

# The Townships Sun

*Townships Life and Culture: Past, Present, and Future*



Townships Trivia ( QAHN )  
Bridges allow safe passage where previously it was  
not possible or much more difficult. Pages: 3-5

The projected date for the next publication of *The Townships Sun* is  
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Please send your submissions to Barbara Heath at [heathba@b2b2c.ca](mailto:heathba@b2b2c.ca) by **April 3, 2018**

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# Townships Trivia

## Covered Bridges

By Matthew Farfan, QAHN

QUEBEC ANGLOPHONE  
HERITAGE NETWORK  
QAHN



RÉSEAU DU PATRIMOINE  
ANGLOPHONE DU QUÉBEC  
RPAQ

The Eastern Townships were once home to hundreds of covered bridges. Most villages had at least one; some had several. They dotted the back roads as well, crossing brooks and rivers of all sizes. Today, only a handful of covered bridges still stand. The harsh climate, arson, motor vehicle accidents, neglect, flooding, vandalism, and replacement by modern structures, have all taken their toll.

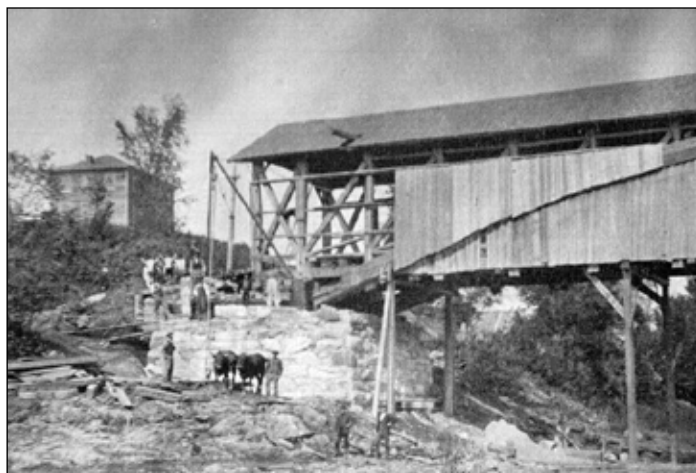
**1** Covered bridges have been around for centuries. Today they are found on at least four continents. The oldest covered bridge in the world (pictured here) dates to 1333. It is located in what country?

- a) Switzerland
- b) Austria
- c) Luxembourg
- d) China



**2** This is a photograph (c.1880) of a covered bridge being built in Melbourne. Why were some bridges covered?

- a) To provide travelers with shelter when it rained or snowed.
- b) So that horses would not get spooked by the turbulent waters below.
- c) Because covered bridges were thought to be picturesque.
- d) To protect the bridge's structure from the elements.



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**3** In North America, covered bridges were sometimes referred to as "kissing bridges" because they were considered excellent places for sweethearts to meet. The bridge in this photo (c.1920) was located in which town? Hint: the bridge crossed the Coaticook River.

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



**4** This little bridge is still in service today -- minus the shady surroundings. Built in the 1880s, it spans the Groat Creek in what municipality?

- a) Saint Armand
- b) Shefford
- c) East Hereford
- d) Potton



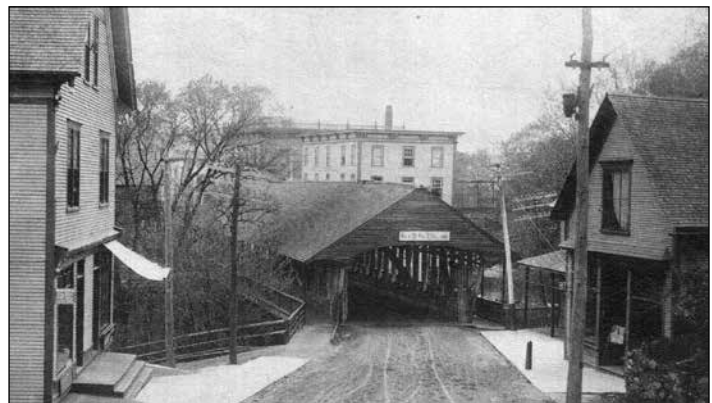
**5** This bridge, photographed c.1910, spans the Mud Creek in Potton Township. It still stands, but has been bypassed for many years. Covered bridges employed a variety of construction techniques. The trusses supporting this bridge are of a design known as the Town Lattice, the most common used in Quebec. Why were these bridges called Town Lattices?

- a) They were named after an American engineer, Ithiel Town.
- b) They were named that way because this bridge design was usually only used in towns.
- c) They were named that way because these bridges had to be built off-site and later towed (or "town") into position.
- d) None of the above



**6** Many covered bridges, such as this one (c.1910), sported signs that read, "Walk or Pay Fine." This bridge was known as the Line Bridge, due to its location on the Canada-U.S. border. It was dynamited in 1913 to make way for a new bridge. Name the town!

- a) Stanhope
- b) Rock Island
- c) Highwater
- d) Drummondville



7 This Lennoxville bridge, which survived until 1936, had three spans and measured an impressive 500 feet. Because of its length, and because a second, shorter covered bridge spanned the Massawippi River nearby, it was known by what name?

- a) The Big Bridge
- b) The Long Bridge
- c) The Great Bridge
- d) Big Red



9 Unlike many covered bridges, the old Wyman Bridge in Rock Island survived the worst flood of the last century (seen here). It was torn down in the 1950s to make way for truck traffic. In what year was the flood?

- a) 1911
- b) 1927
- c) 1946
- d) 1983



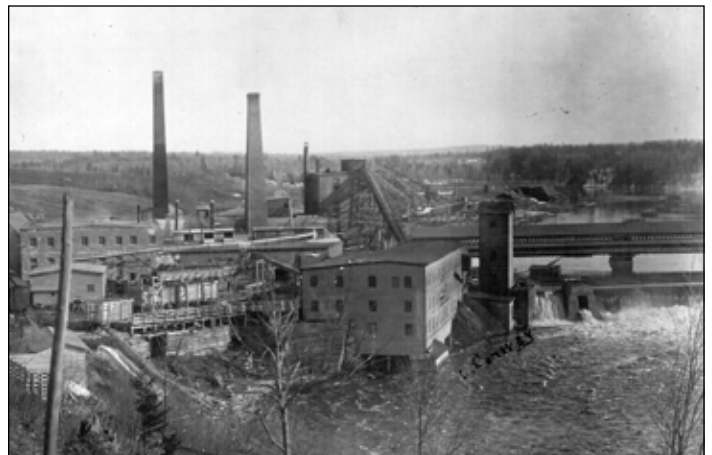
8 The Narrows Bridge, built in 1881, is one of the oldest in Quebec. It spans the narrows of a lake -- one of only two in Quebec to do so. What lake is it?

- a) Lake Waterloo
- b) Lake Megantic
- c) Lake Brompton
- d) Lake Memphremagog



10 The pulp and paper mill seen in this c.1915 photo, overlooked a long covered bridge over the St. Francis River. Name the town!

- a) Windsor
- b) Richmond
- c) East Angus
- d) Bromptonville



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

# Pat Bacon: A close brush with danger, and other tales of life on the border

by James F. Webb

While back, Zack Belknap posted a photo of Perry (Pat) Bacon on Facebook. Musing, as most of us probably do, my thoughts brought me to a point in time over a half century ago when Pat and I were together in a very unusual and potentially dangerous situation.

As a resident of Rock Island from Nov. 1949 – Sept. 1954, I worked with Pat in the building that housed the Central Taxi Cab business in Rock Island. The cab business was owned by Lawrence Goodsell. I always enjoyed being around Lawrence: he was an excellent fiddle player, especially when it came to the tune "Orange Blossom Special". Pat Bacon was one of the cab drivers and I was employed as a dispatcher. Imagine a teenager in the 1950s getting to operate a two-way radio! In order to qualify, I had to learn some rules, take a test, which resulted in my being licensed by the Canadian Department of Transport.

