

# The Townships Sun



## *Lest We Forget*



Kenneth Blake



Kenneth Beattie



Norma Beattie



Clarence Lusty



Lloyd Styan



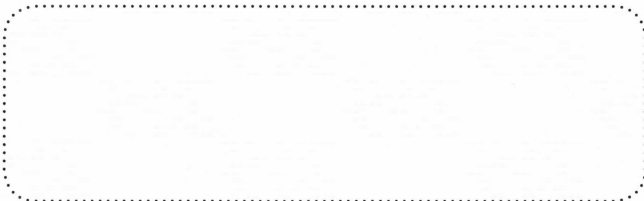
Alfred W. Greenwood



Merton Montgomery



Lynden Morrison



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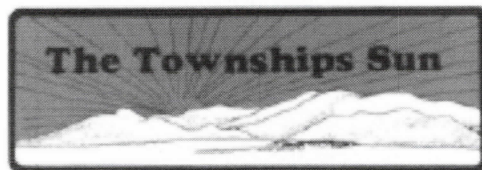
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**\*Front and back covers designed by Tom Standish**

**\*Back Cover Photos, Tom Standish Photography ©**

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**Canada** 

# Sherbrooke War Memorial



Private James Strickland



Martin St. Leonard

John Colby



Roger Smith



Harley Waid



Alden Peacock

Erected in 1926 the Sherbrooke War Memorial on King Street Sherbrooke Qc. This cenotaph built to commemorate Sherbrooke residents who fought in the First World War. This piece of cultural heritage has become emblematic of the City of Sherbrooke, designed by George William Hill a famous Canadian Sculptor from the first half of the 20th. century  
This statue is among the top ten "points of interest".

## Front Page Photos

### Trooper Kenneth Blake

4th Princess Louise Dragoon Guards 1944-45  
Ayer's Cliff Qc.  
photo credit: Blake family

### Rifleman Kenneth Graham Beattie (E30758)

Royal Rifles Of Canada during WW II.  
1941 -1945 - POW.  
Richmond Qc.

### Trooper Clarence Lusty

Sherbrooke Fusilier Regiment  
WWII -1940 D day ntil the fall of Germany.  
Baldwins Mills Qc.  
photo credit : Kathy Lusty

### Alfred W. Greenwood

1916- 1984  
Served overseas during WWII.  
Stanstead Qc.

### R.Q.M.S.Lynden Morrison, Regimental Quarter Master Sergeant

Sherbrooke Regiment 1934- 1939 , C.A.S.F 1939-45,  
Post War service in the Sherbrooke Regiment and the R.C.E.M.E.  
Home town Sherbrooke Qc.

### Merton Montgomery

Royal Rifles of Canada'  
WWII  
South Durham Qc.

### Seargent Lloyd Styan

73 rd Battery (Magog) Royal Canadian Artillery ( R.C.A) 1937 - 39,  
Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps ( R.C.A.M.C) 1939 - 45.  
photo credits: Late Lloyd Styan

### Norma Beattie

N.S.F.O nurse at Sherbrooke Hospital during the war and served in the  
armed Forces .  
Graduate nurse from the Sherbrooke Hospital  
Sherbrooke Qc.

## Photos This Page

### Private James Samuel Strickland

117th Batallion C.E.F. 1916 5th Canadian Mounted  
Rifles 1916 - 1919. Previously service in the 53rd  
Sherbrooke Regiment.  
Sherbrooke Qc.

### Leonard St. Martin

Imperial Frontiersmen duties were to protect Dom-  
inion Textiles of Magog Qc. from sabotage during  
WW II.  
Magog Qc

### John Colby

'39 Enlisted in the Royal Canadian Navy Volunteer  
Reserve .  
On loan to the Royal Navy, he saw active duty in  
the English Channel and North Sea.  
Stanstead Qc.

### Roger Smith

In WWII he flew the hazardous trans - Atlantic  
route for the Non - Commercial air service.  
Coaticook Qc.

### Alden Peacock

Served in Air Forces as a WAG (Wireless Air Gun-  
ner).  
Began at Wymeswold UK. The last group to fly the  
old Wellington ICS.

# Looking Back

## Sherbrooke Hospital Nurses - The War Years

From The Townships Sun

*Note: The Townships Sun honours the dedicated nurses from the Sherbrooke Hospital who served at home and overseas during World War I and II.*

### World War I

L.C. Stevens (1904); M. Beard Gillam (1906); Maud Mills Soldie (1908); E.W. Ord Chappelle (1912); E.M. Steward (1914).

### World War II

A. Dearden Lockley (1928); M. Gelinas Bayne (1931); O. Davies (1933); E. Thorburn (1933); C. Beaufield Slattery (1935); D. Kerridge Beaulieu (1935); E. Dickson King (1936); M. Gaulin (1937); M. Earnshaw Wooten (1938); G. Forgrave (1939); M. Noonan Leo (1939); N. Beattie (1949); M. Dillon Bartlett (1940); P. Mersereau Forbes (1941); O. Meredith (1941); S. Allison (1942); R. Parsons Nutter (1942).

Mary Dillon Bartlett was one of a proud group of seventeen Sherbrooke Hospital graduates to serve overseas during World War II. They followed in the footsteps of five grads who served in World War I.

Mary had completed her training at Sherbrooke Hospital in 1940. She was offered a position at the Children's Hospital in Montreal. Just 5 months later she married an airman. He was shipped overseas as part of Canada's mounting war effort in Europe.

Tragedy struck in 1942 when her husband's plane was shot down in a raid over Germany. Mary mustered up her courage and enlisted in the Air Force where she remained as a flight lieutenant and nursing sister until the war's end in 1945. She was very proud of the seventeen Sherbrooke Hospital grads serving during the Second World War. These women represented the hospital with courage and gallantry.



Norma Beattie

Other nurses who stayed home during the war served the forces right here in Sherbrooke. Audrey George Godbut (1942) recalls being assigned to the soldiers who were afflicted with venereal disease. These men were placed in quarantine, located at the end of the hall on the first floor. The isolation of patients was observed at all times.

Many recruits from the 16<sup>th</sup> and 22<sup>nd</sup> Light Horse Regiment were treated for infected blisters. The regiment was camped in the barracks across the street from the hospital on the Old Sherbrooke Fair Grounds. Many a nurse assisted Dr. Gordon Loomis in these procedures. There were no idle words or lost time; every moment counted.

