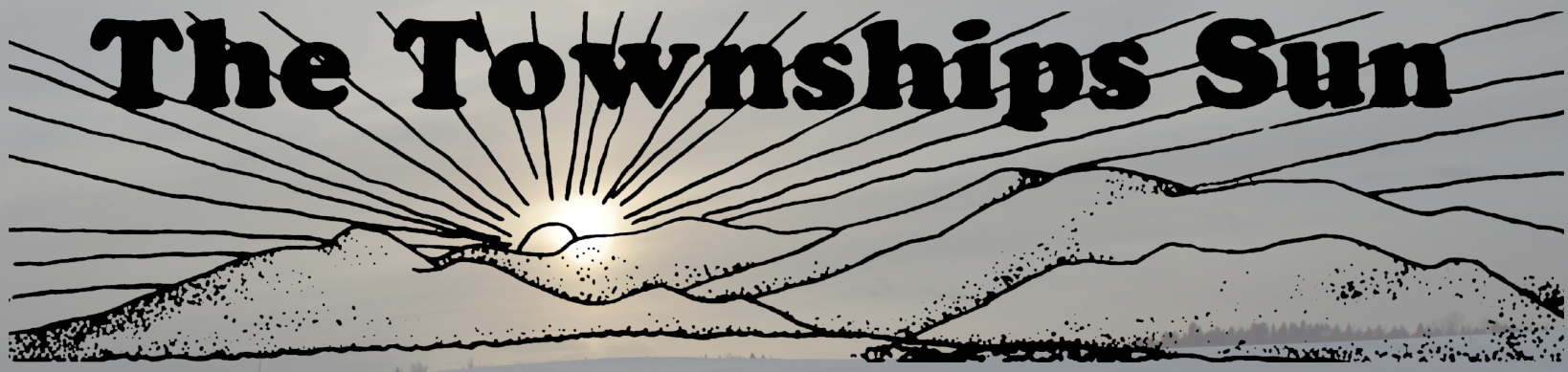


The Townships Sun



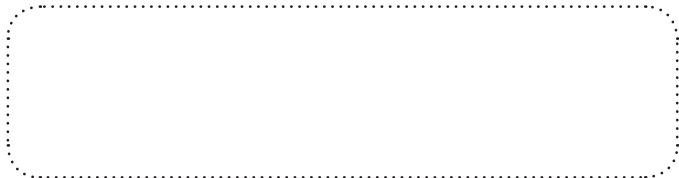
Townships Life and Culture: Past, Present and Future



*Best wishes for a loving and fun-filled season,
winter in the Eastern Townships.*



*Please remember our furry friends by
supporting your local animal shelter.*



Are you in need of healthcare services?

A QUICK GUIDE TO HELP YOU FIND YOUR WAY...

The CIUSSS de l'Estrie – CHUS wants to inform the public that a quick orientation guide on healthcare services is now available. The objective of this guide is to help people find the appropriate services to meet their needs.

It contains a list of suggestions to avoid the emergency room and consider other options: Info-Santé, Info-Social, consulting your pharmacist, family physician, a walk-in clinic, a youth clinic, etc.

In addition, you will find information about refilling your prescriptions, getting vaccines, getting forms filled for the Société de l'assurance automobile, etc. The locations of service points in your area as well as other important contact information is also provided in this guide.

The quick guide is available on our website at santeestrie.qc.ca, in "Health Care and Health Services" section. We invite you to refer to it as needed. The guide is also available at the CLSC Speid and the following partners in Lennoxville: Familiprix Extra, Pharmacie Jean-Coutu, Lennoxville Community Aid, The Lennoxville & District Women's Centre, Mental Health Estrie, Townshippers' Association.

TO IMPROVE the accessibility, safety, efficiency and continuity of health care and services

The CIUSSS de l'Estrie – CHUS wants to provide a pleasant experience to users receiving care in its various services. To continually improve the health care and services provided, the institution favours an attentive approach focused on the needs of users.

With this in mind, the CIUSSS de l'Estrie – CHUS invites users to express their dissatisfaction with services or care received and report it to the appropriate staff member. Expressing discontent, frustration, or disappointment with regards to services received or another aspect of the organization (e.g. physical facilities, waiting time at reception, etc.) makes it possible to adjust services and methods accordingly.

The situation may also lead the user to file a complaint. Filing a complaint is a constructive step that ensures that user rights are respected and helps improve the quality of health care and social services.

Do not hesitate to contact the Complaints and Quality-of-Service Commissioner by calling 1-866-917-7903 or sending an e-mail to plaintes.ciusse-clus@sss.gov.qc.ca.

HEALTH AND SOCIAL SERVICES NETWORK USER'S RIGHTS

The right:

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- to services
- to participate in making decisions
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- to receive the necessary care for your condition
- to consent to or refuse care
- to be accompanied, assisted and represented
- to housing
- to receive services in English
- to access your user file
- to user file confidentiality
- to lodge a complaint

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Québec 

The projected date for the next publication of *The Townships Sun* is
February 8, 2018

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Townships Trivia

Hotels, Inns and Boarding Houses

By Matthew Farfan, QAHN

QUEBEC ANGLOPHONE
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RÉSEAU DU PATRIMOINE
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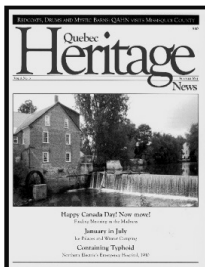
The first inns in the Townships date from the early 1800s. They were located along the stagecoach route, and were built at a time when travel was slow and very uncomfortable. A number of large hotels were constructed in major towns and on some lakes during the railroad boom of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. And with the proliferation of the automobile and mass tourism, smaller hotels, motels, and boarding houses appeared in just about every community and at popular tourist destinations.

1 This village, pictured c.1865, was first settled in 1798 by Jacob Ruiter, the son of a Loyalist. For a time, the community was called Nelsonville, after British naval hero Lord Nelson. This photo shows the American Hotel (right) and another hotel, named after the village itself. Name the village!

- a) Cowansville
- b) Farnham
- c) West Brome
- d) None of the above

2 Robinson's Hotel, pictured here c.1900 with its own "shuttle" service to the local railway station, was located in what popular summer resort? The establishment still operates today, although under a different name.

- a) Magog
- b) Knowlton
- c) North Hatley
- d) West Brome



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3 The 75-room hotel pictured here in this 1860s photo was the first large hotel on Lake Memphremagog. Located at the foot of Owl's Head Mountain, it catered to the wealthy. Access to the hotel was by steamer from Magog, Georgeville and Newport, Vermont. What was the name of the hotel?

- a) Memphremagog House
- b) Banff Springs Hotel
- c) Owl's Head Mountain House
- d) Orford Park Lodge



5 From the earliest days, the local inn played a vital role in the life of a country village. It provided weary travellers with a room and a hot meal, and locals, a place to meet and take refreshment. The Windsor, pictured here c.1910, was "Licensed to Retail Spirituous Liquors," and catered mainly to French-speaking travelers. It was located in which village?

- a) Cowansville
- b) Stanstead
- c) Frelighsburg
- d) Dunham



4 The amenities at the previous hotel were first rate. Fare included fresh produce (and possibly wine) from the establishment's own grapery, seen here c.1860. Drinking water was delivered via a gravity-fed mountain stream. What other services were offered?

- a) A bowling alley
- b) Excursions on the hotel's private yacht
- c) A casino
- d) All of the above



6 The American House, a sprawling inn dating to the early 1800s, was destroyed by fire in 1922. In the 1860s, the Fenians (Irish raiders from Vermont) are said to have refreshed themselves here, leaving their rifles on the front porch. Name the village!

