

The Townships Sun

Townships Life and Culture: Past, Present, and Future

Feature article "Foundation to a beautiful, bountiful garden" Pp. 10-11



"If you look the right way, you can see that the whole world is a garden."

Frances Hodgson Burnett,
The Secret Garden

Garden Design:
Martine Drysdale
Garden proprietor:
Cindy Wilson

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Happy
Father's
Day!



Publisher
Tom Standish
Editor
Barbara Heath
Layout Supervisor
Melanie Cutting
Accounting
Marion Greenlay
Advertising
Jennifer Brown
Copy Editors
Janet Angrave
Melanie Cutting

Board of Directors
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Jennifer Brown
Melanie Cutting
Brenda Goodsell
Barbra Heath
Tom Standish

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The Townships Sun, P.O. Box 28, Lennoxville post office, Sherbrooke, QC J1M 1Z3
Tel: 819•566•7424 E-mail contact@townshipssun.ca



Townships Trivia

Name that Disaster! Part 1

By Matthew Farfan, QAHN

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RÉSEAU DU PATRIMOINE
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RPAQ

1 Flooding took place in early fall, 1924. What town do we see here?

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



2 In 1910 when this photo was taken, most buildings were made of wood. Water pressure was poor, and firefighting equipment rudimentary. Fires, with devastating affects, were common. This fire took place in what village in Potton Township?

- a) Knowlton
- b) Mansonville
- c) Highwater
- d) Bolton Centre



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happy
FATHER'S
day

3 This 1911 photo illustrates what could result when a fire broke out in winter. This fire occurred at which hotel?

- a) The Château Windsor Mills in Windsor Mills
- b) The Tower House in Waterville
- c) The Château Frontenac in Sherbrooke
- d) The Windsor Hotel in Granby



4 This fire, also in 1911, burned a large portion of which Missisquoi County village?

- a) Bedford
- b) Cowansville
- c) Frelighsburg
- d) Farnham



5 This 1932 fire consumed a landmark in downtown Rock Island. What was it called?

- a) The Rock Island House
- b) The Del Monte Hotel
- c) The American House
- d) The Border Bar & Grill



6 Back in the heyday of rail travel, train wrecks were a common occurrence. The CN passenger cars seen here in 1927 are exhibiting what phenomenon?

- a) The domino effect
- b) Bunching
- c) Crunching
- d) Telescoping



All images courtesy of the Matthew Farfan Collection



7 This wreck occurred near Sutton on the line of the South Eastern Railway in 1874. The men pictured smoking in this picture are posing on top of what type of railway car?

- a) The Smoking Car
- b) The Dining Car
- c) The Sleeper Car
- d) The Caboose



9 Covered bridges could be fragile things, especially during spring thaw, or when burdened with too much weight. The bridge pictured here in the 1860s has been lifted from its piers and collapsed, the result of high water and a heavy build-up of debris in the river. A similar covered bridge survives to this day in this town. Name the town!

- a) Cookshire
- b) Cowansville
- c) Milby
- d) St. Armand



8 A spectacular wreck occurred in 1907 when a wooden trestle collapsed under the weight of a Quebec Central train. A great deal of money was spent clearing the debris and replacing the trestle with a modern bridge. Where did this accident occur?

- a) Knowlton
- b) Kingsbury
- c) Richmond
- d) Eastman



10 About 70 buildings along the north end of Dufferin Street, including the town hall, the Catholic Church, a hotel and the registry office, were wiped out in this 1915 fire. What town was it?

- a) Granby
- b) East Angus
- c) Stanstead
- d) Sherbrooke



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

Musky Tackle and Tactics

by John Viau

In Quebec, musky fishing starts to be productive in early August and continues to be good right up until late November, depending upon the time that winter sets in. Good- to excellent musky fishing can be found on Lake St. Louis, Lake St. Francis, the St. Lawrence River system, Lake of Two Mountains, Lake Maskinonge, the Chateauguay River and in a few places on the English River.

Trolling for musky

In August, the most productive method of musky fishing is night trolling. Experienced anglers head out at dusk and some troll right through the night until almost morning. The best trolling conditions are usually choppy waters and cool temperatures. A very windy day is sometimes very productive; besides which, the rough conditions also eliminate a lot of the competition. Only large seaworthy boats with determined anglers will be out in the foul weather.

Trolling should be done at a speed that makes your lure work very rapidly and the rod should be really pulsating in your hands. Try gunning the outboard from time to time to give added action to the lure and make it dive and look like it's trying to escape.

Another trick is to pump the rod occasionally to make the lure dive and run erratically and look like an injured fish presenting itself as an easy meal to a hungry musky.

Try trolling in S patterns or zigzagging to cover more territory. Troll in between 15 to 20 feet of water and work into shallower water towards sunset.

Troll in close proximity to weed beds and weed lines and try to get as close to the weed line as possible without picking up too many weeds. Muskies like to hide in the weeds waiting to pounce out and grab an unsuspecting fish.

Trolling over shoals from 12 to 20 feet in depth can be productive, also. At all times, when trolling, try to keep your lure approximately 3 to 4 feet off the bottom.

When a musky strikes, set the hooks hard by rearing back on the rod and really setting the hooks hard, two or three times. The musky has a bony mouth and it really takes a solid shot to set the hooks well into his bony maw.

Next comes the very important matter of the proper equipment for musky fishing. The rod should be a 5 1/2 to 6 feet long heavy action trolling rod. We would

recommend a good quality trolling reel such as the Penn209MF. We use high quality lead core line of 30 to 45 pound test and wire leaders of 24 to 36 inches long, with a minimum of 30 pound test.

If you would prefer to use spinning tackle, then we would suggest a surf casting rod of 7 to 7 1/2 feet long equipped with a high quality heavy duty spinning reel with 20 to 25 pound test monofilament. Leaders, once again, should be 24 to 36 inches long and made of wire with a minimum of 30 pound test. Some anglers express the opinion that the longer rod is more sporting and gives them more of a thrill when fighting a big musky.

The net should be large, of first quality and very solidly constructed. A large musky can tear a cheap net to pieces in seconds.



John with a musky

If you're using a gaff, be sure to buy the sturdiest one you can find, and don't be afraid to spend a little extra money for the best. We would only recommend gaffing a very large musky that the angler intends to keep to eat or to have mounted. If you wish to return the fish to the water, its chances of surviving after being gaffed are almost nil.

The next piece of equipment is a bat to hit the musky on the head and kill it before it's taken into the boat. The bat can be constructed of brass or can simply be a piece of pipe filled with lead to give it added weight, or it can be a big, heavy piece of wood similar to a small baseball bat.

Naturally, if you intend to release the musky, then a bat is not to be used. But if it's a trophy-sized fish that you intend to keep, then the use of a bat is recommended.

(CONT'D ON PG. 7)

(CONT'D FROM PG.6)

because when you kill the fish in the water with the bat, it is dead before it's lifted into the boat and there is no danger from the razor sharp teeth or fling hooks.