A prisoner of war camp was erected in the east end of Sherbrooke for POWs, mostly German. Care was given under the watch of military guards. Roberta Sweet Bresee (1945) recalls some of the POWs as very nice, whereas

others were arrogant and difficult to deal with. Many prisoners passed time by making ships-in-a-bottle.

There are many stories of people in war time that have shaped our history. One of these individuals

was a doctor known as "Dr. Ned", W.E. Hume, who left the hospital in February 1940, for service in England. The nurses remember it as a very solemn day for the staff. To all of the dedicated employees, a huge gratitude is owed to you from all generations.



*Nursing Grads, Class of 1935, Sherbrooke Hospital. Standing: H. Turner, D. Kerridge, G. Darker, Miss V. Beane - Lady Superintendent, P. Goff, C. Beaufield, V. Coote, C. Hunting. Sitting: M. Crawford, E. Coates, G. Ryan, G. Johnson, L. Foote, R. Gerrard, M. Bateman*

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# My Country at War

*By Garth McElrea*

---

Memories seem to usually be connected to forceful events. I guess that's why I remember the beginning of World War II.

For reasons unknown to me, I was sent a mile up the road, to be looked after by Ernie Rose. As a four year old, somebody had to keep an eye on me. I remember him putting me on the back of the horse he was using to pull a cultivator. The crop that he was cultivating wasn't of particular interest to me, but I suspect it may have been turnips. It was a warm day in the late summer, and I was thirsty. He had developed a productive apple orchard, and thought a nearly ripe apple would solve the problem. It didn't. After some pleading from me, he took me to the spring that supplied water to his house, where a metal ladle was hanging on a tree limb. I got my drink of water, and eventually was taken home.

It was suppertime. My mother, Pearl, was most agitated, and I remember her crying about the terrifying announcement that Canada had declared war against Germany. This was early September 1939. I don't remember much else about that day or week or month. But I soon became aware of many changes taking place in our community.

The party line telephone system was a major information system for the immediate community. The radio and newspaper informed us of events beyond, which were happening fast. Every day they were both reporting matters related to the war effort. Conscription was enacted. Training facilities for service men were being set up. The population was being urged to support combating the common enemy. There were Victory bonds, Victory gardens, ration coupons, metal collections, knitted socks, posters, speeches, parades, and exhibits of military prowess.

I remember a mock military attack in front of the grandstand at the Sherbrooke Exhibition held one summer. Inside the oval racetrack, an army unit with trucks, jeeps, Bren-gun carriers, and lots of soldiers who fired off smoke bombs at the left hand end of the infield. Out of the smoke rushed infantry soldiers

with fixed bayonets, shooting and then diving to the ground, crawling on their knees and elbows, then jumping up and running, shooting some more, jabbing their bayonets into what looked like burlap bags filled with straw. The bullets, I found out later, were blanks. Then a truck or a Bren-gun carrier would advance and some more soldiers would jump out and start doing the same thing, firing off more smoke bombs, all the while advancing across the infield from left to right. It was dusty and noisy, and plenty impressive to a young kid who wanted some of it explained.

The trucks had windshields, which sloped the wrong way, and looked kind of strange to me. My older brother, Alton, to whom I turned for many explanations, had the answer. He said it made them less easily spotted, especially from a distance or from the air. By the bottom of the windshield being closer to the driver than the top, any exterior light reflection from the glass was toward the ground instead of upward, and light reflection attracted the enemy's attention. Some of the trucks also had round holes in the roof, with round, hinged covers over these holes. I don't remember the explanation for these, but they sure made the truck look different from the usual ones I had seen hauling gravel or pulpwood along the river road.

As time went on, other military hardware became evident. One day there was this huge rumbling noise coming from the sky to the west. Shortly, squadron after squadron of multi-engine aircraft appeared, flying in very orderly "arrowhead" formations. The noise got louder, and became so loud the earth seemed to tremble. They flew right over our farm, headed east. I don't think I had yet learned to count, and if I had there were so many of them I'm sure I would have lost track. Alton explained they were headed to Canada's east coast and from there over the ocean to England to participate in the war against the Nazis. Then he had to explain that a Nazi was one of Hitler's German armed forces. He also explained that these aircraft had probably been built in Canada and their crews trained here.

To accomplish this huge manufacturing undertaking required massive changes in manufacturing effort and re-allocation of materials. Everything was in short supply. Collecting scrap metal was an ongoing necessity. One such collection for our neighbourhood was at our McLeod School. Students were encouraged, with prizes for the student collecting the largest quantity of steel. Alton won a softball glove for his collection, but I don't remember if this was first prize or not. The glove got well used by him and his two brothers. Meanwhile, there were other ways of supporting the war effort.

Many women knitted socks. These were sent overseas, I suppose to augment the clothing provided by the armed services quarter stores. I also have heard they were sent, through the Red Cross, to prisoners of war held by the Nazis. They were included in parcels with other items such as chocolates, not otherwise available to prisoners of war in Europe.

Both sides held prisoners of war. There was a prison camp on the east side of the St. Francis River, on the Lennoxville side of Sherbrooke. It could be clearly seen from the highway across the river between Sherbrooke and Lennoxville. I recall stories of the ingenuity of the prisoners. One example was the discovery of a functioning radio someone had fabricated using bits of wire and metal from tin cans, and other basic materials apparently scavenged inside the camp.

A prisoner occasionally escaped, and apparently often swam across the river in search of freedom. It must have been one such escape that had a connection to our farm. I overheard my father, Gordon, telling someone about what he once found in the hayloft on the side of the barn opposite our house. This discovery was in the spring, while taking hay to feed the cattle in the stable below. A cubicle had been fashioned using pieces of board to form a floor, walls and ceiling by the outer wall of the barn, and covered with a thick layer of hay. Apparently someone had hidden there for quite some time because there were pieces of turnip, grain, and eggshells inside this space. A person could obtain all of these, plus plenty of fresh milk, in or near the barn, so it was all quite feasible. It could have been a German POW. Thereafter, I was very aware of the possibility every time I had to climb up to the hayloft to fork hay down the chute to feed the cows. The only light in the loft was what little the moon

shed through cracks between the barn boards, so it was mighty dark. I always wondered who might be in that darkness, and the hay moved down the chute pretty fast. Doing chores night and morning was a regular part of farm life, year round. It was a welcome break after chores were done to go in the house and listen to the radio. And everyone listened to the radio for news reports of the battles being fought in Europe. There were also the popular radio programs of the day.

