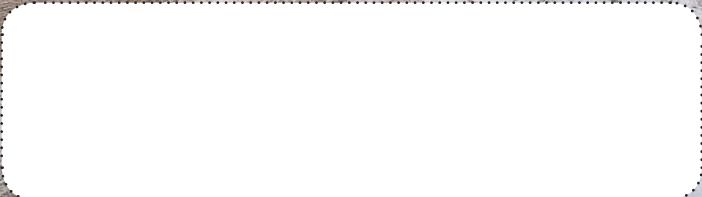
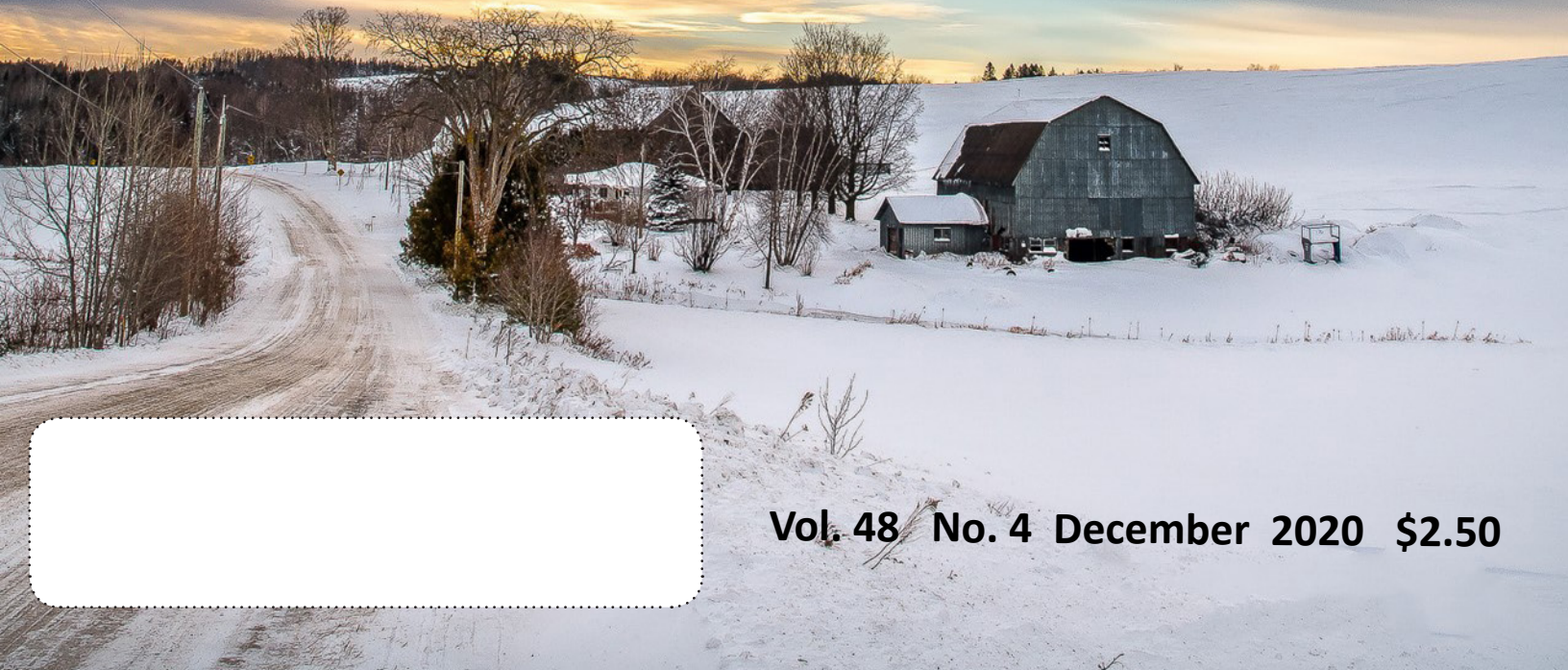




The Townships Sun

Townships Life and Culture: Past, Present and Future

*“Winter is a season of recovery and preparation.”
...Paul Theroux*



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 **Front Cover photo:**
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(See back cover story p. 21)



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Trust

by B. Heath

What does it take to earn your trust? Do you have trust in the character, ability, strength, or truth of someone or something?

So, take a look at board-operated organizations. Have you asked, "Does the board chair tend to be overly controlling? Does the chair appear to have her/his own agenda? Are they too passive, are the leadership skills not as strong as needed?"

The Quebec government made the decision to shut down school boards and replace them with service centers. The government apparently lost trust in the ability of those on the school boards to do their jobs. Who pays the price? The community? Board members are sworn to represent the best interests of the organization. Is the money allotted for education used wisely?

Going behind the closed doors gives us a clearer view of the organization. Their priorities and their attitudes to communities play a big role in decision making. This is true of any board-operated organization. Do some people

on the board miss meeting after meeting, maybe say little at meetings, or do not spend time with the organization understanding what is needed?

Should there be a term limit for serving on a board, or do we allow people to remain year after year? A member of a Board has a legal responsibility. It is not just the board, that answers to any legal action. Do you feel that anyone who holds a position is aware of the importance of the position?

This basic premise is true, no matter what type of board you sit on: hospitals, libraries, schools, museums, and non-profit organizations.

Is your trust strong or has your trust been tarnished? The editorial is not written to influence your view, however it is written to encourage you to think about trust. Trust is earned, it does not automatically come with the position. If you have opinions, we ask you to feel free in sharing your opinions with us.



Innovating Ideas

The Rendez-Vous Restaurant, located on Dufferin Street in Stanstead, is reaching out to the community. With another shutdown of restaurants they are still doing take-out meals and have many specials. The big breakfast box was an idea of Cindy Bowen.

Restaurant personnel wanted to do more for the community, and have been coming up with creative ideas. Sylvia Aulis, owner of the restaurant, is opening her doors to local crafts people to have a sales table. (Knitting, wooden articles, crochet, stained glass....) The tables are available from now until the 1st of January, and the asks only for a donation.

Sylvia told me that it was Jessica Boudreault, one of the staff, who came up with the idea. Promoting community is important to everyone at Rendez-Vous, and by offering unused space they are giving local people a place to display their crafts. They are now reaching out to local vendors. "Go in, pick up a meal and maybe you might find a gift for someone without leaving town," noted Sylvia. Of course, safety will always be at the forefront: limiting the number of people at one time, and requiring masks and hand sanitization.

Sylvia grew emotional when speaking about helping the community. She noted, "We make mistakes and hopefully we learn from them." Keeping a community alive is the bottom line for Sylvia and her staff. (819-704-1100)



NOTE
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The Warbler

by Ben Mabetti

Last weekend I had an unusual guest, or rather, a patient. An immature female Myrtle Warbler was sitting in one of the flower pots on the terrace. Birds will sometimes hit a window, stay where they land to regain their composure, and eventually fly off. With night and the temperature descending at the end of the first day, she was still in the same place. I found a shallow box, filled it with narrow strips of newspaper, water and food, lifted her gently into it and brought her indoors.

With a creature that small it was impossible to ascertain the nature of the injury. In my experience, birds, when injured, will often slowly lose consciousness and die. I wished to make her remaining time as easy as possible.