My pay was 50 cents an hour. For that I could go next door to Happy's Diner and get a small spaghetti and Coke, or walk about 800 ft. south down the street, past Canadian Customs, step one foot across the International Border into the United States, turn left, enter Routhier's Store and buy two packs of Camels, Chesterfields or other American cigarettes. This was routine for the townsfolk. People didn't bother to walk the next 400 ft. to "report in" to the U.S. Customs. On returning to Canada with the cigarettes, we didn't routinely stop at the Canadian Customs. It was usually a wave or "Hi!", and depending who was on duty, a short stop to just chat. After all, we were fellow townsfolk. When I worked at Cullen's Store in Derby Line, located next to American Customs and Immigration, my best customers on Sunday evening were Canadian Customs Officers.

Taking that 800 foot walk in the early 1950s, the view was strikingly different than it is today. In that short distance I would pass by or be able to see numerous places of business and other structures, including: a hotel, two banks, a theater, three taxi services, a church, two bridges (one wooden, covered), three restaurants, a grocery store, clothing store, hardware store, gas station, telephone company, power supply company, factory, bus station, shoe repair, barbershop, appliance-repair shop, and the Canadian

Customs and Immigration border crossing station. Although today most buildings remain, the majority are unused.

Pat Bacon was a nice person who always treated this young kid in a friendly manner. We had a good time working together. In the picture of him you'll notice his right hand is in his right side pocket, the same place it was day after day. At a young age Pat was stricken with polio and his arm was paralyzed from the disease. I believe he and his friend Merrick Belknap (local author and contributor to the Stanstead Journal and Township's Sun) both had polio at the same time. Ironically, his boss, Lawrence Goodsell lost an arm in a vehicle accident. I was always amazed at how well Pat drove the cabs and backed them into a very narrow spot in front of the cab-stand. Few autos were equipped with automatic transmissions, and the manual shifting lever was on the right side of the steering column. To shift, Pat reached through the steering wheel with his

left hand to move the lever, while at the same time keeping the car straight. When required, he might use a knee or shoulder to steady the steering wheel. I don't recall hearing about any accidents; most folks admired him for this super accomplishment. The cost of a cab trip in those days was 35 cents in town, 50 cents to Beebe, and \$2 to Newport, Vt. Nickels, dimes, and quarters, were kept in a coin-change device attached to his belt.

Meanwhile, at the cab station, a dangerous situation was about to present itself. One night, at around 11 p.m., I was lying on one of the bunks. Returning from a trip, Pat came in and flopped down beside me, back-to-back, with me facing the wall. I was dozing, and he quickly fell asleep. Soon, I sensed something wrong: a smoky smell

was in the air. I looked over my shoulder and sure enough there was smoke rising from the front of Pat's body. I rose up to look for the source, and discovered Pat had fallen asleep with a lit cigarette in his left hand, which had dropped onto his paralyzed right arm. The fire had burned through his sweater, penetrated the very thin skin, and was lying on the bone of his arm, smoldering. I woke Pat, and together we extinguished the fire. Happily, we both survived the ordeal. There are many clothing materials that might have burned quickly, potentially causing us both a much bigger problem, as well as damaging the adjacent tenement, A&P grocery store and possibly other nearby buildings. Pat Bacon and I

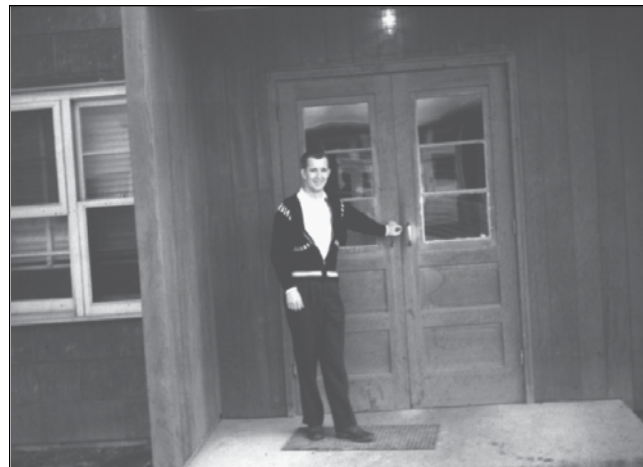


Pat Bacon

were lucky that night at the Central Taxi cabstand.

Listing the places and services noted above brought to mind some of my memorable Rock Island experiences. — The Hotel Del Monty was a modern, busy place with tavern (men only) and grill (men and women). — The factory was one of many textile businesses in the local area. I've read that at the turn of the century in 1900, the area had over one-third of Canada's textile industry. — The Border Theater was one of my favorite places. Going to the movies was a real treat. Prior to moving to Rock Island in 1949, I lived in Montreal for 13 years, where children under 16, by law, were not permitted in theaters, due to a 1927 fire in the Laurier Theater. Seventy-eight people died, with over half being children. — Across from the theater was the Royal Bank on the corner. One evening as I entered the theater and was handing my ticket to ticket-taker, Mr. Holden, we heard a thunderous crashing sound. Glass flew in the door next to us. As we exited to the street we saw a truck containing a load of logs sticking through the bank wall. The braking system had failed as they descended the steep Rock Island Hill. Instead of going straight ahead, where they would undoubtedly have hit cars and people, the driver apparently chose the bank wall. If I remember correctly the driver's family name was Labbé. The passenger, his son, was the only survivor. Coincidentally, a few years back, while travelling in our RV, we visited Ray Bronson a former Beebe resident, in western Ontario. He shared a memory about being at the Border Theater the evening of this tragic event. He was substituting at the popcorn stand for Arnold Brewer. We were standing a few feet apart but didn't know it, and years later it became a topic of conversation between us. — The taxi services included Central Taxi (where I worked), Rodney Stevens Taxi, parked

directly across the street in the Del Monty Hotel parking lot and Paul Brault, who parked on the street within 15 ft. of Rodney. These were all within 150 ft. of each other. I sometimes worked for Rodney answering the phone from the Stevens building second floor. One day I was looking out the window and noticed a car pull in below. The couple was very busy moving around packages. Just before they left the lady reached into a package for a bottle of whiskey, pulled up the waist of her skirt and shoved the bottle down between her legs. Guess they were planning a trip across the border. — The bridges: I often stood watching the water flow over the dam, listening and feeling the roar of the river. In the spring I anticipated the breakup of the winter ice jam, which usually made a loud, cracking, crashing sound. —Cowens Store: Andrew Cowens, whom I was privileged to know, cherished friendships. He liked to go places with



*James F. Webb*

'the guys'. He often got a bunch of fellas together, rented Steven's Taxi, and away we went: Swimming in Sherbrooke, up Burke Mt., swimming in Lake Eden, VT, chicken-in-the-basket at a Sherbrooke restaurant, Burlington, VT airport to watch the airplanes fly. Andrew was intelligent and always a gentleman. Mary and I visited him every time we came to Rock Island, he would sit and talk about the 'good old days' as long as we would stay. He really helped when I returned home on leave from U.S. Air Force basic training. I was very ill with terrible sinus pain. When he noted the seriousness of the situation, he immediately called the local pharmacist (after hours), who opened up his store for us and sold me the needed medicine. What a relief, it sure worked for me. — U.S. Customs and Immigration: I passed through many times on foot, and once on a bicycle when I peddled the 50 miles to Morrisville, VT to visit my uncle. They usually recognized me. Not all U.S. border officers were bilingual, and at times on the late night shift, with only one officer on duty, they sometimes reached out to the cabstand for help with English/French translation. I responded a few times, and it was quite an experience, cussing and all. When I worked at the Cullen's Store, located about 150 ft. short of the U.S. Customs, I had to report in to them each time. After a period when they saw me round the corner of the store to report, they would just give me a wave and I would turn back into the store. One day, stopping at the taxi stand before heading to Cullen's, a man at the stand found out that I was working with his former friend, an elderly gentleman, Ted Domini. He asked me if I would take a bottle of beer to him. I put it in my back pocket, and headed for work. When I rounded the corner to report, the U.S. Customs Officer waved me to work as usual. I had completely forgotten about the bottle of beer, honest. I did notice there was a Border Patrol Officer standing with a Customs Officer. They were around the facility often. I turned and went in the store, gave Ted the bottle and went to work. Next day, same routine

when I turned the corner the Customs gave me the usual wave, and again Border Patrol was there, but he also made a motion to me, but not the same type, it was a 'come hither' signal. Still I wasn't thinking about the bottle. I approached and he asked, "What did you have in your back pocket yesterday?" I'm pleased to say that I passed the test, I was honest, told him the whole story, apologized to him and the Customs Officer and told them how I appreciated the daily wave of trust. Big sigh, next time to work I got the usual wave. But, I will admit I was worried for a bit.