One program was about the air force, with fictional stories about flying bombing missions during the war. I don't recall the program name, but do remember reference to "L for Lanky." This was referring to the Lancaster bombers, like those that had flown over our farm. It was all quite exciting to a nine-year old kid with an older brother who had by now joined the high school army cadets.

Boys in high school joined cadets of one of the services, and were trained in some of the fundamentals of military service. One time Alton came home and took me to the hayloft where the hayfork rope was located. He proceeded to show me what he learned that week. He tied one end of the rope to a high beam, and dangled the rope down to the hayloft floor. Then he came down to the floor, grabbed the rope, and climbed up the rope, alternatively pulling with his hands and pushing with his feet. Boy, was I impressed. I tried it but without the success he had. He also demonstrated how he and the other cadets "quick" marched, halted, right-wheeled, "fell in", etc. These were the same skills all service men learned in their basic training.

Once a soldier, sailor, or airman was trained, he was usually shipped overseas. Our community had a Saturday night dance recognizing each one before they left. The ones I remember include: Forest Berwick, Ralph Billing, Merton Brown, Gordon Hatch, Keith Rose, and Alford Ross, and Morris Rymill. There were others whose names don't come to mind at the moment. However, the community recognized everyone, with their names being included on an Honour Roll, which hung in the community hall where these dances were held. My cousin, Marjorie Goodfellow, told of how the Brompton Road Women's Institute, of which her mother, Aunt Annie, was a founding member, had rings made for the returning servicemen.

The government encouraged everyone to grow a "Victory Garden." Vegetable seeds were given to

each student at school, to take home and plant. I remember thinking that the run of the mill seeds like beets, carrots, and beans were not very exciting, and so I asked for parsnips. My father was not impressed. He pointed out that the other seeds grew into much more practical foods, and parsnips had to stay in the ground through the winter and were only edible in the spring. And they didn't grow nicely and uniformly like the others. This was a consideration because part of the program involved showing the produce at the school fair, which was held in the fall. How could I win a prize with parsnips when I would have to pull the whole lot of them to get five that matched, and even then I was unlikely to get nice looking ones? I had to go back and get carrot seeds.

When fall came, we prepared our exhibits and took them to the auditorium of Lennoxville High School to show. I can still almost smell the produce-filled auditorium. Furthermore, it was a day off from school.

During the war, a Remembrance Day worship service was held at the community hall, which was built around the beginning of the war. This service took place, I believe, on the Sunday nearest November 11. One or more clergymen from Sherbrooke came to lead the service. Wright W. Gibson, who was principal of Sherbrooke High School, and organist for St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, played the piano. I remember one such service when soldiers from Sherbrooke came in a Bren-gun carrier, I guess to add a touch of military reality. One comment I recall from that occasion had to do with the amount of fuel this tracked, open-topped metal box of a vehicle required. It seems to me it used a gallon of gasoline for every 9 miles it traveled. I was impressed with how it drove off the Scotch Road right through the ditch and into Uncle Eddie Goodfellow's hay field, made a turn, and drove back onto the road again, without regard for any crop, which may have been intended.

When Victory in Europe was declared in 1945 I remember the telephone party line buzzing with the news, and radio broadcasts about it. One report told of how people were riding on the tops of streetcars in what to me was a faraway place called Toronto. I was ten years old and had never seen a streetcar, although I do remember my father telling about them while visiting relatives in Montreal. Winston Churchill was acclaimed a hero and it seemed to me he was given great credit for defeating Hitler. While

there was much celebrating for VE day, not all war had been won. VJ Day had not yet arrived.

War with Japan continued. Radio broadcasts reported many atrocities. Places like Burma, the Philippines, and Iwo Jima were in the news. I didn't know it at the time, but came to find out that propaganda is a major part of any conflict. The only two parts of the war with Japan I remember anything about were Pearl Harbor and the Atomic bomb.

The Japanese attack on the Americans at Pearl Harbor was the first time world conflict had reached North America. It was a shock, and consequently made enough of an impression through hearing conversations of elders for a kid to be aware of it. It shocked the Americans, but it shocked the Canadians, too.

The American use of the atomic bomb against Japan made a similar impression. As a youngster, I didn't know much about politics. But the death of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and his being succeeded by Harry S. Truman, did make an impression. Not only was I starting to be aware of world leaders, I was becoming aware of world events.

The dropping of the first atomic bomb has remained in my memory, but I cannot say whether it was the one on Hiroshima or Nagasaki. The significance of it seemed to be more about advancement of science as a two-edged sword than victory over Japan.

But what would a ten year old know about such things? It was enough to know that we were no longer at war, at least for a while.



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# Summer Days

By Queenie Monk

---



We lived down a country road. No near neighbours. Winter was lonely and quiet, but oh, when summer came! Suddenly the fields and woods were open to explore, the vegetable garden was full, the bushes covered with berries. Best of all, the summer people arrived, bringing their children. Every day was clear, sunny, and exquisite. Mum got up early, laundered, picked and cooked while we slept, then trucked us all through the woods to the lake. A picnic lunch under the trees, with the sun speckling through and little waves lapping the pebbly beach. Never since has a tomato sandwich tasted like that!

Not allowed to swim right away, we ran in the woods. With stick wands and beach towel capes, we were magical creatures. A tiny promontory became a ship for brave sailors in uncharted oceans. We made a moss garden to attract pixies and then we explored an old boathouse, where the waves echoed and the walls seemed about to collapse.

Neighbours, aunts, uncles and cousins joined us. The old wooden changing house smelled of damp bathing suits and summer breezes. Sometimes there was a rowboat, a canoe, a sailboard or a motorboat to try waterskiing. Always there was a watermelon and a huge box of potato chips. Dad had built us a

wharf and a raft. The men got silly—swimming races to the island, a shallow diving contest that ended with bleeding heads and chests.

