

Townships Life & Culture: Past, Present, and Future



COURTESY TOWNSHIPERS' ASSOCIATION

A tribute to Gerry Cutting and his family roots p. 4



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A Welcome from the Editors

Hi *Townships Sun* subscribers my name is Barbara and I am excited to join the *Townships Sun* team. I have lived in the Eastern Townships my entire life. I live in the Stanstead area, attended English school here, as well as worked in the school system for forty years. My roots are firmly planted in this beautiful section of the country.

I, like many of you have experienced the joy of growth within the Townships as well as watched the deterioration of many aspects of daily life. There are some things that remain a constant. The people, the beauty, diversity of talents and colourful history make each of us major contributors to the region and forever present in today and our passage into tomorrow.

The *Townships Sun* has a vision to strive to accurately reflect issues, concerns and realities of the English-speaking community of the Eastern Townships. I look forward to taking on that vision of helping the Sun stay strong in the representation of everything Townships.

Barbara Heath

Hello Readers. My name is Alanna and I am very happy to be joining the *Townships Sun* circle of readers, contributors and managers. Over the course of my years in the Townships, I have built a strong sense affinity with the place and its people. The Eastern Townships is a special place to me, full of opportunity and inspiration, and working for the *Sun* is a way for me to share my love for the region.

The *Sun* is a wonderful medium for celebrating and expressing all aspects of Townships life. Its creative and informative sides have a great potential to bring English-speakers together, keep our history alive and celebrate our unique culture.

I feel honoured to contribute to the evolution of this long-standing literary tradition, which is now in its fourth decade of publication!

Alanna Catrina Fernandes

The people, the places, activities, stories are all important components of a handmade quilt. We invite you to participate in keeping the Townships Sun a real presence in the community whether you live here or have moved away, it is still home. Send us your stories, your photos and your questions. We want to hear from you, as it is you that keeps this paper strong.



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The Townships Sun

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The Sun welcomes manuscripts, letters, photos, and anecdotes. Submissions should include the contributor's full name, phone number and address.

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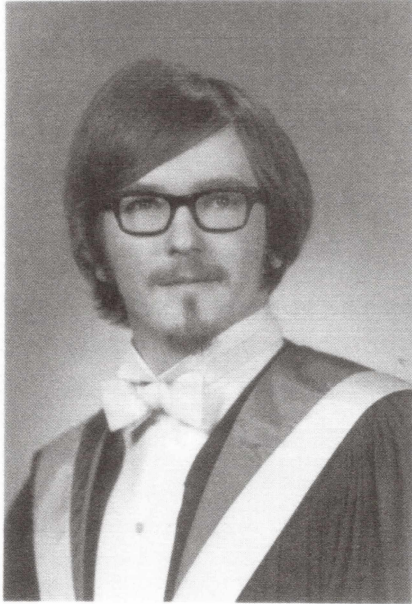
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Canada 

The Cutting Family

Deep Roots in the Townships

By Melanie Cutting



COURTESY MELANIE CUTTING

Gerry Cutting, Graduation

As a Townships resident, unless you never listen to the radio, surf the net, or read the local newspapers, you have probably heard the name Gerry Cutting, the dynamic president of Townshippers' Association. What you might not know is that Gerry's family has been in this area for more than 200 years. Cutting Street in Coaticook is the most visible reminder that the Cuttings were among the original English families to settle here.

A Brief History of The Cuttings

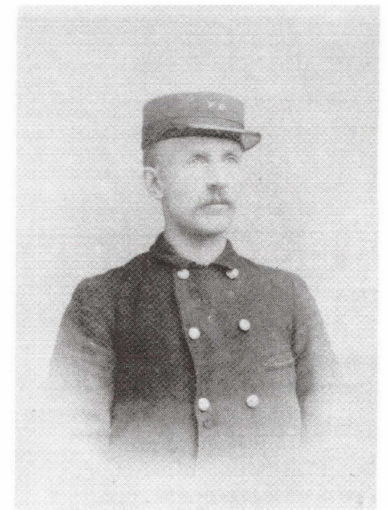
Zadak and Abigail Cutting moved here from Hebron, Connecticut with their two children, Jonathan and Zadak, Jr. in 1808. Zadak and Abigail had both passed away by 1832, and Jonathan and Zadak Jr. lived on the family farm in Barnston for the rest of their lives, eventually purchasing additional tracts of land in

Barnston and nearby Barford (now Ste-Herménégilde).