Although immobile, she was alert, moving her head freely (the usual fate is to have a broken neck), but her tail stuck out at right angle from her body, and she did not seem able to stand. Having used a honey and water mixture in the past, and adding some cranberry juice to help restore electrolytes, I immediately started, with the aid of an eye dropper, to feed her. I was surprised to see how calm she remained with me so close to her, which seemed to bode well for the feeding process. It was immediately apparent that the eyedropper was far too large for the job, so I switched to a very small paintbrush. Operating on the theory that she would open her beak when food was presented at the tip, I was disappointed when she did not comply. I thought by now she'd be famished; however, she quickly tired of the feeding, closed her eyes and went to sleep. When I next checked on her, she had burrowed into the strips of newsprint, making a fine nest with just her head protruding.

Nothing really changed during the next two days. Every morning I would expect to find her dead, then attempt to feed her, with limited success, many times during the day.

It was frustrating to see her open her beak wide to yawn, but never to eat. If I managed to slide some liquid in the side of her tiny beak, she would turn her head away like a recalcitrant infant, so I could not continue. I would wait patiently until she looked more receptive, fluffing up her feathers or some similar movement, but as soon as she saw I was about to feed her again, she would quickly jam her head under her wing and go to sleep. Music, movement, conversation, proximity, nothing, other than being fed, seemed to bother her.

Hoping to get more solid protein into her, I added cluster flies to the menu. Warblers along with many other small birds, spend time before migration catching them on the outside of buildings. Cluster flies in their own way, are looking for a winter home in the walls, re-emerging in large numbers the following spring. They look like house flies, but are not interested in the contents of the kitchen, catching their food, various insects, outdoors. This emergence occurs in both spring and autumn, an event that urban dwellers thankfully miss. I suspect that few of you have tried to mash cluster flies into a paste, but I can assure you it is not that simple. The easy part is catching them as they are swarming on the inside of the windows; however, the legs are the devil to deal with, being like tiny wire rods which have to be cut into pieces. Having laboriously prepared what I hoped would be her idea of culinary heaven, I served my concoction. Of course, even with water added it was more difficult to administer than liquid, and I met with limited success - certainly not enough to sustain her, now in the third day.

By the morning of the fourth day she seemed more alert. Her left eye, which had been closed, was once more open and she was mobile. Being pleasantly warm outdoors, I put her out on the terrace where she could watch other members of her tribe swooping to-and-fro, picking up flies. This alfresco location had to be changed for a proper bird cage indoors when the wind came up, and at about the same time she made an escape to behind some nearby flower pots. On one hand her energy was encouraging, but on the other her now almost total refusal to eat was troubling. While thwarting



(CONT'D ON PG. 5)



any further escape, the cage offered a larger space, and she became more active. Although both food and water were on hand, she partook of neither - the nearest she came was to stand in the water bowl. Although encouraged to see her taking an interest in the activity of other birds outside the window, hopping around, and stretching her wings, I was becoming increasingly

concerned and perplexed by her resistance to eating. I contemplated force feeding, but given her minuscule beak, I held back. In retrospect I feel I should have tried.

On the morning of the fifth day I found her, not in her nest, but lying on the floor of the cage. The premature loss of a life, however small the victim, was troubling, and I have wondered whether her demise could have been avoided by trying some other way of caring for her. In the end, one must be satisfied with having tried one's best, and let it go at that.

For the story of the cage's last occupant see: "The Tale of Wee Birdie" www.vignettesplus.blogspot.com Archives: Part I Nov. 26th, Part II Dec. 3rd 2011

The story above has been posted on the same website

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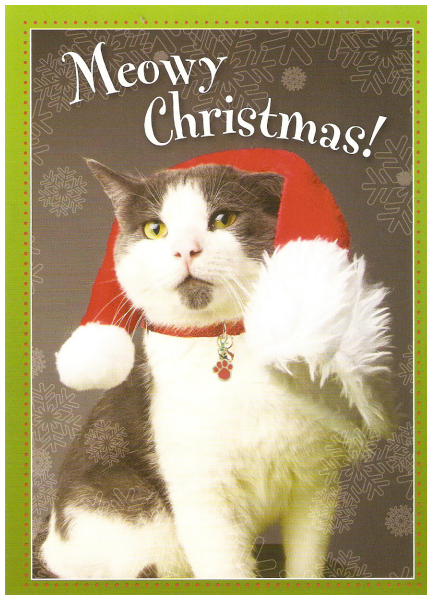
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Somewhere, a Dog Barked

by John F. Lebaron

*There is sorrow enough in the natural way
From men or women to fill our day
But when we are certain of sorrow in store
Why do we always arrange for more?
Brothers and sisters, I bid you beware
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.*

Rudyard Kipling

“Woof! My name is John LeBaron and I’m a dogaholic.” Let me admit my shameless pooch zealotry right here. I adore dogs.

My wife and I once “parented” a stray pup. We called her Nellie. Of mixed breed, she resembled an apartment-sized Newfie, seventy pounds, friendly, mischievous and whip-smart. She represented the first generation in her lineage to earn a degree from Hound Hall University, one of the most prestigious institutions in the Milk Bone League of canine institutes of higher learning.

Nellie had already lived a year or so before trotting unbidden onto our path on a quiet morning stroll. We tried to find her owner but she carried no identification and nobody replied to our “Found Dog” notifications on posters or local news outlets.

Doubtless she had been abandoned by folks who realized—to their dismay – that caring for a lively, animated pup demanded more attention than, say, a Barbie doll. So we registered Nellie with the local Animal Rescue Foundation (“ARF” for short) and officially boarded her “temporarily” as “foster parents.”

Inevitably, our parentage became permanent because ... of course it did! Nellie was therefore inducted into the community of rescue dogs. Nobody knows who rescued whom in this case but the arrangement satisfied all parties to the solemn contract of adoption.

Nellie’s earliest formation must have occurred on a mean street because she initially shied away from human touch as though expecting reprimand when none was forthcoming. She soon got over this anxious tic, however. From our first encounter she made clear her determination to co-exist with human company, our particular company to be precise. She entered our lives on her own terms, in her own time, steadfastly refusing to take “No” for an answer.

Over the years Nellie taught us that dogs are as good at emotional mending as we are. Okay, that’s not fair. Dogs practice the restorative arts differently, in a manner that

probes beyond the limitations of human capacity. They team-up with humans to produce a big healing bang for small bucks, performing certain roles that people cannot. Mutts give unconditional acceptance and affection expecting little but food and water in return.

Why is this so? Somewhere, somehow, untold tens of thousands of years ago, somebody decided to domesticate wolves, which persuades me that already, long before recorded human history, there existed a hard-wired genetic bond between canines and humans. Where was this bond forged: Europe? Asia?

Nobody seems to know for sure but apparently an ancient ceramic creation in the shape of a crude bowl with the word “Fido” glazed onto it was recently found buried deep beneath the savannahs of Uzbekistan. If it exists at all, such evidence seems entirely circumstantial, but who’s to say it is wrong?