Evening could bring a barbecue. The time the dogs got the meat, our parents laughed so hard we were reconciled to a half hot dog each for supper. Even better were the corn roasts. We picked it and shucked it. The boys vied to eat the most and the hottest. Cousin David “Rubbermouth” usually won.

Of course, there was rain sometimes. We watched it come in curtains over the lake until the spray reached us. I remember the ladies having a serene cup of tea while a dozen kids chased each other through the house.

We fell asleep with cousins on the floor. So many windows open, it was like sleeping outside. Downstairs the grownups were playing cards - “31” for nickels. We were sometimes awakened, by an enthusiastic aunt shouting, “Pay Maddy! Pay the pot!”

Then another day would dawn, still and limpid, chickens clucking, Dad in the garden. Another day of water, sun, adventure, friends and laughter. Life stretched on forever.

*Ah, childhood! Ah, summer!*



# Emma's Adventures in a UK Boarding School

## Part 1

By Tanya Tkach

Emma Stevens, a British actress, director, producer and story teller, makes her home in the Eastern Townships. Emma attended the Royal Commercial Travelers' Boarding School in Hatch End Middlesex, England for 10 years. Her parents enrolled Emma when she was 5 ½ years old. Looking back, Emma describes this time in her life like having a jail sentence.

"It was tough, tough, tough. We had to wear a school uniform, and even our underwear was ugly." Remembering the first day of her introduction to the house mistress of the dormitories, makes the hair on Emma's arms stand up.

"I was between my mum and dad, clutching my little teddy bear and all I could see was this woman standing at the end of the pathway, who looked like something out of Harry Potter. She absolutely terrified me."

The woman was Scottish, sported a short-cropped hair do, tight-lipped with a yellow mark, which Emma feels was caused by too much smoking. On the positive side, she had a little Dutch hound as a companion.

Even though her name was Ms. Horten, Emma quickly learned to refer to her as Haggett, like all the other children. Ms. Horten was a spinster who never married. She had in her charge about 40 girls and boys. Of course they were located in separate dorms.

According to Emma, the woman disliked her from the moment she laid eyes on her. "It must have been the mischief she saw in my eyes," joked Emma with rolling laughter. Emma spent most of her young life in boarding school, with only thirteen weeks per year allowed for home visits plus two parental visits per semester.

While in boarding school, she missed her home life

and animals terribly. She laments, "Each time my parents came for a few hours, I wanted to return home. The visits were of short duration. It was horrible."



*Emma Stevens, a young girl at boarding school.*

Emma recalls that living in the dorms was worse for the older girls, who absolutely hated it. Eventually with time, she admits that she adjusted to dorm living. The lights were out early, but there were activities the girls did in the dark. Emma's favourite was telling stories. This is when the seed was planted for Emma's acting and directing career; during those dark nights in the dorm. "I didn't know I could be a story teller," she says.

"We had no radios, or television and we were definitely not permitted to read after lights out. But many of us used our flashlights. "Where there's a will there's a way," she concluded.

The other girls loved Emma's stories and would often climb into her bed at night and beg her to tell another story. According to her, she had a very dark mind. At an early age, Emma wrote a play called "The Mad Aunt". The theme revolved around a murder of a baby. She also directed and produced the play, as well as acting the part of the aunt.

"That particular theme, "murder of a baby", didn't go over very well with the school and I had to take that out." She can't remember what she put in its place. At that time, Emma had no idea that her career would include acting as well as directing.

Escapades away from the school were times of fun for Emma. She ran away four times hoping that she would get expelled. Her nightly shenanigans only led to suspensions. The midnight capers found Emma and her friends changing into street clothes. The clothes had been sneaked into the dorm.

She recollects one specific occasion that occurred in the middle of the night. "As we were fenced in, we had only one choice, which was to go down a drain pipe. Then we walked down the street to the nearest town. We giggled and laughed all the way; of course the townspeople knew we were from the boarding school."

In her reminiscence Emma vividly recaptures another occasion. She laughs as she tells the story. They landed in a big field, where they found a huge pipe-like tunnel. They hid in the pipe for shelter from the rain. It was pitch black; thankfully they had their flashlights. "We were laughing and talking when suddenly we saw two big feet at the entrance of the pipe. Then the man bends down, we're all looking at him. Our eyes were wide." At this point, Emma breaks out in uncontrollable laughter. She says it was like a scene in a movie.

The big feet belonged to a farmer. He requested that the girls follow him in single file. Emma was laughing so hard, she could barely walk. So the farmer picked her up and put her under his arm, like a sack of potatoes, while they all trudged to his farmhouse. "I always wondered how he ever found us in the middle of that huge field?"

Her punishment for that little adventure lasted months. Not all the punishments were as difficult as skipping up and down the corridors until you dropped.

One punishment she absolutely loved, involved

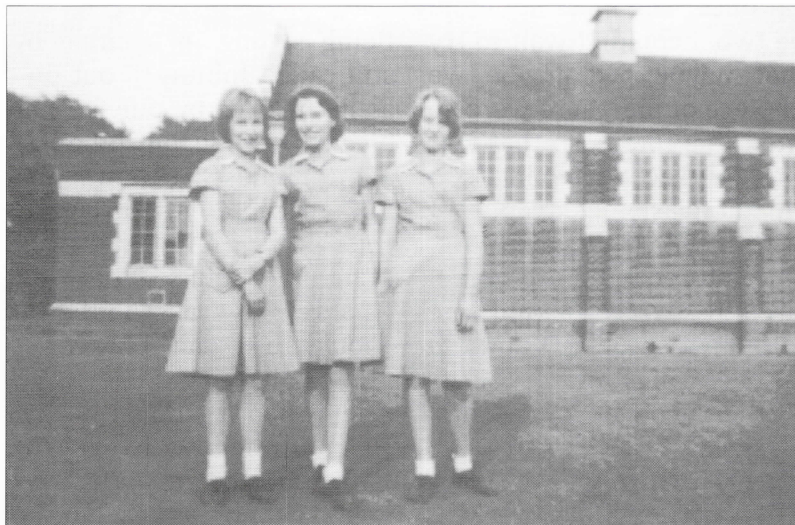


*Make-believing.*

young and it was fun while it lasted.

The highlight of her boarding school days were the sporting activities in which she played net ball, field hockey and swimming. Emma excelled, winning 17 medals. This made her very proud.