Although Zadak Jr. never married, Jonathan produced several children over a period of 40 years: Lucard, born in 1817 and Horace, who arrived within a year of his brother. They were followed much later by Aris, 1853; Alice, 1856 and Mary Jane, 1859. The eldest son Lucard married Clarissa Converse, and they too settled in Barnston.

An oft-repeated bit of family lore concerns Lucard's brother, Horace. The Cutting brothers, through shrewd land purchases and business acumen had become quite wealthy landowners. Horace built Coaticook's first general store, post office, as well as a hotel. Unfortunately, Horace took great offense at the idea of property taxation and over time squandered his own finances, as well as brother Lucard's, fighting the government's right to levy taxes. To pay for the many court appearances, the brothers took to selling off their land and by the time the case had reached the Privy Council in England, several thousand acres of prime real estate in the Coaticook area had been reduced to 100 acres. To add insult to injury, the final ruling went against the Cuttings and they ultimately had to pay the tax. How much was it, you wonder? The amount was equivalent to the price of a yoke of oxen.

Lucard's son Ellsworth and his wife Sarah brought six children into the world, including Gerry Cutting's grandfather Leo. In the early part of the twentieth



**Le premier Chef de Police,
T. Z. Garceau (1899).**

COURTESY MELANIE CUTTING



Leo and Viola Cutting

COURTESY MELANIE CUTTING

century Leo fell in love with Viola Garceau, the daughter of Coaticook's colourful francophone police Chief Theodore Everett "Teezy" Garceau. Teezy was something of a local legend. In addition to his work on the police force he was also the conductor on the CN railroad's run from Portland, Maine to Montreal.

The union of Leo and Viola, in turn, resulted in the birth of Everett and Eunice Cutting. Eunice left to live in the U.S. but Everett, Gerry's dad, grew up in Coaticook on what was left of the family estate. When Canada entered the Second World War in 1939, Everett enlisted and was sent overseas, where he saw combat over the course of his six years in the infantry. (A daily ration of mutton stew in wartime Europe resulted in Everett's lifelong aversion to lamb dishes, although his family continued to enjoy the occasional chop or leg of lamb.) Upon his return to Canada in 1945, Everett was sent to a military hospital to have shrapnel removed from his face and in true Hollywood fashion, met his future spouse, Rolande Désilets of St-Venant, Quebec, who held an administrative post at the hospital.

The Later Years: 1947-2008

When the young couple married, they returned to the farm, now a successful dairy operation. Rolande, who had been

trained as a teacher, took on a series of posts in the area over the next several years, offering French to English-speaking students and English to French-speaking students. Rolande, a popular teacher, rounded out her career at King's Hall girls' school in Compton until the merger with Bishop's College School in Lennoxville.

Everett, who had never much enjoyed farm chores, went to work at Sheard's, the local textile mill, where he stayed until his retirement some thirty two years later. Young Gerry, Everett and Rolande's son, was born in late 1947 and grew up in a house just down the road from the family farm. Gerry developed a very close relationship with his grandparents and realized that, in fact, he loved the farm life; learning

about animal husbandry, haying, rock picking and much more, in particular how to work hard to achieve his goals. He became fluently bilingual as a result of spending time with his French-speaking cousins and receiving his formal schooling in English.



COURTESY MELANIE CUTTING

Everett and Rolande Cutting



The family of Horace Cutting in front of his home on Pleasant street now owned by Mrs Denis Gérin.