- a) Frelighsburg
- b) Stanbridge East
- c) Dunham
- d) St. Armand



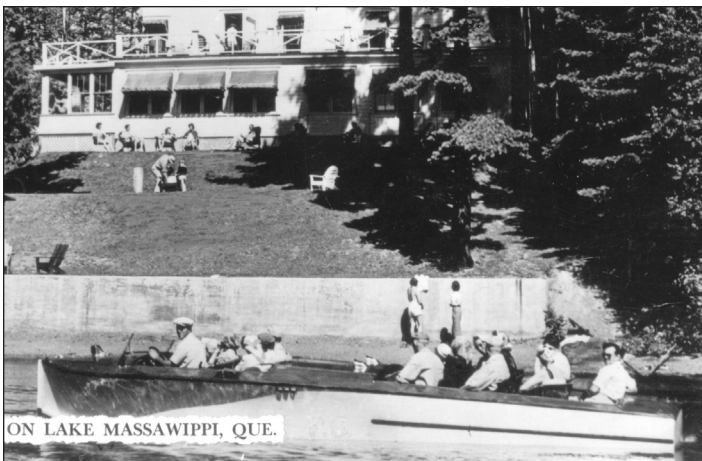
7 Lake Park Hotel, seen here c.1905, was located between Magog and Sherbrooke on the line of the CPR. The hotel even had its own train station. Known for its cuisine, the hotel was also a popular meeting place for business and political leaders from Sherbrooke. It changed hands several times before it was destroyed by fire in 1964, a common fate for many hotels. On what lake was it situated?

- a) Lake Magog
- b) Lake Memphremagog
- c) Lake Massawippi
- d) Lake Orford



8 This 1950s view on Lake Massawippi was taken in front of which inn, still in operation today?

- a) The Hatley Inn
- b) The Hovey Manor
- c) The Ripplecove
- d) None of the above



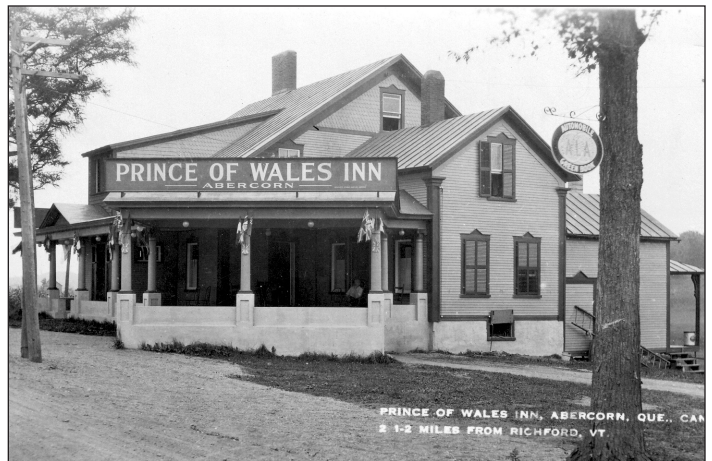
9 Built by businessman René Hébert in the early 1900s, Coney Island Hotel (named after the famous amusement park in New York) was situated on a wooded island in the middle of a river. Access was by two pedestrian bridges – one suspended, the other floating – or by boat. In this photo, guests pose in front of the hotel fountain. Where exactly was the hotel located?

- a) On the St. Francis Rive near Windsor Mills
- b) On the Magog River near Sherbrooke
- c) On the Ascot River near Huntingville
- d) On the Tomifobia River in downtown Tomifobia



10 A number of hotels and drinking establishments near the U.S. border, like the Prince of Wales Inn in Abercorn, made a great deal of money in the 1920s selling alcohol to thirsty Americans during a period known as what?

- a) Temperance
- b) Prohibition
- c) Abstinence
- d) The Civil War



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

Samuel Brooks (c. 1793–1849): An American Citizen Who Held Office in Lower Canada!

by Gérard Coté and Jean-Marie Dubois

Samuel Brooks was born around 1793 in Haverhill, New Hampshire, son of Anna Bedel and merchant Samuel Brooks. He was a descendant of Captain Thomas Brooks, who in 1631, lived in Watertown, Massachusetts.



Samuel set up business in Newbury, Vermont, and in 1813, he married Elizabeth Towle. They had five children, including Edward Towle Brooks who would, from 1872 to 1882, be the second Member of Parliament for Sherbrooke, and from 1882 until 1895, a Superior Court Judge for the District of St. Francis.

In 1821, Samuel Brooks came with his family to Stanstead in Lower Canada, and operated a tavern there. In 1825, he settled in Lennoxville where he owned a general store, provided loans and raised livestock. Four years later, he was elected as Member for the newly established riding of Sherbrooke to the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada. But since he had never given up his American citizenship, he had to resign in 1831.

From 1834 to 1836, he was an agent for The British American Land Company in the Eastern Townships, and in 1836, he became the manager of Sherbrooke's first bank, the City Bank. By 1842, he was president of the Eastern Townships' first insurance firm, the Stanstead

and Sherbrooke Mutual Fire Insurance Company (he would maintain these two functions until his death in Montreal, March 22, 1849).

Having by now become a British subject, he returned to politics to represent the riding of Sherbrooke, as a Conservative, from 1844 to 1849, in the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada, then located in Montreal. He was instrumental in establishing the Sherbrooke Cotton Factory, and he was involved with Alexander Tilloch Galt in the development of the St. Lawrence & Atlantic Railway, which was soon to link Montreal, through Sherbrooke, to Portland, Maine.

Brooks voted in support of the Speaker of the House, Sir Allan McNab, to turn down a proposal by Member of Parliament Wilfrid Laurier, because it was written in French. Named in his honour, Brooks Street in Sherbrooke was opened in 1846, and Brooks Park between 1982 and 1988.

Gérard Coté is with the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society; Jean-Marie Dubois is with l'Université de Sherbrooke

Photo courtesy Fonds, Stanstead and Sherbrooke Mutual Fire Insurance Company and Société d'histoire de Sherbrooke.



MIRACLES & MYSTERIES

From the book *The Hidden World of Birthdays*

By Judith Turner (shared by Kathlen Y. Rattigan)

If December 25th is your birthday:

"You are strong in your mind, body, and spirit, but at times weak when it comes to matters of the heart. Your tendency to meet obstacles head-on should be tempered with knowing how to avoid them. You are enthusiastic and generally a happy person. Full of energy, you can accomplish much in this life.

Only after you have experienced the worst kind of heartache will you find love. Learning to stand up for yourself in a relationship is a lesson you should master, the sooner the better. Eventually you find luck with a love

match, and your mate will be very devoted. After all you go through to win that special person, be sure you take the time to maintain the relationship, or you might find yourself alone again.

You will do well in business and could create one from scratch. Two jobs may present themselves at the same time. You're prone to overwork, so be sure to take time to enjoy the life you've built for yourself.

You are better to others than you are to yourself. Low self-esteem early in life could cripple you emotionally unless you face and overcome it. You might consider seeking a professional to help you with this problem. Your sunny disposition makes it easy to form friendships. Always the perfect host or hostess, you would do very well in careers relating to entertainment or communications. You are a people person. Social interaction energizes you."

A Christmas Tale

By Kathleen Y. Rattigan

Once upon a time there were three little girls who lived in a tiny wee village. Their Mom and Dad did not have a lot of money, so times were tough. The little girls did not have fancy clothes, expensive toys, or a lot of anything. Yet, they had each other, and a Mom who did everything she could for her little girls. There were warm, home baked cookies when they came home from school along with a loving lap to sit on and tell all the little stories about what happened at school.

There was no color TV or computer back then, Mom took them on long nature walks and even woke them up at night to look at the diamond bright stars. Days were spent outside playing in nature and then falling asleep early at night with cheeks flushed by the sun and good health.

As Christmas approached, all sat around the kitchen table and made strands of aluminium foil rings that were oohed and aahed over by a Mother who nurtured her little daughters' every creative endeavour with warm praise and encouragement. Every strand was lovingly hung upon the real Christmas tree and was even saved from year to year.

Christmas morning – finally! Three children, breathless with excitement, eyes large and hopeful that Santa had come, tiptoed downstairs. The tree lights were shining in the darkness of dawn but Mom was already up and waiting for her daughters. A gentle smile and wide open arms gathered them up and kisses rained down upon their little faces as she whispered her Christmas blessings, and then let them loose to fall upon a mountain of gaily wrapped presents.

Perhaps you have noticed there is almost no mention of a father. He was present in their lives only as a fleeting figure. Father preferred the company of his drinking and trucking buddies and seemed to find little time for his daughters. They were a bit frightened of him as he had a loud voice and not much gentleness in his hands. On Christmas mornings he would grumble and mumble about how early it was and how much noise was being made.

The girls followed the lead of their Mother and did their best to ignore him. Squeals and moans of delight filled this time of enchantment and little arms squeezed Mom tight. The simple gifts were everything that their hearts desired.

Maybe by now you have begun to wonder if these are my childhood memories of Christmases gone by. Do you also reminisce of your own family Christmas times? I gently hope that they bring back the feelings of innocence and love and a much more simple time, when Christmas was goodness and joy.