Her love of animals led her to secretly want to be a vet, but she admits that she didn't have the academic inclination. Biology and chemistry were required and she didn't have those courses. The only thing



*Boarding school chummies.*

she remembers in chemistry class was setting fire to the professor's black robe with her Bunsen burner. "I didn't do it intentionally, but as he was walking by, I had the burner in my hands and suddenly he went up in flames. We were all giggling as we dowsed him with water." Emma was thankful that she didn't hurt the man. At the time she was only 11 years old.

In this, part one, we spoke of Emma's early years in boarding school. In part two you will learn how Emma started an acting career. Emma played roles in the West End theatre, the equivalent to Broadway in New York.

# Dillon Family Album, Thanksgiving 1970

## *Visiting the Rollands*

*By Terry Dillon*

---

I believe we visited the Rolland homestead, Fernwood, twice in 1970. This time it was clearly fall, so I'm guessing it was the Thanksgiving long weekend or close to it.

We'd never seen pumpkins growing in a pumpkin patch before! Magical. Who knew they grew out of the ground? (Hey, I was only 8!) Looking to page 15, we are helping to pick pumpkins and having yet more fun at the Rolland Farm, which I now know is called Fernwood. (Love that name!) These are the only pictures I found, but based on the few negatives with them, there are some pictures missing. Still, I will post the pictures that I do have.

Bear with me as I share some memories of this visit!

PIES! When we walked into the house, there were ROWS of pies cooling everywhere, made by Mrs. Rolland. Must have been 10 pies, maybe more. I just know there were a great many, and that I'd never seen so many homemade pies at once. The most my mom ever made was one, maybe two. I couldn't wait to try one. It occurred to me that maybe, just maybe, we might be allowed a second piece of pie, there were so many! Pie was my favourite thing to eat, so that was uppermost on my mind: a possible second helping. I am quite sure that we were told not to ask for seconds but that we might have seconds IF THEY WERE OFFERED. Boy I sure hoped I was offered a second piece of pie! A pie at our house was carefully divided up amongst seven of us, so we didn't often get seconds. I am also sure that at least one of the Rolland pies was blueberry, if I recall correctly, my all-time favourite to this day.

Hostess gifts: My mom recalls that when we were invited to stay overnight at Fernwood, she brought along a few bags of groceries with her, because she knew it wasn't easy to provide for your family in those days, and she could not show up empty-handed, what with 5 kids in tow. I don't know everything that she brought, she says it was groceries and supplies that she knew we would use up fast, but I specifically recall that she brought some rolls of toilet paper (kids remember weird things like that) and that Mrs. Rolland exclaimed

over my mom's thoughtfulness that she had brought so many things as a way to contribute! My mom said back then that Mrs. Rolland said that most people didn't bring supplies along with them when they visited, and I remember being proud of my Mom for thinking of it.

Singing: There were singalongs in the evenings. Truly, I was in heaven. Imagine a family that would sing together! So much fun! Like being at camp, but in your house. Shy as I was, I recall wishing we could do that at our house! I just didn't know how to go about it. Russell singing The Monkees' "Mary, Mary" while sitting under the table because he was too shy to sing in front of us. No kidding; ditto. (Is this memory correct?) Mary with her lovely voice. I'm sure all the Rollands sang well, but I remember Mary's voice best only because I just heard it more often, such as at St. Monica's. (Am I correct that you sang at family Mass at St. Monica's with a guitar for a —to me, far too-short —while?)

Riding on a wagon behind the tractor. Come ON!

Being swung in a circle by Johnny Rolland (is he still called Johnny?), out on the endless grassy lawn, as he held us by our feet, no less. My brothers were bigger than me, but Johnny was super tall, it seemed, and I'm guessing he was maybe 19 or 20? So grown up and confident. Surely my mom wasn't nearby or she'd have stopped THAT thrill ride. Maybe she was there and could see that we were fine in John's strong hands. John was so tall and 'old' to us, yet young enough to actually play with us and show us some fun.

Sleeping in a strange house. The bedrooms upstairs all connected with each other. More magic! Upon reflection, that might have been a pain if you lived there, but it was just one more wonderful thing for us kids to explore. I believe my Mom knew we'd go running around like crazy given the chance and I recall feeling like I had to restrain myself as we were not allowed to just roam around on our own, so she must have warned us to keep to the room we were assigned and not wander around. Darn! Yet so wise. We were so excited, the only way we ever fell asleep was from sheer exhaustion after all the outdoor adventures, I'm sure.

Sunday Mass: We all went to Sunday mass together; it was so cool to go to Mass in a new church. We must have overflowed the church. I hope we were well-behaved, but I really don't recall. A real challenge was not to giggle during Mass with my sister.

4 of the same candies, so you had to choose carefully. I remember my mom liked the black licorice pipes with the red 'embers' and I not liking black licorice. Still don't. Either way, we each ended up with our own little paper bag of candies. Will wonders never cease?

Candy: After Mass, we went to the candy store. Well, they may have sold other stuff, but all I could see were the jars and jars of every candy you could think of. It was so difficult to choose what to buy with our dime or our quarter, not sure how much we had to spend, but while it wasn't very much, often 1 penny got you 2, 3 or

Truly, we were in a magical wonderland here! Is it any wonder, what with connecting bedrooms, endless pies, vast fields, a lake nearby, candy bags, puppy dogs, cats, barns, other kids to play with and lots of laughter and games, that I have so many wonderful childhood memories of our visits to Fernwood?