# Keys to Happiness

By Kathleen Y. Rattigan

I have been asked many times why I am always so happy even though my life, like everyone else's, has ups and downs and a fair share of challenges. Let us embark together on a voyage of discovery – what is the difference that causes some of us to keep our happiness intact no matter what life throws at us?

It starts with the understanding that we are spiritual beings having a human experience. Once I really “got” that realization, it made me understand that all life situations and dramas are temporary. I learned that if I got the lesson being taught—for example, patience, tolerance and/or forbearance—my life immediately changed for the better because I had changed my attitude. I learned not to hold a grudge against anyone because it just poisoned my mind and mood. I understood that since I am a spiritual being having a human experience, then so is everyone else.

Then I learned about the power of “**now**”. This tiny three letter word contains the secret to freedom. To live in the present releases us from regrets about our past and worries regarding the future. One of my old favourite magazines, Nightingale- Conant's *AdvantEdge*, contained the following enlightening article in its July/August 2005 issue. This article had a strong and positive impact on me at that time. Author Earl Nightingale wrote, “The Fog of Worry (Only 8% of Worries are Worth it).” He continues with an authoritative estimate of what most people worry about, such as:

Things that never happen: 40 percent. That is, 40 percent of the things you worry about will never occur anyway.

Things over and past that can't be changed by all the worry in the world: 30 percent.

Needless worries about our health: 12 percent.

Petty, miscellaneous worries: 10 percent.

Real, legitimate worries: 8 percent. Only 8 percent of our worries are worth being concerned about. Ninety-two percent are pure fog with no substance at all.


Source: *The Essence of Success* by Earl Nightingale - Edited by Carson V. Conant.

In a nutshell – worrying is a waste of time and happiness. The bottom line is that only about 8% of worries are legitimate. That means that 92% of the things we fret about take away our focus from the present moment. So when you catch yourself drifting into a useless state of regrets and/or worries, seize the moment and bring yourself back to a calmer frame of mind. Focus on what is really happening around you at this very moment of “now.”

Happiness is internal – a result of what we choose to think about. I love the life-wisdom inherent in this little saying, “an attitude of gratitude.” There is always beauty around us, we need only to open our eyes and see it. My Mother raised me with the optimistic outlook that when life throws you lemons, make lemonade, and to this day I always look for the lesson that is behind the events. Sometimes this is hard but in the long run has always proven to be right.

Sydney Harris writes, “90% of the world's woes come from people not knowing themselves, their abilities, their frailties and even their real virtues. Most of us go almost all the way through life as complete strangers to ourselves.” I found so much truth in these words because we do go through life running for everyone else in work, family, and chores. When do **YOU** stop, slow down, breathe in the beauty of life, and take time to know and nurture yourself?

To ‘**KNOW THYSELF**’ ought to be a sacred law! The more you know about yourself, the more you become aware of how to be at peace with yourself and the world. Here is the key to happiness. Treat yourself as well and with as much energy as is given to everything else in your life. Explore your creativity, discover what gives you delight, do what you love and love what you do. Cause no harm to yourself or others, walk upon our sacred earth with a gentle step, and leave a clean trail. May serenity and serendipity walk with you.



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# A Curio of Nostalgic Words

By Linda Knight Seccaspina

The transparent yellowed curtains that hung in my grandmother's dining room never hid what mischief I was up to while she sat on the screened porch on Friday evenings. As a child I understood that the family business was open until 9 p.m., and I spent the evening hours waiting for my father in the rear of the building – which happened to be my grandparents' home on South Street in Cowansville.

Besides the china cabinet, there was a very long sideboard at the end of the dining room. It held all the good dishes and silverware used on holidays, and it seemed each set had a memory. Tucked away in the back was the black tin "money box" that was brought out every Saturday night to tally up the week's receipts. I can still hear the click of the old adding machine, along with low murmuring voices, that went on for an hour with Lawrence Welk playing in the background.

While I sat on the plastic covered couch in the living room, I would patiently wait to hear the closing sound of one of the compartments in the sideboard. That was a sign that Grammy would make us all a snack of saltine crackers topped with Cheez Whiz, and of course tell us another story concerning anything she felt the need to talk about.

When I was 9, my grandparents decided to make the electrical store bigger, so they cut the dining room in half and her sideboard no longer fit in the new, smaller room. Not one for nonsense, she did the same thing to the sideboard that she did to her Thanksgiving turkey



*My curio cabinet that I hope my grandkids will love. The figurine from Queen Victoria is on the second shelf on the left.*

I would always sit and chat with her, or watch her bake in the kitchen, but my favourite pastime was looking through the glass of her old china cupboard. There was the broken engagement ring that sat in a teacup, as the ruby stone had fallen out, and a handed down figurine that my great, great grandmother had received from Queen Victoria. Each piece in the cabinet had a story and my grandmother was an amazing storyteller who made everything seem to come alive.



*Photograph of the Knight family in front of the smaller dining room sideboard on South Street in Cowansville, Quebec. The late Robin Knight Nutbrown, Frederick J. Knight, Bernice Ethylene Crittenden Knight, Arthur J. Knight, Mary Louise Deller Knight, and the last one alive-me-Linda Susan Knight Seccaspina.*

each year—she hired someone to cut it in half so it fit the room. Even though it was now half the size, it never lost one memory. For years I heard her tell visitors what happened to it. That sideboard carried on its traditions, never missing a beat.

I always assumed my grandmother just liked reminiscing about the past, but it was really something else. Now I can see that she was sharing her knowledge, trying to

(CONT'D ON PG. 10)

(CONT'D FROM PG.11)

teach me life lessons along the way. When she died, I not only grieved her death but I wondered what would happen without her to tell me stories about the past.

The day they tore down the old house on South Street I felt I lost my childhood, and for the first time in my life there really wasn't any family to come home to. I ended up taking her dining room sideboard, and it remained with me through a marriage, a divorce, and finally met its match in a fire in 1995. Was this the final end to memories?

The day of the fire I realized that Grandmother's words would still flow through me, with or without the old sideboard. She had instilled the desire within me to keep history alive for future generations.

Sometimes, for days or even weeks, I can't face my childhood memories, but then there are days like today when the memories run out of my eyes and roll down my cheeks. I understand how Grammy's words made me who I am, and that she gave me a gift that attempts to connect people and dream of a better world.

Grandmother would be horrified that we spend less and less time in face to face communication. But, even with technological communication we can still tell a nostalgic story, and now to a larger audience. By telling a story, we hope that our rendition of events is more complete than the last interpretation we heard. By talking about our past—like my fascination with my grandmother's china cabinet and sideboard— we can dream of a brighter tomorrow and a happier day, when our inner child comes out to play once again.

***Participants wanted:  
English tea, a treasured heritage***

***Uplands Cultural and Heritage Centre is looking for men and women from Lennoxville (or any other English-speaking community of the Eastern Townships), who participated in traditional teas between the years 1940 and 2010, whether in their family homes or during social activities (charitable events, various celebrations, parish meetings, etc.). We're hoping to hear your stories, in order to help us learn as much as we can about the tea tradition in this region, with the goal of creating new interpretive material for our visitors. If you are interested in this project, or if you would like more information about it, please contact Julie at 819-564-0409.***



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# Classic Hikes in the Townships

By Heidi Monk

The fall is perhaps my favourite season to explore the many trails and soak up the beautiful vistas that the Townships have to offer. There is something about a sunny autumn day with blue skies, a slight freshness to the air, and the promise of colourful leaves both on the trees and the forest floor that has me itching to don my hiking boots rather than my office attire. Here are a few of my go-to hikes:

## The Pinnacle (free) (674m)



This is a short hike that the whole family can do. If you want to try out your first hike in a while, the Pinnacle is the place to start. It is a gentle walk in the woods that only gains altitude towards the very end of the hike. The path has good footing and there are several benches along the way which offer the possibility of taking a rest. There are a few options on the way up depending on the level of difficulty that you would like. At the top hikers find themselves on top of a majestic cliff looking over Lake Lyster (so keep an eye on the kids!!) Take time to wander around and take pictures at the top from different perspectives. You will probably

be able to spot some climbers coming up the face of the cliff if it's a nice day on the weekend. While in the area, you may consider scooting over to Health's apple orchard to pick apples and perhaps be tempted by some of the homemade pies, maple sugar and beautiful pottery. (Another positive: there are public washrooms in the parking lot).

