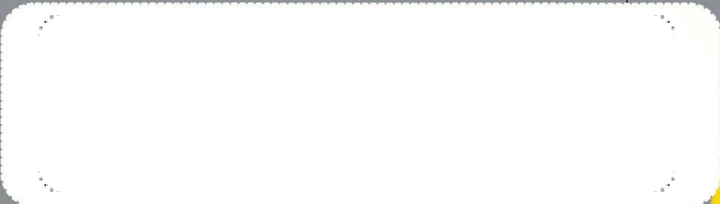
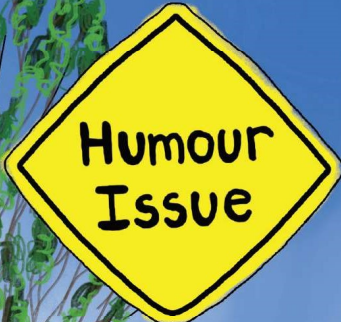




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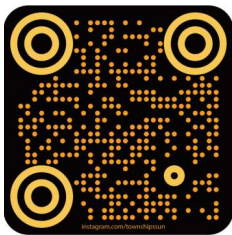
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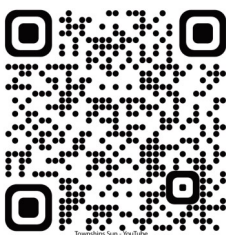
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## FRONT COVER



**Xania Keane** is a mixed-media artist who lives in Newport. She worked as a writer and a touring musician for many years and recently started painting again.

In addition to the cover illustration and a cartoon (page 4), Xania is responsible for the incidental illustrations in this issue.



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# The Take Cover Cover Letter

By Kelly (Sparling) Torck

Dear Townships Sun Guest Editor,  
I am submitting to you a story.

A story I wrote myself and which is meant for you to read.

To read slowly and deliberately, as though your life depended on it, though we both know your life depends on so much more.

So much more could be said, but that would be telling.

Telling tales out of school has certainly gotten you into grave trouble before.

Before you overreact and contact the local authorities, let me tell you this.

This time will be the last time.

The *last* time will not be repeated, exactly, but it did bring us inexorably to the present.

Present me with your defense if you dare.

If you dare suggest that you deserve anything less than this vaguely threatening run-on cover letter for a story that may or may not exist, I say shame on you.

Shame on you for wearing the same vintage argyle socks at every wedding, including your own; shame on you for deciding to rhyme "Lou Reed" with "sous vide"; shame on you for neglecting to mail your 1991 census return thereby compromising the long-term retirement residence supply for all Gen Xers; and shame on you for never having to say, "I'm sorry."

I'm sorry it had to come to this.

This is still not getting us even to close to 400 words.

Words that, once written, can never be taken back.

Back in my day, it would have been unthinkable to ramble on this way.

Way down upon the Swanee River. Riverdance. Dance the night away. Away from her. Hershey's.

She's all that jazz hands down on your luck be a lady slippery when wet paint...

Paint yourself a picture of what my life must be like to warrant spending a sunny Sunday on the couch tapping out this missive for a so-called humour issue that one of us may not live to see.

See what I did there?

There was a sufficiently ambiguous twist to keep the readers' hopes alive for your argyle socks and you.

You know what I mean.

I mean that sincerely.

Sincerely yours

(yours truly),

Kelly (Sparling) Torck



**Kelly (Sparling) Torck** grew up in Bedford, Cowansville and Mystic. She now lives in Almonte, Ontario, but returns to the Townships often. Kelly can occasionally be spotted with one of her brothers doing a late-night poutine run to Barry's or the Pataterie.

## An Ode to the Weeds I've Killed (Sad poems from a guilt-racked, first time gardener) by Xania Keane

### The Murder Weapon

Pronged tip  
(to accidentally stab your hand with)

Lifetime Warranty!

— This is my favourite thing that I own, said the friend who gifted it to me.

### Plantain Weed

The only weed I recognised.  
From bygone years of city life.  
Through cracks in sidewalks you would grow.  
A sign of hope, stealing the show.  
A flash of green in seas of grey.  
I never even knew your name.  
(Plantain, you whispered, it's Plantain!)  
I killed you all the same.

### Wild Buckwheat aka "Devil's Tether"

I proudly took your photograph.  
When you were barely sprouted.  
But when I learned what you had done,  
I shrieked! I stomped! I pouted!  
I thought you were a Summer Pea.  
So, naturally,  
I let you be.  
But now I see,  
The joke's on me.  
You are the weed.  
That choked out all my celery.

### Hairy Galinsoga

Tiny flowers cast a spell.  
Mini-bouquets for Tinkerbell.  
So sweet! And yet—  
I can't forget.  
You propagate like wildfire.  
I'm sorry dear, you must expire.  
(Don't hang your head in sorrow,  
I may have pulled you up today,  
But you'll be back tomorrow.)

# Are Townshippers Funny?

by Ross Murray, Guest Editor

A Townshipper walks into a bar. Now what?

This should be easy. You find the quirk that distinguishes Townshippers from lesser mortals and you put a twist on it. That's how humour works: you set up a premise, you establish expectations and you subvert those expectations. It's a technical form, really, with a single goal of eliciting a specific emotional response: laughter, or at very least amusement. It's a kind of magic act.

But like Townshippers, humour's not that simple.

As we prepared this special humour edition of the *Townships Sun*, we wondered if there was a "Townships humour," something specific to our region and the English people who hang on here. But just as you can't define a Townshipper as a single type – although, I can always pick out an English person at the mall, you know what I mean? – so too there doesn't seem to be a specific Townships humour.

The quest is complicated by form. The humour I've tended to write over the years tends to be as described above: set-up and release, set-up and release, with that one goal of comedy. But (if I may shamelessly plug) in my fiction, particularly my latest novel *Smileyville*, humour is merely one of the



flavours in the larger recipe. Humour serves the storytelling rather than the other way around. It's less a magic act than a high-wire act.

Townshippers are storytellers, and that comes through in the pieces in this issue. The humour is most times gentle, tending to poke fun rather than outright skewering. There's also a wistfulness to some of it, evoking a recent past of neighbours, front porches, elders. Some of it, though, is just silly. And that's okay. We

need some silliness to get us through these days. We need humour.

I hope you enjoy this collection of short fiction, essays, poems, even cartoons, and I hope they make you smile.

So: A Townshipper walks into a bar. "Qu'est-ce que tu voudrais?" asks the bartender. The Townshipper walks out of the bar and, instead of learning French, just stops drinking.

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# ETRC Townships History Quiz

by Jazmine Aldrich

**Question 1.** Which of the following theatre troupes performed several shows in the Lennoxville Town Hall in 1904 and again, in 1911?

- A- Criterion Comedy Company
- B- Compton Comedy Company
- C- Boston Comedy Company
- D- Wallack's Comedy Company

**Question 2.** Which Townships author wrote the following lines in her poem, "Lost Laughter"?

Her laughter bloomed along the air,  
Like daffodils in early spring  
That down brown vistas gaily bring  
Their yellow richness everywhere.

- A- Estelle Olivier
- B- Dorothy Dutton
- C- Minnie Hollowell Bowen
- D- Bertha Prouty Adams

**Question 3.** What prank did young Harold Jamison and his cousin, Manley Lowry of Leeds, pull on Tom Morrow, as reported in the Townships Sun's October 1983 issue?

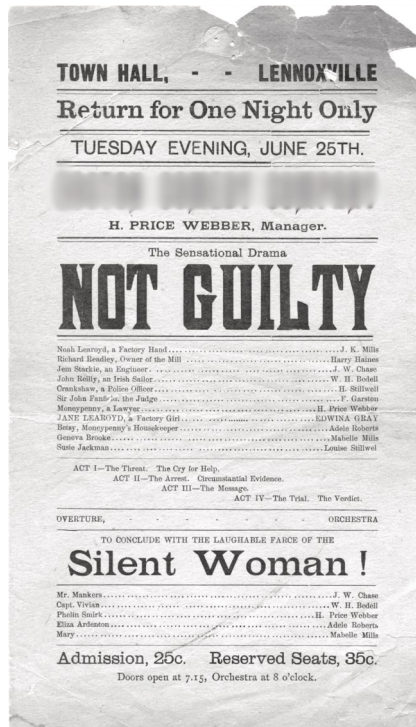
- A- They snuck into his chicken coop and threw eggs at his barn.
- B- They stole his gate and tied it to the rafters of the covered bridge.
- C- They let his horses into the garden to eat his produce.
- D- They left spoiled food in his mailbox.