We have found that the following lures are all excellent musky lures: the Mepps Musky Killer No. B-5M, the Mepps Giant Killer No. GK-5 and GK-5D, the SwimWiz 6 and 7 1/2 inches, the Cisco Kid 8 1/2 inch series 1800, the Flatfish 4 1/2 inch series M2 and the Rapala Magnum 7 inch No. 18 and our personal favorites, the large trolling sizes Canadian Wiggler in the silver finish.

Requirements for a musky fisherman.

A musky fisherman must be dedicated to catching musky. He must be very persevering. He must be attentive to all the details of musky lore and, last but not least, a little bit of luck sure doesn't hurt any!

Perseverance pays off. One time my friend Peter Regis trolled for 30 days running without even a strike, and then on the 31st day, and in the space of an hour, he had four strikes.

First he had a strike and lost the fish after one long spool-stripping run. Then he retraced his trolling pattern, threw his large Canadian Wiggler into the water and caught a 29 pound musky. On the next pass he hooked into another musky that threw the hook on the second jump. Confidently, Peter made another pass and hooked into a 35 pound musky that he landed after a 20 minute battle and a lot of anxious moments. Not many anglers can boast of days on the water such as this, but it took a whole month on the water to lead up to this super day.

Boating a musky

We would very strongly recommend that any fish that is not going to be eaten or mounted be returned to the water to be fished again. If this is the case, play the fish until it is tired, then use a large, sturdy net to bring it aboard the boat. It's a good idea to wear a heavy pair of leather gloves when you're removing the hooks from the musky's mouth. Remove the hooks as quickly as possible and avoid handling the musky any more than necessary to increase its chances of survival. Gently return the musky to the water and if it is sluggish and just sits there, try moving the fish slowly back and forth to work the water through its gills and revive it. When it begins to liven up, let it swim away.

If you prefer to gaff your musky, play it until it is tired – this usually takes a minimum of 20 to 25 minutes. If you attempt to gaff a musky that is not thoroughly beaten, then you're looking for trouble and the minute you get it aboard the boat, all hell will break loose. A musky's teeth are lethal weapons and razor sharp teeth combined with flying hooks is a deadly combination in the confines of a fishing boat.

Gaff a musky on either side of the stomach, but not on the back. Try to gaff it about one third of the way down from the head to get added leverage when you're bringing it aboard the boat.



Red with a musky

The third method of boating a musky, and the one we prefer if the fish is to be kept, is to hit the musky over the head with a heavy brass bat while it is alongside the boat. Play the fish until it looks tired and is alongside the boat. Then with the drag set lightly so that the fish can run, wave your bat not too far away from the musky and watch its reaction. If he doesn't attempt a fresh run, then use your bat to hit the musky a sharp blow on the skull between the eyes or just back from the eyes. The fish will either turn belly up or might make a short run, running on his nerves so-to-speak, before he shivers violently and dies.

How to tell a musky from a pike.

On a pike, the point of the tail is rounded. On a musky, the point of the tail is more V-shaped. On a pike the cheeks are fully scaled. On a musky, only the top half of the cheeks are scaled. The pike almost always has 10 pores under the lower jaw, while the musky has 12 to 18 pores. A pike has light pale oval spots on dark skin while the skin of the musky has dark spots on a lighter background.

One final bit of advice. If you are a beginner at musky fighting, hire a well-known guide and follow his instructions to the letter and memorize and copy his techniques. If you're observant and determined, it will only be a matter of time before you experience the exhilaration of boating your first musky.



Overheard

by Ben Mabetti

Last week I met an old friend. We stood on the sidewalk exchanging news until he said he had to leave to attend a *vernissage*, a charity event to which he had donated one of his lithographs. As I had been a follower of his career, I asked which one, and he replied, the “Orchid,” and started to smile at some private joke.

To explain this show of humour, he told me the following:

“When I have a solo exhibition, most of the public come to the opening night *vernissage*, this being their opportunity to meet the artist, but I like to return on the first Saturday thereafter to see friends and mingle anonymously, out of the spotlight, with the viewers. While doing the latter I came upon two white haired ladies, who resembled the perfect image of grannies: both neat as a pin, dressed up for an afternoon on the town, complete with little purses, coifed hair and rouge on the cheeks – just to add a touch colour. They were in front of this same lithograph, which was a frontal view

of a very oversized white orchid. This orchid family has its sex organs very prominently displayed – after all, they are in the sex trade.

The Grannies were both leaning forward to inspect the detail, and I immediately thought they must be knowledgeable in the techniques of printmaking. As I was by now right behind them, I thought I would engage in a discussion of a technical nature with them, but held back as Granny Number One said: “Oh my, he must have done a lot of very close observation to get *that* part right.” “Hands-on research, you mean,” giggled Granny Number Two “My, it certainly is right there for all to see, and so large!”

With a sigh, Granny Number One said, “It has been years since anyone showed any interest in mine.” Granny Number Two quipped, “Tell me about it!” Then they turned and walked arm in arm to look at the next painting.

Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

A cousin of our dogs, coyotes are highly intelligent, adaptable animals who form strong family groups—it’s believed that they have the same partner for life. Parents share in raising and protecting their pups, and during the course of their lives, family members may visit each other and, from time to time, live together.

Trapping is terrifying, tears families apart—pups are left to starve—and is counterproductive. It creates a spike in the food supply that increases breeding among survivors and attracts newcomers. It’s also indiscriminate: Dogs, cats, birds and other animals can be crippled or killed.

Projet Montréal can control coyote populations humanely

through deterrents, landscape modification and eliminating or mitigating attractants. Residents can do their part by never feeding coyotes and keeping trash containers tightly sealed. Dogs and cats should be fed indoors and be closely monitored outside.

As long as humans encroach on their homes, encounters with coyotes will increase. Like us, they want to be left in peace.

Sincerely,
Craig Shapiro
PETA Foundation
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Memories of Conversations with Johnny

By Linda Knight Seccaspina

When I was a child, my father would take me to many Eastern Townships rural auctions. We would sit for hours on hard wooden benches in some old barn while he bought a lot of old furniture he didn't need. During that period of time I learned a lot, and I bring that knowledge with me every single time I venture into a thrift shop or an estate sale. I might not be a mathematician, but I can tell you when things were made and how much they're worth pretty quickly.

At the auctions, my dad would meet up with a pair of elderly twins who had lived in the hills of the Eastern Townships for most of their lives. One of them had been nicknamed Hillside Johnny. Johnny was a recluse and seemed to talk to just a chosen few, and very few seemed to be on that list. When the folks at the auctions spoke about him and his home, it was said that his was not "*a home of culture*." The more they talked about him, the more curious I became.

John used to walk up and down the length of the auction barn sporting a strange shirt, soiled pants, well-worn work gloves and "high water" pinkish underwear that seemed to explode above his pants. Every 15 minutes his hat seemed to change like magic and the holes in his socks appeared larger.

As the long-haired man spoke to people here and there, I overheard that his brother lived with him, but they had not spoken in 5 years. He no longer used his kitchen after they converted it into an extra bedroom, and he cooked on a hot plate in a disgusting, over-crowded garage. This in a home in a highly sought-after neighbourhood in Bromont, with a view that would soon cost mega-dollars.