*Thank you, Rolland family!!*



*'Working' in the pumpkin patch. My siblings, Catherine, Russ and Martin Dillon and Sparky of course.*



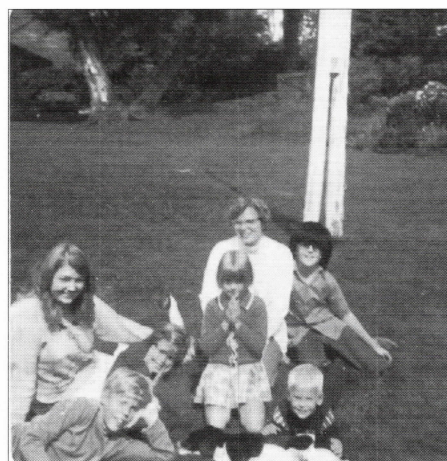
*Johnny driving the tractor, Freddy (picking a pumpkin I'd say), me and Russ in the wagon.*



*Terry on the roof, L-R Catherine and Russell Dillon, our Mom Phyllis Dillon and Freddy's friend Mark Connolly.*



*John on the tractor, my Mom Phyllis, little Russ and me.*



*Back row: my Mom Phyllis Dillon, Mark Connolly; Middle row: Mary Rolland, me Terry Dillon, my sister Catherine Dillon; Front row: my brother Martin Dillon, Sparky, my brother Russ Dillon.*

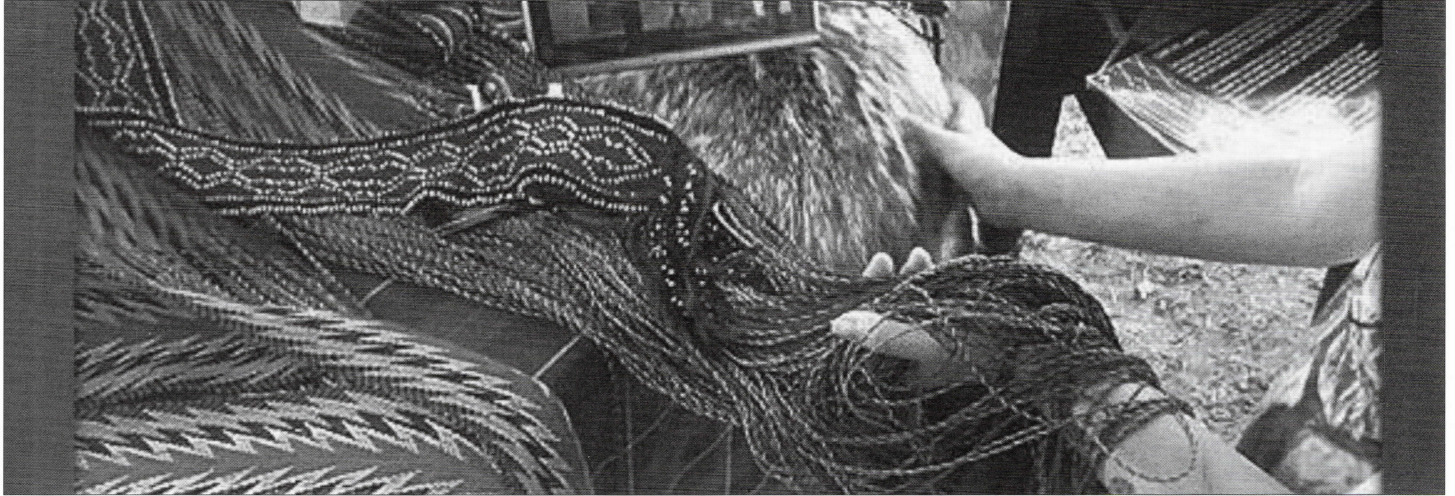


*Catherine Dillon on Johnny Rolland's shoulders, me Terry Dillon, Mark Connolly, Russ Dillon and Martin Dillon.*

ALL PHOTOS PROVIDED BY JIM DILLON

# Taking an Art Out of the Bag

By Michelle Beauvais



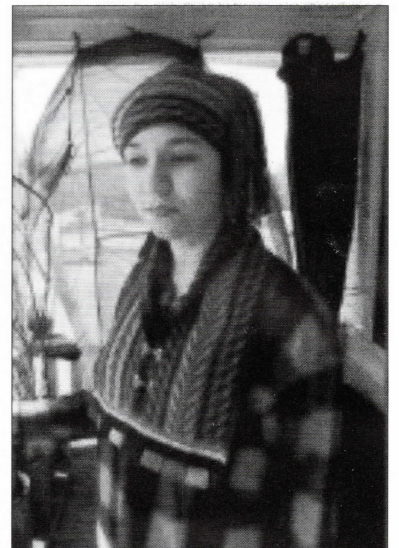
I recognized the importance of taking my finger weaving collection out of the bag. A craft must be shared and the history preserved. What better way to accomplish this but to make it public. A museum offers a place to showcase art and history. It opens the world of crafts to new possibilities, for children and their parents. From this old craft, the children first have the opportunity to see the craft. Then, if this peaks an interest, they are able to explore the "how to." The hands-on experience opens the door of creativity. Teaching finger weaving to adults and children is a great pleasure of mine.

We start by experimenting. Children of various ages visit the collection, which is available at the



Knowlton Museum. They have the opportunity to touch the sashes, and picture various styles in their minds. The children imitate the works they have seen. Eventually they learn basic finger weaving and then explore their own bounds and limits.

The exhibit is accompanied by numerous albums that demonstrate the history of finger weaving in North East America. We combine art with the history. This aids in the overall understanding of the techniques combined with the creativity. Beautiful pieces are the result of their labours.



I have an extensive valuable collection of finger weaving which I have donated to the Knowlton Museum. Thanks to the aid of Yes Montreal and other interested parties the collection is preserved for future generations to share and enjoy.

# Spread the Word!

## *How to promote your business on a budget*

*Provided by YES! Montreal*

Imagine a perfect world where your marketing budget is unlimited. Imagine the award-worthy TV ads you could make, the impactful billboard posters, the PR firm on retainer! Now, welcome back to reality - that place where any promotional activity seems out-of-the-question costly, particularly if you're in the early stages of establishing your business.

Here's the good news: with a little research and time, there are plenty of ways to promote your business for free, or at a minimal cost.

### **Email Marketing**

The email newsletter is an effective form of online marketing that's proven to provide a high return on investment. And with free services like MailChimp, it's easy to get an entry level version set up.

Before starting, take the time to learn best practices. Content should offer information that your customers will care about. The purpose of email marketing is to drive readers to your website or shop, so give compelling reasons to do just that with discounts and promotions. The best part is, if your e-newsletter strikes a chord with readers, it can easily be forwarded to new potential customers as well.

Remember, make sure you're aware of Canadian Anti-Spam Legislation (CASL) which, in short, means you'll need to get permission to contact your customers before sending them anything.

### **Social Media Marketing**

Using social media is a great way to promote your business. But it's only effective if done properly.