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**Jazmine Aldrich** is head archivist at the Eastern Townships Resource Centre. She has also worked with other archival organizations in Quebec and Ontario.



(P1997 ETRC Textual Records collection)

Answers: Page 23

## Community Forum

**RE: "50th Anniversary Legacy Edition (March 2024):**  
This might seem that it is coming very late. It takes me a long time to read fifty fascinating pages.

I want to congratulate you and the entire team working with you for an excellent celebratory edition of the Townships Sun for its fiftieth anniversary.

I learned so much about the magazine and about Townships history over the past fifty years. I gained a greater appreciation for the Townships Sun and all of the people who have made it come to life over the years.

It was wonderfully done. It was an excellent read from cover to cover. You all did a great job!

Thank you so much for all that you do,

—Lu Emanuel, Sutton, QC

**RE: The BlueLink of Barry Husk: Where Farms Meet Waterways, by Nick Fonda (April 2024):**

**Editor's Note:** When a municipal councillor in the bottom of the Townships calls to get in contact with the subject of this article about combatting agricultural pollution in our waterways—situated in the top of the Townships—your editor sees concrete evidence of journalism in our pages helping improve our environment. And she feels great gratitude to our contributors and community. Thanks, Nick & Barry!

**RE: Gardens Edition (May 2024):**

Congratulations on the Gardens issue, which I think genial in the watercolors of Tanya McIntyre, Janet Cowan-Weber's piece on wetlands and the various contributions of garden haikus. To Jeannine Boisvert, my gratitude for her reminder of the frog chorus I missed hearing in April. The issue is remarkable in its range—from a garden suggested to Lifang Zhang by Isak Dinesen's Out of Africa, through cryptic understatement in the Hatley garden of Hugo Dumont, to women's engagement in transformations of Victorian Carrollcroft in Stanstead. The latter account may well inform readers attending the exhibition, "Cut Flowers/De la terre sous les angles" at the Colby-Curtis Museum until May 25.

—Adele Ernstrom, Lennoxville, QC

It's always a pleasure to relate with you and your editorial/production team. My honorarium will be donated to the Lennoxville library. This library struggles to function and offer services given their restricted budget. Carry on!

—Esther Saanum, Canton de Hatley, QC

What a lovely issue! Every article is quite stunning! Two notes: My name is spelled incorrectly in the table of contents. The spelling is Elizabeth. Secondly, the line breaks in my haiku should read like this:

nasturtiums  
in tonight's salad  
pepper on my tongue

Thanks for including my work. All the best,

—Elizabeth Paulette-Coughlin, Montreal-West, QC



# Five Chips?

by John Mackley

We've all been through a lot, what with a global pandemic, military invasions, slow motion environmental catastrophes, and extremist political insanity. We, the living, are lucky to still be so. Right?

To add irritation to insult...

I bought a family-size bag of Kettle-Cooked-Sea-Salt & Vinegar-Cracked-Pepper-Mesquite-BBQ chips that took up more than half the backward child-driver's seat of the shopping cart. The kid walked, of course, I have my priorities. Besides, if I can't ride, everybody walks. It's good exercise! When we arrived home, we discovered that huge bag contained only five chips! FIVE! And don't give me that spiel about the extra air being there to pad the chips so they don't get crushed.

There's no point in complaining to the 6-foot-5, 97-pound 13-year-old stacking all the good groceries at the very back of the top shelf.

"I dunno, I just started last week?"

It's not his fault. It's [shrinkflation](#), they say.

So this got me thinking (dangerous, I know), and paying attention, which is apparently what [they are betting against](#).

According to my sales receipts, liquid laundry detergent is not more expensive than a year ago, nor is the gigantic, opaque, month's-worth jug any smaller. But picking it up, I find it significantly lighter, and the same jug no longer lasts a month in my house. I can find no logical explanation. I sincerely doubt that my clothes are much dirtier than they were a few months ago.

The January 2024 Consumer Price Index was at 2.9 percent, reported [Statistics Canada](#). That's the lowest inflation rate since July 2021, following the depth of the COVID-19 pandemic and its near total economic melt-down. This is far below the 6.6 percent reported for November 2022.

Crises do seem to linger. Even COVID is still around, but of all the global issues out there, paying the same or more for less and less is the thing that really gets your goat.

As fuel and transportation costs steadily increase, production costs and wages for workers should also keep pace. Those costs will logically be [passed on to the consumer](#). These steady increases might be understandable, but...

What gets me is the deceptive practices used to hide the price hikes from unwitting buyers.

In everything from cereal boxes to ice cream, toilet paper to sports drinks, manufacturers change packaging, re-name articles, and vary formats in overly complex ways. Any scheme to make effective comparison nearly impossible. Can anyone actually tell the difference between a double roll of single ply versus a single roll of double ply?



I remember a time when a litre bottle of dishwashing liquid contained a litre of detergent rather than 982 millilitres. And what's with the duck? Oh yeah, years ago there was an oil spill in the Gulf of Mexico, or was it Alaska? In any case, it is said they used dishwashing liquid to clean the crude oil off the baby wildlife. So the duck says I should subconsciously half-remember that and choose their product over a cheaper one with a lemon on the label.

In short, on today's shelves, more products offer less in the same or bigger package, for the same or higher price.

I have noticed one feature on some store shelves, ostensibly to help consumers comparison shop. In minuscule text at the bottom of some labels, you might find a price per 100 g or 100 ml. In theory, this should make it easy. If only my eyes were as good as when I was 12, or if only I had remembered to bring my magnifying glass!

Five chips was an exaggeration on my part. But if the trend continues with no public outcry, the day will inevitably come when we will pay more for the air in the bag than for the product it surrounds.



*John Mackley lives, loves, laughs, and writes in the Eastern Townships. (Photos: John Mackley)*