A few wild wolves might have demonstrated attributes that some primitive folks correctly judged not only to be useful, but also loyal and faithful. To a lesser degree the same might be said of horses or cats. Maybe parrots, gerbils and hamsters, too, but goats? **Are you kidding!?** Milk ‘em or eat ‘em and, gulp-gobble, you’re done, but no emotional bonding there.

One day while walking Nellie I encountered a stranger being led along Lake Road in North Hatley by a leashed ferret. Call me stodgy, but walking ferrets at the end of a leash on public right-of-way is downright bizarre! Nellie suddenly sensed the ferret and went ballistic at this perceived blasphemy against the canine laws of acceptable village demeanour.

(CONT’D ON PG. 7)

(CONT'D FROM PG. 6)

Nellie was normally gentle and friendly, but when she discerned something to be chaseably beyond the orbit of decent mammalian comportment, she suddenly became strong enough to shred the ball and socket mechanism that is commonly known as “the human shoulder.”

No prehistoric man, woman or child ever presumed to domesticate ferrets into “fets.” Much more sensibly, primitive people chose the friendlier wolves to transform into “pets.” Today we have dogs to slobber our faces, drag home Lord-knows-what from a manure pile, deposit pond muck on our beds, scrape our hardwood floors to ruin, mess-up our rugs, knock house plants off tables, and stink-out the living room from both ends of their bodies. Call us nuts, but after all of this we still love them!

Ten happy years after she first introduced herself to us, Nellie simply up and died, on-the-spot, no questions asked. It was as though she had skidded suddenly on a patch of ice. I caught a glimpse of her sudden collapse from the corner of my eye and heard a sickening thud. It seemed like some malevolent phantom had violently kicked Nellie’s legs from under her. There she was lying motionless on her side, her bladder voiding into an expanding puddle that told us more than we needed to know.

Initially my wife and I desperately hoped that she had simply moved awkwardly and that she would rebound to her feet, right as rain, spry as ever. No such luck; she didn’t get up. Until that moment, Nellie had not only been healthy but downright frisky, the perfect canine companion with a disaffection only for leashed ferrets.

Nellie left just as she had joined us, on her own terms and in her own time. It was as though she was telling us, “OK folks, my time is up. You are on your own now!” I don’t know if Nellie had ever seen either of us cry. If not, it was now too late. She called her exit tune and sang it, just as she had entered our lives one decade earlier. No fuss; no bother.



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Photo: Christmas 2019

Embracing Aging: December Vitality!



December can be such a fun and festive time of year. It is a time to celebrate and enjoy family and friends and make wonderful memories!

However, this season may just be a bit quieter or your gathering a bit smaller as you try to move through this pandemic the best that you can. You may find that you are not baking, cooking, or shopping the way you have in years past.

This pandemic has shown us how much the people in our lives mean to us. Maybe it's a season of showing gratitude and letting people know how much you appreciate and care about them.

To help reduce the anxiety of the situation, keep your energy up, and your sanity in check, the following are a few tips that may just help:

Acts of Kindness

When cooking or baking, make extra so you can leave it with friends and neighbours. Or bring some goodies to the local nursing home or hospital or any other community groups where you could brighten up their lives and put a smile on their faces. Or maybe write a card or letter to let someone know that you are thinking of them.

Keep Your Daily Routine

A routine will help you to feel more in control of your life. It has a positive effect on your mental health and it helps you to manage change and reduce stress.

Get Outside and Walk

Walking has a positive effect on your brain. Take your dog for a walk or grab a friend to go with you. If you need some "alone time" go by yourself. Walking will make you feel good and will help increase your energy levels! Plus, the extra doses of sunlight will provide much needed vitamin D and help to increase your melatonin which means a better sleep!

Sleep

The right amount of sleep (7 to 9 hours) will restore, rejuvenate and provide the energy your body and brain

needs!

For more tips on sleep, check out this blog: <https://anitaduwel.com/sleep-which-one-describes-you/Eat Well>

Try to keep to your eating schedule and be more aware of how much sugar and processed foods you are consuming.

Fruits, vegetables, good fats and healthy carbs will provide you with the nutrients your body needs and give you the energy you need to move forward.

This is not to say don't eat any treats, just be more mindful of how much you are indulging.

Laugh

A good laugh will bring more energy into your lives. It helps to reduce stress, lower blood sugar, increase blood circulation, and ease muscle tension.



Laughing is contagious! By having more laughter in your life, you are bringing more laughter into the lives of others.

Make some time for you

Just taking some time during the day for yourself can alleviate stress, increase your energy levels and allow your body to create reserves of energy.

You can go for a walk or run, have a massage, a long bath, read a book, try a new recipe, have a nap. Anything you want to do that is not a to-do list item.

And finally,

Savor the moment and remember to have some fun!

Try to enjoy what is happening in the moment. If you have close family members around, have some fun and make some great pandemic memories! And, if they are not around or you are unable to get together indoors, then maybe meeting outside and going for a walk, snowshoeing, or other outdoor activity will be an awesome memory to make this season! Or hook up on Zoom and tell fun and loving stories from

(CONT'D ON PG. 9)

(CONT'D FROM PG. 8)

seasons past.

This unique holiday season will probably be more memorable because it's so different. We just have to find a way to make the most of it!

Wishing you all happy holidays and all the best for the new year!



Anita Duwel is owner of *Love the Life You Live/Aging with Vitality*. She is a Certified Holistic Nutrition and Wellness coach who is passionate about helping people age with vitality. Join Anita in her *Aging with Vitality* Facebook group or at www.AnitaDuwel.com

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The Elf on a Shelf

by Linda Knight Seccaspina

This week I received my wonderful glossy page coffee table book of last year's photos on Facebook. My granddaughter Sophia loved the picture book, but could not stop laughing at the photo of the Elf on the Shelf in the toilet. Over and over she wanted to see that photo, even if it really wasn't a *real* Elf on the Shelf but a 'Made in Japan 60s Elf' instead. Sophia wanted to know why I put him in the toilet. She has yet to read and be a judge of my humour writing on PEEPS and Elves so I just said,

"Because he deserved it!"

As I was carefully explaining that no one, especially her, should throw anything down the toilet, she had this look of relief on her face. I said, "Sophia, don't you like the Elf on the Shelf?" She shook her head and said, "No, I don't like them, and my friends don't like them because they move around a lot and scare kids!"

I think my mouth dropped to the ground to hear this from the mouth of a six-year-old but had to agree on this matter. I remember the vintage 'Made in Japan Elves' all lined up on top of the upright piano when I was a child— and their faces gave me nightmares.

Today's children are told the Elf on the Shelf is only there to report back to Santa if they have been naughty or nice. If this \$30-plus elf really has the ability to be a

toy during waking hours and then move around at night, I know I certainly would have wondered what this elf could possibly do while the family slept. Like Sophia, my younger self would have laid in bed with some light on after checking the closet to make sure this elf—with maybe a few friends—was in the area. Maybe even double check to make sure the elf didn't have some weapon ready to re-enact something out of *Criminal Minds*.