I listened carefully as Johnny told Dad that he had not driven a car in years, but instead rode his bike the 3.5 to 5.5 miles up and down the hills, a trek that would give a younger man a heck of a workout.

Each time my dad saw him he handed Johnny something in a coloured shopping bag that seemed to match his underwear. What was in that bag? I never found out, and after the auction Johnny used to slowly wander down the road clutching the bag, with a significant body aroma trailing along with him.



In my life I have always been called different, but some days I wonder if I am slowly morphing into the same classification as Johnny — Will I too someday cook on a hotplate inside a garage after my vintage clothing collection takes over my home? Maybe we all have a little Hillside Johnny in us, and being weird is kind of like being a limited edition. Johnny was just the kind of person that people didn't see that often, and maybe strange was all he had – or wanted. After all, an original has always been worth more than a copy, and that's the way it should be.



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819.578.3934
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Foundation to a Beautiful, Bountiful Garden

By Martine Drysdale

Finally things are starting to grow and our thoughts turn to gardening. We spoke to Martine Drysdale to gather a few tips on the making of a good garden. Here, then, is the first article on gardening – soil.

Your garden center is a great source of information, whether you are a novice or an experienced gardener. Soil is the foundation of a garden. There are three main types of soil:

Type 1. Loamy soil feels crumbly soft and feathery. When moistened and squeezed, it will stay together, forming a loose ball. This soil type is dark brown or black and has a balance of minerals and organic matter, having lots of nutrients for plants. It also absorbs water very well. Loamy soil is one of the richest soil types due to its composition of a mixture of clay, silt and decaying organic materials. It also has a high calcium content, and the potential for retaining water and nutrients for longer periods of time. If you add compost to loamy soil, it will improve the desired qualities that may be lacking.

Type 2. Clay soil feels slippery when wet. Dry clay is very hard. The dry weather causes clay to bake hard and even crack on the surface. When moistened and squeezed, it will stay together forming a ball. This soil is tightly compressed with little or no air space. This feature makes clay the heaviest and densest type of soil. It holds and retains large quantities of nutrients and water, making it difficult for air and moisture to penetrate through it, thus it requires some adjustment to unlock the nutrients for plants to use. Compost or mulch may be added to make the soil much more ideal for planting, creating better drainage and air flow.

Type 3. Sandy soil runs between your fingers with few lumps. When moistened and squeezed, it will not stay together. It has little food for plants and dries quickly. This soil is pale yellowish to yellowish brown in color. This is one of the poorest types of soil. Because sandy soil is composed of loose coral or rock grain materials (has a dry and gritty touch) this is what prevents it from retaining water. Sandy soils lose water very quickly, making it difficult for plants to establish roots. The nutrients and water are speedily carried away by runoff. This soil is the poorest for supporting plant growth.

The best way to improve any soil type is to incorporate liberal amounts of organic matter each year. Compost feeds the soil; fertilizer feeds the plant.

There are plants for every type of soil.....if you tried to grow plants and they simply do not thrive it could be due to your soil type. When making the choice of plants use the information you now have concerning soil. Garden foundation basics includes knowing your soil type, compost and/or fertilizers needed, as well as how and where to use mulches. *(Garden photos courtesy Martine Drysdale.)*

(CONT'D ON PG. 11)



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Evolution of a Garden



First year of Cindy Wilson's garden



Same garden, four years later



Fifth year of the garden



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Frank McCrea (1852-1926):

From a South Durham Boy to a Timber Tycoon and Federal MP

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

Francis “Frank” Nelson McCrea was born in South Durham, January 14, 1852. He was the son of Irish immigrants Eliza “Ella” Nelson and Francis McCrea who had been married in Drummondville’s St. Georges Church, October 25, 1846. Frank attended South Durham public school and remained on his father’s farm until he was 21. He then started working for Charles Church’s lumber mill in South Durham.



Photo-The Stanstead & Sherbrooke Mutual Fire Insurance Company, 1835-1910 Seventy-fifth Anniversary, p. 47

About 1874, Frank married Charles Church’s niece, Elizabeth Church. They had a daughter, Estella, who died as an infant in South Durham. Frank was listed as a merchant in the 1881 census. In a second wedding, on November 11, 1882, he married Judith Fannie Ella Wakefield, in Drummondville’s Methodist Church. They had ten children, all except the last three born in South Durham: James Edson, Altha Ella, Elizabeth Wyrle Gladys, Evelyn Janet, Abigail Aileen Beryl, Frank Wakefield, Ruby Marion Doris, George Winfield Leighton, Robert, and Eleanor Edwina Muggins. Frank was a South Durham town councillor for 4 years, mayor for 11 years and Drummondville Regional Prefect for 2 years.

In 1901, Frank McCrea came to live in Sherbrooke. In 1902, he bought, with associates, Lotbinière Lumber Co., which owned 60,000 acres of timber land and included

the Lotbinière & Megantic Railway. He managed the business until his death. In 1904, he bought five hundred miles of Government timber limits and set-up the Sherbrooke Lumber Co, of which he was president. In 1907, he became a shareholder and later president (likely until his death) of the Brompton Pulp and Paper Co. He bought the East Angus Royal Paper Mills as well as vast stretches of wooded areas along the St. Francis River. In brief, for about 50 years, he had an active role in the growth of the region’s economy: timber, railways and textiles. From 1902 to 1910, he was Sherbrooke’s North Ward town councillor. In 1906-1907, at the corner of Melbourne (now Prospect) and Queen (now Queen Victoria) Streets, he had a rich neo-colonial home built for his family, according to the design of architect Edward White. His widow lived in it until 1940, and it was rented in 1941 by the City of Shebrooke for the Social Club that had been established that year. Bought by the City in 1944, the home was destroyed by a fire in 1954.

From 1911 to 1926, Frank McCrea was president of the region’s first insurance company, the Stanstead & Sherbrooke Fire Insurance Co. Until about 1912, he was on the Eastern Townships Bank board of directors. Finally, from 1911 to 1925, he served as Sherbrooke MP in the House of Commons. He died October 30, 1926 and was buried with his second wife in Elmwood Cemetery. In 1952, his name was given to the road that had been opened between 1883 and 1906 as Range Road 4 of Orford Township, and is now McCrea Street in front of the Carrefour de l’Estrie shopping mall.



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Remembering Dad

by Barbara

A parent plays an important role in our lives. My father passed away on February 14, 2001. He was 83 years old. It is interesting how numbers will attach themselves to our memory. My dad was 83 when he died, and my mom passed away in 1983 at the age of 65. From that time, on the number 83 has had a sad connection in my memory. With the passing of my dad, it took away the last of my family connections. It felt like I was an orphan. When I have expressed this feeling, many people have said they felt the same way when their last parent passed.

The sense of safety, security and love of a parent was gone. Now all that was left were the memories. I wanted people to know who my father was, and I thought of all the things he had said and the life lessons I had learned, lessons that served me well. So I asked myself, who was this man that I called Dad? Melton was a father, husband, grandfather, brother and friend. He would be the first to tell you he was an ordinary man. He believed deeply in honesty and trust. If he gave you his word, you knew you could count on him. If he owed you money, you would be sure of payment forthwith.