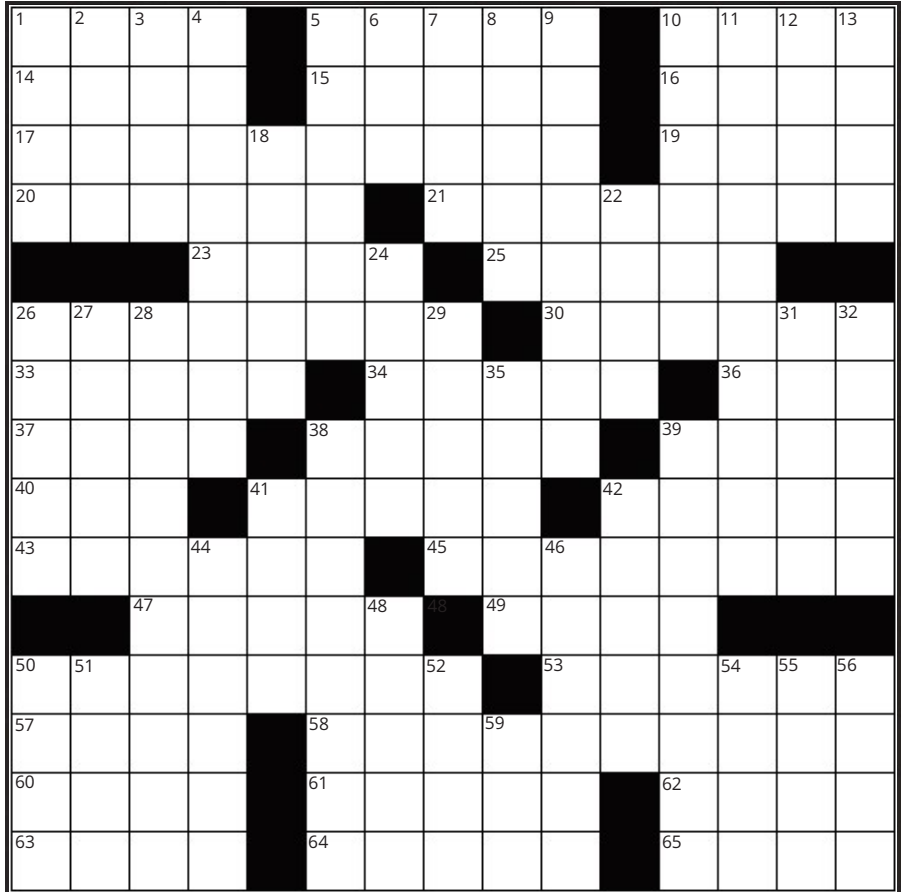
# CROSSWORD FUN in the Townships Sun

## CLUES – ACROSS:

1. All the characters in a play
5. Foundation
10. River in Western France running from Saint-Goazec into the Atlantic
14. Segments of a circle
15. “Your cheque? \_\_\_\_\_ it yesterday.”
16. In proximity to
17. Most steadfast
19. More; other; besides
20. Plants whose pods are used for their laxative properties
21. Disparage
23. Bachelor of \_\_\_\_\_ degree
25. Wine from a certain region of Hungary
26. With a tranquil gaze (two words)
30. Official residence of a monarch
33. Author Nin, known especially for her journals
34. \_\_\_\_\_-nice – used to describe over-careful ingratiating behaviour
36. Combining form meaning “angled” in names of geometric figures
37. In former Japanese currency, coins equal to one-tenth of a sen
38. December birthstone
39. Rooney who is the star of *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*
40. Deity
41. Danger
42. *The \_\_\_\_\_*, a newspaper serving San Francisco
43. C&W artist Kalsey Kulyk gives us permission to “Blame it \_\_\_\_\_.”
45. If it always is, then it is \_\_\_\_\_.
47. Hasslers
49. A type of municipality (US alternate spelling)
50. Synthetic materials based on polymers
53. Marked by a graffiti artist
57. Male offspring
58. What the two members of a couple working for the same employer might do when they have a child (two words)
60. Women’s organization still active today, founded in Canada over a century ago to show allegiance to the British Empire (abbrev.)
61. The book that roared: *The White \_\_\_\_\_*, winner of the 2008 Booker Prize
62. Covering of a building
63. Resort towns where you restore your health
64. Places – at a theatre or at table, e.g.
65. Narrow opening

## CLUES – DOWN:

1. Elliot of *The Mamas and the Papas*
2. Johnson of *Rowan & Martin’s Laugh-In*
3. Cast your gaze over (your surroundings)
4. Events consisting of series of waves caused by displacement of a large volume of water in the ocean, triggered by earthquakes or volcanic eruptions
5. Where your ballpoints are kept – especially if the holder is a mess? (Two words)
6. Tree of the genus *Fraxinus* that yields a hardwood
7. Germ
8. A small map set within a larger one
9. Resort town in southern France (two words) hyphenated; here, with first word abbreviated)
10. Four qts — or a solo woman (two words)
11. Postpone once more
12. Where the sun rises
13. Tall plant that stores carbon, releases oxygen, and is lovely to look at
18. Openings of the nose
22. Alright
24. In Spanish, respectful mode of address to a man
26. Freight
27. Negatively charged ion
28. You have entered a contest where you can win a wild animal. If you win a wild pig, you score a boar. If you win a Chinese member of the bear family, you \_\_\_\_\_.
29. “Maybe the water’s cold – I’ll \_\_\_\_\_ my toe first.”
31. Via del \_\_\_\_\_, street in the historical centre of Rome
32. Pass into law
35. \_\_\_\_\_ Garth, character of exceptional integrity and kindness in George Eliot’s *Middlemarch*
38. People who put up marquees
39. A towering figure in children’s television was known by this name (two words; here, the first one is abbreviated)
41. Grammatical tense
42. That has reverted to a wild state
44. We say someone who toys with us does this with our minds
46. People who have the franchise and use it



48. One of four waterways in Overschie in the Netherlands
50. More than one occurrence of the 23rd letter of the Greek alphabet
51. Continuously repeated recorded segment
52. Long story with many ins and outs
54. Oscar Wilde’s *The Ballad of Reading \_\_\_\_\_*
55. Salad dressing ingredient for the elite....
56. Adroit
59. Soak flax (for example) in water in order to separate out the fibre

*Rina Kampeas is a freelance translator and a diaspora Townshipsper. She enjoys solving crossword puzzles and is exhilarated by the opportunity*



*to construct them for the Townships Sun.*

## CROSSWORD SOLUTION: Page 23

*Thanks to CrosswordsGrid.com, whose blank grid “15 x 15 Sample Crossword Puzzle Grid #4” was used in constructing today’s puzzle.*

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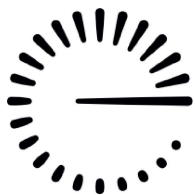
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# Virtuoso

by Josh Quirion

One summer, I lived with a dog in an apartment with no electricity. Lou (after Lou Reed) and I sat by candlelight and lived the way I figured a man and his dog ought to live. Truth was, I didn't know very much about being a dog-owner, or a man. A few weeks earlier, an old friend posted on Facebook that his dog was looking for a new home. We met up that same afternoon. He gave me Lou and I gave him a lightly used golf bag.

Summers in Lennoxville are lonesome. The student population has been repatriated home. The streets are quiet, the apartments empty. I needed a friend, and I got Lou. We lived by candlelight.

My mother's aunt's boyfriend passed away that summer. We were not close. I didn't even know his name, but I heard he had this collection of violins, which was being posthumously liquidated. Because I was "family," my mother's aunt sold me a decent violin for a hundred bucks. I didn't know how to play, except for the first few notes of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which a fellow counsellor taught me at Bible camp in the Maritimes. But that was it.

With a dog, a violin, and no electricity, I figured I would be irresistible to a certain type of woman. She would visit my dark, candlelit apartment and lay with Lou, while I played hymns on my dead, sort-of-relative's violin. Then we would make loud, wet love in the quiet of the borough of Lennoxville. It would be old-fashioned, analogue romance. But that never happened. Playing the violin is damn hard and I am lazy. Over and over, I played the notes of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" that my muscles remembered from that summer spent at Bible camp. I played them so much, in fact, that after about two weeks, Lou began barking for mercy whenever I picked up the bow.

I started spending more and more time at the air-conditioned coffee shop on Queen, where they have electricity and pop music on wall-mounted speakers. I used the free Wi-Fi for hours, while I drank water and coffee and made eyes at Farnaz, the barista. She had tattoos all over her arms and I could tell she had one or more on her abdomen when she reached

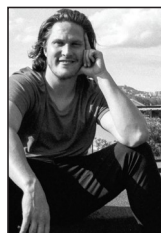
for straws that I started asking for on purpose only to see more of her ink. Eventually, I realized it was a violin!

That week, Lou and I took my violin for morning walks in front of the coffee shop's wide windows so that Farnaz might see me for the rare fella I was: a cold-showering, dog-loving, violin-playing man. And it worked! The next time I asked her for a straw and she gave it to me, she said she saw me earlier, walking a dog and carrying a violin. She asked if I played. I said yes, a little bit, and would she maybe like to come over and hang out with Lou and me.

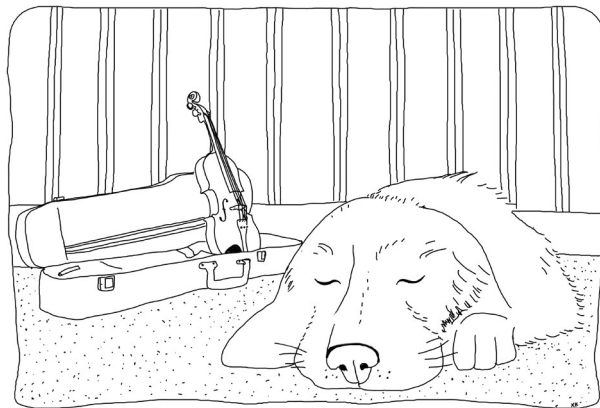
Later that day, she came to my apartment and brought leftover pastries and coffee from work. This was the moment I had been waiting for. Let's hear you play, she said. I took up the instrument and even lay some rosin on the bow. Like a real pro, I thought. With my eyes closed, I played the hymn as good as I had ever played it. I only wished then that there were two of me, so one could play the refrain over and over while the

other made sweet, tender love to her. When I opened my eyes, she was petting Lou and smiling at me. The candle cast a soft light on her pale hair.