In today's busy world, where most women are working outside the home, the holiday season brings a tremendous sense of stress, not only financially, but "time wise." Enough has been said about how commercialized this season has become. It was never meant to be this way!

Only we can change our rituals and celebrations – perhaps spending less money and resisting the retail giants and their guilt-inducing advertising. This is meant to be a time of peace and spiritual rebirth, family and feasting, and repose from the work world. It just astounds me how so many people rush out on Boxing Day and line up for even more "stuff." I think we already have too much stuff lying around cluttering up homes and closets. We could probably do a lot of our Christmas shopping just from boxes and gifts we have "stuffed" away.

Have you taken any time to just enjoy the 'Christmasness' of Christmas? Probably not! Let's go for a walk. Slowly walking the streets of your home, take the time to look at the lovely ways people dress up their houses. Hopefully you will find time to walk in the evening when the lights are coming on. So easy to spot who has small children, the decorations say it all. If you are blessed like we in Ormstown are then you will hear the caroling of church bells filling the air with their sacred sounds.

Slow down, enjoy this warm and loving season of family and feasting. Don't go into debt buying the latest this or that, stop stressing over what you cannot change and go for a walk – it is the best way to fall in love with Christmas all over again – and it's free!!!

Many blessings to you all during this time of winter's festivities. Be gentle and careful with yourself and your loved ones. May peace reign in your life, and oh yes, the three little girls all grew up and are now living happily ever after, with their Mother still the beloved center of their lives.



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Staying Loose and Producing

by Haydn Juby

“Stay loose and produce.” My grandfather is ripe with idioms, anecdotes, and quips like this. Through years of repetition, he’s cultivated each one to perfection. Livening up work at the farm is a specialty of his. No matter the toil, he has a limerick to go with it. Like the vegetables he grows, the sayings only get more succulent as time passes. Sometimes they take a minute to digest, but they always have a lesson.

As a teenager, I heard countless jests and stories. I spent my summers with my grandparents in Austin, Quebec near the St-Benoit-du-Lac Abbey. We lived beside Lake Memphremagog, and we lived well. Instead of playing video games, I delivered wood across Austin and Magog in the side seat of my grandfather’s Ford pickup. We took our afternoon breaks under the shade of a lowered tailgate. It was a welcome pause to the work days which usually began at seven in the morning. Returning back home, my grandmother would have dinner made. In late summer, we ate fresh vegetables from the farm we worked on. This was my summer for years.

As much as we worked the land, the land shaped me. I learned to fish, to look after a farm, to deliver wood, and to respect the land that my enjoyment comes from. I developed an appreciation that cannot be had by sitting in front of a screen. More than trout and salmon, patience, respect, and humility live in Lake Memphremagog. Time outdoors hones these virtues. I was only a teenager when I learned these lessons, but they helped to make me into a successful adult.

Their cottage is now sold. What I learned living there is this: land is an anecdote itself. If you respect the earth

you live on, it becomes you. Daily experiences become timeless stories. Being trapped in thunderstorms and hearing coyotes howling at night taught me that I am absolutely vulnerable to nature. However, I know if I am smart and willful I can learn endless virtues. Not only do I know how to catch fish, I know to release what I cannot eat. I respect my resource. Living reciprocally with nature teaches you that your choices now determine your future. The first occupants of this land, the Abenaki, knew this. My settler ancestors knew this. Just like my grandfather’s anecdotes, the land taught me lifelong lessons. Like a clever quip, these lessons should be repeated time after time to new ears.

I’m pretty sure what my grandfather means by “stay loose and produce” is to enjoy simplicity. Work hard, enjoy doing so, and appreciate the opportunity the land gives you. Fruit is sweetest when you know how to grow it yourself. This is my anecdote. I’ve saved the ones that get me dirty looks for a different time – this is another lesson learnt from my grandfather, the loosest producer I know.



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A Christmas Memory

by Ben Mabetti

It is white and silent here at Christmas, and I pause occasionally during the day to ponder how my far-flung friends are spending the day *en famille*. I had been invited to a party and was in the process of wrapping a small gift for my hosts, when a memory of many years ago returned. It was triggered by something as insignificant as the type of wrapping paper I was using.

When I was living alone in Montreal, Kay and Hunter, friends in Toronto, would very generously invite me for Christmas at their farmhouse in the village of Lifford, Ontario. Their children, Ann and Angus, were still young so the Christmas spirit, along with all of its excitement, tensions, and anticipation, was very much alive.

Kay, who was a superb cook, laboured in the kitchen to produce the various festive culinary offerings (I can still see and taste her Beef Wellington), while Hunter, the children and I would handle the rest. This included heading out to the “back 40” to choose, cut and bring home a Christmas tree to decorate. Sometimes different expertise was called for: one year the septic system decided to have a crisis. I remember sitting beside Hunter on the bathroom floor, neither of us having the prerequisite skill to effectively deal with the problem, discussing how the height of toilet seats had changed during history, based on acquired knowledge of how humans eliminate waste (a strange thing to remember). Finally a backhoe had to be called in haste to dig up the system before the Toronto relatives arrived for the large Christmas dinner. They, of course, would be expecting all the modern conveniences to be functional.

The decorations were up and so was the tree in all its glory; the food had been prepared and now, on Christmas eve, it was time to bring forth the wrapping paper and ribbons for the presents. “So where the hell is the wrapping paper?” boomed Kay, who was not a woman of a shy and retiring nature. The assembled cast looked at her, then at each other and one sensed that nobody wished to be singled out for sins of omission. Into this electric pause of dead air, the diplomatic Hunter soothed, “Oh, I’m sure it’s here somewhere, dear, let’s all have a look for it.” Alas, an extensive search turned up nothing. The box of wrapping had been forgotten in the city, and a pall fell over the proceedings. Perhaps it was my practical turn of mind, or perhaps because I had no Christmas paper when wrapping their presents before leaving home, but I proffered the following suggestion to the glum silence:

“I used newspaper....I prefer the stock market pages as there are no distracting photographs or advertising. As you have plenty of old newspapers and nothing else, how about

them?” Piles of newspaper were produced, placed in the middle of the floor, each family member chose their own secret corner of the room, and they all set to work, with the two Scotch Tape dispensers sailing back and forth through the air, as wrappers would shout for them. Laughter, delectable snacks and the two children arguing over who would get the financial page of the *Globe and Mail*, followed.

Next morning, Christmas Day, the uniformly wrapped presents under the tree presented an unusual sight. Everyone agreed that it was a most interesting aesthetic change. Of course, this predated recycling by many years, so there was no self-congratulatory back patting, or smug “aren’t we clever.” We were just glad to have solved the problem. When the guests from the city were handed their presents, there was a pause; faced with the unfamiliar, they were uncertain how to react. When the wrapping paper was explained to them, good manners rose to the occasion, “Oh, what a simply *charming* idea.”

By coincidence— or perhaps not— tomorrow’s invitation comes from Audrey and Tony, Eastern Townships relatives of Kay and Hunter. I have been pondering what to bring them as a token of thanks. Rather than something that they do not need or will not use, why not something produced by me that they could consume. It has been a good year for garlic and I put some big plump ones into a clear plastic box, along with the following quote from Ralph Waldo Emerson: “A gift should be a portion of thyself: Therefore the poet brings his poem; the shepherd, his lamb; the farmer, corn (or garlic)...This is right and pleasing, for it restores society in so far to its primary basis, when a man’s biography is conveyed in a gift.”

So here we are many years later, and as I wrap this gift — yes, of course, with the financial page and yes, of course, from the *Globe and Mail* —the memories of a family’s friendship and kindness surface, to be cherished, wrapped with my gift, and passed along.



Our Centennial Train Trip

By Gladys Mackey and Marion Greenlay



It was a dream, a thought, an idea, an opportunity to see the rest of Canada. The year was 1967 and we were about to set out on our Centennial Train Trip. A couple of years earlier, four of us borrowed an army tent, loaded our camping stuff into an older car, and ventured east to see the hills and valleys of the Gaspé, New Brunswick,

Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. We experienced a blown-out tire on a steep hill in the Gaspé, and weathered hurricane winds which flattened all the tents in our campground at Cavendish, PEI. It was a taste of Eastern Canada.