He was a straightforward man. You never needed to question if he agreed with you. His voice was deep and commanding; you just knew it was in your best interest to comply. I was not afraid of him, but I knew I was not going to be told again. He explained that he never wanted me to be afraid of him but he wanted me to respect him and listen. He said, "It is my responsibility to set down guide lines and values and be sure you follow them. These are things you will need throughout your life."

He worked hard and believed in an honest day's work. He spent 27 years of his life working at Rock of Ages Granite Quarry. In earlier years, he farmed, and worked as a chauffeur at the Hermitage Club, as well as a mechanic. He experienced his share of hardships in life. I often looked to him for advice and information.

We had long conversations on philosophies of life. It was then I truly began to understand my father. His sense of family was deep. He taught me to respect others, especially those with disabilities. His brother, Wallace, was born with several handicaps. My father told us to always walk beside Wallace with pride and never be ashamed, and most of all stand up for what was right. He instilled a deep sense of human good.

He was a private man. He had a dry sense of humour. You never quite knew when he was going to walk you into the middle of a joke, until he delivered the punch line. Then the puzzled look would come over my face and I would

wonder how I got there. His mind was quick and witty and always had a fast comeback.

I heard many stories of him helping people, sitting up long hours with sick family members. As he grew older it became difficult for him to complete simple tasks. This was foreign to me, as he had extraordinary physical strength. His mind stayed sharp. I listened to him recount his life's events in complete detail. Never make the mistake of thinking you could get ahead of him, because you would be wrong.

He valued his friends and spoke of each of them and their acts of kindness. His memories of them were always there and he found comfort in knowing they were never far away. We talked about life and that everything had a season. He wanted me to be able to let him go when his time came. I came to think of each day as a special gift, a gift to be unwrapped gracefully. You never know when there are no tomorrows, just the memories. On this Father's Day, my dad is not here, but the lessons and memories remain.

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Dining Out in the Townships

Members of the Canadian Federation of University Women (CFUW)-Sherbrooke and District Club, work to improve the status of women, and to promote human rights, public education, social justice and peace. In addition, there are interest groups such as Book Club, Dining Out, Fun with Cooking, Advocacy, Walking, Bridge, Travel, Wellness, and Grandmothers for Grandmothers. For information on the club, see <http://www.cfuw-fcfdu-qc.ca/history/history-of-cfuw-sherbrooke-and-district-for-provincial-council/>

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

Our vision is to be a dynamic club for all women in the Eastern Townships, engaged in our community by promoting education and life-long learning in a gender-equal society. To learn more about CFUW Sherbrooke & District, please contact cfuwsherbrooke@gmail.com or see <http://www.cfuw-fcfdu-qc.ca/history/history-of-cfuw-sherbrooke-and-district-for-provincial-council/>.

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



Members of the Dining Out Group enjoying lunch at Persepolis Iranian restaurant

Photo - CFUW

In April, our group of fourteen diners experienced fine Iranian cuisine at **Restaurant Persepolis, 305 King Ouest, Sherbrooke**. This is a “bring your own wine” place with a very pleasant ambiance. The decor is

charming, with attractive paintings on the walls. The Middle Eastern music is soft and unobtrusive.

The menu offers a wide choice of Iranian dishes, which include entrees, accompaniments, tasting plates, main courses and desserts. Our selections were colorful, well-prepared and tasty. The main course was a choice of beef, chicken, salmon, lamb and vegetarian. There are five desserts available. Our favourites included the traditional Iranian ice cream made with vanilla, saffron, cardamom, rose water and pistachio, and baklava and khorma (Iranian dates stuffed with walnuts). Desserts are \$3-5, and are also available for purchase at the take-out counter. The lunch menu offers a choice of four specials priced at \$13-14. The restaurant also offers a *table d’hôte* and a children’s menu.

Our bilingual waitress was pleasant and efficient, and patiently explained the various dishes, and we never felt rushed. If you come by car, there is metered parking on King, Peel Street and near the courthouse. Reservations are required at night on weekends. Our decision - we would certainly go again!

The Dining Out Group also recently had lunch at **Chanchai Thai Restaurant at their new location at 11 Wellington Street North in Sherbrooke**. The restaurant is very spacious and had no trouble accommodating a large group. There is a large selection of reasonably priced Thai dishes and all were preceded by a choice of two kinds of soup. By far the most popular luncheon choices were the two traditional Pad Thai and Pad See Cew available with chicken, beef or vegetables. Both are noodle dishes, containing peanuts, with the difference being in the type of noodle. Pad Thai is made with narrow noodles, and Pad See Cew is made with wider noodles. Many of the luncheon choices include rice, if preferred. Other choices that our group made were chicken and shrimp with peppers and rice, very attractively presented.

Everyone enjoyed their meal and the leisurely cups of coffee and tea that followed. We did not feel that we were being “rushed” to vacate the premises after eating and were allowed lots of time to socialize.

Foundation Hosts Uplifting Luncheon

By Brenda Hartwell (TRCF Board Member and volunteer)

On March 23rd, Townshippers' Research & Cultural Foundation (TRCF) hosted their annual Grant Giving Luncheon in Magog at St. Paul's United Church Hall. Founded in 1986, TRCF is a non-profit organization with the mission to promote the well-being of our community through the solicitation and administration of gifts and bequests from donors.

Each year, TRCF grants funds to local organizations and grassroots initiatives with worthy projects in the fields of health and social services, arts and heritage, youth, education and research. To date, TRCF has given away over one million dollars to initiatives that improve the quality of life for those who live in our region.

The Grant Giving Luncheon was an uplifting event. A repast of savoury pies, salads, carrot cake and ice cream was prepared and served by TRCF's board of directors. This was followed by the distribution of cheques, and a brief description of their project by the grant recipients.

TRCF President Jane Loiselle said, "Each year we are impressed with the range of projects and the passion of community leaders and volunteers, who devote their time and energy for the betterment of their community. Our luncheons give us the opportunity to meet these people. It also provides a space for people from different parts of the Townships to network and share best practices. It's inspiring."

This year cheques were distributed for initiatives of the following 25 groups:

Avante Women's Centre (Bedford)

To encourage English-speaking women to expand their cultural experiences by participating in group outings.

Bibliothèque Lennoxville Library

To continue Family Story Night.

Borderline Players (Stanstead)

To provide quality live entertainment and cultivate creative arts.

Cinema Potton (Mansonville)

To provide films in both official languages.

Hillhouse Cemetery (West Bolton)

To preserve a heritage site.

The Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum

Society (LAHMS)

To complete an important update of their inventory and photographs.

Knowlton Academy

Educational experience for students as they continue to grow their garden.

Knowlton Literary Festival

9th annual English-language literary festival.

Le Phare, Source d'Entraide (Cowansville)

"Art Hive" promotes intergenerational interaction, creativity, skill sharing & recycling.