She asked if I could play something else, and I said I would like to but my wrist was hurting. Maybe later. Then, she asked if she could have a go. I gave her the violin and she casually tucked it under her chin and started playing effortlessly. Beautiful music. Beautiful music that made me realize how alone I was. I could've cried. I think I did. When she was done, she handed me back the violin, said goodnight, and told me that Lou looked like she wasn't eating enough. I didn't even know Lou was female. I didn't know anything.



**Josh Quirion** is a French-Canadian writer from the Eastern Townships. He holds an M.A. in English Literature and Creative Writing from Concordia University. He is the author of the short story collection *Towners & Other Stories* (Shoreline Press, 2020).



# The Lie

by Janice LaDuke

“I have never told a lie,” Aunt Mary stated, with a defiant set of her chin.

“Never?” Louis asked.

“Never,” she replied.

Over in the corner, Grandpa’s rocker creaked. Louis glanced over, but he couldn’t see much through the fog of Grandpa’s pipe. Louis looked at Susan, but she did not lift her eyes from the newspaper crossword puzzle she had spread out on the rug beneath her.

Think fast, Louis thought. You can’t let her get away with this.

“I can see what you’re thinking, Louis, and I want you to know that I think it deplorable that you wish to question your aunt’s honesty,” Aunt Mary warned him.

“Come on, Aunt Mary. Surely you told a lie at some time in your life. Like, when you were a kid! Didn’t you, like, tell Grandpa that you were going to – uh, I don’t know – going to see your girlfriend when really you were going to make a rendez-vous with some boy?”

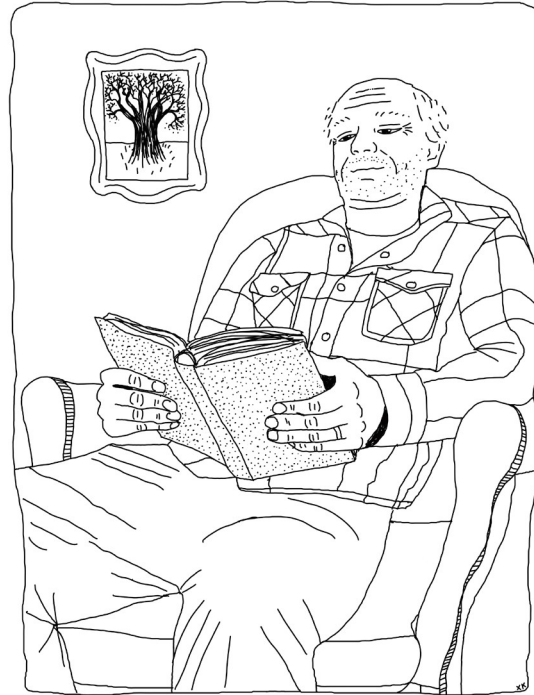
“I never!” She was truly shocked, Louis could see that. He hastened to cover the breach, giving Susan a swift kick to the foot to stop her silent shaking laughter, though she still had not lifted her eyes from her puzzle.

“Of course you didn’t, of course not,” Louis appeased her. “But what about a little white lie. Like, maybe somebody said, ‘Oh, look at the loggerheaded shrike there in the spruce,’ and you didn’t really see it but you didn’t want to admit that you didn’t see it ‘cause really you wanted to see it...”

“I never did any such thing, Louis, and you are being ridiculous,” Aunt Mary harrumphed.

The rocker in the corner creaked. Louis glanced again at Grandpa, then said, “But what if Grandpa was really set on beef for supper and all you had in the ice box was some moose that Nat Riley slipped you on his way home from a little excursion...”

Aunt Mary’s sharp intake of breath was all Louis needed to hear, and all Grandpa needed to hear, too, it seemed, for he suddenly burst out laughing. Susan sat up and stared at Grandpa, laughing as much at his laughter than anything else.



“Louis, how dare you?” Aunt Mary hissed. She sprang from her chair and disappeared into the kitchen.

“I knew it wasn’t beef!” Grandpa hollered after her.

All through supper Grandpa had been muttering, “Funny tasting beef,” and, “Doesn’t taste like beef to me.” Aunt Mary had ignored him until he’d pointed his knife at her and said, “You’re not trying to pass off some o’ that Riley fellow’s mouldering moose on me, are ya?”

Aunt Mary had glanced at Susan and Louis and had quietly said, “Don’t point with your knife, Daddy.”

“He’s a poacher, ya know!” Grandpa had continued, still

wielding his knife. “That’s what he is! He’s gonna get caught one of these days and here we’ll be, eatin’ the evidence!”

“He’s not a poacher, he’s the game warden, Daddy.” Aunt Mary had lifted a forkful of stew to her mouth, then said, “But this is beef.” She’d popped the stew into her mouth and clamped her lips tight over her chewing teeth.

Grandpa was silent, except for the clicking of his dentures as he ate the stew. “Least it’s tender,” he’d muttered.



**Janice LaDuke** lives, works and plays in Bulwer. She has been in the Townships for over 45 years. She is a librarian, bookseller, gardener, baker, musician, paddler, grandmother and sometimes she writes.

# A Hayman's Holiday

by Nick Fonda

Originally published in the Montreal Star in August 1973

To the editor:

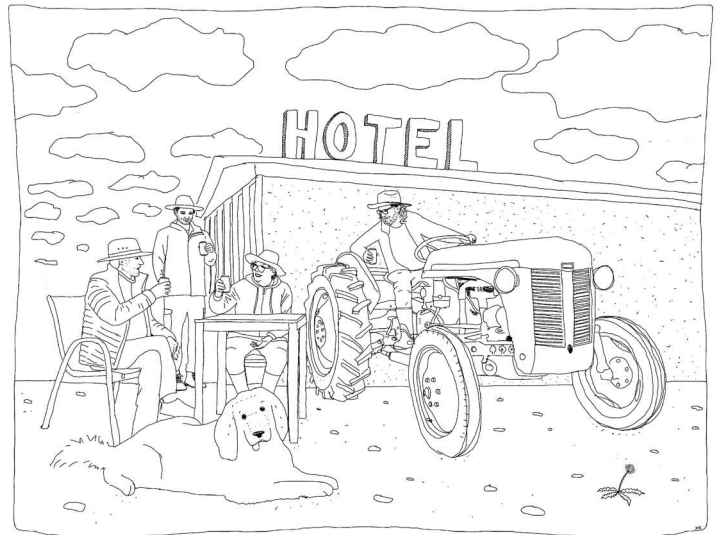
I don't too often get a chance to write so I want to apologize right off for the way this here letter is written, though I figure the spelling's right good seeing as how my ten-year-old is just about the best speller in her class. You're a busy man, I reckon, writing that paper all day long so I'll be short. This whole thing started round about two weeks ago when Marge, that's Steve's wife, couldn't get ahold of Steve to fix the water pump that had just broke down again. Steve was out trying to get Grenier's field all baled because it was supposed to rain later on that afternoon and Steve didn't want all that good clover getting wet because it'd take just about another week to dry it and it wouldn't be very good feed if it got wet like that.

What this meant, of course, was that Steve couldn't come back to the house to fix the water pump unless he wanted to lose that field of hay which he didn't want to do. But then again Marge wanted water real bad on account of the new baby and so she called Serge Lachance who's the plumber in these parts. As it happened Serge's wife answered and it turned out that old Serge couldn't do anything about the pump for another two weeks on account of that he was on holidays and if the union found out that he was working when he was supposed to be on his holidays he would get fined \$200, or so Serge's wife said. It seems that the plumbers have to take two weeks of holiday right smack in the middle of summer or else the union fines them and doesn't let them work any more. But Marge needed water real bad on account of the baby as I said and so she asked Serge's wife if there was somebody else that she might phone to come up and look at the pump seeing as Steve was out in the fields and couldn't come in.

Well, Serge's wife looked up a bunch of names and finally got one that wasn't on holidays till next week and so Marge phoned him up and he came all the way down from the other side of Windsor and fixed the pump as best he could even though it still isn't running all that good.