## Mount Orford (free) (850m)

While there are hiking trails in the park that are less crowded and even more in the forest, the ski hill offers a free alternative. Orford is another relatively family-friendly hike, but this time you do feel like you are climbing a mountain. Follow any one of the multiple ski trails to the top (remember green versus black diamond ratings aren't just relevant in the winter). If you'd like to get to the top without the climb, they often have the chairlift running which you can use for a small fee. If one mountain isn't enough exercise, or you just don't want to hop back in the car, you can extend the hike by adding Mount Giroux to the day. The parking lot will likely be packed on a nice day and there may even be an event with music playing at

the base of the mountain. It's often a surprisingly happening place. Alternatively, you can enjoy a more, woody walk with fewer people if you pay the park entrance fee.

## Owl's Head (free) (756 m)

The drive to the base of Owl's Head (follow signs to the ski hill) from Magog is absolutely stunning. There is a gravel path that winds its way up the mountain a little more gradually than some of the ski paths. At first you think that you aren't climbing the mountain at all. Soon that changes, and the magnificent views of Memphremagog give you an excuse to pause for a few minutes to catch your breath. The top of the chairlift is not the top of the mountain: if you want to scramble a bit there is a way to the summit that is very rewarding. Keep going until you pop out onto a section of exposed rock with a great view of the lake. On the way home you may consider dropping by St-Benoit du Lac for some tasty (and relatively inexpensive) cheese, or the general store in Vale Perkins just for kicks.

## Mount Megantic (1102 m)

Hiking at Megantic takes you through the woods, which is a pleasant change from wide ski hills. However, the narrower paths and tree cover come with an entrance fee into the park. While you'll be there during the day, you may want to find a



way to stick around or come back when it's dark. Megantic is well known for the quality of stargazing (and inevitable reflections about our place in the universe) in the observatory.

If you want to venture a little further afield, Vermont's Green Mountains, New Hampshire's White Mountains and New York's Adirondacks can all be fabulous day trips and offer opportunities to make weekend trips, should you desire. I certainly haven't yet done all the hikes available, but they've been free of charge so far. Mount Lafayette makes for a great day trip for avid hikers.

Happy hiking!

# Mankind's Search for Means of Communication: Part 1

*by Lionel Emond*

In earlier times, mankind relied on primitive means of communication.

These responded to various needs, namely:

- Communicating within their community, area, and countryside with one another
- Indicating their presence and ownership of property, land and structures
- Describing their environment (country profile, animals, vegetation)
- Boasting about their prowess (eg Ozymandias "King of kings" proclamation)
- Staking claims
- Directional markers
- Warnings of dangerous terrain and/or natural disaster dangers
- Recording matters of commercial, historical, philosophical, etc.
- Letters
- Statuary commemoratives

Verbal expressions—in the form of song, chants, discussion—supported, the above-mentioned, communicable forms of expression by interpreting them, qualifying them and as a direct exchange of vocal communication with one another.

Over time, these forms of communication progressed through various forms, from hieroglyphs, petroglyphs, papyrus scrolls, chiselled plaques, quill, pen and pencil renderings, to today's rapidly evolving developments in conventional printing presses, computerized forms of writing, vocal forms of communicating and voice transmissions. Some interesting communication artifacts, of which we have evidence in our area, and which are still in use after many years, are associated with Indian, Inuit, and other early residents of our shores who have left their imprints on our land. This speaks to their reliance on various forms of communication in the past, which impact on present and future adaptations..

## North American Indians and Inuit:

We read of various ancient and current forms of communication necessary to nomadic Indians and Inuit in our regions:

- Smoke signals to communicate amongst tribes and travellers
- Embellishment of clothing, basketry and pottery with Indian designs depicting tribe affiliations and other interpretive markings

- Use of markers to guide travellers on trails and to warn them of dangerous conditions.
- Vocal chants and drumming recounting the way of life, past and present. of their community
- Written script on parchment
- Figurative and interpretive drawings, carvings and needlework.

## European settlers

Settlers on our lands, over the last six or more centuries of discovery, settlement and development, communicated for many reasons:

Historical records are derived from the many communications between earlier settlers, their benefactors, employers and families.

In Quebec there exists a detailed record of people and origins, recorded in the Church Records. Duplicate records were also maintained in the Records offices of their location of settlement. Learned writers recorded the births and deaths of early settlers in Quebec century

Exchanges of correspondences of visitors and settlers to our regions from Europe and other countries. In these correspondences we learn, from their observations and criticisms, the way of life in our early Regions.

Historical wartime writings, preserved in our libraries and government repositories, and dissected and interpreted by our many active historical societies, provide further interpretations of the early life in which our Indian, Inuit and European settlers participated.

*(In Part 2 of this article, the author begins with a look at the last 100 years of communication.)*



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# A Therapeutic Meditation on Happiness

By Esther Saanum

I give you happiness. I don't, actually. I give me happiness. You are responsible for yours. I take mine from whatever source, origin, idea, or well that I am able. I feed it, I stimulate it, and I nurture and treasure it. It is mine. I can share mine with you, but yours is your own.

Happiness is a bubble, a moment, a cherished possession. It can be fleeting, but it can be recalled, retrieved, evoked. All it takes is a moment, a scent, a haunting melody, a sound, an image, and it's back. It's yours again. It's with you and within you. It's the memory of the sound of the hot air balloon that woke me at dawn one August morning in 1997 expelling air as it crested the roof of our house. 'Whoosh' woke me. I leapt from my bed, ran to the window throwing open the drapes. An enormous shadow hovered above that cast by the house upon the lawn. I ran downstairs and out onto the deck of the house where I stood on the railing to watch an enormous likeness of Tony the Tiger's head as it navigated the Massawippi River valley in tandem with other brilliantly coloured airships sailing the skies toward St Jean-sur-Richelieu to join fleets of others. 1997. Gone are those sudden surprises of cresting a hill above a valley in our Townships and spotting one or many balloonists suspended in their baskets below massive dirigibles. But the happiness of those memories is with me yet.

Dr. Wang, a young Bishop's University professor, can expound on happiness in rapidly-spoken English, and discourse infinitely. She admits that she doesn't apply all her recommendations to her private life. She does have a positive aura, a brilliant smile; she's very animated and positive when speaking. Her husband and children aren't too ugly, either. She strongly recommends maintaining a consciousness of our happiness and regularly consulting websites on the subject for daily tips. In other words, work at it!

So, Dr. Wang says: possibility for happiness is 50% genetic, 40% due to your living situation, and 10% adaptable/improvable, according to your conscientiousness and commitment.

*Esther says:* it's not having what you want; it's wanting what you have and having the power and/or taking charge to change it. Happiness comes with appreciation. Forgiveness is a big factor in appreciation of you and your life. Forgive yourself for past mistakes, happenstances, create your own second, third, or fourth act in your living play. Change costumes; assume other roles; fire that producer/director and take charge of your life. Hang with people/personalities, who feed your flames.

Living creates stress. Stress is a factor that was only recognized recently. Prior to our generation, 'life is hard, just get on with it', were the buzzwords. In Newfoundland, the phrase is: "just shut up out of it'. We just have too many complications: goals, achievements, life styles, statuses, images, expectations, and debts. (*Stop now, Esther.*)

Buddhist monks live in the moment, meditate, appreciate every day, and do no harm. They also do not seek out or concern themselves about what might or could happen. No distractions. Just being and doing no harm is enough for a very happy, basic, satisfying existence.