I don't think Sophia has ever told anyone about her fear of the Elf on the Shelf, and I in turn did not tell her how scared I was when I was her age. Instead, we laughed over and over about my photo of the Elf in the toilet and she kept repeating, "**He deserved it!**"

I told her if she had a problem with an elf, Daddy most certainly would not like her to put it in the toilet, but just open the front door, lay him on his side and kick him out into the great yonder. Gentle words reassured her the "elf business" was some sort of vague scam. Sophia didn't really know what a 'scam' was, but it was enough for her to understand the Elf on the Shelf was not waiting or watching to deliver judgement when the lights went out.

Besides, teaching children to uncritically accept intrusive surveillance is a little sinister in itself. Thank you, Sophia, for remembering how I felt, and I think you and I will just stick with Buddy the Elf, or maybe one of Gammy's aggravating puppets.



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More “Close Calls”

by John A. Viau

In the January-February 2020 issue of *The Townships Sun*, in an article entitled “Close Calls”, I told my readers of some of my past adventures where the potential existed for serious harm or even death.

Perhaps because I have always been an avid outdoorsman and spent a good part of my life out in the woods and on our beautiful lakes and rivers, this has brought me closer to nature, but also exposed me to its possible dangers.

About forty years ago I was doing two TV shows on public television with my cohost, Pat Lapierre, entitled “The Weekend Fisherman” and “Le Pêcheur du Dimanche.” Over the course of the shows we filmed four episodes at Garth Stephens’ Hinchinbrook Trout Hatchery, near Chateaugay, New York. We showed how the hatchery operated and highlighted our catching some lunker rainbow and brook trout in the Adirondack Mountain foothills of northern New York State. Part of Garth’s operation was letting fishermen fish for trout in one of his many trout ponds, and paying a nominal fee for the fish they caught.

If you were a little more adventurous, you could walk the banks of the Hinchinbrook Brook, a tributary of the Chateaugay River, for about a mile and experience fishing for native brown trout as well as huge rainbow and brook trout that he stocked from his hatchery.

After the show aired, Garth experienced a terrific surge in customers. To show his appreciation, he allowed me to fish the Hinchinbrook Brook a few times a month and keep the fish, free of charge.

I would park my truck at the far end of his property on the Shee Woods Road and fish upstream for an hour or two. I released most of the rainbows, browns and brookies, only keeping fish of trophy size for future meals.

I was fishing about 3 feet upstream where a huge log had fallen across the river. About 6 inches downstream from the log, the river made a gentle turn to the right. I soon learned that when I cast out a juicy nightcrawler with a weight attached, it would slowly drift to the point where the river started to turn and was sure to have a bite, and the fun would begin.

I already had a brown trout of about 3 1/2 pounds in my trout creel and two rainbow of about 3 lbs each, and a monster brookie male of almost 2 lbs. To say I was the happiest trout fisherman in the whole world would have been an understatement. The blackflies weren’t too bad and I had lots of OFF insect repellent slathered on me from head to toe.

I went to where my wife Ellen was waiting for me in the truck, and decided to catch one more trout and call it a day. I could truthfully say that it was one of my best days of trout fishing ever. I baited up for the last time, gently tossed my bait into the stream and let it drift down towards the fallen log. I was really concentrating on watching my bait drift down towards the log and anticipating the bite that was sure to come, when suddenly, I noticed something black, about the size of a racoon, walking across the log, right in front of me. Seconds later a baby black bear followed behind the first, and just behind the kids came the biggest mama I black bear I had ever seen. Then she spotted me, gave out a horrendous roar and started to screech horribly. I dropped my fishing rod and ran faster than I had ever run in my whole life. Thanks be to God, I made it okay and told my wife Ellen what had happened.

She said, “Let’s go home and thank God you are safe.” I told her to let me think about it. Against my better judgement I decided to wait about an hour and make as much noise as possible. I honked the horn loudly every two minutes, played the radio loudly and screamed at the top of my lungs.

I then decided to drive Ellen home, rather than let her wait alone in the truck. We rushed home and I left a worried Ellen, and returned to my fishing spot. I honked the horn some more, played the radio really loudly, and screamed my lungs out. It was now or never. I really wanted to retrieve my \$400 rod and reel that I had received from the Daiwa Corporation several years ago, as well as my tackle box, filled with about \$200 worth of tackle, my fishing net, and my trout creel with all my trout (I think I had submerged the creel, closed it tightly and tied it to a nearby tree. The water was ice cold so the trout should have been okay).

Off I went, singing a merry tune at the top of my lungs. In 15 minutes I reached my spot. Upon arrival, I was overjoyed to see my fish creel right where I had left it with all the trout still inside. My net was right where I had left it but I couldn’t see my rod anywhere. After a bit of searching I spotted it a bit downstream, wedged between two rocks. I hastily retrieved it and, lo and behold, there was a trout on the line. I reeled in a very tired brown trout of about 3 lbs, which had probably been on the line for close to 2 hours.

I headed for the truck as fast as I could go, and rushed home to tell a worried Ellen about her stupid husband

(CONT’D ON PG. 12)

(CONT'D FROM PG. 11)

and that everything was okay. All's well that ends well. I promised Ellen that I would never return to that great fishing spot and I never have!

Another life threatening event occurred in mid-winter of 1965. My stepson, Dale Westlake, and I had been hare hunting on snowshoes on Covey Hill Road in southwestern Quebec. The big white hares were at the absolute peak of their 8 year population cycle, and the hunting had been very productive. We both had our daily limit of 5 hares each.

It was still quite early in the afternoon so we headed home to clean our rabbits. We would have a big rabbit stew for supper. We loaded all the hares into my 1956 Pontiac and headed for home. The road leading down to Highway 202 was very steep and a bit slippery so I downshifted the standard transmission into second gear and noticed that, even though the vehicle was in second gear, I was picking up speed and losing control of the vehicle. I was on black ice and now in an out-of-control skid, gaining speed at an alarming rate. I downshifted again, with great difficulty, into first gear but it did no good and the motor seemed like it was going to blow up at any second. I was only about 100 yards from the bottom of the hill and was in a terrible skid doing about 40 MPH. I was terrified! Right at the bottom of the hill was a cemetery with a large stone wall going the whole length of the property. I barely had time to think. I was worried that I might hit a car broadside coming along route 202 or hit the wall of the cemetery and a whole lot of tombstones. I blasted on my horn as hard as I could and down I went. When the car hit route 202, which thank God was dry and free of black ice, I pumped the brakes as hard as I could and tried to steer away from the stone wall. The car did 2 complete 360 degree turns in the middle of route 202 and I came to a complete stop about 6 inches from the cemetery stone wall. No damage to the car, Dale or myself. Dale was white as a ghost and speechless for a few minutes. That day, once again, the good Lord was watching over us.

My next adventure took place on Covey Hill near the US border. It was about 5 years back, in midwinter, and I was heading for home along the border which divides the two countries. I had been out coyote hunting, and one beautifully furred male coyote was slung over my back. He was about 70 lbs. I was getting a little tired and had about ½ mile to walk before I turned north onto a bush road leading down to my friend's farm.

Then things started to go bad. A terrible blizzard came up out of nowhere. The visibility dropped to mere feet, and the temperature started to drop dramatically. I picked up my pace and went as fast as I could walk with the weight of my gun and the coyote.