Well, when Steve came down that night he was madder than a bull stung by a hornet. By God, he said and he started swearing and cursing about the plumbers and their holidays and why couldn't they take them in the winter when they were meant to, seeing as

there ain't much work for them in the winter and who had ever heard of taking holidays right smack in the middle of summer, by God the last time he had holidays was back when the old Massey Harris tipped over on him going up the grade by the cemetery and they put him in the hospital in Sherbrooke for the better part of a month and, by God that was the only holiday he'd seen in his life.



Old Steve was pretty worked up there about having to pay some damned plumber from Windsor \$7.50 an hour and traveling time and gas mileage and God knows what all else. Steve was going on like that and getting madder all the time and so we figured we'd go down to the Hotel for a couple of beer to cool him off and also 'cause we'd got a fair bit of hay in before the rain and we pretty well deserved a beer or two.

We got to the Hotel and sat down and by the by old Steve cooled right down there and pretty soon he wasn't talking nearly half as much as he usually does, 'cause Steve can be a wicked mean talker with a couple of beer in his belly. Then for a while there Steve didn't say a word but we hardly noticed 'cause we was drinking our beer and talking 'bout Richmond Fair and the good hay weather.

Well, this was going on for a while there when Steve sort of sat up and give us this big smile and told us to listen because he had himself a good idea but it would take all of us to do it right proper. Well, Steve's idea took a lot of talking and a lot of planning and a lot of the other farmers around weren't too keen on it right off but now we're pretty much together and

next week Steve figures that we'll be all ready with our own union which will force us to take holidays right smack in the middle of summer, right after haying is done.

None of us has ever had holidays round here before except of course Steve who spent that time in the hospital and we aren't too sure on how to take a holiday proper but we figure that we'll learn and in a couple of years we'll be takin' them as well as a body can.

Our biggest problem of course was that you folks in the city need milk. We're all milk farms in these parts and that had us stumped for quite a while. But then Steve figured that if folks can do without water for two weeks while the plumbers are on holiday,

well then by all rights folks can do without milk for two weeks while farmers are on holiday.

I wrote you this here letter so that you can tell all the people in the city that we're done all our haying now and so there won't be any milk for two weeks starting next Monday because we're all going on holidays.

Nick Fonda  
South Durham



*Nick Fonda has been writing about the people who make the Eastern Townships special for close to 50 years. He lives and writes in Richmond.*

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# The Folks Who Made Me Laugh

By Annis Campione

I think we don't laugh enough. But I also understand that times are tumultuous right now and the world is no laughing matter.

In my experience, humour can be entwined in tragedy and everyday life. You must dig a little deeper or welcome it when it springs up spontaneously. Are we wrong to find things funny about life, death, illness, aging? Well, yes and no. If the humour is at someone's expense, then it is wrong. If it is hurtful or wrapped up in bullying, misogyny, racism, sexism, agism – also wrong. But if it is delivered by a



*The author's Great Aunt Marjorie and sister Cathy*

kind heart to ease a heavy burden, to lighten a dark mood, or to laugh at our human foibles, then lay on, McDuff!

I am filled with gratitude for the folks who have made me laugh, friends who have brought out a

loud guffaw amid tears or confusion. These laughs are such gifts. Some cases in point...

July 1990: I received a letter from a journalist friend in reply to my note to him that, among other things, included my recent breast cancer diagnosis.

"What an exciting letter," he wrote back. "But just to say, in my business, leaving the tumour to page two is called 'burying the lede.'" I have loved him forever for that line.

Little humans are a wealth of witticisms. My oldest daughter, aged two and a bit, would wander into my room in the morning to announce, "Mommy, your baby is awake," referring to her baby sister!

She is also the subject of this story:

Middle of the night, 2.5-year-old crawls into bed with me and then she starts wiggling and scratching.

"What are you doing?" I ask. "I am scratching my mosquito bite," she replies. I smile into the darkness. "He bit you because you are delicious." "No!" she replies, "He bit me because I wasn't looking."

As a child, I remember my grandmother asking my grandfather to say grace before dinner, and much to her exasperation he'd start solemnly and then digress. "God is great. God is good. And we thank him for this food. And we hope that it is good. And it does not taste like wood."

On the subject of grace, we asked my 4-year-old nephew if he'd like to say grace, and he said yes. He reverently put his hands together, closed his eyes and said, "I am a cowboy." That was the end of it. Graces and wishes are often scrambled.

On another occasion, I asked the same nephew, "Would you like to say grace, or shall I?" He thought for a moment and then asked earnestly, "What is 'shall I'?"

My grandmother loved to kid and laugh. Never known for wearing bright colours, some of her grandchildren bought her a red hat for her 80th birthday. She received it graciously but said she would never wear it. "But I thought when you were old you could do anything you wanted," said my cousin. "Well," Nanee shot back, "I'm not old yet."

My darling old dad arrived home from the grocery, having shopped supposedly from mom's list. My mother lamented, "He's come in with four orange juice containers, and we're only here one day this

week. And the peppers are huge.” “Well, it wasn’t easy,” replied Dad in his defence. “They weren’t in their usual pepper place. They were closer to the bananas.”

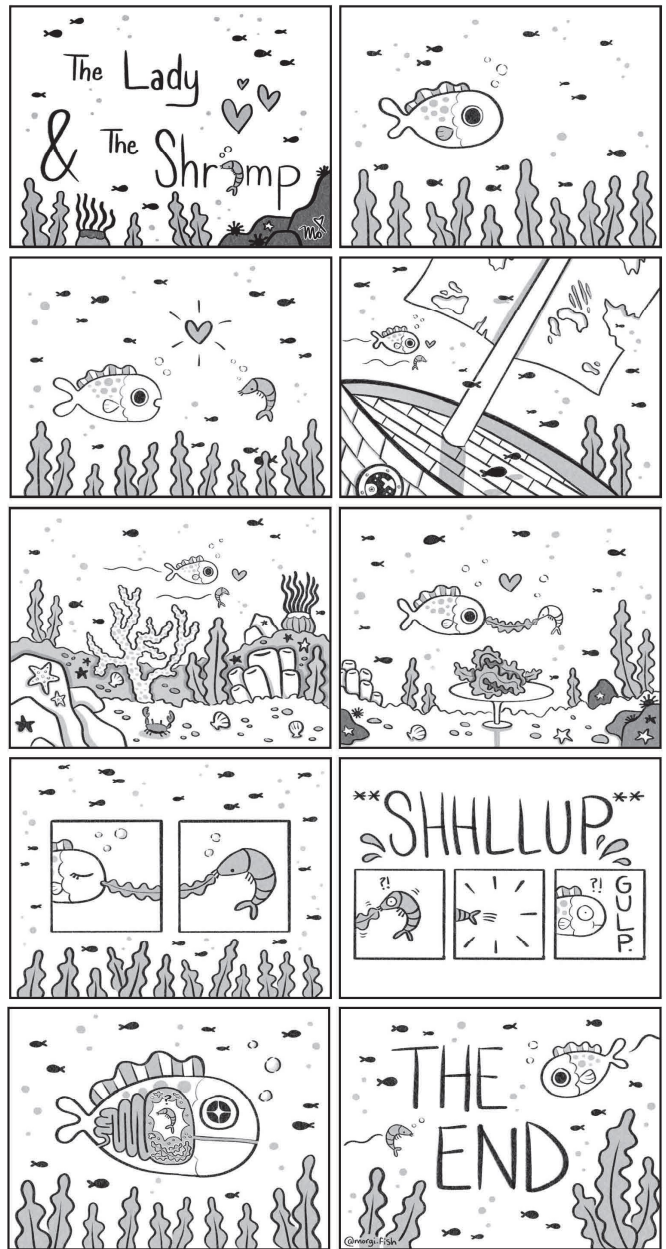
Now, you may or may not be finding any of this funny, and that is okay. It’s not really the point (although these stories still crack me up). The point is that laughing is good for you. Research shows that laughing can boost your immune system, relieve stress and anxiety, soothe a tense situation, relieve pain (see Norman Cousins’ *Anatomy of an Illness*), and stimulate your internal organs.

We all need a good laugh, and we all feel better having had it. If you are stuck, there are lots of places to find humour - online (check out Nate Bargatze or Leanne Morgan), for oodles of funny kid comments check out Live from Snack Time on Instagram. There are books or the funny pages in newspapers. There are comedy nights at your local Legion and movies, podcasts and radio shows.