Some platforms won't be as useful for you as others, so don't sign up to every single one. If you're selling a product that looks great in photos,

consider Instagram. If you want to encourage conversation, try Facebook or Twitter. But if you do utilize more than one platform, free tools like Hootsuite can help you coordinate your efforts.

Your goal should be to engage, entertain, and educate, so keep an active presence and create posts that are conversational, casual and of value.

Some social media platforms will only let you get so far for free. They'll eventually throttle your organic search results and you'll need to pay to continue growing. But that'll be a sign of your marketing success, so it's not the worst problem to have!

### **Articles, Ads and More**

When you're on a budget, promoting your business in the media requires a creative approach. Look for local papers and relevant magazines in your area and offer to provide free content in the form of an article. You're not creating an ad so this isn't the appropriate time to make a hard sell. Try forming an article around a timely community issue and mention how local businesses, like yours, address it.

Look into posting on websites like Kijiji and Craigslist too, if they're a good fit for your customer segment. These sites present a localized way to advertise for free.

Remember, while these techniques don't have a set up cost, they do cost in terms of time. So use yours wisely by researching the most effective ways to implement each one - and good luck!

*Book a business coaching appointment with YES, in partnership with the Townshippers' Association. Contact Evelina Smith: 819-556-2182, or check out our online workshop "Inbound Marketing Methodology" on December 6<sup>th</sup>. More info at [www.yesmontreal.ca](http://www.yesmontreal.ca).*

# Seasonal Delights

By Esther Saanum

**F**oraging in the forest: Fiddlehead ferns crest in their amber hoods along the bank of the brook, rigid black spore rods revealing their hiding places; spring's first feast of greens.

*fist-sized holes*

*in a cedar trunk...*

*Pileated punctuation*

**Exploration:** A walk around the pond (too cold yet for a swim) reveals a carpet of white wild strawberry blossoms amid fresh green blades of new grass and a profusion of geese turds.

**Dawn's early light:** a red-breasted Merganser hen breaks cover from the cattails with five minute yellow fluffs of chicks in her wake. Barely 24 hours old, have they known to dive and snuggle into her breast for protection? A long-anticipated Great Blue Heron swoops in, stalks the pond, and takes a fish longer than its sharp yellow beak and struggles to get it down its long, slender neck.

**First leaves:** poplar trees rustle in the breeze, heralding a rainstorm. Potato plants burst through the crust of their hilled garden rows.

**Ka-chunk! Ka-chunk! Ka-chunk!:** An American Bittern has returned and likes the secret boggy spot behind the utility building. Its inviting calls resound wonderfully against the corrugated siding.

**Spring segues into summer:** We try to fill every moment, pack the most we can into this delightful, light-filled, too-short season.

**All is bursting:** As evening softly falls, fireflies spark

and dance among the tasselled tops of a new hay crop. A trumpet solo hails jazzily from the gazebo in the lake-side park below, saluting lovers and a stellar summer sky.

*longest day*

*the full moon rises...*

*blushing*

**Savouring:** Tender beet greens, crisp green beans, tart rhubarb pie, fried green tomatoes in smooth cream gravy, sweet corn kernels drunk with butter, smoky tender falling-off-the-bone pork ribs, tang of salt, crisp sweet white wine, malty beer – consumed amid chatter, laughter, appreciation of family reunited, bittersweet.

*mosquito whine*

*cigar smoke*

*warm palm at my nape*

**Winding down:** The agricultural fairs, horse shows, theatre and country club events, sailing regattas and swim meets begin to fizzle like fireworks sodden from August humidity. A temperate afternoon invites reclining on the lawn and reading a long-anticipated mystery. Dragonflies alight on pond lily blossoms. Frogs have ceased their incessant croaking and growling. Crickets serenade the afternoon away.

**Day Trip:** Incredible 360-degree view from The Memorial Monuments at Dufferin Heights' summit, finger tracing the mountain ranges, river valleys, and lake surfaces on the representational map of our region's physical geography. On the road to



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Compton, a doe scrambles up the bank to our right, follows a path through the corn field. How many tiny ears perk and bounce with her, barely visible above the plants? I slow our vehicle and cautiously drive to sight down the path: six tender pointed ears, three sweet black noses, twelve slender legs entangle as three backs undulate after mamma. Triplets! A first-ever sighting and as precious as a young mother playing 'I Spy with My Little Eye' with her small son

on the lawn that morning at the library in the North Hatley.

*Solace:* Sun setting at 7. With a last sip from the once-full glass of summer delight quenched, we cast back to retrieve those golden moments, vivid mental images, and tickling champagne bubbles of happiness. All is new to our discovery each season. All brightens, tightens, explodes, and imprints on our memories as a pyrotechnics display on our retinas.

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## Motherwit Doula Training Coming to the Townships

*By Mary Rolland*

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*<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Doula> doula (/ˈduːlə/), also known as a birth companion and post-birth supporter, is a nonmedical person who assists a person before, during, and/or after childbirth, as well as her spouse and/or family, by providing physical assistance and emotional support.*



*Doula, mother and newborn child.*

A few years ago, my good friend Barbara told me she was training to become a doula. “Good for you,” I replied. “What’s a doula?”

For those of you in that same boat, I shall endeavour to explain. The word is ancient, from the Greek, and means “servant”. A doula is a woman who undertakes particular training to assist and support women and their families during pregnancy and after childbirth, in many ways filling in for the network of mothers and sisters and aunts that used to be readily available when families lived closer to each other. She is trained to teach comfort measures in birth, how to provide non-judgemental information and support, how to prepare and what to really expect in birth and life with a new baby. Doulas are not medically trained, but can recognize potential situations that might need medical attention, and can suggest or recommend that their client seek it.

They do not advocate any particular method of childbirth, but rather will inform women of their options and support their choices. The same

is true about feeding options. They can teach prenatal classes and are well informed on the rights of birthing women and their families... In fact, Barbara says that most women have no idea that they have choices. A doula can help them navigate these decisions by providing them evidence based informational resources to make choices with which the parents are comfortable. It's very important that women educate and inform themselves before making such important decisions, she says. A doula can act as a guide to finding that information.