The wind had been blowing very strongly from the east when the blizzard hit, and all I had to do was keep the wind at my back, knowing I would eventually hit the bush road and be okay. The wind died down completely but the snow started to intensify at an alarming rate. I realised that I had strayed off the border path and was completely lost. Luckily, I always carry a compass, so I took it out and took a bearing due west hoping to hit the bush road. After walking for about half an hour I was wondering if I had overshot the bush road before taking the compass reading. I took my compass out again and took a bearing due east.

The extreme cold and blinding snow made it very hard walking, and I feared I was getting close to hypothermia. Then, out of the corner of my eye I spied the bush road I had been searching for, for what seemed like hours. It took about ½ hour of downhill walking along the road until I finally arrived at my friend's farm.

Clifford was very concerned about my safety and told me I looked terrible. I was soaked to the skin and shivering uncontrollably. After 3 cups of really hot coffee and sitting beside his wood stove, I was well enough to drive home. Half an hour later, I was home in Ormstown and telling my wife Ellen all about my adventure, or should I say misadventure. We said a prayer of thanks together to our Lord Jesus Christ for watching over me once again. We then went to bed for a well deserved sleep. Amen.



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The Fossmobile Archives

Notice submitted by Ron Foss

After more than a year of considerable thought, conversations with many historians and discussing all of the possibilities with my two sisters and my two children, we are very proud to make the following family announcement:

We have donated all of the original archives related to our grandfather George Foote Foss and his invention of the Fossmobile, to Library and Archives Canada, in Ottawa. They are best suited to ensure their long-term preservation and future accessibility for all Canadians. This includes the original photos, the two honorary membership certificates and a whole host of journals, articles and publications.

It was emotionally difficult to part with some of these items, as they have been in our possession for years now. Many of them were professionally framed and proudly hung in our homes. All of these items have been carefully removed from the frames and have been professionally copied.

It is a Library and Archives Canada objective to have more and more items digitised, in order for Canadians to have easier access to them. Once our items have been processed, a request to have the most interesting ones digitized will be initiated, so they will be displayed directly on their website.

I want to thank the Canadian Automotive Museum, as they would have liked for the archives to have been donated to them, along with the tribute Fossmobile. They have very graciously supported our choice and are comfortable with receiving the professional copies, which will ultimately form part of their display.

Ron Foss
Executive Director
Fossmobile Ent™
273 Tuck Drive
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My grandfather, George F. Foss, receiving one of his two honorary vintage automobile club memberships.

This one was from the Vintage Automobile Club of Montreal, issued in 1962 and one of the many items donated to the LAC in Ottawa.



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To Everything There is a Season

by B. Heath

As summer days dimmed and we waited for the beginning of the fall season, my family started the traditions of fall. The warm summer days turned to cool fall evenings. The local fair, which was a big event in most of the small communities, was finished for another year. It was time to focus on the summer crops, preparing for winter.

The garden had been harvested; onions and potatoes were placed on newspapers spread out on our very large porch. These vegetables were dried, ready for storage in the basement. Other vegetables had been processed and either frozen or canned. Jams and jellies lined the shelves in the basement. Fresh fruits were ready for use.

It was time for my mother to smoke a large ham for the Christmas meal. She had a large barrel, in which she placed a cast iron pot of very hot coals. Above the coals were dried corn cobs, to add that special flavor. A metal rod was placed across the top of the barrel, and the ham was hung from this rod. It smoked for hours and smelled so good. To this day I remember that smell.

My father was piling wood for winter and banking the house. Many people may know nothing of banking. No, it is not going to the bank. It was a method used to help keep the home warmer during those cold winter days. Wooden boards were placed around the foundation of the house and filled with saw dust. In spring this process was reversed, when everything was removed and cleaned up.

The freezer was full of meat; chickens had been killed, feathers plucked and carcasses washed. Each year my parents purchased half a beef and pig,

except for a couple of years when they grew their own meats from young animals ready for market.

The fall chores were completed, and the Christmas celebration was just around the corner. My mother would shop and cook for days. She loved shopping for gifts and she certainly was a very good cook. The meal would be a feast, not only for our family but also for extended family members. There was turkey, ham, beef, salads, potatoes, a variety of vegetables and lots of pies. She also made an excellent fruit cake. Her fruit cake was the only one I ever liked, except for my sister's. A cup of tea and a piece of fruit cake was perfect. My mother put her soul into preparing for this day.

My father always said Christmas is at home. So, lunch time was at home. We started the day by rising early because my mother could not wait for us to open the gifts. Later in the day, we would go to my father's parents for tea and dessert. My grandmother always had a box of life savers for each grandchild. We looked forward to that box of candy, which seemed a little funny considering the large number of gifts we received at home. Some things are just special. Butter Rum was my favorite.

These were very good times that offer many great memories of family and togetherness. Life may be brief but some things are everlasting. These are now just memories but good memories. We hear people grumble about the holidays, and now these same people grumble about the limitations due to COVID-19. When your family fades and you are alone, you would give anything to have all the trappings of Christmas and family to share it with.

Model "A"s and Their Owners

by Clarence Huse

This 1931 Murray bodied Model "A" is painted Brown with Cream wheels, Black belt molding and fenders.

Donald Elliott of Newtonville, Ontario is the third owner of this car. He purchased it in May 2004, from a buddy who had obtained it in a auction held in Bancroft, Ontario.

After seventy-Three years the car has a few nicks and scratches in it. However, Don does not plan on doing anything with it at this time.

Don's family ran a junkyard while he was growing up. This gave him the opportunity to play with a number of Model "A"s and Chevy's during his lifetime.



He also has a couple of Model "T"s that he likes to drive around home.

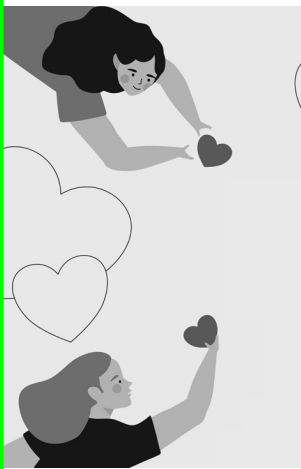


Happy Holidays

The members of Sherbrooke's City Council join me in wishing you a happy holiday season and a peaceful, healthy and joyful year 2021.

Steve Lussier,

Mayor of Sherbrooke



In the truly unique times we are experiencing, we would like to pay tribute to you.

The pandemic has not prevented you from your charitable commitment. Over the last year, we have witnessed your innovative efforts, driven by compassion. We want to extend our appreciation for the devotion you have shown in these extraordinary circumstances.

Thank you for your continued investment in your community. We need you. And above all, don't forget to take care of yourself.

Sincerely,



Claude Charron
President Borough for Lennoxville



Jennifer Garfat
Municipal Councillor, District of Uplands



Bertrand Collins
Municipal Councillor, District of Fairview



(CONT'D ON PG.16)



**Write Here, Write Now -
part of Bishop's University**

Bishop's University Lifelong Learning Academy (BULLA) is calling for submissions to an ebook, "Hope and Resilience Under Covid-19" for publication in 2021. For the complete call for submissions, visit WHWN Facebook Page <https://www.facebook.com/> or email rebecca@weltonfamily.ca.