The Eastern adventure behind us, now the west coast beckoned. The distance was great; train travel was the only option. Two from our previous group had already fled to the greener pastures of Calgary. I, along with my sister, Marion and Wanda, a co-worker, studied schedules and prices. We showed up far too often at the CN station with questions and more questions until the ticket agent finally gave us a railway map and a large booklet of schedules, explained how to read them, and sent us away to do our homework. Our plan was to go to Edmonton, then north to Jasper. There take the westbound train to Prince Rupert, B.C. on the Pacific Ocean, where we would dip our toes into the cold waters of the Pacific Ocean. We chose Prince Rupert because there was a possibility of a side trip on the ferry to a port in Alaska. Then our Canada Coast to Coast Trip would be complete. On the way home, we planned a side trip to visit our sister in Calgary, then return home via Edmonton to Montreal. It was a complicated schedule.

We had all recently started new jobs, so July and August holidays were out of the question. New employees were entitled to only one day per month starting in May. There was no chance of a summer getaway. So it was not until October that we could accumulate enough vacation days, plus Thanksgiving and a couple of unpaid days, so we could

possibly get away. October is not the ideal month to take holidays, but the spark still burned and it was Canada's Centennial.

So on Saturday, October 7, 1967, we boarded the CNR train in Sherbrooke for Montreal where we transferred to Train No. 1, the Super Continental, which left Montreal at 4:15 pm. The adventure had started! Traveling by coach was the only way our budgets would allow. And by sitting beside a window the whole distance we would not miss anything. We wanted to see as much of Canada as possible even if it was by looking through a train window. My brown cardboard suitcase held almost as much food as clothing. We had been told that food was expensive on the trains and not very good. Would crackers and cheese and Mom's homemade bread sandwiches with peanut butter last until Jasper?

The first stage of our trip was in darkness. Early Sunday morning found us at Caperol, near Sudbury. Caperol is an important junction of both CPR and CNR for trains coming from Toronto. A lot of bumping and shuffling of cars went on during our stop there. Then we were off to look at miles of trees, lakes, muskeg and rock, while crossing the Canadian shield's rugged landscape.



We were surprised to find ourselves in the midst of a snowstorm near Armstrong, Ontario. I dropped my camera on the floor and found all the pieces, even the little 4-square flashbulb. Understandably, it never worked very well after, so I did not get many pictures.

Watching other passengers in our coach helped to fill the time. A group of enthusiastic students, from Creelman, Saskatchewan were returning home from a class trip to Expo 67 and they were very loud. The conductor offered us seats in another coach, but we declined. We had two facing seats, and since we were not tall people, one of us at a time could lie down and sleep. We met many interesting passengers. When one couple discovered we were from Quebec, they refused to talk with us. The FLQ and Quebec politics were a sensitive

(CONT'D ON PG.12)

(CONT'D FROM PG.11)

issue, but when they discovered we felt as worried as they did, friendly conversation resumed.

We were supposed to see some fabulous scenery near Lake Nipigon, but to our dismay, the passengers on the other side of the car had pulled their window blind down. We



could control most of our window blind and I learned that by firmly planting an arm in the window frame the people in the next seat were not able close our blind. We wanted to see scenery, not green window shade! The huge flat grain fields near Brandon, Manitoba looked much like the St. Lawrence lowlands south of Montreal.

It was late when we arrived in Winnipeg, a major stop for the trains... They change crews, clean the cars and send everyone out. During the wait, we roamed the glorious old station, awed with the vaulted ceilings, granite floors, marble counter tops, and gleaming brass railings on the staircases, and the shocking price of the polished apples and other food.

After re-boarding, the conductor came along with pillows and blankets which were very welcome since they seemed to shut the heat off in the coach at night. I noticed in the schedule that they charged thirty- five cents for them, but I do not remember paying anything.



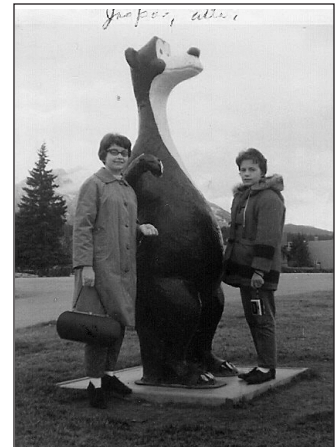
Morning found us rattling across the prairies, with gently rolling brown grasslands. Small herds of cattle wandered here and there. The harvest was finished and the grain fields were only stubble. In our amazement we saw tumbleweed rolling along beside the track. I

had only heard of this in the old songs, but here it was, the real thing: basketball-sized balls of dry sticks being rolled along by the wind. We found out later that these were really the skeletons of Russian Thistle, a plant which was a real nuisance to farmers. There were tall wooden fences beside the tracks to protect them from blowing snow in the winter. Every little town had at least one tall grain elevator proudly displaying the name of the town. A friendly conductor told us how to calculate the speed of the train by counting the telegraph poles and timing fifteen minutes on our watches. He ignored us when we stood on the wobbly platform

between the cars to get a breath of fresh air. When we entered a new time zone he walked through the car telling us to reset our watches. We often sat in the train's dome car, eyes fixed on the scenery as the train swayed and clattered along. What an interesting sensation, sitting so high above the ground while moving. We could see the front and back of the train, all around into the fields and into backyards. Our first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains was from the dome car.

Monday morning we rolled into Jasper, where we changed trains to go to Prince Rupert. The Super Continental continued on to Vancouver.

We had a few hours to wait in Jasper for the Prince Rupert train. We took photos with Jasper the wooden bear, the town mascot; admired the totem poles decorating the station; and looked at the looming snowcapped mountains. Jasper to Prince Rupert is about 700 miles and I think there are about one hundred official stops and numerous non-official ones. It was dark when we left Jasper, so we did not see any of the scenery until the following morning at Prince



George. Soon mountains, cliffs and horse-tail waterfalls spraying off the cliffs were frequent. We travelled in the shade of cliffs and crept slowly over high trestles. During the long stop in Smithers, B.C. we walked around the station for quite a while. The scene was breathtaking. Smithers is located on a high open plateau, which slopes away in all directions towards mountains. In the distance, a line of tamarack or poplar trees glowed yellow in the autumn sun. Behind those the mountains rose in sharp snow covered peaks. It was a beautiful vista, one I will always remember.

It grew dark shortly after we boarded. We arrived at Prince Rupert very late that night and went to the hotel for a few hours of sleep in a real bed. In the morning, we could see huge grain elevators through the fog, and part of the harbor seemed full of floating log booms. which they said were for the paper mill at Prince Edward just south of Prince Rupert. There were ocean freighters and ships and boats of all sizes around the docks.

We had to be up early the next morning. We wanted to be able to say that we had been to Alaska. Even though we had only a few hours of sleep, we bought tickets on the ferry for the nearest port in Alaska, Ketchikan. We planned to spend the day there and return in time for our train. The Taku was a nice ferry, but the weather was not. The Inland

(CONT'D ON PG.13)

(CONT'D FROM PG.12)

Passage has a reputation for rough weather, and that it was. From my seat indoors, I could look out and see waves crashing almost on deck and a few seconds later see trees flash by and then see the sky. The ferry rocked and rolled and so did my stomach. It was a rough trip. Marion found a comfortable spot and went to sleep. Wanda headed below decks for food, and I went outside many times to stand in the salt spray and get fresh air and hope that I would not be sea sick. It was then that I noticed this man hanging around a short distance away every time I went outside.



I changed sides of the deck and he followed. Eventually, I went inside and hoped that my breakfast would stay down. Later I realize that he was an employee concerned for my safety. We passed one town, but the ferry was unable to stop there because a storm had taken out their dock. Due to bad weather, the ferry was late and we landed in Ketchikan in midafternoon. We took a taxi to the town a few miles away, looked in the stores and walked around in a light rain. We were surprised that it was not cold and learned that it did not get very cold there, even in winter, but they did get a lot of rain. How disappointing! No snow in Alaska! Another passenger on the ferry had been busy shopping and purchased many heavy items, including a whole case of glass beer mugs. She thought we would like to help her carry the heavy cardboard box, but after a quick consultation, Marion and I decided that we did not come to be burdened down with some stranger's heavy purchases and we kept looking for the totem pole park which was supposed to be special. However, Wanda felt obligated to help lug the stranger's purchases, so we left those two shopping and went exploring. When it became too foggy and rainy to see anything, we looked for shelter. There were lots of bars and grills, but no other places to wait. We stood under the roof of a church porch for a while then realized that the door was unlocked... No harm in waiting quietly in a church, is there? But to our shock, people started arriving. They were surprised to see us too. It was choir practice evening and they invited us to stay when we explained. Wanda and her new-found friend arrived later. Wanda was quite unhappy about carrying the heavy box. We felt that she could have said, no thanks, and come with us. We had deliberately packed light so we would not be tied down. Even the

souvenirs we bought had to be small and light. After choir practice we were invited to the minister's house, where we learned about the native peoples, the Tinglet, and their culture. The minister's wife kindly drove us back to the 10 p.m. ferry which did not arrive until 1 a.m.! No matter how rough the ferry ride back was, I slept. We picked up our suitcases at the hotel, and climbed back aboard the train to hopefully to sleep all the way to Jasper. That was not to be.