Harmonie des Saisons (Granby)

To present critically acclaimed live performances in the region.

Maison de la Famille des Frontières (Bedford)

To provide support for English-speaking parents of children 0 - 12 years old.

Mental Health Estrie (Sherbrooke)

To provide a guest speaker, supplies & activities for Peer Support Group.

Missisquoi North Volunteer Centre (Mansonville)

Discipline, focus, exercise for youth through boxing techniques.

Musécole (Sherbrooke)

Benefit concert showcasing work of Canadian songwriters to equip music programs in ET schools with instruments.

Musée Copps Ferry (Canton Stanstead)

To catalogue and preserve archival artifacts.

Phelps Aide-Phelps Helps (Stanstead)

Free tutoring in French, encourages bilingualism, improves employability.

Pleins Rayons (Cowansville)

Training young people with intellectual disabilities to become employable workers.

St. Patrick's Society (Richmond)

To support the parade, a cultural event that helps create a sense of pride.

(CONT'D ON PG.15)

(CONT'D FROM PG. 15)

Stanstead Agricultural Society (Ayer's Cliff)

Documentary film and YouTube video about the history & role of the Ayer's Cliff Fair.

Stanstead Mental Health Support Group

To provide a social outing to reduce isolation and to encourage social integration.

Uplands Cultural & Heritage Centre (Sherbrooke)

English Tea traditions—to create an interpretation exhibit, "Steeped in Tradition," and offer school workshops.

Yamaska Literacy Council (Cowansville)

Moving to Learn\Learn to Move: to address factors related to stress & anxiety that impact a student's learning.

T.A. YOUTH Townships (Sherbrooke)

To support economic, entrepreneurial, educational & social opportunities for newcomers and youth.

Townshippers' Association C & C

To promote creativity through art, music & drama & promote cultural exchanges.

Townshippers' Foundation exists with your support! Any form of support from a one-time donation to long term commitment is invested back into the community. In fact, 90% of your donations support Townships-based projects with the remaining 10% covering administrative costs, a smaller percentage than most large Foundations. All donations are tax-deductible.

If you would like to know more about TRCF, you can visit our website at: www.townshippersfoundation.ca or call Mary at 819-822-3314. You can also connect with us through our Facebook page.

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Last Run for Engine #42

by Don Martin

The following article was based on information submitted by Don Martin. (July 27, 1951 "The End of the Run")

The air was filled with nostalgia as a small group of retired engineers watched her pull into the station. Her last run. This once favorite of Q.C.R. engineers held a star role in her days. Engine # 42 rolled out of the Canadian Locomotive Works at Kingston, Ontario in 1913. At her retirement. in July 1951, this great lady had travelled 1 ¼ million miles over the company lines. She was always in the limelight during her 38 years of service.

Her size was deceptive, and her power unexpected. She was a small, light ten-wheeler. Don't let this deceive you, as her performance was comparable to the heavier C. Pac D- 10s. She did freight and passenger runs. These locomotives were affectionately known as "Kingstons," they ran from Newport, Vermont to Sherbrooke and Quebec City. Engine Number 42 operated on the New York Flyer run between Sherbrooke and Lévis. Her performance in creditable, making the run of 143 miles in the outstanding time of just 4 hours. Imagine being the engineer sitting at her throttle on one of the special runs.

It was the heyday for #42 and she was assigned the honour of carrying notable passengers, such as Marshall Joffre, the French military leader who visited at the end of W.W. II, traveling over the line from Quebec to Sherbrooke and on to the United States; Franklin D. Roosevelt made a good will tour in July 1936 traveling over the Q.C.R. line from Megantic to Quebec City. On that day, engineers H. Wark and Freeman E. Forest were in the cab of the #42. A proud day for the engineers.

The locomotives were replaced with more modern Quebec Central models. Out with the old, in with the new: Engine #42 was scrapped at the Angus Shops in Montreal. Her faithful engineers were there to say goodbye to their old friend, "Engine #42;" L.G. Coogan, E.J. Forest, E.W. Riff, Charles Wright, Ben Dean, Charles Brooks, and R. Portelance, Q.C.R. master mechanic. There was a little chuckle heard among them: "It's just as well that girl can't talk or she'd have some tales to tell." I am sure they were correct, tales of pride, excitement, honour and secrets well kept.



Photo Information Shown in roundhouse in Sherbrooke – E.W. Riff (in cab); E.J. Forest (on tender) and left to right standing: L.G. Coogan; Charles Wright; A. M. Hand, General anager Q.C.R.; Charles Brooks; Ben Dean and R. Portelance, Q.C.R. master mechanic.

My Dad

by Elaine Laraway

I come from a large family of four brothers and four sisters. My family lived on a farm, so it is needless to say that we all had to work on the farm. Raising the children was considered Mother's job but my dad played an important role in my life.

I learned a lot from my dad. In the spring time, Dad would head to the sugar bush to tap maple trees. As children, we would run to get the buckets to hang on the spouts which he had pounded into the trees. Sometimes my dad would tap a butternut tree, just to see if we knew the difference between that and a maple. If we fell for it he would chuckle and say, "Trying to gather butternuts?" Wandering around in the woods we learned to identify nearly all of the different kinds of trees.

Dad ploughed the fields, and afterwards, harrowed the ground when it was dry enough. All of us children were put to work picking stones, and there were hundreds of them. We loaded them onto the stone drag for the horses to cart them off to a stone pile or to the stone wall at the edge of the field. That was hard work!

We helped to plant the garden. Dad showed me how to cut the seed potatoes between the eyes and plant the potato pieces, with the eyes pointing upward. You put fertilizer, some dirt, the seed potato and more dirt on top. Oh yes, we were later shown the weeds and the good plants and it was our job to clean the weeds out of the garden. Those potato rows were long but I remember getting five cents for each row that was cleared of weeds. Mother helped with this as well. We didn't ask why we had to do this nor refuse to do the job. I grew up in a time when children did as they were told to do, and I never knew that I had a choice.

Dad showed me how to make a whistle out of poplar and willow wood. The whistles really worked but the continuous sound nearly drove my mother nuts. I heard her tell Dad once that she was sure he could have found something better to do.

We always used horses on the farm. I remember my dad showing me how to put the bridle on the horse. Someone else always tended to the harness. I loved driving the horses, whether it was while gathering sap in spring or collecting hay in the summer time. If the horses were out in the pasture and they were needed for work, all I had to do was go to the gate and call them and they would come to me. I always had some carrots or apples to feed them. They wouldn't come for anyone else and my brothers and sisters used to wonder why not. That was

a secret shared between the horses and me. Later at chore time, I would tell them that I got the horses so it was their job to get the cows. The cows were stubborn and had to be herded into the barn.

Dad was a no-nonsense kind of chap. If there was a job to do, you did your work, without having him remind you several times. If we had our rambunctious moments and things tended to get out of hand, he was quick to lay down the law. Sometimes I felt that he was too strict, but I never told him so.