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Merry Christmas

**My team joins me in wishing
you happy holidays!**

Geneviève Hébert
MNA for Saint-François

☎ 819 565-3667 ■ genevieve.hebert.safr@assnat.qc.ca

PHOTOS

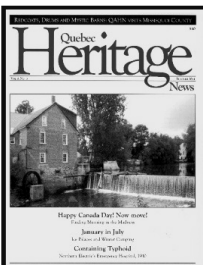
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The Ghost of Hannukah Past

by Bethanie Gorny

When I was in kindergarten, I believed in Santa Claus. Although I knew I was Jewish, to me, he was not different from other childhood legendary figures like the Tooth Fairy or the ghosts and witches of Halloween and I believed in them. So, I hung up a stocking on our fireplace just in case he came sliding down our chimney. In the morning I found an apple and a piece of candy in my stocking because my mother didn't want me to be totally disappointed, but of course I was. That's when I stopped believing in Santa Claus— but not Christmas. I thought Christmas was for everybody. Despite my parents' promotion of Hanukkah and my attendance at a Jewish Sunday School, I was seduced by Christmas.

Growing up in the fifties, Hanukkah was not a holiday that received any attention outside of the Jewish community. The whole country focused exclusively on Christmas and my public school was no exception. As soon as Thanksgiving ended, Christmas preparations began. Every class got busy making red and green paper chains to deck the halls. The best school artists painted the windows with pictures of Santa, wreaths, reindeer, Christmas trees, and every other commercial symbol of the holiday. Although these windows did not depict religious subjects, the effect from afar was that of stained glass windows in a church. There was a large Christmas tree in the main hallway with fake presents underneath it. The week before Christmas, the school choir went from room to room, stopping in the doorways, and singing Christmas carols. Learning was suspended for the duration. Jews comprised about ten percent of my school population, but we were invisible. We were all swept along in the tidal wave of Christmas flooding our school. No one mentioned Hanukkah.

The highly anticipated culminating event at school just before Christmas break was the annual Christmas show. Each class had a part to play. Some classes were elves, some were reindeer, or wooden soldiers, or sugar plum fairies, etc. Class by class, we appeared on the stage singing and dancing in our fanciful costumes made from crepe paper, until the finale when Santa Claus (played by a teacher) arrived in a cardboard sleigh and the whole audience went nuts. But the most eagerly awaited segment of the show was yet to come — the Nativity Scenes. A hush fell over the audience. The curtains parted to reveal the sixth-grade children who had been selected to be shepherds, animals, kings, angels, and so on, posed around a cradle with a doll in it. Looking on serenely were the two sixth graders chosen to represent Mary and Joseph. Each time the curtains closed and then reopened to a slightly different scene, the audience of

parents and pupils oohed and ahhed. Nobody thought it was strange for a public school to have such a blatantly religious theatrical performance every year.

When I was in sixth grade, I decided I wanted the coveted part of Mary only because she was the star of the show. I had recently learned that Mary was Jewish and so was Jesus. I didn't know the meaning of virgin and thought it was a title, like queen. Even if I had known, I would have qualified for the role. I saw no barrier to my playing the Virgin Mary, and I asked my teacher if I could be considered for the role. It didn't seem hard to play her since all she had to do was sit still, gaze down at the cradle, and look serene. My teacher smiled gently and said, "I'm so sorry, we've already picked our Virgin Mary." I was not surprised when I heard that Kathleen with the beautiful blonde hair and the Icelandic-blue eyes was chosen. Perhaps because of my unprecedented request, a Hanukkah tableau was suddenly added that year. The curtains parted and there stood about fifteen Jewish children, including



me, wearing our dress-up clothes, singing "Oh Hanukkah, Oh Hanukkah" as one of us pretended to light a menorah. No one oohed or ahhed, but the Jewish parents applauded wildly. We were no longer invisible. It was like a Hanukkah miracle.

As a child, I didn't realize that I was part of a minority living in a predominately Christian country. I began to question why there were no Hanukkah decorations in town and no Hanukkah cards in the stores and nothing about Hanukkah on television where Christmas specials dominated the networks for weeks. My parents helped me understand that Christmas is a religious holiday that has become a national one. We didn't belong to a synagogue, but we celebrated Hanukkah, Passover, and Rosh Hashanah with family gatherings and traditional food. Although unaffiliated, my parents expressed a fierce loyalty to Judaism and were adamant that we were not celebrating Christmas. They worked at instilling Jewish pride in me, and, eventually, I understood and embraced their message.

Things have changed since my grammar school days. I've watched the increasing recognition of Hanukkah over the years. It is recognized in many schools, stores, and some public spaces. A few years ago, Kwanzaa began

(CONT'D ON PG. 18)

to be acknowledged as well. None of this diminishes Christmas; it just includes other groups in the spirit of the season. Nowadays, "Happy Holidays" has found increasing acceptance as a holiday greeting — it covers a lot of holiday territory in our religiously diverse country. It is not political correctness run amuck as some complain; it is being aware that not everybody celebrates Christmas. Hanukkah has entered the mainstream.

Some are critical of the commercialization of the holiday, however; in a country where 70% of Jews (except for Orthodox) marry out of their religion, and 40% of millennials are unaffiliated, the annual big deal made over Hanukkah may be one of the few threads connecting a Jew with Judaism. To a little girl surrounded by Christmas festivities and traditions back in the fifties, Hanukkah was an important part of her identity. If Hanukkah can help in some small way with maintaining a Jewish identity, then I say, go right out and buy an electric menorah for the window and make some latkes, even from a mix.

When my son was in elementary school, he lobbied strongly for a "Hanukkah bush" like some of his friends had. I told him we were not celebrating Hanukkah in a way that was derived from Christmas. We lit the menorah each night and he got a present each night. I told him that was how we celebrated our holiday. I explained that we are a minority in a country where religious freedom is one of the most important rights given to us. That means we can assert our Jewishness and eschew the influences of the dominant culture without fear and be proud of our own beliefs and traditions. He was not happy with my answer, but he got over it. In later years he attended Hebrew school and had a Bar Mitzvah. Today he identifies himself as a Jew.

Not long ago, I was making latkes with my granddaughter and getting ready for another delicious Hanukkah meal when she asked, "Grandma, why can't we have a Christmas tree? Everyone else has one." Another generation, the same question. I understood where she was coming from. I looked down at her innocent, questioning face and saw the face of another little girl who wondered the same thing decades ago. "Not everyone else has one, but many people have them at this time of year. They are beautiful, but they are not part of our traditions," I answered. I felt a little like that teacher of long ago who wouldn't let me play the part of Mary. She was very kind about it, but she knew it would be inappropriate. I don't know for sure, but I have always suspected that it was she who initiated the first Hanukkah performance at my school.

"But Joanne has one and she's Jewish. And she has a train that runs on a track all around it and lots of presents

underneath," continued my granddaughter.

I knew her little friend and I knew that her parents liked to indulge her. A Christmas tree was just one of her many requests that was fulfilled. I also knew that in some families where one parent is Jewish and one is of a different faith, both holidays are celebrated and that makes sense. I wanted to help my granddaughter understand why I believed it was important for us not to celebrate Christmas. I looked into her beautiful perplexed brown eyes and said, "We are Jews and our people have survived over five thousand years, in part, because we don't celebrate Christmas or any other holiday that is not ours. Throughout history we have fought every effort to make us become like the majority of people around us because we are proud to be exactly who we are: Jewish."