COURTESY MELANIE CUTTING

Gerry Cutting, A True Townshipper

Now that the story of the Cutting family's roots in Coaticook have been presented, the Cutting family's deep roots in the Townships, we now pick up as Gerry grows into a leader. It is the 1950's and 60's, Gerry Cutting is now a young man. This time period proved to be both very difficult and yet very rewarding for the young man. Gerry excelled in school, honing his skills at debate and graduating as valedictorian of his class at Coaticook High School. However, tragedy had struck a few years earlier with the accidental death of his seven year old sister, Diane, when Gerry was ten. Six years later, Gerry himself was involved in an automobile accident that claimed the life of his girlfriend and put Gerry into the hospital for several months with multiple broken bones and other injuries. These events naturally took their toll on the family, as well as on Gerry's educational plans, and he delayed his entrance to university for a year.

Despite his great affection for the Townships, Gerry, like many Townships youth, felt the need to go away for his studies and see at least a bit more of Canada. He was accepted at Prince of Wales College (now the University of Prince Edward Island) in Charlottetown and spent

the next four years studying philosophy, religion and psychology, earning his BA with honours in 1970. His next move was to Carrollton, Georgia, home of West Georgia College, a part of the Georgia State system, to further his education in his chosen field of psychology. Following the merger of Prince of Wales and St. Dunstan's College into UPEI, as well as the departure of several of his favourite undergraduate professors from PEI, Gerry headed south to West Georgia, which had become a focal point for the new but burgeoning field, of "humanistic psychology". Characterized by some rather offbeat practices (remember nude encounter groups?), this branch of psychology appealed to Gerry's free-thinking but disciplined personality.

In 1972, armed with his M.A. in psychology, Gerry returned to Quebec to find a job, ultimately landing a position as a psychology instructor at the newly minted Lennoxville Campus of Champlain Regional College, the English language CEGEP in the Townships. His career trajectory took him from the classroom, to department chair, to a post as Director of Student Services at the Lennoxville Campus. Eventually, Gerry

took the job as Lennoxville Campus Director and finally as Director General of the multi-campus college. Along the way he had returned to school part-time at McGill University to earn his M. Ed. in Counselling, and met and married Champlain colleague Melanie Bauchner in 1973. Eldest son Asher was born in 1974 and Corey (profiled in a recent issue of this publication) came along in 1980.

In 2008, following a distinguished thirty-four year career in the Quebec education system, Gerry retired, expecting to spend some time relaxing and traveling. The first challenge to his retirement plans took the form of illness. He was diagnosed with Stage 2 prostate cancer in late 2009. Following extensive research into possible treatments, he opted for surgery, which took place in April 2010 and successfully dealt a severe blow to the progress of this insidious and often ignored disease. This was followed three years later by a one month course of radiation to knock out the miniscule amount of remaining malignant tissue. Now fully recovered, Gerry has been active in the provincial PROCURE prostate cancer support and awareness program and has lent personal support to several friends and colleagues faced with the daunting disease.



COURTESY TOWNSHIPPERS' ASSOCIATION

Gerry Cutting

Gerry Cutting Today

In the early part of the 1970s Gerry had been one of the founding members of ETSAG, the Eastern Townships Social Action Group, forerunner of Townshippers' Association and creator of *The Townships Sun* as its means of communication. Now retired from his career in education, he continued to be a socially aware and active member of many boards in the region. However, Gerry's abiding interest in the well-being of the English-speaking community led him to join the board of Townshippers' Association in 2006, resulting in four years as vice-president of the Association and eventually in 2011 moving into the presidency. Clearly, a second career as an eloquent, often passionate spokesperson and skilled statesman on behalf of the English-speakers of the Townships had emerged.