I believe in being wacky, eating chocolate, watching inane movies and reading psychological thrillers; in other words, I seek distraction. I have to say that I had a good role model to learn distraction from: my mother, who sought ways and means to take herself and her daughter out of a 'slump' from time to time. In her fifties, Mother took oil painting lessons and became passionate about trees and landscapes. She threw herself with me into various drama productions with a band of amateur thespians. Some of the most recommended distractions and to raise the happiness factor are: join a choir or a writing group; learn to play a musical instrument; laugh and live out loud; be spontaneous; help others whenever you can; take long walks; have long conversations with friends and yourself; be your own best friend; get a pet.

A good friend, who lost her son some time ago, bought herself a Harley because she did not want to sit on the 'bitch pad' of her husband's new Harley. And she got a tattoo: her son's name in Japanese characters down the calf of one leg. She didn't wallow. She got out there and made some new memories for herself with the loss her newly-departed son still sitting heavily on her chest.

Do you believe in being happy? I hope to God you don't have a Bucket List. Why would anyone focus on what he or she must absolutely accomplish before dying? That just takes away from our now, living in the moment, appreciating what is here today and appreciating what's happening now. Obliging oneself to accomplish a list of things to have done before dying just defeats the purpose of living. It's simply "*Whistling past the graveyard.*" "*That's what Daddy called it when you did something to keep your mind off your worstest fear.*" (These are nine-year-old Starla's words from the novel ***Whistling Past the Graveyard***)

Someone in one of my writing groups recently asked me why I liken happiness to a bubble. I'll tell you. When we were small, our family moved house a lot, packing and hauling our belongings along to a new house, which wasn't new, just

different. Our father was a carpenter. One of the tools of his trade was a carpenter's level, which had bubbles in tubes in various places along a bar. The bubbles indicated if surfaces were level or at desired angles. When we'd find ourselves relocated, one ritual that I always remember was the dead certain levelling of the refrigerator. Dad would position the appliance up against the wall and lay the level atop it. If the bubble in the level did not rest in the very center of

its tube, a shim had to be pushed in under the refrigerator on whichever side was offending. The floors in those old houses where we lived were often on a slant. When Dad was satisfied with his work, he'd plug the fridge in.

To my fellow writers, I say, "Thank you so much for affording me numerous opportunities to meet and commune and be inane, again and again (paving stones on the road to happiness and making cherished memories)."

## March is Irish month in Richmond! From the St. Patrick's Society of Richmond and Vicinity

Just a few of the upcoming Irish events in Richmond:

### St. Pat's Corned Beef and Cabbage

This annual traditional Irish meal will be held on Saturday March 3rd at 6:00 PM at the Hotel Grand Central. Helen Begin from Traiteur Helen's Catering will serve a three course meal which consists of cream of potato and bacon soup, coleslaw and homemade rolls, corned beef or chicken pie, mashed potatoes, cabbage and carrots, and a choice of two desserts with an Irish twist. Tickets are \$24.00 per person and chicken pie must be ordered in advance. To reserve, contact Erika at (819) 826-3322. Reservations must be made before March 1st.

### Medieval Evening and Celebration of the Irish

Hear ye! Hear ye! You are all invited by Richmond St. Patrick's Society to a Medieval Evening for the Celebration of the Irish on Saturday, March 10th starting at 6:30 PM, at the Richmond Legion Hall (235 College N.) Good food, medieval themed decor, and good company will be provided during this evening. As part of the entertainment during the evening, the Richmond County Historical Society will host its annual Irish Spoken Word Event. School age youth will be performing a 2-4 minute song or recitation celebrating Irish culture in any of its forms. A four course medieval meal will be served

and will include: hearty beef soup, cheeses, chicken, pork, sausages, quail, duck, and pancakes, doughnuts and homemade pudding as dessert. To make our evening more authentic and to have a chance to win 2 pairs of ticket to the "Irish" concert at the Centre d'Art, come dressed in medieval attire (not mandatory). Tickets are \$30.00 per adult, \$15.00 per children, and \$240.00 for a table of eight. Act quickly as tickets are limited and can be purchased or reserved at Richmond Hardware (819) 826-2535 or at Grand Central Hotel (819) 826-3322. Reservations must be made before March 7th.

### St. Pat's Parade on March 18th

St. Patrick's Day Parade will begin at 2:00 PM from 7thAve. with bagpipe music along the green-lined route. There will be bands, horsemen, floats, groups, and individuals making a fun-filled event. All are welcome to be part of the parade and for information, contact Julie O'Donnell at 826-2535. You can also visit our website [www.richmondstpats.org](http://www.richmondstpats.org) to get more information for the parade (route, directions, rules, etc.). You can pre-register for the parade at the Richmond Hardware (819)826-2535 or at the Grand Central Hotel .

There will be Irish and Quebecois Folk Dances after St. Pat's parade, from 3:00 - 6:00 PM at Saint-Famille Center (155 Craig, Richmond).

For more information: **819-943-3540** or [dansetrad@yahoo.ca](mailto:dansetrad@yahoo.ca)

### St. Pat's Brunch on March 25th

To complete the St. Patrick's activities we have the traditional brunch from 9:00-12:00 at the Richmond Legion (235 College N.). Everyone is welcome to an exquisite breakfast prepared by our famous St. Pat's cooks. The menu includes ham, bacon, sausages, scrambled and fried eggs, homemade beans, pancakes and our specialty "Irish Toast".



# Thought of the Day

By Tamera Hadlock

Almost every day you can hear people express a “what if”, or, “if I knew then what I know now”, or “I should have done it differently”, or “that was a mistake”, or whatever. Think about it: if all of the above could be different, or you could have changed it, would you be the person that you are today?

Yes, most definitely, there are certain things in our lives that we all wish we could forget, take back, change, or delete completely from our lives. However, if you actually look at these things, the moments or errors, in our lives, haven’t they helped us to grow stronger, and become smarter and wiser (hopefully) in this life? And if you think about it, what if the grass was never supposed to be green, the sky never blue, or the sun bright yellow; would it really change life as we see it? Because these things have always been a constant in our lives (and the things that are of second nature to us), we seem to have a hard time thinking about them being something other than what they are.

The expression, “stop and smell the roses,” (I prefer carnations actually) has always stuck in my mind. In many aspects of life, you see people in their own little boxes, running here and there, yet never getting to where they actually want to be. If we were to stop and take 30 seconds out of the hectic moment that we live each day, perhaps, we would be less stressed, less aggressive, and

more likely to live just a little bit longer. With this break, we might not take out our frazzled mini-breakdowns on unsuspecting individuals. This in turn, may pay forward throughout the day.

On one end of this thought, perhaps we should take a moment to realize what this life offers us, and be grateful for the blessings and opportunities that we so often neglect to see each and every day. Each moment in our lives (good or bad) builds the character of the person that we are. What we choose to do with these moments is our choice alone, and we can either learn from them, or we can turn a blind eye to what we don’t want to see.

The bottom line, I believe, is as follows: as long as we live our lives trying to be kind, loving souls, and be the best that we can be, then really, who can ask for more? We are all human, and we will all make mistakes in life. We are allowed to forgive ourselves.

So, put aside the “what ifs,” and the regrets, and don’t forget what you have learned. Remember to see the silver lining to each situation in your life. Live happy, and let others do the same; we don’t know what they are living, or know what their hearts truly feel, as others do not know what our story is. Take 30 seconds, be the sun, or the rainbow on someone’s cloudy day..



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# A Visit to Grosse Île

By Kathleen Lynch

On July 30th, 2017, fifty-five people boarded a bus at the Richmond Community Centre at 7:00 a.m. heading out for a day trip to Grosse Île, located in the Gulf of St. Lawrence in Quebec. *Grosse île* is one of the islands of the 21-island Isle-aux-Grues archipelago, and served as a quarantine station for the port of Quebec from 1832 to 1937. At the time, the island was the main point of entry for immigrants coming to Canada, many of them Irish. Today the site is known as the Irish Memorial National Historic Site, maintained by Parks Canada. Tens of thousands of immigrants passed through here upon arrival in the country. More than 5000, mostly Irish, lost their lives during typhus and cholera epidemics.