Dad taught me how to make a fire without using matches, using a round piece of hard wood which he placed on a piece of soft wood with some birch bark and dry grass placed on it. He rubbed the piece of hard wood back and forth quickly between his hands and that caused heat to build up against the soft wood and the tinder (birch bark and dry grass) would start to smoke and eventually catch fire. But he cautioned me that I could only do this in an emergency and never try this near the buildings or when it was hot and dry outside. It was only used for survival and fortunately, I never had to make use of it.

Dad was never one for doing housework. To the day he died, he firmly believed that was a woman's job. If Mother asked him to do something in the house, he usually ended up making a real mess and no one asked him to help again. It took twice as long to undo the damage.

When I was six or seven years old my dad said I had to read this story about a little red hen that went cluck, cluck, cluck and a rooster that said cock-a doodle-do. Well, we had hens and roosters on the farm and none of them made sounds like this. There was no way that I was reading that stuff. Dad told me that if I learned to read then I could read anything that I wanted to read, but if I didn't learn to read then I would have to listen to people read that kind of stuff to me. As a result, I really dug in and mastered the art of reading. It was great to be able to choose my own stories.

These are only some of the memories that I have of Dad. Father's Day is special and I felt special having a dad present in my life. I know many children who did not have that privilege. Dad was a hard-working man and believed in providing for his family. He was always willing to help others if and when they needed help, and he served as a good role model during his life time.

Mankind's Search for Means of Communication: Part 2

by Lionel Emond

In Part 1 (March 2018, Vol 45 No. 7), the author looked at the early history of communication, including North American Indians and Inuit, and ending with European settlers. This section continues the story with a glance at the last 100 years

Sequential development of wireless communication, mechanized office recording, and printing and calculating, has propelled the world's communication capacity ahead dramatically. The benefits of speedy communications, the ability to record and print reports and calculations rapidly, and the versatility of telecommunication equipment, both portable and fixed, have broadened man's abilities.

In early times, people in the New World were faced with hand-written records and evolving methods of reproducing copies (wax process, carbon paper, etc), while in other parts of the world, the use of "kipus" enabled the Peruvians to calculate quantities. The Chinese did the same with the "abacus", and Europeans were using instruments that utilized the abacus principle.

Early computing methods, such as the use of telegraphy for communication and data collection, the IBM punch card system (360), dictaphones, and telephone dictation sent to stenography centres, arrived on the scene. Now there is a shopping bag of communication and printing toys to meet all situations (providing the batteries last and you locate WiFi facilities!)

The Medium is the Message, or Massage

Canada's Marshal McLuhan argued that electronic media almost literally wires people differently. "All media, from the phonetic alphabet to the computer, are extensions of man that cause deep and lasting changes in him and transform his environment. Such an extension is an intensification, an amplification of an organ, sense or function, and whenever it takes place, the central nervous system appears to institute a self-protective numbing of the affected area, insulating and anesthetizing it from conscious awareness of what's happening to it. It's a process rather like that which occurs to the body under shock or stress conditions," he wrote. "As a result, precisely at the point where a new media-induced environment becomes all-pervasive and transmogrifies our sensory balance, it also becomes invisible." By shaping how societies obtain information, the medium (television, telegrams, telephones, etc.) shaped people as much, if not more, than the message did. When copies of his 1967 book *The Medium is the Message*, an inventory of effects, came with a misprint, reading *The Medium is the Massage*, McLuhan decided it proved his point and

ran with it.

Postal Services

Not to be left behind, the speed of the postal service evolved slowly. The advent of the faster steamship crossings, permitted shorter delays in exchanging letters, compared to earlier experiences when travellers, and remote offshore Branch operations suffered delays of years in exchanging communications.

Within the past 50 years the improvement was slow. In the early 30's, an envelope carrying information from a business in the US to its Agent in the Asia, took 3 months to arrive in the port of arrival of the ocean liner. It was trans-shipped by various handlers through several Postal offices, before arriving at destination. The envelope then indicated that the intended recipient had left the country and was located elsewhere in Europe. The envelope then tracked its return back to sender with all the pertinent stamps, which by then exceeded the area available on the envelope. The elapsed time was almost 5 months in transit!

Now we are blessed (?) with instant mail, coming to us from all sources, whether it is welcomed or not, At least ,during our earlier uses of smoke signals, the messages were brief and only expected on windless days!

Concerns

The radical improvement in communications, while invaluable to businesses and travellers, presents a possible long-term problem with our youth, who spend disproportional time on their phones. One worries whether they will lose the ability to converse with one another in the future, as is notable in, say, restaurants. At one time, lunches were an opportunity to eat and enjoy conversation with friends and associates. Now, you see a table of young people, all on their phones! In earlier years youth amused themselves with talking to each other with a soup can to their ears connected with a length of cord!

At a recent visit to historical Incan ruins in Peru, the writer saw people taking "selfies" of themselves against a background of ancient monuments! The concern of individuals who leave home without their phones or other devices, reminds one of the concern of hikers not to forget their water flasks before venturing out on the desert!

Our Hidden History

by Colin Standish

If you look closely you can see where the seigneurial system gave way to the Eastern Townships. Near the banks of the mighty Richelieu River a 'Canadien' style sloped roof and gabled windows from a former farmhouse and a stone seigneurial style house are wedged between the highway overpasses.

Though seigneurial duties were abolished in 1854, shockingly, final payments on seigneurial financial obligations were only extinguished in 1970 by the provincial government.

The narrow ribbon farms, designed to maximize waterfront access, give way to an eclectic mix of Cape Cod-style clapboard, Greek Revival architecture, Second Empire Maynard roofs, and to larger and squarer land patterns.

This dividing line between the seigneurial and township systems was not only in land settlement patterns and property divisions, but at one time was also the line between language, culture, political representation and religion.

In the Eastern Townships, the Haskell Free Library and Opera House, located between Stanstead and Derby Line, is known for being built literally on the US-Canada border. Donald Morrison, the Outlaw of Megantic and target of the largest manhunt in history is still remembered, indeed revered. What other oddities are even more obscure?

My thoughts are drawn to the periphery, the shores of Missisquoi Bay where the first settlers landed from the United States, and to East Hereford, where Loyalists decamped from New England after floating down the Connecticut River.

OUR ANCESTORS OWNED SLAVES In St. Armand in the 1780s, a Loyalist settler named Captain Philip Luke brought a number of slaves with him after the American Revolution sent him northward to Missisquoi Bay on the shores of Lake Champlain.

There exists what local lore and legend recall is a slave burial ground, known by the (now unacceptable) name of "Nigger Rock," below a stone outcropping between St. Armand and Philipsburg. Nearby, a ruined building once served as the local Black chapel. Slavery was only officially outlawed in 1833, and an estimated 30 former slaves are thought to be buried there. No signage, markers, or gravestones mark this spot, foiled by the local farmer who was hostile to remembrances. He is now reportedly welcoming to visitors, which is thought to be the only known slave graveyard in Canada.

OUR ANCESTORS SHELTERED AND RESCUED SLAVES St. Armand and the surrounding areas were the last stop in a section of the Underground Railroad, the system of safe houses, hiding places and abolitionists who sheltered and shepherded slaves to Canada from the Southern and mid-Atlantic



Philipsburg United Church

United States. The former Methodist Church, now United, in Philipsburg offered food and shelter to these newcomers.