At Prince George, a crowd of drunken workers staggered and hiccupped into our car, falling into seats wherever there was a spot. One landed beside Wanda and proceeded to put his head on the pillow where she still had her head. By ones and twos the conductor escorted them to the baggage car, to "better accommodations." The lumber mill where they worked was on strike and they had obviously spent the waiting time at a bar. Quiet was restored when the last of them was ushered away.

From Edmonton, we took the "Day liner" to Calgary to visit a sister, and spent a couple of days in the city. Then back to Edmonton on the same jiggly one-car train to Edmonton, then back towards Montreal on the east bound Super Continental. The trains were always full and often crowded. We always had interesting people to talk with or watch, like the European couple who did not speak much English, and did their laundry in the tiny train sink and hung it on the back of their seat to dry.

In Montreal, the city was busy with people from Canada and all over the world attending Expo 67. When we climbed onto the train for Sherbrooke, there was only one seat left, Wanda grabbed it. Marion and I rode home in the baggage car, sitting on mail bags, but we did not mind.

We tallied up our travel: train was \$ 125.00; ferry to Ketchikan, \$15.00. A total of \$ 140.00... We had covered more than 8,000 miles. Not a bad way to celebrate the centennial! Happy Birthday, Canada, 150 years of Confederation.

(All photos courtesy Gladys Mackey and Marion Greenlay)



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Seasons Greetings

Strike! The Demise of a “Rattling Good Paper”

By Jean Rath

In 1912, my great-uncle Loring Christie wrote a letter to his parents, describing a political convention he had attended in Chicago. Before launching into his description, he said:

You would get some ideas of it from the paper I sent. And looking over the copies of the Montreal Star that accumulated during my absence I find they had a very good story of it – and further they had very well informed, intelligent & shrewd editorial comment on the situation as it developed. (A rattling good paper that, by the way – it excites the admiration of many of my friends here.)

Sixty-six years later, the *Montreal Star* was still going strong and I was one of its teenage readers. It arrived at our door in the late afternoon. I liked to lay it out on the living room floor and flip through it when I got home from school. The other Montreal paper, the *Montreal Gazette*, appeared at our door in the morning. It actually belonged to Champlain CEGEP’s library, but was sent to our house so that Mom could bring it with her to work. If I got up early enough, I could flip through that one before she left.

Then, in 1978, the *Montreal Star* pressmen went on strike. I missed my afternoon paper, but (probably like most of Montreal) I shrugged and read the *Gazette* instead. The strike was settled eight months later, and my afternoon paper returned. But the *Star* had a problem; they had to get their readers back. So, in direct competition to the *Gazette*, they started a morning edition. Now I had two papers to flip through in the morning. The *Gazette* retaliated with an afternoon edition. Now I had two papers to flip through in the afternoon too.

It was an all-out turf war, a time of glorious superfluity. For the few months that it lasted, Montreal readers were wooed by the word. I barely knew what to do with all this print at my fingertips, this inundation of information. I was like a present-day teenager who spends too much time on the internet. My homework called me, but I had four newspapers to read.

As with any age of excess, it couldn’t last. The frenzied suitors that courted their Montrealers had limited resources, and the strike-damaged *Montreal Star* had been weak from the start. Something had to give, and the *Star* folded in 1979. The *Gazette* has been going strong ever since.



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Life Builds Memories

By Casey Vriesendorp

As I grow older I spend much of my time reliving old memories. In life we face good times and bad. I have tried to go through the bad times without any hurt. It was around 1976 that I went into mining, and even though it was hard physical work, I enjoyed it and was happy. When the family came to visit I was especially pleased. Our family consisted of my wife, myself and my three children.

After a few years of working in the mines, I became a union representative (steward). This meant I had to deal with co-workers, safety issues and other grievances against the management. My wife and family suffered a little from this experience, so after 6 or 7 years my wife and family returned to her parents. My oldest was 12 and I did not want to see them go; however, due to financial obligations I was unable to return to New Brunswick with them.

I made the decision to resign from the mine but not the company, Inco. (International Nickel Company). I spoke with management and unemployment insurance representatives, and at that point I registered in college boarding school. The school was sponsored partly by the Manitoba government and partly by Inco. After working in various departments (underground, mill, refinery, labs and geology) I had become very interested in anything that would help me better myself for the future.

Unfortunately, the college proved very difficult and I made the decision to quit. The courses were mineralogy, geology, chemistry, underground construction and engineering; it was a very heavy load. Everything added up to be too much to handle, since at the same time I had applied for a legal separation from my wife.

By this time I had met a very nice woman working in the cafeteria at the college. My only income at the time was an allowance from the Manitoba Government, so after the meals were served I would stay behind and ask the staff if there was any soup or coffee left. I knew it would be disposed of, and after 9 there was no charge. This woman was so kind to me, we soon became friends. Her name was Joyce Leitch.

I followed Joyce to Beebe, Quebec and married her. I found a job in the area working at Goudreau Sawmill. The company was known as Rustic Fence. For a time it was a seasonal job, and later I worked at the Butterfields Plant in Rock Island until it closed. By then I had reached pension age at 60 years old. I had also received a small inheritance from a close cousin in the Netherlands. I used this money to purchase a little 4 acre hobby farm near Way's Mills. This was a very happy time; I had a vegetable garden, lots of feathered friends (4 or 5 different breeds), 5 dogs, 2 cats, a few rabbits and I stocked my pond with fish and kept a few ducks. At times I sold chicken and duck eggs around town, but only when I had too many for our own use. At fair time I would take some of my fanciest feathered friends to the fair, along with my family crest to proudly hang on the barn wall.

At one point my wife and I used part of my inheritance to buy a piece of property with an old abandoned house in Ayer's Cliff. Building my own house had been a lifelong dream, and now it was a dream come true.

These good times have passed and life goes on.

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The Coyote: Spirit or Scourge of the Wild?

By John A. Viau

There are three basic methods for hunting coyotes: number one is taking them as a target of opportunity. More and more they are hunted by rabbit and deer hunters, who come across Mr. Coyote while out after bunnies or whitetails. This produces the occasional coyote pelt, due mainly to the great increase in coyote numbers in our fields and woodlands over the past decade.

The second hunting method is calling them into range with a mouth blown call, which imitates the screaming of a mortally wounded cottontail rabbit or snowshoe hare. Once you've mastered the art of calling coyotes, this can be a very effective way to hunt them.

I prefer to call coyotes in mid to late winter when the population of hares and cottontails are at their lowest ebb. Low prey populations, coupled with cold winter weather means that the coyotes must forage more to get their daily intake of red meat and they're more likely to respond readily to a well blown predator call. My personal favourite for calling coyotes is an Olt's Model T-20 Fox-Coyote call.

Some of my most memorable hunts have been from some of the same tree stands that I hunt deer from. Being above the coyotes decreases your chance of being sighted or scented and also gives you a much better field of vision in which to spot incoming coyotes.

Full camouflage is absolutely essential, right down to gloves and a face mask. Wrap your gun with camouflage tape. In winter be sure to wear snow camouflage clothing (white with subtle shades of brown mixed in) and don't move or fidget around while you're waiting for a coyote to respond to your calling. Dress warmly in layers of clothing, if you are cold you'll be unable to remain still for even short periods of time.

I blow my call in a series of 12 to 15 cadence squeals and wails lasting about a minute. Wait a few minutes and repeat the whole procedure. Sometimes the coyote will rush in at a fast trot or even a full run, looking for a fast meal. But at times he will sneak in, alert and on the lookout for trouble. Often the coyote will first appear upwind from you and then try to work his way downwind of you before he comes in. If you're using a good flat shooting varmint rifle and you think he is in range then try and bag him before he does this.