She was silent. I knew she was probably too young to fully comprehend what I had said, but I hoped in time she would. We continued making the latkes, mixing the potato and matzoh meal and egg and shaping the patties, but it was as if a cloud had descended on our special cooking activity. I had to bring her back to the joy of our holiday.

"Tonight, is the last night of Hanukkah. Would you like to light the menorah?"

Her face lit up. "Yes, I would."

"And do you know the prayer?"

She nodded and said, "And then I get my eighth present!" After a while she added, "Grandma, I love Hanukkah!"

I gave her a kiss on the top of her head. "So, do I, darling!"

(This article was previously published in *The Jewish Literary Journal*. Reprinted with permission.)

Bethanie holds an Ed.D. in special education. Her essays have appeared in The Atlantic City Press, The Palm Beach Jewish Journal, the Phoenix Jewish Journal, the Jewish Times of Atlantic County, and The Florida Writer. Her book "Fridays with Eva: Caring for and Learning from my Mother-in-law, a Holocaust Survivor" is published. She won first place in the 2019 Royal Palm Literary Awards in the category of non-fiction. She is Melanie Cutting's sister.



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Poetry Page

Mind Empty

she thought if she
wrote down the stories
that held her in thrall
they would release her

like writing a grocery
list, then forgetting the items
on it, then forgetting she'd
even made the list

that's what peace is –
forgetting, she thinks,
then thinks again, that's a
fiction, that one must forget

in order to have peace.
it's the other way around –
be silent, be silence,
and the stories fade

like stars behind the
sun. so much in nature
and in the heart
happens in silence

Rachel Garber



A Novel Life

From the dull gray clay of daily life
our memories shape
a narrative,
richer with each retelling.

Until, looking back,
life has become a novel
that you can't put down:
Molehills into mountains,
stagnant streams to turbulent
rapids,
winding rivers.

As if a crack novelist
had the plot nailed down
from start to finish.
As if a million coincidences were
inevitable choices.

What is this one life
if not our own to create?
What does it matter
that a little fiction has been stirred
in to sustain, entertain
in our epilogue years?

Heather Patterson



Love Stories

1. Cat gazes into the distance, longing to be fondled, licked.
2. She loves so shyly her beloved never guesses she is loved.
3. Their hands make love together, palms palpating, thumbs and fingers philandering.
4. Mother cradles baby; Baby feels all is baby herself, one whole Love.
5. I love you, she says and Love replies, what if there is no I or you?

Love. Only Love.

Rachel Garber



Canterbury Center

by John Mackley

By the late 1800s, the village of Victoria in the Haut-Saint-François had all but evaporated.

Scotstown had grown substantially to the east, being better positioned along the Salmon River. This location was important for mill construction. Farmland had expanded significantly to the west on either side of Victoria Road leading to Robinson in the Township of Bury, leaving a collection of residences in the present location of Canterbury. Here, an Anglican church was built and consecrated by the Bishop of Quebec in December, 1896.



Canterbury Center in summer 2019

John Mackley

Known as Christchurch Canterbury, it served the Anglican community continuously until 2015. Then, by popular demand and with the cooperation of the Diocese of Québec, the Bury Historical and Heritage Society stepped in to save the historic building from further decay and inevitable destruction.

The Canterbury Committee was formed with its sole mandate being to repair and restore the Neo-Gothic



Canterbury Center concert

John Mackley

structure. The aim was to preserve it as a regional landmark, as well as to use it as a center for cultural activities. The group set to work organizing, planning, and fundraising. The initial objective was \$35,000 to lift and move the building onto a newly constructed foundation. Eventually, they raised \$70,000 through fundraising activities and donations.

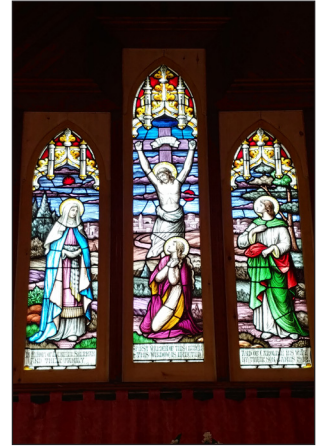
The church had originally been built upon a field-stone foundation, a typical building technique in the 19th century. Stone is plentiful in the Eastern Townships, and a major encumbrance to efficient

cultivation. Farmers were more than happy to donate them for use in construction projects. A sentiment commonly expressed was, "The land grows nothing better than a new crop of stones every spring!"

Loose, mortar-less stone foundations require regular surveillance and close inspection, especially following the spring thaw. Shifting and settling of the huge stones could cause the walls and floors to sag, even tilting the structure. Doors that no longer closed properly and cracked windows were a common annoyance.

The Canterbury Committee engaged professionals to prepare the ground and lay a full slab concrete foundation. In October 2018, the building was carefully moved onto its new home.

In June 2019, the church's stained glass windows, fabricated by the N. T. Lyon Co. of Toronto in 1922, were carefully removed, restored and re-installed with new frames and protective glass. The following October, volunteers replaced the steeple roof and began painting the building and landscaping the grounds.



Canterbury Stained Glass Windows

John Mackley



Canterbury Center Road & Victoria Road (rte 214)

John Mackley

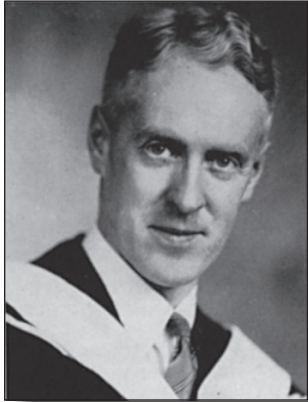
This year, 2020, once again volunteers have installed new louvred shutters on the bell tower windows and completed the painting.

Once again the resonant peel of the iconic Canterbury Center bell will reverberate across the Salmon River valley.

For more information, contact:
Bury Historical and Heritage Society
Praxède Lévesque Lapointe - President
<https://societedehistoireetdupatrimoinedebury.ca/CanterburyCentre.html>
bury1803@gmail.com

Wright Gibson (1904-1977): A Record-holding Leader in Education

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



Wright Wellen Gibson was born in Danville, Qué., April 28, 1904, the second child of the the five children of Elizabeth Ann Wright (Ontario 1877—Danville 1947) and of Edwin Wellen Skillan Gibson (Kingsey Falls 1862—Danville 1944) who married on August 25, 1902 in Danville's Methodist Church.

In 1932, Wright married Kathleen H. Armstrong (1903—Sherbrooke 1993). They had no children. When Wright had finished his studies at Danville Academy, he went on to complete a B.A. at Bishop's University in 1925 and a M.A. at Columbia University in New York in 1934. He then went to Scotland for post-graduate studies at Edinburgh University and followed summer courses at Oxford University.

In 1925-1926, he was principal of Windsor High School in Quebec and from 1926 to 1928, Assistant Master of Commissioner's High School in Quebec City. From 1929 until he retired in 1965, Wright Gibson was the principal of Sherbrooke High School. His 36 years as principal stand as the longest on record in the Quebec Protestant school system. From 1945 to 1965, he was also Superintendent of Schools in Sherbrooke. Upon

retirement, Wright held the post of Director of Practice Teaching in the Graduate School of Education at Bishop's University from 1968 to 1977.