This trip was a joint venture by the Richmond County Historical Society and the St. Patrick's Society of Richmond & Vicinity. We had a sunny day all during our trip and the bus ride was very comfortable with A.C. and toilet facilities.



When we boarded the ferry I was a little nervous as I had never been on one before. However, it was a very smooth crossing both ways. We had packed a lunch which we ate when we got to the island. I had packed more than I needed so I shared with a couple who hadn't brought one; they thought they could buy some, but there were just chips and soft drinks available.

We were then taken to the Cemetery and the Celtic Cross. When we were standing at the edge of the cemetery, a feeling of profound sadness came over me. I couldn't help thinking of all the mothers and fathers who had left orphans to be handed out to strangers, and all the children who were also buried there. I was very impressed by the knowledge of the history of the island

displayed by the tour guides. We boarded a shuttle bus that took us to various buildings, such as the nurses' residence and a museum of articles left by immigrants who didn't survive. Then we visited the building where they took the travelers for a medical examination as they got off the ship. Inside was a person dressed in a period nurse's uniform and one dressed as a ship's doctor. We were lined up, women in one line and men in the other. The nurse explained that, as she approached us, we were to stick out our tongues so she could see our throats. When she came to me she said, "Oh Madam, you have the fever! You must be placed in quarantine right away". Just then Leo Gaudet spoke up and said, "Joe Kelly has to go too because he ate her sandwiches!" We all got a good laugh out of it. After taking in the sad history of the island it was a welcome relief to have something to ease our minds.

On the way home we stopped for supper at a St. Hubert Restaurant. My seatmate, Olive Smith, and I discussed how everything had gone so smoothly. It was all thanks to Esther Healy and her husband Donald, who had made all the arrangements. Special thanks to Bev Taber Smith for taking care of the reservations for attendance, and Julie O'Donnell, who accepted payments at her hardware store on Main Street.



# Chateauguay River Guide

By John A. Viau

Quebec's Chateauguay River runs a long and circuitous route from the New York border near Herdman, emptying into Lake St. Louis near the town of Chateauguay. On its 76 kilometer journey, it is fed by numerous creeks and rivers, offering great fishing.

By the time the Chateauguay crosses into Quebec from New York State, it has been flowing 35 kilometers through New York State's Northern Adirondack Mountains. This stretch is stocked heavily with brown, rainbow and brook trout. Some of these trout stray into Quebec, where the population is also stocked with brown and rainbow trout.

Along the first four or five kilometers after it enters Quebec, the Chateauguay River is one of the province's most beautiful trout streams. Almost 100 per cent of the riverside land is privately owned, but access can be had from the public fishing area at Powerscourt. There are many long runs, deep pools and fishing with wet or dry flies is productive.

As the river works its way downstream, there is a gradual change into a smallmouth bass, walleye, perch, pike and muskie river. Upstream and downstream from Huntingdon is prime northern pike and muskie water. Both species feed heavily on the abundant baitfish as well as perch, carp and northern redhorse suckers. In Huntingdon, you can fish alongside the park located right in the middle of town and expect to catch perch, smallmouth bass, pike and occasionally, a brown or rainbow trout.

There is a public rest stop and recreation area on Route 138, about a kilometer outside of Huntingdon. You are

able to park and fish from shore, or launch a small boat. This area is prime pike water, with the odd Muskie. Between Huntingdon and Ormstown, the Chateauguay River becomes prime habitat for smallmouth bass. All the riverside land is privately owned, so ask permission from landowners to gain access to the river.

After Ormstown, it becomes navigable downstream to the village of Ste. Martine, where a dam halts navigation by larger boats. The first few times you fish this stretch, proceed slowly to learn the rapids and areas with rocky bottoms. The depth averages about five feet, but there are shallows with only inches of water and holes to depths of 40 feet. These deep holes, best located with sonar, are excellent hot spots for walleye on a hot day.

The stretch from Ormstown to Ste. Martine offers excellent fishing for smallmouth bass, walleye and muskies. Beyond Ste. Martine, the river becomes quite shallow and here you'll catch some lunker smallmouth bass.

Once the river flows past the first bridge in downtown Chateauguay, it has only a few kilometers before it flows into Lake St. Louis. Here, you can catch perch, bass and pike. Because of heavy boat traffic, the best times to fish are early or late in the day. There are two public boat launches on Salaberry Boulevard North in Chateauguay.

Try fishing around the cement supports on the first bridge over the river upstream from Lake St. Louis for huge smallmouth bass. This is the hole where Ken Wilkie of Chateauguay caught his bragging size Chinook salmon a few years ago.



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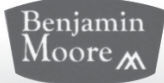
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# Pigeon Hill – Historical Droppings

*by Linda Knight Seccaspina*

At one point in time there were over 3.5 billion passenger pigeons in North America, and giant flocks would blacken the sky, but, did you know the early settlers and their ancestors managed to wipe out most of the birds by 1914? In clearing the forests over the course of the 19<sup>th</sup> century the loss of natural wilderness, paired with increased hunting, may have triggered the passenger pigeon's rapid extinction. Was this the case in Pigeon Hill, Quebec? George Titemore, from Columbia County, New York, was the first person to set up residence there in 1788, just a little less than 3/4 of a mile south, where the knoll-top community of Pigeon Hill now exists.

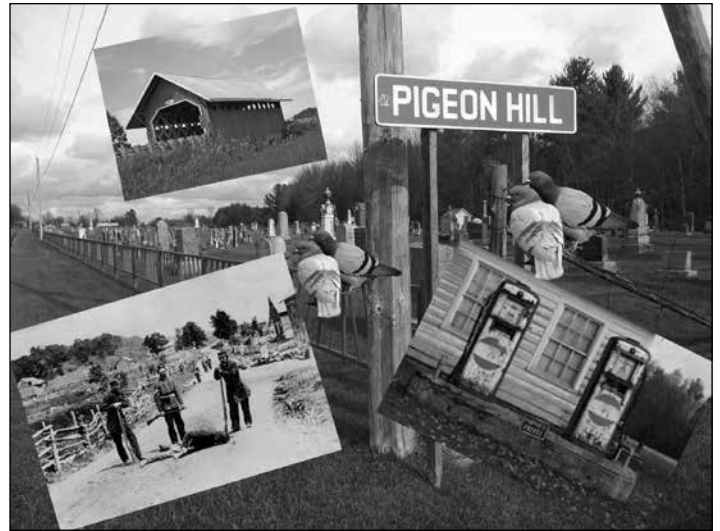
Local gossips speak of a bank teller in Bedford who said that Pigeon Hill got its name from a French man named Mr. Pigeon. Actually, it was when the early settlers arrived in the area, and supposedly found a ready food supply, available in the hoard of passenger pigeons roosting upon the hill. But according to the history books, it really wasn't a Hitchcock moment. The original settlers basically found only pasturage and hay for their animals, and in 1792 a famine for the families living in this section of St. Armand threatened their existence. They had no choice but to go into their wheat fields and shell out the unripe grain and boil it for food.

The Titemore family was so desperate that head-of-household George went to see a gentleman living just over the border in Berkshire, Vermont and purchased 100 pounds of flour for \$9.00. George carried it on his back through the woods to his residence, a distance of about 15 miles, and also managed to bag a moose, not pigeons, that was grazing with his horses. He died in 1832 at the age of 76 and had 13 children, yet only two remained in the area. George's sister Sophia Titemore was the first white person buried in the Pigeon Hill Cemetery (Old Methodist Cemetery) on Rue Des Erables. Her brother John is also buried there, and his final resting place is marked by a small slate stone inscribed, *JT Died July 31 1809 aged 87*. There are four slate stones grouped in a square which would probably indicate family members. Unfortunately, only JT's is legible.