Anytime I set up and start to call I wait at least a half an hour before I decide to change locations. If it is not too cold I will even wait as much as a full hour before moving

on to a new calling site. After 15 to 20 minutes I'll call again but only 3 or 4 times and with less vigour than at the start.

One little trick, I find works well for me is to save the skins from recently killed rabbits and lace them around my boots, letting them drag in the snow a bit when I'm walking into my stand. This helps mask your scent to a certain degree when you're on your way to your stand, and also when you're in position and calling. This also ties in with the fact that the coyote is coming in looking for a rabbit and that's just what he is going to smell. The coyote is plenty smart, so you've got to be just a little bit smarter!

The third, final, and most productive method for hunting coyotes is running them with dogs. Every chance they get Bob MacGregor and several of his buddies from Hinchinbrook, Quebec are out running coyotes with their dogs. They hunt all over south-western Quebec and often team up with a group of hunters from Northern New York State and run their dogs in the northern tier.

Their combined dog pack numbers usually around fifteen hounds, consisting of Redbones, Walkers, Black and Tans, Blueticks, Redticks and a few of mixed ancestry.

They set out at dawn in four wheel drive vehicles and drive the back roads until they spot a coyote track. If the track is old or there's a bit of frost or fresh snow on it they'll release an older, more experienced dog to sort out the track. When the old strike dog scares the coyote up, they'll release a bunch more dogs to join in the pursuit.

Sometimes the chase will last from sunrise till long after sunset with a wise old coyote leading the dogs on a twisting and winding course. Doubling back often and crossing its' own trail to confuse the dogs, sometimes a coyote will cover as much as 30 miles in the course of a hunt and the hunters won't even get a glimpse of their quarry.

The secret of success is being familiar with the terrain you're hunting and having hunters posted at openings where the coyote is likely to cross during the course of the chase. Bob tells me that his group this season only bagged about 30% of the coyotes they jumped. Their season-long take so far is 21 coyotes and 5 red foxes.

The group hunts with a wide variety of firearms: 12 gauge shotguns loaded with buckshot, 22-250, 223, 243, as well as a few deer rifles. They limit the rifles to

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situations where there are no habitations and are always sure of their backdrops.

Coyote fur has ranged in price from a high of over a hundred dollars to the price of from \$20.00 to \$45.00, Canadian funds.

According to Bob, some of the coyotes they bagged this year were infected with mange and that makes the pelt worthless, because the fur comes off in handfuls on mang- infected coyotes. About a month back, they shot a coyote with an advanced case of mange that was in such bad shape that it had no fur at all on its tail or hardly anywhere else on its entire body. The poor creatures' ears were frozen and its skin was black in several places where it had been frozen. Bob said it was like a walking death. In this case the hunters did the animal a big favour when they put it out of its misery.

A local veterinarian informs me that mange is caused by a mite that burrows into the skin and is quite contagious. In winter the disease is often fatal, because the infected animal can literally freeze to death because of hair loss. Domestic dogs and other wild canines such as foxes can also contract mange when they frequent the same area used by coyotes. Bob believes the coyote population should be kept under control by hunting and trapping to help prevent the spread of mange and rabies and also because of the fact that coyotes prey heavily on deer fawns in the spring. Coyotes have their pups at about the same time that deer are dropping their fawns and

the fawns are often taken by coyotes to feed their hungry pups.

In winters when there is a lot of snow, coyotes also take a substantial number of adult deer as well. When snow is deep and you have a warm spell causing a crust to form, coyotes can run on top of the crust, while deer, with their sharp hooves, break through, floundering in snow up to their necks. The coyote chase the deer constantly, biting at the deer's hams and back legs until they hamstring the deer, then they proceed to eat it alive until the deer dies. It makes a disgusting scene and anyone who has seen it happen or read the evidence in the snow will not be too fond of coyotes.

Please allow me to state in closing that I do not advocate the total elimination of coyotes and I enjoy listening to their eerie howls on a frigid winter evening. But if we don't keep them under control, we will be overrun with coyotes, mange, rabies and other diseases. And there will most certainly be a severe decline in the deer population. One last word: as much as the coyote's howl brings a tingle to my spine, this is nothing when compared to what a young whitetail doe, heavy with fawn, must experience as her nervous ears pick up the dreaded howl. HAAAAWAAA0000.



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“Get It On”

Banging Cookies Recipe: This Will Feel Wrong, but Trust Me!

By Linda Knight Seccaspina

I have two jobs to do this morning. Dye my hair and try out a new Instagram viral recipe called *Crinkle Chocolate Chip Cookies*. In looking over the recipe there are a lot of things I shake my head at. I don't usually put aluminum foil at the bottom of my pans but, apparently, this is the magic that causes these cookies to crinkle... along with banging the baking pans. Yes banging the pans – are you still with me?

I realize I can't begin to make these with dirty dishes in the sink because of my grandmother. Her Cowansville, Quebec kitchen was always “a ball of confusion” but darned if her dishes were not always done. I get out my cookie pans and realize they are not the commercial grade the recipe calls for. I worship the Food Network but honestly, I still rely on pans that I buy on sale occasionally at Walmart. A pan is a pan. I have a cookie sheet that has turned black from age and wear, and it's the only pan I use for cookies. So no new cookie sheet, not today!

There is also mention of “weighing the cookie dough” and insistence on following the recipe exactly. We all know that is not going to happen. There are 60 comments on this recipe. Am I going to wade through them all to see what perils lie ahead? No thank you, we forge on.

CNN drones on in the background and again I realize how much I am like Mary Louise Deller Knight. Montreal based radio station CJAD always blasted in her kitchen mixed with her non-stop chatter. What happened at Grammy's does not nor ever will stay in the past—memories flow through my bloodstream until I die.

I get out my dollar store measuring equipment and grind the baking soda before I put it in. The reason I do that is years ago I served cookies to my kids and their friends and the baking soda clumped. As they picked out pieces of the baking soda in the cookies they joked with their friends that their mother put cocaine in the cookies. I can reassure you that cooking mistake never happened again as gossip travels fast through a rural town. I have no Kosher salt, so regular salt goes in the bowl. Just what *is* kosher salt, and why should I have it if I don't cook kosher? Kosher salt's original purpose was really to kosher meat, meaning to remove the blood from meat, so it's really *koshering* salt. End of story.

The recipe calls for beating the butter on medium until creamy in the bowl of a stand mixer, for about 2 minutes. “We” don't beat butter, we microwave it, and if butter had not been on sale this week we would have been using

margarine. Once upon a time I used to have a retro '60s Sunbeam mixer but I gave it to my friends Mindy and Rei in Berkeley in exchange for an [ancestry.com](https://www.ancestry.com) DNA test. True story!

The recipe calls for 6 oz. (170 g) bittersweet chocolate, chopped into bite-size pieces averaging 1/2” with some smaller and some larger. In a perfect world chunks of chopped Toblerone would be nice but, wanting something larger than regular-sized chips, I buy the small medallion cooking chocolate. (You are not supposed to snack at Bulk Barn, but for the first time in my life I broke a rule and tasted the chocolate wafer to make sure it was okay.)

The recipe calls for making the dough into balls weighing 3-1/2 ounces (100 g) each. This is approximately a heaping 1/3 cup each and the author even got out her scale to measure the weight of each ball. No thank you, I'm not that sort of gal, so I measured out the size of a 1/3 of a cup and found a giant spoon the same size. Works for me.

Now the banging begins. Don't bang them in the oven—take them out of the oven and slam them down on the counter. First bang did nothing, second one was most excellent and I saw the first crease. I wanted inspiration so I blasted an '80s favourite, *Bang a Gong* by Power Station. By this time I am listening to Andy Taylor '80s songs as I still adore him more than any cookie in the world. Word was the musician had a cocaine habit – but in reality was he just caught with clumped baking soda like I was? I'd like to think that my sweet Andy was innocent, but I know in my heart he was as guilty as I was in not following recipes and tasting chocolate last night in Bulk Barn.

Whatever you do, do not over-bake the cookies. Word of warning—in putting the second batch in the freezer they slipped on the pan and I should have adjusted them before putting them in the oven so I got 3 weird-shaped ones. Not that anyone cares, right- cookies are cookies, and these tasted great!