While laughing is great, making others laugh is great too. There is a meme that reads *There’s nothing better than when you’re full-on laughing with someone, and you both keep on adding things that make it funnier, and you can barely breathe.* My great aunt Marjorie Baker was a stern, stubborn, sensible woman. She joined the RCAF and drove ambulances throughout England. While she had great wit, it was very, very dry, so getting her to laugh out loud was a big win. On the previous page is a photo of her laughing with my sister (a very, very funny woman). I hope you enjoy it and hope from now on you have at least one laugh a day. Doctor’s orders.



**Annis Campione** is a writer and artist living in North Hatley. She loves to laugh.



Some may say **Morgane Davis Demers** is obsessed with drawing fish, which isn’t false as most of their art revolves around silly aquatic creatures. Their dark humour and knack for drawing expressive characters makes for hilarious stories every time.

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 July/August 2024 Special Edition  
 English Magazine for the Townships. Since 1974.

# Contemporary Potluck Criticism

by Ross Murray

## Far-Out Noodles

Following her misstep with last year's highly derivative "Oven-Baked Ziti," Olive Baxter returns in fine form with this tangy dish that recalls Reagan-era exceptionalism and the heydays of cottage cheese. Baxter confronts the diner with the question, "Whither sour cream?" And the answer is: right here in this baking dish. This powerful ingredient pulls together the other simple elements, including generous support from Parmesan, garlic and green onions, last seen together in Bertie Alverson's "Sausage Breakfast Casserole" (2022). This should have been a triumphant comeback for Mrs. Baxter, and indeed "Far-Out Noodles" is some of her best work. Alas, tastes have changed, and potluckers no longer have the attention span for such contemplative casseroles. Based on the amount of leftovers, this could very well be the final feature from this veteran flammaker.

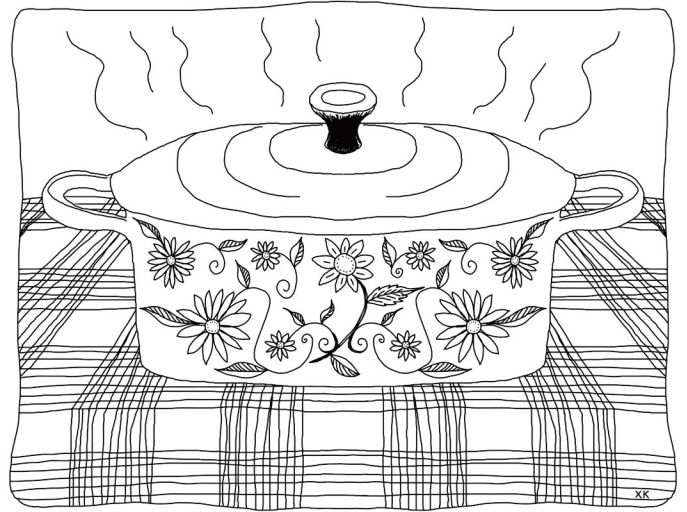
## Bingo-Bango Lasagna

There was a lot riding on Alice Graves' debut at St. Pancreas Church. Graves first made a name for herself with the short student dish, "TikTok Tacos," and the young homemaker was much sought after by congregations and ladies' groups across the county. But the world of potluck can be cruel, and even before Sunday's smorgasbord, Graves was being accused of keeping cleaning products too close to her food prep station, thereby creating a toxic work environment, a charge Graves vehemently denied on her Pinterest page. With all these distractions, would "Bingo-Bango Lasagna" live up to the hype? Yes and no. In many ways, the dish is a triumph: savory ground sausage, the contemporary touch of kale, and a zingy sauce reminiscent of early Tarantino and Boyardee. No one can fault Graves on taste. Yet, the execution felt rushed. The cheese was uneven and the oven-ready lasagna noodles were clearly touched up in post-production. Graves has clear talent and a bright future in potlucking, but shortcuts will not earn her critical acclaim from the ladies in the kitchen.

## Whipped Delight (With Fruit)

Following her misstep with last year's highly derivative "Oven-Baked Ziti," It is frankly sad to see Beulah McTavish's once great potlucking prowess reduced

to such pandering in her latest offering, "Whipped Delight (With Fruit)." This is the retired Sunday School teacher who once gave us "Tangy Tuna Tortilla Pinwheels" and other dishes capable of transporting patrons from low-ceilinged church basements to a veritable Pyrex paradise. Give the people what they want, they say, but McTavish's desperate need for adoration is as obvious as the pink food colouring that dominates this lazy concoction of Cool Whip and tinned fruit salad. There is no subtlety, no finesse, no cantaloupe. Sadly, the public will gobble up this fluff, but these are ultimately empty calories for the body and soul.



## Mung Beans A-Go-Go

Building on her zeitgeist- and table-ready "Black Beans Matter," Mavis Arbuckle returns to explore the intersectionality of under-represented ingredients with her thought-provoking "Mung Beans A-Go-Go." Arbuckle invites the potluck aficionado to consider the exoticism of mung beans while defiantly shaking up expectations with what would normally be far too much cinnamon. Indeed, we are forced to ask ourselves, why cinnamon at all? It's a good question and one never fully answered. Arbuckle challenges us to confront our own privilege, class and difficulties eating beans with a fork. The resulting spillage onto well-fed laps becomes a metaphor for those who "fall" victim to "acceptable" potluck propriety. Candied jackfruit and dried kiwi complement notions of otherness. What we eat, why we eat, where we eat, who are we eating with, what is she wearing,

can you believe she's wearing that, who does she think she is? These are all difficult questions that "Mung Beans A-Go-Go" implore. Are these inquiries good? Yes. Is this dish? Not especially.

### Nachos on a Plate

William "Bill" Rankowski created a veritable buzz at this past Sunday's potluck. We set the scene: Rankowski enters the church hall holding forth a foil-covered platter. A gasp rises from the ladies, who rush forward to divest the gentleman of his dish. Inquiries are made, and Rankowski confirms he has indeed prepared the dish himself. Is he insulted by the implication that his wife Irma might have had a hand? It does not show. Instead, Rankowski beams with pride, and, at the buffet table, he – voila! – reveals his dish: nacho chips arranged on a platter, topped with jarred salsa, and lovingly sprinkled with pre-shredded cheddar. The piece-de-resistance: a smattering of scissor-cut green onions. This challenge to the matriarchy was the talk of the evening, with chatter aplenty concerning the tremendous labour Mr. Rankowski must have expended on such an undertaking. So amazed were the ladies that, at the end of the evening, they declined Rankowski's offer to help with cleanup, for surely he had done enough.



*Ross Murray has lived in the Townships more than he hasn't. His humour has appeared in local newspapers, online, on stage and in novel form, most recently in his novel Smileyville, available at Townships bookstores.*



## Free Parking for Aliens?

Inspired by urgent news flash!



(<https://tinyurl.com/SpaceshipParking>)

Is parking free for spacecraft  
Cradling aliens on the fly  
'Cross suns and stars in cosmic dust  
Or black holes zooming by  
Modeled on our potholed streets  
Beneath metallic skies?

Should we offer pots of tea  
With biscuits topped in brie?  
Do aliens seek more sticky treats?  
Like spice cake on the sheet  
And lemon squares with port  
Or cherries by the quart?

When trying to park their saucers  
On land or ocean swells  
Or when they simply need to pee  
Do they struggle with "défis"  
Of parking on an angle  
Or in perfect parallel?

But maybe they just hover  
Some height above the ground  
Pining like lost lovers  
For empty spots on earthly lots ...  
"Idiots" they squawk in space-speak  
"We have finer fish to fry!"



*John LeBaron grew up in Sherbrooke. His career includes teaching in Canada and abroad His latest book, It Was Only a Movie: You Can Open Your Eyes Again, published in 2022, is available where books are sold and on Amazon at <https://tinyurl.com/LeBaron-IWOAM>.*

# Man Cheats at Golf, Feels “Pretty Good” About It

by Vincent Gardner

When Walter Heath came off the eighteenth green at Elmview, scorecard linked to reality by only the most ephemeral whisps of Cartesian logic, he suffered no moral qualms or ethical dilemmas.