Another Pigeon Hill resident, Henry Groat, had no descendants when he died in 1811, but the stream east of Pigeon Hill where he resided was named Groat Creek, after him. The local pigeons have roosted since 1845 on Guthrie Bridge built over Groat Creek. **This is the shortest public covered bridge among the twenty-**

**one authentic covered bridges remaining in the Eastern Townships.**

Adam and Eve Sager came to town in 1791 and once again the pigeons proved to be smarter than their human counterparts, after Mrs. Sager was found killed by lightning at the beginning of 1825. Even after that fateful accident, Pigeon Hill was still called Sagerville, in honour of the Sagers, but due to the large number of pigeons that frequented the area the name was soon changed to Pigeon Hill.



The first general store was opened by Pete Yeager about 1810, but he only traded for a couple of years until Adi Vincent and his son took over. Garth Holt was next, with a new store by the Episcopal church, but rumour (as the pigeon flies) was that it was destroyed by gun powder three or four years later. Fortunately it happened on a Sunday, so few were out and about, and the cause of the explosion was unknown and never talked about.

One Thursday, in June of 1866, the Fenians left their camp in Franklin, Vermont for the sole purpose of stealing horses and plundering dwellings in Canada. One raid found the area around Pigeon Hill overrun with the ragged, dirty, and half-armed Fenians, led by General Samuel Spear. I'm sure the local pigeons in the trees noticed that plundering and burning were more congenial to the Fenians' tastes than fighting for military fame or taking over Pigeon Hill for their very own. They broke into old Noah Sager's Hotel and stole and destroyed what they could. Even Edward Titemore's home was destroyed in the 1866 Fenian Raid.

(CONT'D ON PG.21)

Not content with Thursday's events they returned again on Friday, and 20 more scallywags joined Thursday's original 40 and spent the day plundering some more. The poor locals were nothing but clay pigeons to these dastardly Fenians, while they watched them march to the hotel of F.B. Carpenter and help themselves to a free dinner and then an additional 50 bucks in cash, which would be about \$720 in today's money.

For two days or three days the inhabitants of Pigeon Hill remained mostly unarmed, and gossip abounded that there were 1000 more wild Irishmen hovering nearby, awaiting their chance to finish the place off. In the *Detroit Free Press* of June, 1866, it was reported that a fight was imminent, with the British regulars prepared to fight the Fenians between the boundary lines at Pigeon Hill. Appearances indicated that the British would surround the Fenians, and it was also noted that a number of discontented invaders were now returning to the States. On June 7, 1866, the Fenian raiders were finally expelled by members of the Canadian Militia after also causing massive chaos at nearby Frelighsburg and St. Armand.

They say that almost every last bird in the community was wiped out where the farmlands of Quebec look to the north and the hills of Vermont to the south. I could find very little mention of Pigeon Hill again, except in the newspapers of January 1896 and August 1919. Pigeon Hill resident Thomas Hogan never found his Uncle Dandy Hogan after he placed a personal ad in the *St. Louis Dispatch* of January, 1896. The man had been missing for a year and was last seen working at South Atlantic Mills in St. Louis, Mo. In August, 1919, a widely known Pigeon Hill liquor joint was busted up at 2:30 am in the morning; it was noted that it was the largest seizure made along the border in some time. There was no record of who the "stool pigeon" was after Deputy Collector L. D. Seward stopped an automobile containing 4 gallons of alcohol on the Highgate Springs Road originating from Pigeon Hill.

William Shakespeare once said: "*We know what we are, but know not what we may be*". Pigeon Hill may not have become one the great hubs of the Eastern Townships – but it will be remembered in the history books, and why it was named Pigeon Hill will be forever debated.

## Winter

Crows in a skeletal tree  
Against the deep snow  
The contrasting black and white  
Of the cold silent season

By Ben Mabetti – A Cold Winter.

## INFLAMMATORY TALK

by Christine Aspinall

Have you ever had an 'itis'?

They most frequently will blight us,  
Just anywhere from head to tiny toe.

Do you have an aching hip?

Do you wish to tear a strip

Off anyone who dares to say 'Hello'?

Could it be that dread arthritis,

Or chronic synovitis?

The 'Med' book says we surely ought to know,

A doctor extra-special,

Who'll bring out the 'heavy metal'?

And operate - (this thing has got to go!).

So be it viral hepatitis,

Tonsillitis or bronchitis,

Guaranteed you'll pick one up some fateful day,

But if you keep your head about you,

You will find that it won't rout you,

And your 'itis' will be firmly kept at bay.

Now the most believing folk

Will not treat it as a joke,

If I say that I am feeling rather faint,

After going through the list,

Plus the 'itis's I've missed,

I know I have them all .... and I just 'ain't'!

# Angus Tracy (1870-1932) and son Neil (1905-1986)

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

Angus Tracy was born in Granby. He was the son of Johanna Neil and Seth W. Tracy. His parents both died in Bury, in 1889. Angus studied at Granby High School, and in 1893 he completed his veterinarian degree at McGill University. Until 1902, he was an officer with the North West Mounted Police in Edmonton. On January 6, 1900, in Regina, he volunteered to fight in the Boer War in the Province of Transvaal, South Africa. As a sergeant for 1½ year, he served with the Canadian Mounted Rifles within the Canadian First Special Service Force, and was awarded the Queen's Medal. In 1903 he married Grace Lucille Walley in Sherbrooke. The couple had two sons, Norman and Neil. From 1908 to 1932, Angus was the first and only municipal meat inspector of the City. For over 20 years, he took part in events of the Canadian Army Veterinarians Force, in which he became Lieutenant Colonel. Angus died in Sherbrooke, where, in 1953, Tracy Street was opened facing Jacques-Cartier Park.

Angus' son Neil was born in Sherbrooke and attended Sherbrooke High School. Neil graduated from Bishop's University with a degree in English and History in 1928. The following year he earned a master's degree in English and French. Neil was a student of Frank Oliver Call (1878-1956), the renowned Eastern Townships modernistic poet. By the end of his studies, Neil had become almost completely blind. He was fond of teaching but no one would hire him. A member of the Sherbrooke Scouts Commission, he became the first blind president of the Canadian Scouts Commission. With the assistance of his brother Norman, he was the Sherbrooke area secretary for the Canadian National Institute of the Blind from 1939-1967. Neil met a London nurse who was visiting Sherbrooke, Dorothy Ida Gentry (1901-1989) and married her in St. Peter's Church in 1947. They first lived in Sherbrooke and moved to Lennoxville in



Neil Tracy

1961. From 1962-1963, Neil was president of the Sherbrooke Lions Club, of which he had been a member for several years. When the Département d'études anglaises of the Faculté des arts de l'Université de Sherbrooke opened in 1963, Neil's dream came true, as he was hired as a lecturer to give English courses. In 1967, he became a full-time assistant professor and in 1969 to 1972 professor. He often said that this was the

best part of his life. Neil is best known for his book of poetry, *The Rain it Raineth* published by *La Tribune* in 1938 at the instigation of Alfred DesRochers. His poems focus on love but also on friendship and death. They appeared also in his following works, *Shapes of Clay* in 1967, *Voice Line* in 1970 and *Collected Poems* in 1975. During the 1930s and 1940s, he would have been the only anglophone to have joined the Mouvement littéraire des Cantons de l'Est, a group under the leadership of Alfred DesRochers. Following Neil's death, the famed poet Ronald Sutherland summed up his life as follows: "Neil Tracy's accomplishments were the result of quiet resolution, the will to embrace life rather than to retreat into a shell of darkness." Neil-Tracy Street was opened in 2015 in the Rock Forest area.