My grandmother used to tell me that if I just ate one of her cookies, life would be a lot better after that. In reality, I have eaten so many cookies in 66 years my life should be all lollipops and rainbows. My theory is, when nothing goes right, just go left, and remember, big journeys in life begin with a single step and a fresh-baked cookie. Go big or go home!

Bang a cookie today!!(Chocolate chip cookie recipe follows.)

Linda's Kitchen — Chocolate Chip Cookies

From *The Vanilla Bean Baking Book*

By Linda Knight Seccaspina

Yields 10 large cookies

INGREDIENTS:

2 c/ all-purpose flour
½ tsp baking soda
¾ tsp Kosher salt
½ lb.(2 sticks) unsalted butter at room temperature
1 ½ c. sugar
¼ c. packed brown sugar
1 large egg
1 ½ tsp pure vanilla extract
2 Tbsp. water
6 oz. bittersweet chocolate, chopped into bite size pieces (1/2")

Adjust oven rack to middle position. Preheat oven to 350°. Line 3 baking pans (commercial grade 11" x 17" rimmed pans for best results), with aluminum foil, dull side up. This creates crinkles in cookies & lends an extra crisp, golden brown top. In a small bowl, whisk flour, baking soda & salt. In the bowl of a stand mixer fitted with a beater blade, beat the butter on medium speed until creamy, about 2 minutes. Add sugars and beat on medium until light and fluffy (2-3 minutes). Add egg, vanilla & water – mix on low to combine. Add flour mixture and mix on low until combined. Add chocolate & mix on low into the batter. Measure dough into balls weighing 3 ½ oz. each (approx. a heaping 1/3 c. each). This is important to get ridges on outer layer and gooey centers. Place 4 balls an equal distance apart on pan. Transfer to freezer for 15



minutes before baking. DO NOT SKIP FREEZING DOUGH—essential to keep dough from spreading too much and aids in the creation of crinkly outer layer. Place in oven and then place second pan in the freezer.

Place chilled pan in oven and bake 10 minutes until the cookies are puffed slightly in the center. Lift side of sheet up about 4" from rack and let it drop against rack. The edges of the cookies set and the inside falls back down. Quoting Sarah, "this will feel wrong, but trust me." In about 2 minutes the cookies puff up again. Repeat lifting and dropping the pan. Repeat a few times to create ridges around the edge of the cookie. Bake 16 – 18 minutes total, until cookies spread out and edges are golden brown but the centers are much lighter and not fully cooked. Transfer pans to wire rack: let cool completely before removing cookies from the pan.



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A Visit to Les Jardins Restaurant

by Dorothy Duncan

Members of the Canadian Federation of University Women (CFUW) Sherbrooke and District Club work to improve the status of women, and to promote human rights, public education, social justice and peace.

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

Our CFUW Dining Out Interest Group began its 2017-18 activities with an evening meal recently at **Les Jardins Restaurant at the Manoir des Sables complex**. We were treated to a marvelous sunset from the windows looking out toward Mount Orford, and our servers were attentive to every request for explanations and suggestions. The menu includes a 3 or 4 service table d'hôte selection or a variety of à la carte suggestions.

Choices that our group made included Cornish Hen served over a portobello mushroom fondue; Grilled Nagano Pork Chop with a ginger-herb sauce; Steak-Frites (Bavette de boeuf); Giant Crusty Shrimp with Tunisian pepper mayonnaise; and Filet of Halibut with a white wine-saffron sauce. One of us had the 4 service selection and chose a fondant of Mont St. Benoit Cheese with a pistachio-panko crust. Served in accompaniment were fresh local harvest vegetables. However, before all of these major dishes, we were served lovely tidbits of pesto arrancini and homemade olive rolls. Our starters were bountiful and colourful, served in various unconventional ways which were quite tasty. Everyone had something positive to say about the eye-catching appeal and fresh flavours. To the last bite of dessert, Mont Orford chocolate mousse cake, caramel shortbread tart, crème brûlée with lavender, and coffee, tea or tisane, we were very pleased with our choice of restaurant for this outing. Congratulations to the chef and the servers for making our evening a great success!

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Breakfast Memories

By Terry Dillon

It's a crisp October morning on Montclair Avenue in NDG, a suburb of Montreal. In 1969 I was in Grade 2 and 7 years old, the middle child of five children. It is breakfast time. Mom wakes us up and gets our breakfast started; we dress ourselves, at least the four oldest, those of us who are going to school. Mom is a stay-at-home mom, and Dad sells cash registers for NCR, the National Cash Register Company.

Breakfast is a big deal in our household, as is every meal: we children get so hungry between meals that we are ready to eat pretty much any time, and breakfast is no exception. We will eat almost anything that is put in front of us, with the exception of me! I'm fussy and I can't figure out how my siblings can eat cooked vegetables or even cantaloupe. Most fruit I like, especially blueberries, strawberries or apples, but not cantaloupe. For some reason, my Dad thinks he needs to say things like, "If you don't finish what's on your plate, you'll have to eat it for breakfast." Gross. I worry that if I can't finish my meal, it will be there, all cold, in the morning. If I don't like something and can't eat it for THAT reason, then I'll be forced to try again in the morning. If I can't eat it now, how will I eat it tomorrow when it's cold? I wonder if I'll have to SIT at the table all night, or will I go to bed and then it will be there on the table, waiting. Just how does this work? It doesn't occur to me to ask for details but it worries me some. If there is something I can't eat, I just do not eat it. I literally would rather starve than eat something that I don't like the taste, smell, or LOOK of! I'm anxious in case anyone else is made to eat their supper for breakfast; surely it will happen one day. Somehow, in spite of all my fussiness, I have never had to eat my supper for breakfast. Not so far, anyway.

As it's a cool morning, we will either have hot oatmeal, Cream of Wheat, or sometimes hot Shredded Wheat. There are boxes of individual packs of oatmeal or Cream of Wheat, but they are much too expensive for us, a family of seven, to even consider. Of course, we get the big red bag of Quick Quaker Oats, the red and white box of Cream of Wheat, and the big yellow box of Shredded Wheat, the one with 18 biscuits in it. We never buy small boxes of anything - always the bigger sizes for us. When we have Cream of Wheat, I notice that I'm hungrier than usual by lunch time; it's not as filling as oatmeal or eggs and toast.

Once in a while we'll have boiled, poached or scrambled eggs, or possibly French toast, but those meals only come around after a big grocery order. We can't have them too often, that's just a given. Bacon is fabulous, but only

served on certain weekends. Obviously, we are never asked WHAT we want to eat, we are just served what there IS to eat. My Dad likes to say, "Eat what you get, and be glad you got it!" I wonder if his Dad said that to him?

The best way to serve Shredded Wheat, is to place one's wheat biscuits in a bowl and pour boiling water over it, evenly and quickly, then take the round potato-masher with the squares punched into it- not the zig-zaggy mashers, they don't work as well- and quickly press out the excess hot water from the biscuit while holding the bowl on its side, so that the water runs out leaving the biscuit evenly saturated with the hot water. You have to act quickly as you don't want it too soggy, nor do you want any crunchy loose strands of dry wheat sticking out from the corners. It has to be just right. If not, I won't eat it. Well, maybe the others will, but not me. It's a fine art. Then you sprinkle it evenly with white sugar and eat it hot. Yum! Once we tried it served cold with milk poured over the dry biscuit, instead of the hot water method. I didn't like it that way, even though it is shown served like that right on the box.

Dad's already gone to work, so he is not usually home on school mornings to have breakfast with us. Mom does the whole morning routine on her own, but then again, that is her job. Once in a while, though, on the weekend, we're there when my Mom makes my Dad poached eggs served on Shredded Wheat for breakfast. Now, that is a production! The two Shredded Wheat biscuits are first made using the hot water method. My Dad spreads BUTTER on the Shredded Wheat, just the way you do when you butter hot toast, the butter melts onto the hot Shredded Wheat. Hmmm. Then a poached egg is placed on top of each biscuit, with yolks oozing out and onto the Shredded Wheat when he cuts into them. I'm fascinated by the whole elaborate process of this strange treat that Dad so enjoys eating. I'm watching in awe, but I'm very leery. If my Dad likes it, it's probably good. I think I can imagine the taste of it. I have this idea of what it will taste like in my head, but I am too fearful to try a bite of it, when offered, in case it tastes nothing like I thought. So I just watch in fascination, as Dad consumes this meal made just for him, as no one else in the family ever eats this. Young as I am, I think that when I'm older, I might just like it, maybe.