“Seventy-eight,” he claimed. “Not too shabby this early in the season!”

When it was suggested that Walter may have made an error or two on the card—purely mathematical, of course—he allowed that he could possibly have “shaved a stroke through inattention, in the way that happens to all of us at some point—you know, on a practice round like today.”

Questioned about the sequence in the trees on number six, where observers claimed he scythed enough grass to stock a barn for next winter, he admitted that his “practice strokes may have churned things up a bit in there.”

“The thing about golf,” he said, “it’s a game of give and take. Out there in nature, under the hot sun with your pals, maybe with a libation or two—there’s room for movement. There’s some latitude. Nothing’s written in stone.”

He was referring, one supposes, to the lightly pencilled 5 on his card for the fourth hole, which, by the sixteenth, had been “smudged” into a definitively dark 3. “I puzzled over that one,” he said, “but for the life of me, I couldn’t remember the fourth if it hit me between the eyes with a wet sack of cement.”

Walter’s tendency to play a loosey-goosy game, to disrupt the electric pulse of the sport’s nervous system, to re-imagine philosophical underpinnings that stretch back to eighteenth-century Europe—in short, to completely ignore the rules—results in scores unmatched by any other 57-year-old small-business owner with a beer gut, severe halitosis and a crooked seven iron.

“And there’s no doubt I’ve got a liberal attitude toward gimmes and mulligans,” he said. “Guilty as charged! You might have difficulty holing a four-foot putt—and that’s fine, we’ve all got our strengths and weaknesses—so you go ahead and putt out. But I know for a fact no one wants to stand around waiting while I drain another guaranteed six-footer. I just pick up and get to the next tee. It’s all about etiquette with me.”

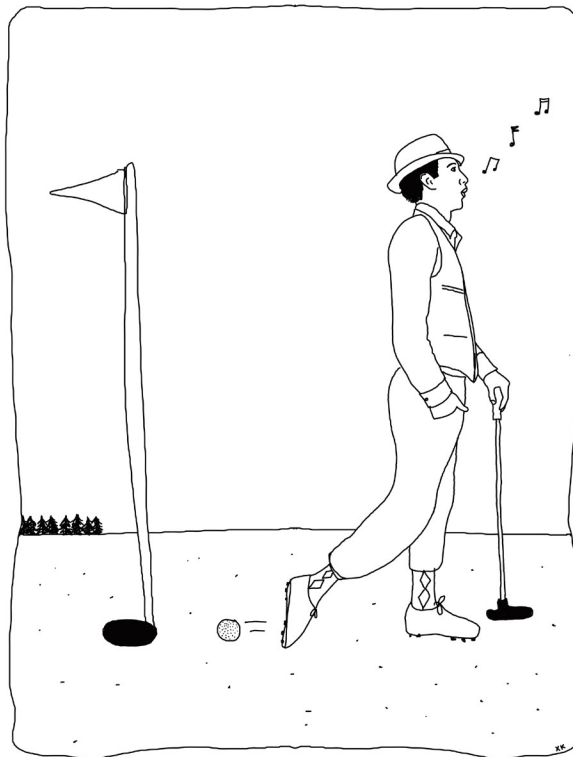
At this point in the conversation, standing on the patio at the nineteenth, enjoying an umpteenth “thirst-quencher,” Walter hitched his plaid golf trousers another half-inch up his belly, further outlining his already tightly packed genitals.

“It’s all about the etiquette,” he repeated. “Local rules are another example. Lots of courses want golfers to pick up the pace, to get a move on. So they put a cap on the number of strokes per hole. What’s the cap here—five, I think? Six, max? In that neighbourhood somewhere? You have to adhere to those rules religiously. Spring rules are important as well. Sometimes you’ve got to move your ball—quite a bit—to avoid damaging fragile sections of the course. And it’s a late spring this year—we had snow in April!”

Was it possible that a friendly wager with his partners had an influence on Walter’s moral compass? “There were only a few hundred dollars at stake—just walking-around-money for my employees—they lose more than that in an hour at the tables in Montreal. And they’ll all tell you, it’s a privilege to get out of the office and onto the course with me.”

Said employees made themselves scarce after the round, preferring to hustle off in a small, surly convoy that included a Nissan Micra, a Toyota Yaris and a half-charged Chevy Volt.

When the topic of honesty, integrity and transparency was broached in a direct manner, Walter asked



for clarification. Einstein, he was told, once said that whoever is careless with the truth in small matters cannot be trusted with important matters. Staring into the bottom of an empty glass, Walter mused thusly: "As I understand it, these things take on new layers of meaning over time. What was once a given is now up for debate. What excites me is the creativity of the thing, right down to evolving notions of scoring. It's that sort of creativity that bleeds over into my daily business. So I guess, in his own backward way, Einstein may have been on to something!"

Bottom line: was Walter pleased shooting one-oh-two but handing in a seventy-eight? "I feel pretty good about the way I was able to bring it in today. It wasn't my best, but it's only June. In a month, I'll level up my creativity and be under par! Hey, never up, never in—am I right?"

With a wink he moved on to the putting green, where no one was surprised to see him card a fourteen for eighteen holes.



*Vincent Gardner is a writer, editor and translator who resides in Sherbrooke. His latest collection of stories, Panic on the 7:03, is available at Black Cat Books in Lennoxville.*



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# Where Horses Will Take You

by Kathryn Kevin Billane

At age fifteen, our daughter Meghan finally got the horse she had longed for since early childhood. Her dream came true in the form of a friendly, bemused-looking eight-year-old thoroughbred that went by the name of Brio Gold. He had had a brief unsuccessful career on the track, as is the fate of many thoroughbreds, and his latest owner, an elderly lady, had decided to sell him after he panicked and ran due to a helicopter passing low overhead.

But his past did not matter to Meg. Happily immersing herself in all aspects of his care and training, she soon decided that she wanted to trim his hooves herself. The “natural hoof” was her aim; a way of trimming that is supposed to enable the horse to move in a free, balanced way without shoes, like a horse in the wild. A weekend workshop at a local stable taught her the basics and she came home ready and eager to start. We were glad to support her and to cease paying farrier bills at the same time. It was a win-win situation.

All she needed to begin were some simple tools, a cutting knife, a rasp, and the metal stand that the horse puts its foot on when you shape it by grinding off the excess hoof. The knife and the rasp were easy—she had already bought them at the workshop—but the hoof stand (we never knew its real name) was elusive. Where would we find such a specialized tool and wouldn't it be very expensive?

Brio's hooves were getting longer by the day. When our local vet stopped by to administer spring vaccinations, he mentioned that his son was also into hoof trimming and had improvised a hoof stand out of an old office chair. He'd just removed the seat and the casters, and the centre support became the post that the horse rested his hoof on. “It worked great,” he said.

The next afternoon, I set out to find an old office chair. Three musty second-hand store basements later, I concluded that, although many kitchen chairs, lazyboys, and bar stools had made their way there, old office chairs must go somewhere

else to seek a second life.

As the day was going by and I was determined to complete my quest, I decided to head for the big office supply store. I quickly located a herd of office chairs at the back of the store, and, pulling my tape measure from my bag, I crouched down on the floor to measure the height of the centre posts. As I crawled around comparing the undersides of chairs, I thought of Brio, an elegant 16-hand dark chestnut with a slightly wobbly white stripe down his long sensitive face. Which chair



*Brio and Meghan competing at the Ayer's Cliff Fair*

minus its casters would be most comfortable for him to rest his hooves upon? Just as important, was there one cheap enough that I could persuade myself to buy it for that purpose?

Suddenly I became aware of a pair of legs next to me. Looking up, I saw that a store clerk had arrived on the scene. He looked to be not much more than seventeen and seemed a little hesitant. New on the job, I thought.

Could he help me? he asked. “Oh, no thanks, I'm just looking,” I said. He was not to be deterred. Perhaps it was a slow day or perhaps he had been told to engage the customers.

“Are you looking for a chair?” he asked.

“Yes,” I replied.

“Is it for your office?” he asked.

“No,” I replied.

“Is it for your home?”

“No,” I responded, mentally cringing at where this conversation was going.

There was a pause. “What is it for then?” he asked.