OUR ANCESTORS WERE SLAVES In 1851, there were 283 Black residents in St. Armand.

The local Black community of several hundred did not simply cease to exist. Many migrated to the United States, to Montreal and elsewhere, but others never left.

While there is no visible Black community in the Frelighsburg, Philipsburg or Saint-Armand area, intermarriage into the local population is likely, and some locals share the same family names as these original settlers.

SEVEN YEARS' WAR (The Conquest) BATTLE SITE The Eastern Townships has a battle site from 1759 and the Seven Year's War, known to the Americans as the French and Indian Wars or in Quebec, colloquially, as The Conquest. In 19th century Barford Township, near present-day Coaticook, skeletons were unearthed by locals clearing the land with a plough, "... human bones, musket barrels, powder horns, clasp knives, a razor, silver buckles, camp kettles and musket balls and even a musket left leaning against a tree so that the wood grew around it." It appears these were the remains of several soldiers ambushed as they retreated from the Indian town of St. Francis, on the run from Rogers' Rangers, an American militia that employed guerrilla tactics and carried out raids

(CONT'D ON PG.21)

against French-allied Indians.

Rogers' Ranger were later a Loyalist militia in the Revolutionary War, and the modern day descendants of this force are said to be the US Army Rangers and the Queen's York Rangers in Toronto, which are known as the "1st American Regiment."

Another known battle site is the aforementioned Philipsburg United Church, where local militias gathered to quell the 'Patriote' uprisings in 1838. Not far from the Slave Graveyard, a minor skirmish known as the 'Moore's Corner Battle' took place.

WE WERE BORDERED BY A COUNTRY THAT NO LONGER EXISTS In the 1830s, there was another country along the Eastern border of Quebec, New Hampshire and our own East Hereford. It was known as the "Republic of Indian Stream." It was formed at the headwaters of the Connecticut River, where this waterway that forms the natural border between New Hampshire and Vermont, branches out into Hall, Perry and Indian Streams. The Treaty of Paris, which concluded the American Revolutionary War in 1783, left an ambiguity as to where British possessions ended and the new United States began.

The 300 residents of the panhandle of Northern New Hampshire eventually became fed up with being taxed by both authorities, and founded their own country in 1832.

An international incident over trivial debts led the New Hampshire militia to garrison the area and proclaim their sovereignty. The Webster-Ashburton Treaty eventually ended any ambiguity of the border. Formerly square townships along our currently jigsaw New Hampshire and Maine borders are a reminder of land lost in this exchange.

CONNECTICUT RIVER STYLE (LOGGIA) HOMES One architectural style that is unique to very localized areas of New England and the Eastern Townships is the Loggia, or Connecticut River Style home. This style of architecture is defined by a second story recessed porch, and can be seen throughout the Eastern Townships, though many have been covered up over time. Numerous examples exist in Eaton Corner and Stanstead.

CANADA'S FIRST GOLD RUSH In 1823, gold deposits were discovered along the Chaudière River and Lake Megantic. Chartierville, further south, was the site of a larger gold rush later in the nineteenth century.

COLONIZATION PROJECTS The British American Land Company (BALC) brought Scottish Gaelic-speaking settlers to Compton County in the 1830s, settling the area of Gould, Nantes (Spring Hill) Lingwick, Scotstown, Milan (Marsden) and Stornoway. The company built them a model village known as Victoria, that was hastily abandoned, somewhere along the Salmon River between current Scotstown and Gould. These settlers soon abandoned this colony and returned, reportedly, to raid houses for bricks and burn homes to the ground for iron

nails. The United Church in Gould is constructed from bricks from this first Scottish settlement in the Townships.

Piopolis, a tiny village on the shores of Lake Megantic, was founded by returning Papal Zouaves, a mercenary force of French-Canadians Catholics known for their 'funny hats' and sent to protect the Papal States and Rome in the 1860s from forces dedicated to uniting Italy. While much of Italy was united under one Crown, the Vatican City remained apart, and a third country still exists on the Italian peninsula, tiny San Marino.

TOPONOMY The Eastern Townships has known many names in its history, and only the unfortunate bureaucratic, historically irrelevant, francized moniker 'Estrie' which applies to the former center of the Townships has any official administrative status.

The Eastern Townships' first name was 'Buckinghamshire', and was originally organized as an electoral county in the 1790s.

When I travel the Eastern Townships, I reflect on the haunting beauty of the rolling hills, the friendliness of my neighbours and the complex and rich sources of our identity. The Eastern Townships has seen its original counties, townships and municipalities slowly administered out of existence and replaced by faceless regional administrations. The historic English-speaking community is often linked by communities of interest (kinship networks, agricultural associations, educational institutions) along the lines of former municipalities, townships and counties that no longer exist.

The Eastern Townships was officially abolished by the Quebec government in 1981. As the late local historian Bernard Epps wrote, "the idea seems to be to erase everything which made the Eastern Townships unique, and integrate it into the rest of Quebec. They are succeeding to the extent that the Townships may soon exist only in history." Let us make it not so.



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Grace's Farewell

By Barbara Miltimore

F. Grace Miltimore was born at home in Freeport, Quebec, September 30, 1931, weighing just a little over two pounds. She may have been born little, but she always had great determination, which I am sure got her through life.

One of Grace's fondest memories was when she was 7 or 8 years old; she broke a small bone in her right leg and went to Brome Fair on our father's shoulders. She got to ride one of the black horses, for which she earned a pin with his picture on it. Grace had a love of animals and no fear of them. Another time at Brome Fair, there was trouble getting one of the draft horses past the grandstand to race. She went to the horse, got on his back, raced him around the track and came in first.



Grace Miltimore

Grace told me that at an auction sale on the Brome Center Road, Dad was talking with someone and put his hand up, not realizing that he had just bid on a young horse and got it. This horse became the love of her life, and she named him Princey. Everyone told our dad the horse was a real outlaw and to get rid of him, but Grace worked with him a lot and could do anything with him. Just shows you what a little bit of love and kindness can do.

Like most of our family, she loved to play cards and taught many of the kids to play cards and other games. One time when my Dad had the Rawleigh route for all of Brome

County, she went on one of his runs, up in Leadville. We didn't realize it, but we had crossed over into Vermont. The people were happy to see us since they didn't get any travelling salespeople there. But can you imagine what would happen today if we did that?

Grace was always busy, teaching school in a one-room schoolhouse on the Scenic Highway on the road to Glen Sutton after she graduated from Heroes Memorial High School. She and Orabell were farmers for many years and were very good at it. In the 1950s and 60s it was unheard of for girls to farm. In between farming, she worked as a telephone operator for Mansonville Utilities and Bell, when Dunham and Sutton went dial. She worked at four different apple orchards as orchard boss in Dunham over the years: Mark Hudon, then Simon Bidner, then Joe Ellis and last for Charles Butterworth. If some of the people didn't have transportation, she would gladly pick them up and take them home. She and Orabell ran the canteen, at the dance hall at Selby Lake where Joe Mayo and his orchestra played music. What an era!