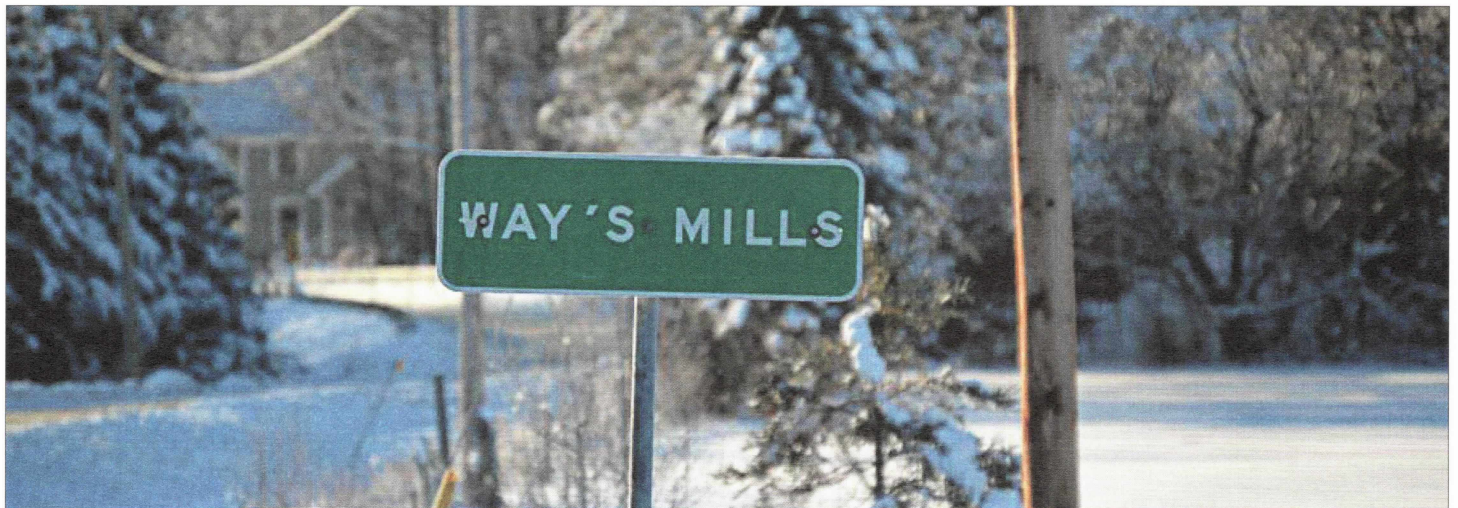
Even more recently, a third "mini-career" as portrayer of 19th century businessman and Sherbrooke Chamber of Commerce founder Andrew Paton has been revealed. Combining his interest in history with his skills as an actor and fluently bilingual public speaker, this latest foray into public life has seen him donning tie and tails at two Sherbrooke Chamber of Commerce 125th anniversary galas, as well as plus-fours on the golf course for the annual Chamber golf tournament.

Coming full circle in the saga of his thirty-five year tenure at Champlain Regional College, a short while ago CRC offered Gerry the opportunity to compile a history of the founding of Champlain. Crafting "Champlain Regional College: the Early Years" has allowed Gerry to utilize his extensive background with Champlain. His well-honed skills at analyzing and synthesizing mountains of information lead Gerry to produce an easy and enjoyable read.

As Socrates, one of Gerry's favorite philosophers, famously noted, "The unexamined life is not worth living". Gerry Cutting has chosen to spend much of his time as a lifelong resident of this area in not just examining, but championing, improving and promoting the life he clearly loves, here in the Eastern Townships of Quebec.

Way's Mills

By Tom Standish, photos and text



In the heart of the Eastern Townships of Quebec about 30 kms south-east of a town named Magog, lies a small quaint village of about 20 houses, surrounded by mountainous hills. In the quietest of moments a river can be heard in the distance. This little village known as Ways Mills, must have at one point in time, been a very busy place.

As a curious four year old, visiting the grandparents I was intrigued by this town and decided to find out more. In 1970, this little town still had a lot to say for itself, but really I don't know why. Two churches, why two? Where were the congregations coming from? Were there no other churches for miles around? Two general stores, a post office and a fire hall also made up this village. The main street lined with huge maple trees provided shade on the hottest of days and beautiful colours in the autumn.

My grandparents' neighbour, Mr. Sid Davis, along with his wife, owned one of the general stores. More importantly he also owned the rights to the water supply to my grandparents' house and some neighbours too. Mr. Davis had some farm animals in a small barn behind his house. At night time he would turn on the water for his animals lowering the water pressure in the community, and to the residents' consternation, making it impossible for anyone else to have any water.

At the far west side of town, a five minute walk at most, was the other grocery/candy store/post office. They sold lots and lots of penny candy. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Emo were the owners, a much older couple than my grandparents. Mr. Emo, a small-framed man was often seen outside of his store smoking his pipe in conversation with locals coming in for their mail, while Mrs. Emo, an even smaller woman, tended to the post office and store. She made me think of Grandma Walton of TV fame, a shy type until she got to know you.