Once groceries run out we have to wait until payday before buying anything from the grocery store. A little bit of change is kept for buying milk at the corner store once in a while, but usually milk is delivered to the front door, in glass milk bottles. On cold mornings sometimes

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the cream at the top starts to freeze and it bubbles up and out from under the little cardboard tab pressed into the opening of the bottle. It's so exciting to watch all the little bubbles forming into a moving foam on top, with the cardboard tab starting to lift up off one edge of the bottle, threatening to just pop right off, while the bubbles start running down the glass bottle. I'm not sure why Mom was annoyed, it looked like fun to me! If the bottle of milk freezes completely, there will be no milk for breakfast, so I guess it's a little more serious than I thought. It seems like a whole lot of things are serious.

When the jam runs out we're left without it. We don't throw the jar out until it is literally scraped clean: that bit of jam in the bottom and all around the insides of the jar will actually be enough to spread over one or two, maybe even three or more, pieces of toast, if you are really thorough. We usually have Habitant strawberry and raspberry jams (or whatever is the cheapest). A must have was a jar of Shirriff Marmalade at all times. This is for Mom (but we all like Marmalade). We each have our personal favourites (mine's strawberry). Whatever jam is there would do; it's sweet and that's what matters. We scrape clean the foil that the pound of butter came in: we did not waste any food. Makes sense.

We didn't have a pantry, just cupboards under the counter to the side of the sink. This is where the cans, boxes and bags of food are kept. They were only full when we got groceries; sometimes the cupboards get pretty bare. I can relate to that first bit of the nursery rhyme about 'Old Mother Hubbard' because running out of some items was a real possibility in our house. We always had three meals a day. If something ran out, there was no more until the next grocery run. Even the last crust of bread makes a decent piece of toast, especially if it is a fat crust, which I like in particular.

We need a big pot of cereal to feed all five of us children and Mom. If we are going to have oatmeal, it is served to each of us, piping hot and thick, and eaten with a layer of brown sugar on top and a drizzle of milk around the edge, to help cool it—just not too much or it will get soupy! We carefully spoon off the top layer of brown sugar with some of the oatmeal and a bit of the milk. You have to eat it around the edges where it is a bit cooler, then sprinkle on more brown sugar for the next layer, all the way to the bottom of the bowl. If it is too hot, we ask Mom to 'blow on it', which always cools it off just enough. It really needs the brown sugar, for sure, as the oats are pretty plain and a little bitter. We're allowed to sprinkle on the brown sugar, so we do.

It's the same with the hot Cream of Wheat: must have brown sugar on top, although it's easy to put too much brown sugar on that, as the Cream of Wheat is a lot finer, and maybe a LITTLE milk around the edge to cool

it, but not too much, I don't want it soggy; it had to be just right, not too thick or too thin. Luckily Mom knows exactly how to make it just right; smooth, somewhat thick, yet creamy. She stirs the hot water constantly while adding the dry cereal. With five kids sometimes it does not get stirred enough, ending up lumpy. Yuck. If Cream of Wheat was the breakfast of the day, we ate it. We carefully spooned around the lumps leaving them behind. I clearly remember biting into one of the lumps; boy oh boy, it was like rubber.

I only eat a small variety of things compared to the number of things that get served and that everyone else eats. I will not eat cooked vegetables at all, with the exception of potatoes and corn. I'll eat most every other vegetable raw. Luckily, I get the chance to eat raw vegetables from the tiny backyard garden; peas, beets, scarlet runner beans, carrots and radishes. I am so lucky to have a Mom who realizes that I simply could NOT eat those cooked vegetables and who does not 'make me' eat them. I'm pretty sure she realizes I might keel over and die if I am forced to eat certain foods.

In the summer months, when even the mornings are hot here in Montreal, we have cold cereal. It's always either Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Special K, Puffed Wheat, or Kellogg's Rice Krispies, served with milk and sprinkled with white sugar. Brown sugar was for the hot cereals. Sweetened cereals were too expensive. When there was a sale, Mom bought one of the sugar-laden cereals like Corn Pops, Kellogg's Frosted Flakes, Cap'n Crunch, Alpha-Bits (my favourite!) or Sugar Crisp. Once the box is gone, after 2 or 3 days, it's back to the regular cereal.

Most days, we have a glass of apple or orange juice with breakfast. My favourite thing is a half grapefruit. We do not have that too often, and only when they are in season. The white grapefruit is very tart, so naturally, we sprinkle white sugar on it. We put sugar on a lot of things, but we don't often have candy or pop.

It takes so many eggs to feed all of us we do not have them often. It is a real treat to have a "soft boiled" egg. It should be a little runny in the middle, to dip our toast 'fingers' into. Not underdone and slimy, which happens occasionally, and then we just have to deal with it. You can't re-boil the egg. If it is boiled too long it's 'hard boiled,' but I still like them that way. It's one of the few things I can eat pretty much any old which way. We each got an egg cup with a boiled egg, on a side plate. Each egg has a knitted egg cozy on top to keep it warm. A bit of salt is sprinkled on the plate to dip the egg into. Bread is toasted and buttered, then sliced into 4 strips, which we called 'fingers', and placed on the plate beside the egg cup for dipping. Mom uses a spoon and tapes the edge of the spoon firmly around the top part of the egg, then lifts off

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the top and now she leaves us to scoop out the little top part first, since it cools quickly. We dip our toast into the soft middle of the egg. Truly, boiled eggs are a delicacy. That is probably why we don't have eggs very often - it is just so much work!

A big pot of oatmeal is on the menu and we could have 'seconds'. We eat until we are stuffed, and once we're done breakfast, we have to bring our dishes to the sink, get our school bags, put on our shoes and sweaters and tumble out the front door. The littlest will stay home with Mom so there are only four of us going off to school.

It has rained the day before and I can't wait to look for frozen puddles on the edge of the dirt lawn. Sure enough, there are a whole BUNCH of different-sized frozen puddles, enough for each of us to crunch. There is a thin layer of ice on each one, crisp and light-grey. I am elated! Anything to delay our one kilometer trek to school. It is the entire block up Montclair to Fielding, turn right and walk past all the Avenues, King Edward, Rosedale, Mariette and Mayfair, turn left on Coronation and walk

up Coronation, past the playground on the corner and the wide open field, to the chain-linked, paved schoolyard, just this side of Somerled, and in through the gate.


For a minute or two, we race to stomp on as many puddles of ice as we can, mindful of the water and mud underneath. The ice makes such a satisfying, loud, cracking sound in the still morning air, it is truly wondrous. I know it's fleeting, as it will be another few days before the puddles all freeze solid, too hard to crack with our shoes. I take a deep breath of the cold, fresh air as we walk down the path to the sidewalk, and I can feel the chill on my arms through my sweater, belying the morning sunshine. The whole troupe of us set off for school together. It might be elation, this feeling, I don't have a word for it, I only know that I have a happy, joyous feeling in my heart. I am full, all's well. I am so happy that, young as I am, I know I will always remember this one particular, chilly, glorious fall morning. And I do.



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The Townships Sun Celebrates 45 years (1972–2017)

“Blessed are the weird people: poets, misfits, writers, mystics, painters, troubadours: For they teach us to see the world through different eyes.” Jacob Nordby.

The *Townships Sun* celebrates 45 years of existence. Formats have changed over the years, from newspaper to magazine. Color covers are a relatively new feature, presenting the vibrant stories and lives of our area. The magazine constantly strives to find the best methods possible to present the “Townships Life and Culture: Past, Present and Future.”



Anyone who lives here now, has visited here or has lived here in the past, is able to tell you that the Eastern Townships is a special place to live. The people are creative and genuine. Talent and history make up our landscape. Our contributors have increased, and our circle encompasses a wider scope of people. It is certainly a pleasure to have these people join us in making this a great magazine.

We recognize all the people who have made this magazine possible, and we look forward to serving you for many years to come. It is your legacy, your stories, your lives. Weaving the photos and stories together with the uniqueness of The Eastern Townships and the people who create this beautiful tapestry is the task at hand for the Townships Sun.

Your legacy is not the stuff you leave behind: it is the memories that are woven into the minds and lives of others.

We will “See you under the Sun, The *Townships Sun*.” Congratulations on 45 years.