She worked at Chim Goyette's garage in Sutton. There were kids in town who would go to see her; she helped them with their arithmetic and reading. They were eager to learn from her. She also worked at the Space Research in Highwater, as well as Tom and Jan Hadersbeck's mink farm in Bondville. Tom had just bought a new machine to skin the pelts. She was good at this task and worked during the breeding season as well as pelting season. Other tasks included catching and holding the kits for vaccination. She always wanted to learn something new, so when Tom asked her if she would like to go to a mink sale, they loaded up her van and drove to Quebec City for a sale.

She married Gordon Bullock in June 1963, but she carried on doing what she always did, driving people to hospitals and doctor's appointments. She and Gordon had no children of their own, but they always had lots of kids at their place. One time, they took a mother with three children into their home, trying to make a family home for them. She was caretaker of the Brock cemetery from the 60s until into the 2000s. Her list of jobs and helping was a long one.

She loved to travel and thought nothing of packing up the old van and heading out with a camper full of kids. One time she went to Florida along with some children and my parents, returning home via Tennessee, and stopping at the Grand Ole Opry. It was our Mom and Dad's anniversary and Minnie Pearl sang happy anniversary to

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them. The kids were lucky to have her and Gordon take them many places to see so many interesting things.

Sometimes at Christmas time she would pick me up after my work and we would head down the 401 to Midland. She picked up Gordon's Uncle Carleton to come visit family in Quebec. Steven and I loved to go with her. She never worried about the roads or conditions. Grace always wanted to travel on Via Rail, so we took a trip across Canada to B.C. where we were met by friends. We have many beautiful memories of our last big trip, but a very memorable one.

She looked after our mother and father in their home ensuring they could remain at home. It was a tremendous job that she did in dispersing their homes and possessions after they passed away. She was my rock to lean on and I will miss her terribly. I feel content that she and my sister Norma, family and friends are reunited in heaven.



One of my favorite pictures that was taken around 1951. Orabell Bullock on Dolly, Billie(the horse in the middle that sister Kaye was riding but was taking the picture) and my sister Grace Miltimore on Princey, her horse that she loved so much. It was taken on our family farm at Brome Pond.

I leave you with an expression that we both learned from our mother: There is busy and then there is busy. You have to stop and smell the roses. And as Grace said to me, if I had my life to live over again, I would do everything all over again. And her last message to me was that she enjoyed her life with her family and friends and helping others who were worse off than herself.



On Memoriam

Terry Beattie

1945-2018

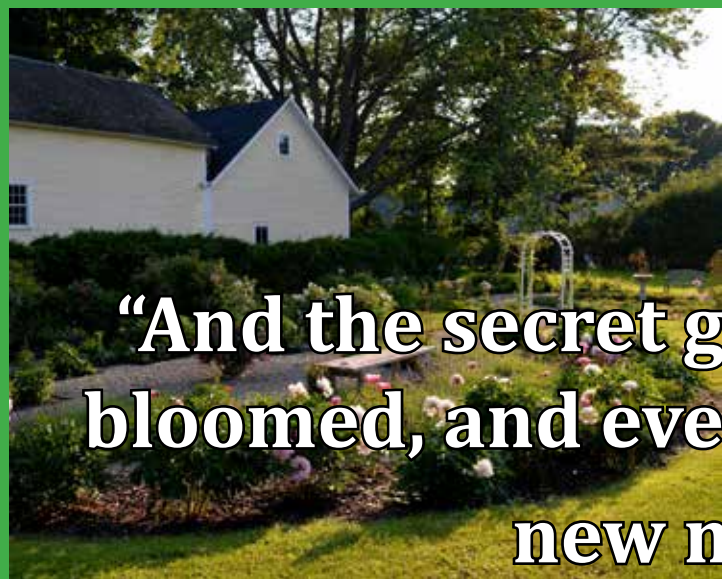
It was sad news to hear of the passing of Terry Beattie. He was the son of the late Tom and Mary Beattie, loving husband of Lynne Corriveau and dear father of the late Sean Beattie and Tara Beattie (Chris Peck). Also left to mourn are his cherished grandchildren: Charlie and Jesse Peck; his brother the late Wendell (Joyce); his sister: Wenda (Tom Bean); his cousin: Sharon Gillespie (Hall); his brothers and sisters-in-law: Donna (Charlie Whyte), Larry Corriveau, as well as many other cousins, nephews, nieces, other friends and relatives.

Terry's friendly smile greeted many youngsters, experiencing their first haircut. The barber shop became a gathering place, a place to stop by to share a laugh and a friendly chat. It seems like everyone knew Terry. The Beattie family has firm roots in the Eastern Townships. They reflect the meaning of being a Townshipshipper.

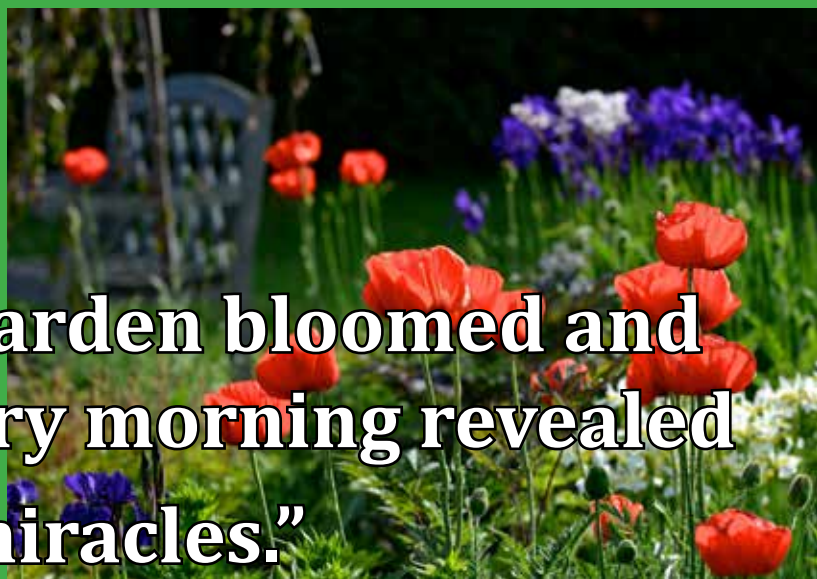
Terry, like other members of the Beattie family, might be found at the Friendship Day celebration in Lennoxville, the fall Street Festival, the Firemen's BBQ, as well as many other events. He was a friendly face. His heart and his soul rested in the community and he dedicated a lot of himself to supporting the youth of the area.

Terry's role in the community was impactful and he was just a wonderful guy. He was a humble man, never seeking the spotlight. Terry left the fire department in 2011 but continued to operate his barber shop until 2015. His spirit will be remembered as his immense gift to the community.





**"And the secret garden bloomed and
bloomed, and every morning revealed
new miracles."**



**Frances Hodgson Burnett,
*The Secret Garden***

Colby Curtis Museum gardens