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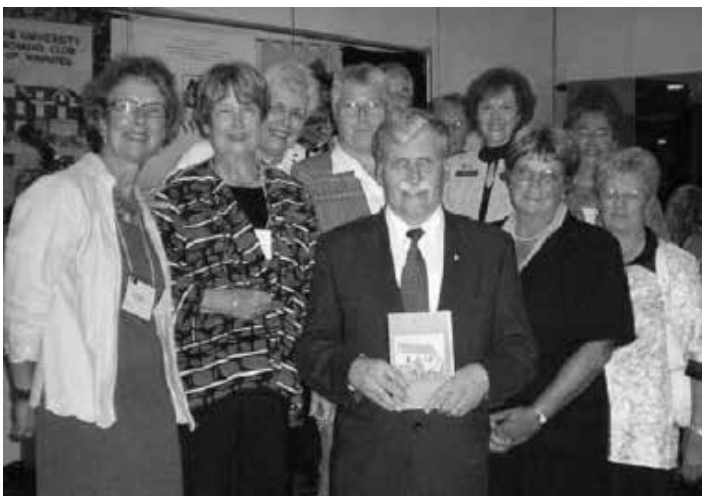
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## CFUW Sherbrooke and District Celebrates 50 Years

By CFUW

The Canadian Federation of University Women-Sherbrooke & District Club is celebrating its 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary. The club's mission is to promote educational growth, lifelong learning, advocate for equality and human rights locally, nationally and internationally. All women who share these ideas are welcome to join; it is not necessary to have a university degree. Women throughout the Townships, including Sherbrooke, Ayers Cliff, Eastman, St-Etienne-de-Bolton, Richmond, Magog, and North Hatley, participate by attending meetings with speakers, working on projects, and getting involved with the various interest groups. The club, which numbers more than 100 members, is part of both the national CFUW and international organizations.



Members of CFUW Sherbrooke and District with the Honorable Roméo D'Allaire

One of the significant projects that we have done was the publication of *Days to Remember: One-room Schoolhouses in the Eastern Townships of Quebec* in 2007. First, club members taped a series of interviews with aging former teachers in the 1990s. Then, the project revived in 2006 when it was discovered that there were many more former teachers and students who had attended one-room schoolhouses. Finally, the oral history project took on a life of its own when we discovered the many people

who had fascinating historical information about their experiences! It was then that the decision was made to compile a book.

During the first few decades of the 1900s, one-room schoolhouses dotted the rural landscape of the Eastern Townships. Functional in style and constructed of local materials such as wood, fieldstone, or brick, schoolhouses sprang up wherever pockets of school-aged children lived. It was not unusual to have a school building every three or four miles because most teachers and students were expected to walk to school. Almost all of the teachers in these early schools were young women in their late teens or early twenties. Many had attended MacDonald College, but some had come directly from high school into the role of teacher. Nevertheless, they assumed the sole responsibility for education of all children from grade one to seven within their schoolhouse. Often, other duties, such as cleaning the schoolhouse, organizing events, and stoking the wood stove, were also part of the position. This was an interesting period in Townships' social and educational history and *Days to Remember: One-room Schoolhouses in the Eastern Townships of Quebec* offered a unique window into that time. We were fortunate to receive financial help for the publication so the monies from sales have been used to create the Lampe Foundation "One-room Schoolhouse Scholarship", which is granted each year and has since been endowed. The community response was terrific, and almost all books were sold quickly, but there are a few left for sale at the Townshippers' Association office.

As a result of the project, club members made several presentations, including at the following: a Public History class at Bishop's University, the CFUW 2008 national conference in Montreal, the Wales Home, and the Eastern Townships Canadian Club. CFUW Sherbrooke & District continues to work on various projects that positively affect the Townships community. The publication of *Days to Remember: One-room Schoolhouses of the Eastern Townships in Quebec* truly represented the power of women working together.

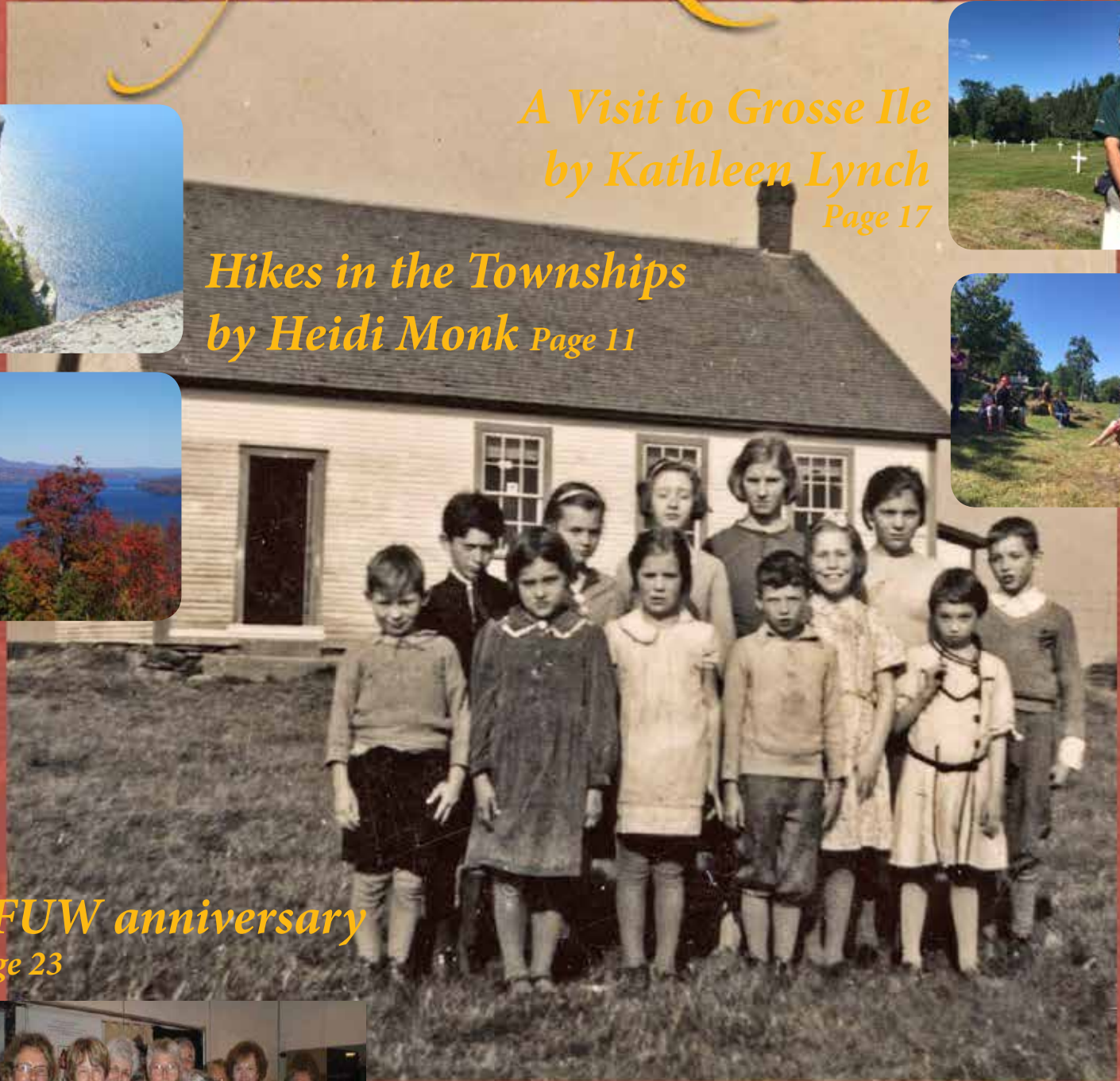


# Days To Remember

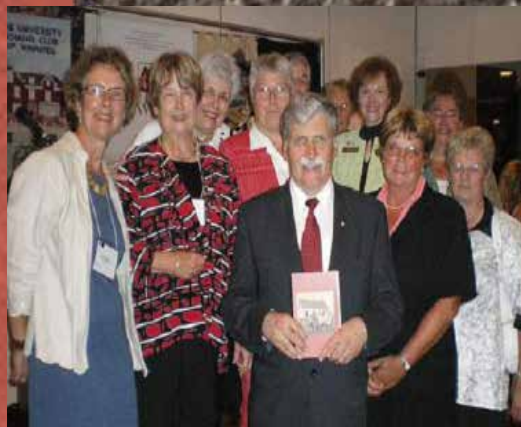
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*One-room Schoolhouses in  
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