I took a moment to stand up. “It’s for my daughter’s horse.”

His air of cheerful competence fell away as he regarded me uncertainly. “A horse?” he said after a moment.

Reluctantly I went on. “Yes, she wants a chair that he can put his feet up on. It has to be the right height.” I stuffed the dangling tape measure back in my pocket.

This explanation did not help. He continued to look at me in surprise. Obviously whatever training he had did not cover situations like this. I made a half-hearted attempt to describe in French how the chair figured in our proposed hoof trimming procedure, but embarrassment soon brought me to a halt. This was too hard to explain. Anyway, perhaps it was kinder to leave him with the image of Brio reclining in the office chair with his hooves comfortably pulled up, maybe with a cup of tea crooked in one foreleg. Perhaps that was a better image than Brio’s dirty feet up on the gutted chair while Meghan rasped away dead hoof flakes and dried manure. Instead, to save us both, I grabbed the cheapest chair and said, “I think I’ll take this one.”

Now he knew how to proceed. His professional face returned and he said, “Just a minute, I’ll be right back.” I sat down on the chair to wait. It wasn’t long before he was at my side again. He had been consulting with his manager.

“I need to tell you, madame, that there is a guarantee on this chair of one year, but if it’s to be used by a horse, I’m sorry, we cannot honour that guaran-

tee,” he said solemnly. Doing my best to keep a straight face, I nodded and agreed that this was only fair. He carried the chair to the check-out and we bade each other goodbye.

I left the store with the office chair in a box and a smile on my face. I knew this story would make me laugh for the rest of my life. As for the young store clerk, I hope it made his day too.

When I got home, my husband assembled the chair minus seat and casters, and my daughter took it off to the barn. It served her well for several years until the summer after she turned nineteen when an ocean wave temporarily swept aside her preoccupation with things equine and she set off for New Zealand to pursue surfing. It was time to call the farrier again.

As for the chair, a few winters later I hurt my knee, and after hobbling around the house on crutches for a couple of weeks, I realized that a rolling office chair would enable me to scoot easily across our wooden floors. “What about that old chair Meg used for Brio’s feet,” my husband said. “Could we clean it up?” Lucky for me, we never had to attempt it, as I had long since thrown out the unused seat and casters. Instead, we bought a new office chair.

Recently, though, I was at the barn and looking at the dusty old chair/hoof stand. I was glad we did not try to revive it. The store clerk was right. Once your chair has been used by a horse, it does tend to lose its appeal.



*Kathryn Kevin Billane lives on a farm in the village of Hatley, and her family has for many years sold produce at the North Hatley Farmers Market.*



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# The Unreliable Narrator

by Laura Teasdale

*The Narrator lays splayed on the ground in a garden in old-timey clothes. She suddenly comes to, as if she overslept and is late. She sees the audience, swiftly stands and looks them over. She turns her back to them and pulls herself together, fixing her clothing and hair. She goes off to the side of the stage area and begins the story.*

Once, long ago... Or not so long ago. There was a space. It was outdoors. It was kind of empty... It was a garden.

She waits for someone to enter. No one does. She remembers the story she is supposed to tell, then proceeds, not acting it out but narrating it, but really kind of acting it out.

It was empty. Because Gwendoline was tucked out of sight. Hiding and waiting for Christopher to ride by on his steed. "Christopher," she quietly rehearsed like a common thespian, "I don't want to marry your brother. I don't want to marry your brother." She could imagine any number of responses from Christopher. In one, he leaps off the steed and falls to his knees. "Thank God," he says huskily, and he sweeps her up against his broad chest. Another option would be that she says, "I don't want to marry your brother," and Christopher jumps off the horse and slaps her betwixt the face. "What's wrong with you!" He shakes her like a rag doll. "My wife is pregnant with..." Another way it could go is Gwendoline says, "I don't want to marry your brother," and, like, a big ostrich swoops down, grabbing Christopher and flying him to his underground lair where he hides with all the dinosaurs...

That's what our Gwendoline was thinking as she hid somewhere... very much out of sight... (surreptitiously looking for Gwendoline) where we'll never find her.... (Then she figures out where Gwen must be hiding. With a "shhh" sign, she mimes to the audience to show where, then sneaks over and...) Gotcha!

Nothing happens. The Narrator thinks for a moment, remembering...

Right, that was the fourth friggin draft!

She looks at her costume. Realizing where she should be, she gets into a different position on the stage, begins another story with a southern accent.

Dan and Delaney heard the war was over. So it was time. Time for Dan and Delaney to pack up all their new dreams and memories and head back home.

But the year in hiding had awakened something in them, but where were they? They were due to meet right here. (The Narrator looks around, feeling increasingly desperate.) See, they love each other fiercely, but the Star Academy forbids inter-speciel love. That must be why they're staying away from each other... Otherwise they'd be - Dan! Delaney! Get out here!

Pause

Suddenly, the Narrator calmly and confidently remembered where she was supposed to be. Draft seven! The cozy little murder mystery. Inspector Jordache! The Narrator crouches for a moment to set the scene but never crosses over into the coarse and forbidden domain of acting....



*Harriet Ritchie as the Unreliable Narrator*

Inspector Jordache crouched behind a nearby bush. His hand trembled as he held the gun. "Please, mon dieu," he says, "don't let it come to that. I can't kill another man." He knew the murderer always returned to the scene of the crime and Jordache hoped a heart-to-heart talk would get him the confession he needed without bloodshed. After all, the murderer always returns to the scene of the crime... ALWAYS RETURNS TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME...! Jordache took three deep breaths, imagining the

scent of Marie-Helene's perfect oatcakes, and then he peeked out from the bush. There was only one person out there. The only one who had returned to the scene of the crime. The murderer had to be...

(Putting her hands up) Me! I confess! It has to be me! Wait...

"Where am I?" she shouts to the universe. "Who am I talking about?"

The Narrator slowly looked around and realized she was waiting to narrate a story that would never begin. Because there was nobody coming to talk about. The Narrator stood stock still. Maybe the audience would go away. Close the book as it were. Close the book. After all, if nothing happened, they would get bored and their minds would wander.

So, the Narrator did nothing... Said nothing ... Not a word came from her lips ... Silence. But still the audience watched. She had to give them credit. They were dumber than they looked.

She hid. (She does)

They stayed.

She threatened them. Git! Now go on! Git outta here!

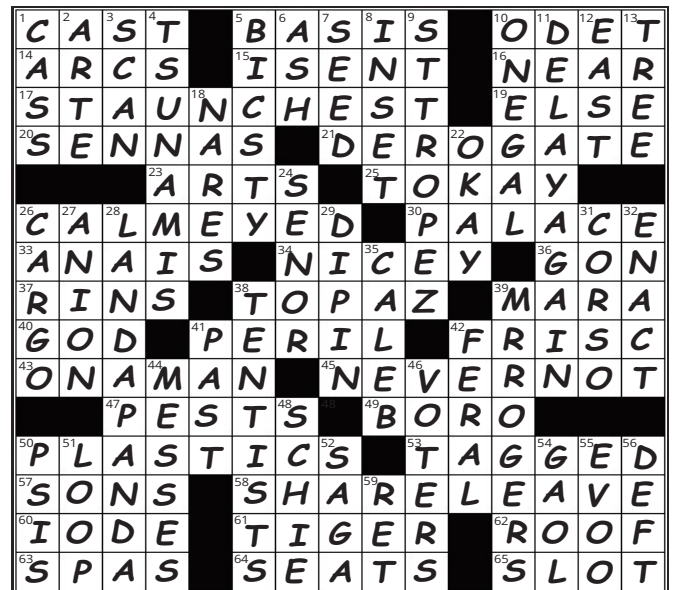
They stayed.

Clearly, she was fascinating, and they wanted to know what was going on. Well. So did the narrator.

So she stayed.



**Laura Teasdale** studied at Concordia University and worked in Quebec for 27 years as a successful actor, musician, cartoon voice, clown, director and playwright for the Centaur, the Saidie, the Piggery, Hudson Village, Theatre Lac Brome and Knowlton Players to name a few. At present, she is in Nova Scotia caring for her parents. (Photos: Laura Teasdale)



History Quiz  
Answers

3. B  
2. C  
1. C

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