A member of Sherbrooke's Plymouth-Trinity Church, he was the organist for several churches, including Sherbrooke's St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church from 1967-1977. Along with his other accomplishments, Gibson was a graduate of the Dominion College of Music, and from 1930-1964, he served as secretary for the local Sherbrooke Centre of the McGill Conservatory of Music. He was a member of the Sherbrooke Rotary Club and the Sherbrooke Snowshoe Club, and served as President of the Sherbrooke Library and Art Union on Dufferin Street. In 1935, he was awarded the Jubilee Medal for Civic Distinction. He died in Sherbrooke on May 19, 1977 and is buried with his wife in Elmwood Cemetery.

In 2005, Sherbrooke City Council had given the name of Wright-Gibson to the part of Walton Street bordering the schoolyard of Sherbrooke Elementary School (previously Sherbrooke High School) since this part of Walton Street was not connected with another one nearby, across Québec Street. City Council then cancelled its decision. However, in 2018, City Council again gave the name of Wright-Gibson to a street soon to be built, located along one side of René-Lévesque Boulevard (between the École de la Croisée and the roundabout at Industriel Boulevard).

Photo: courtesy Peter Kandalajt, Montreal.



Cover Story

"An Early Gift"

Imagine the surprise of Willow Gerber, who lives in the old Fairview Inn located in Tomifobia, Quebec, when her neighbor's son appeared at the door with a large wooden sign.

"Danny Gosselin, son of Doris Hatch Gosselin and Arthur Gosselin, had the original Hotel sign in his possession. When Danny was visiting his mother, he had read a copy of the *Townships Sun* magazine, which had the article I'd written about my parents purchasing the old inn. The lady who took care of Dan's grandpa was the sister of the person from whom my folks bought the property, and she had the sign before the house was sold.

I had not seen Dan in decades. He told me the sign was pretty disheveled when he found it in the attic as a kid, so he dusted it off and painted it. That was over 40 years ago now.

This was a very unexpected and special gift. The emotion of making another connection to the past was almost overwhelming, bringing me to tears. I think it looks wonderful, and it would not have happened had he not read the *Townships Sun* article and remembered that the sign was collecting dust in his mother's garage. I am so very grateful for his kindness, and for an irreplaceable treasure."

Willow Gerber

Editor-Publisher Report 2020

Forty-eight years and counting. *The Townships Sun* just entered its' 48th year in publishing. The publication business has seen increasingly difficult times in publishing as people turn to the internet for sources. Electronic versions of publications are much cheaper than that of the printed option.

For some time, we have offered print and electronic. Choose one or both. We bring you the stories from Townshippers about Townshippers and The Townships. Stories of joy and tragedy, history, our culture and our future. The stories you look for. Stories you will not find any other place.

In 2015 we launched our color covers. We search for local photographers whose photos grace our covers. New writers are joining us presenting their stories. Articles are flooding in, hoping to join other Townshippers, in telling their stories. We have an abundance of stories which is fantastic. The downside is we have to wait to publish some of these articles due to space. However, we do get to see them in print.

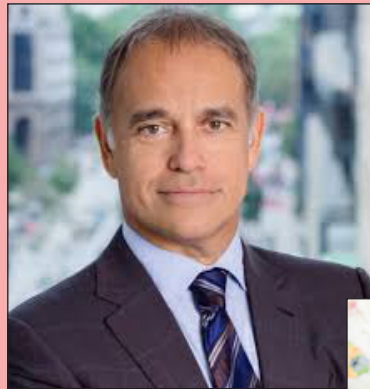
Our web page was set up to offer you to subscribe online. We added some of our back articles for free as well as offering 3 back issues for you to read. It gives you an opportunity to become familiar with our magazine.

We promote local events and businesses on our Facebook page. Our advertising base has increased due to the hard work of Jennifer Brown.

We just launched a section on the web page called "Follow the Flame" where we ask local musicians to submit videos of their performances. It is important to promote our local artists. It is our hope to see this grow. A community of music.

In publication we need to be looking around the corner for direction and keep a pulse on current issues. We are forever changing and evolving. If we standstill, we are actually moving backwards. We are not a newspaper. We are a magazine that promotes and publishes all things Townships. We are proud of you. You keep us strong so if you have not joined us, we encourage you to keep this publication strong. Subscribe now or give it as a gift we are sure you will be glad you did.

Theatre Lac-Brome Fundraising Campaign



**Yves Desjardins
Sicilano, co-chair**



**Susan Pepler, co-
chair**



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Theatre Lac-Brome

For immediate publication

News release

Theatre Lac-Brome launches fundraising campaign LOOKING FORWARD TO 2021 ... AND BEYOND Susan Pepler and Yves Desjardins-Siciliano named Campaign Co-Chairs

Lac-Brome, October 3, 2020 — At its annual general meeting this morning, Theatre Lac-Brome (TLB) officially launched its fundraising campaign, **LOOKING FORWARD TO 2021 ... AND BEYOND**, in the aim of raising **\$500,000** over two years. TLB is proud to be associated with two energetic, motivated and well-known personalities from the world of arts and business, who will serve as Campaign Co-Chairs.

“The appointment of **Susan Pepler**, visual artist, and **Yves Desjardins-Siciliano**, CEO of Siemens Mobility Canada, both residents of Knowlton, is in keeping with Theatre Lac-Brome’s desire to reopen its doors in 2021 under the best possible conditions and welcome back its loyal audiences,” said Jean-Claude Mahé, TLB chair.

Susan Pepler, campaign co-chair, added: “I just love our Theatre. It’s a cultural and social hub for the whole Lac-Brome area, and beyond. We really are blessed to have such a beautiful place to get together to celebrate life and the arts. I’m thrilled to be a part of this next chapter and am anticipating an exciting year ahead.”

“As a new resident of Knowlton, I am honoured to co-chair this important initiative, said Yves Desjardins-Siciliano. Theatre Lac-Brome is a flagship of our region and, more than ever, it needs the support of all of us—donors, sponsors and partners. The year 2020 has been challenging for the arts community, deprived of its audiences and revenues. I am confident that, with the help of its supporters, TLB will be able to pursue its cultural mission.”

TLB has a flexible donation plan that allows donors to plan their contribution in a way that works for them, e.g. donations over 5 years, or a donation to a specific project and/or a bequest in their will. TLB can arrange for corporate partnerships too. Financial contributions will help to ensure the excellence of the Theatre’s arts programming and TLB’s sustainability.

About Theatre Lac-Brome

For nearly 35 years, Theatre Lac-Brome (TLB) has sustained and enhanced cultural life in Brome-Missisquoi. Open year-round, TLB’s diverse programming ranges from theatre to movies, from musical offerings in a wide variety of genres to shows for young audiences, to productions by local groups such as the Knowlton Players, festivals events and exhibitions of local artists.

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*Looking Back
– Fairview
Inn, Tomifobia
– The joy of
an unexpected
gift of the
hotel sign.*

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