She will attend the birth if asked, and will offer support to the partner and family during and afterwards, helping with the adjustments that have to be made to the family dynamic. She will make home visits, and even take care of the baby so Mom can get some sleep. I should here note that this service is available to all new parents, not just first-timers. Nor is it only for those who might be stressed or troubled, but quite literally for all pregnant women. In fact, there is a growing body of evidence, based on several studies worldwide, that women attended by a doula have fewer complications and a much easier and more pleasant birthing experience. I hasten to add that this is not an absolute, but a real trend.

This November 10-13, Lesley Everest, 23 years a

doula in Montreal and director of Motherwit Doula Training, will be in Magog to do a 4-day intensive CORE birth doula training. She has trained hundreds of doulas across Canada and the US, including Barbara. MotherWit has been around for 8 years, and is the most comprehensive service, dealing with prenatal, birth and postpartum care.

Clients are often referred by their ob/gyn and/or word of mouth, and bear the cost themselves, as the RAMQ does not subsidize the service. Barbara tells me that Ms. Everest works closely with the medical community, and has addressed students at the McGill School of Nursing.

At this point, while there are three French-speaking doulas operating in the Montreal area, the training is given only in English, and users of the service are primarily anglophone. There seems to be a lot of room for growth.

As you might guess, I believe this to be a great idea whose time has come, and we Townshippers can consider ourselves lucky to have such a service becoming available. For more information about this upcoming training please visit <https://www.facebook.com/events/1086350794764667/>. Or you may find more complete information at [www.MotherWit.ca](http://www.MotherWit.ca).



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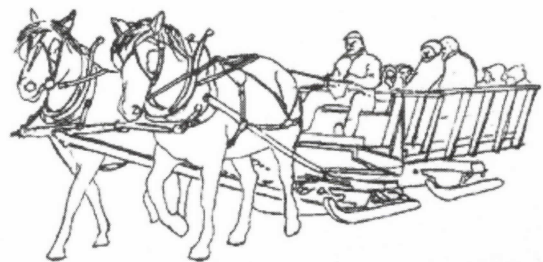
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# From the Wild

Photos by John Viau

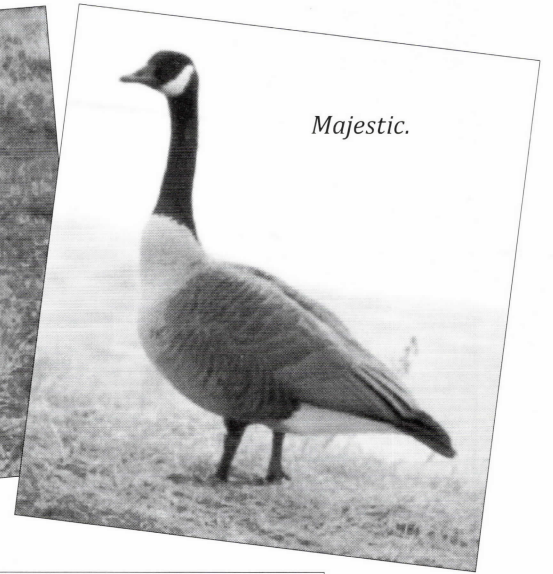
John Viau of Ormstown, Quebec shares some of his photos of nature. John is an avid outdoors man.



*They will never reach me here.*



*Grazing.*



*Majestic.*



*I will hide here.*



*Birds in flight.*



*Friends.*



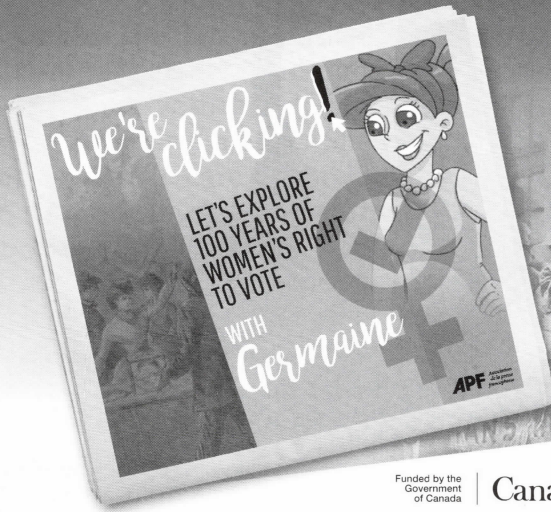
*Stop over.*



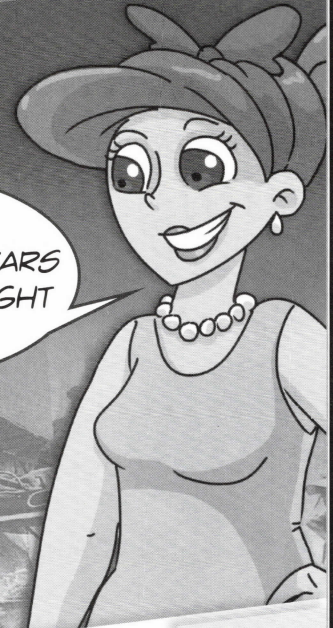
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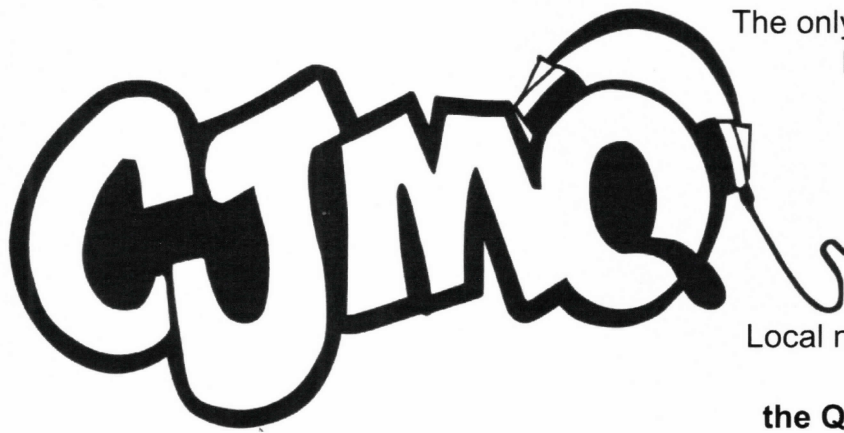
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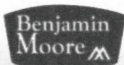


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