main, Ayer's Cliff, Québec, Canada, J0B 1C0

August 31 - September 3 Brome

The annual country fair is held Labour Day weekend and features all kinds of attractions: a midway, arts and crafts, livestock competitions, horses, music and much more! Brome Fair takes claim as the "the largest rural agricultural fair in Quebec", and dates back to 1856.

Site of event: 345, chemin Stagecoach, Brome, Québec, Canada, J0E 1K0

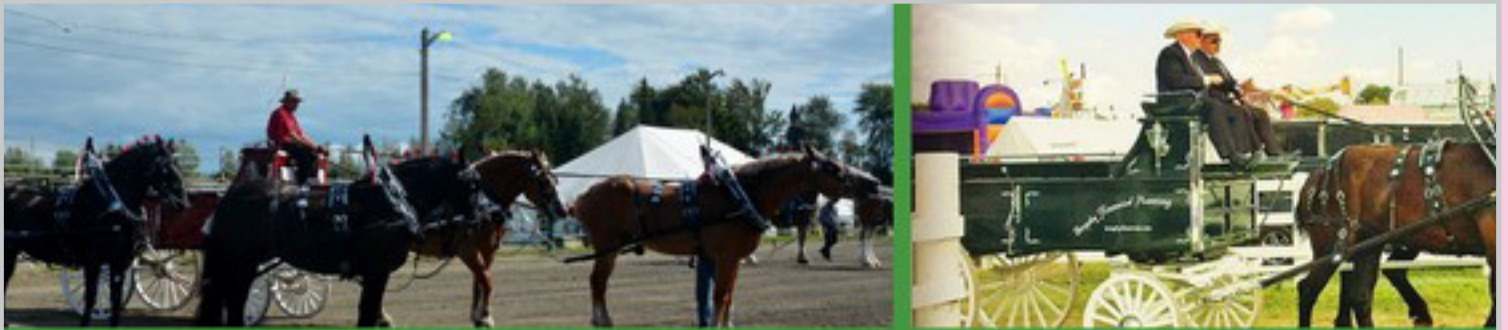
September 9 -12 Richmond Fair

This is your last chance of the season to catch an agricultural fair in the region. The Richmond Fair turns 154 this year, and features an amateur dog competition on Thursday evening. Alongside the usual sheep and horse displays, Richmond features a "Giant Snakes of the World" tent, where it's best not to leave small children unattended.

Site of event: The Richmond Fair is located between Richmond and Windsor on route 143. 128, Route 143, exit 88 off highway 55.



FAIR TIME FUN



The Townships Sun

Annual General Assembly
257 Queen Street, Lennoxville

October 17, 2018 at 7p.m.
Mark this date on your calendar.