Even at four years old my curiosity was great and I knew that one day I would want to explore this town and see exactly what made it into what it is today.



A side road passing through time into obscurity.

Bishop's College School Marks 50th Anniversary of the Canadian Flag

Photos and Text By Bishop's College School

On February 15, 1965, BCS became the first institution to fly the Canadian flag, beating Parliament Hill by a few hours. Fifty years later, the school marked the event with a special ceremony in St. Martin's Chapel on the BCS campus.

During the ceremony, a framed flag, which was the second ever made, was revealed. Form II (grade 7) student Violetta Zeitlinger Fontana read a speech the Lieutenant Governor of Quebec wrote for the occasion. Members of the BCS No.2 Cadet Corps – Canada's oldest continuous serving cadet corps – also participated in the procession.

Local veterans, members of the BCS Association Board of Directors, students and staff came together for this event.

One notable guest, Mr. Okill Stuart, is a BCS alumnus from the Class of 1937. He was part of the D-Day landing and the Battle of Normandy during WWII. Mr. Stuart has received many honours including the Canada 125 Medal and the Queen's Golden Jubilee Medal in recognition of his remarkable generosity in giving of his time.

To learn more about the celebrations surrounding the 50th Anniversary of the Canadian Flag, please visit the Canadian Heritage website at www.pch.gc.ca. Established in 1836, Bishop's College School is a culturally diverse, independent boarding and day school for grades seven through twelve. For more information, please visit www.bishopscollegeschool.com.



BCS marked the flag's 50th anniversary, along with other Canadians, with a ceremony in the school's Chapel.



Prefects and cadet leaders Romy and Nic pose with the second Canadian flag ever produced.



One of our notable guests, Mr. Okill Stuart, is a BCS alumnus from the class of 1937. Mr. Stuart is known for his sense of humour and joked that the worst thing about BCS (when he attended) was the fact there were no girls.

The Leprechaun

By Cheryl Atkinson

The house was dreadfully cold today, and Colleen had pulled on a soft, warm sweater in a bright shade of green that matched her eyes. She heard tapping as she went down the stairs to the finished basement. She started toward the wood burning stove in the corner and smiled when the tapping stopped abruptly.

“Grandfather, it’s only me.” She called over her shoulder as she put some wood in the stove.

Patrick O’Connor came out of his workshop wearing a leather apron over his work clothes. He was a short man and rather pudgy. Patrick lay his pipe down in an ashtray as he sank into a comfortable chair near the fire.

“You’re going to set your beard on fire with that pipe one of these days.” Colleen said mischievously. “Why aren’t you dressed? You’re going to be late for the parade.”

“It’s too cold to go out; me old bones can’t take it anymore.” her grandfather answered with a sigh.

Patrick O’Connor had always been a loner, rarely attending social events, but in his old age, he was definitely getting worse, going out only a few times a year. He always went to the St. Patrick’s Day parade though. Patrick O’Connor, you see, was a Leprechaun.

Colleen looked at her grandfather with concern, realizing how old and frail he was becoming. “Why don’t I make us some tea and you can tell me a story here by the fire.”

“Why don’t you pour us some good Irish Whiskey?” he answered. His eyes crinkled up, and he gave her a roguish grin. “What kind of story would you like to hear?”

Colleen brewed the tea and placed it on a small table, then settled down in the other chair. “An Irish story,” she said, “it is St. Patrick’s Day. Tell me about Leprechauns.” she said with a smile, knowing that was his favorite subject.

“Ah, said Patrick, “Well, first off we don’t look like that silly little creature on the Lucky Charms box, dressed all in green and wearing buckled shoes and a top hat. We are shoemakers by trade and very good at our craft. We make custom made shoes, not that mass produced rubbish you buy at Wal-Mart’s!”

“Do you have a pot of gold grandfather?”

“Indeed not, and I suppose you think I would keep that gold buried at the end of a rainbow? No, my money is in a savings account at the Bank of Commerce on Main Street. It is peculiar what people believe in, girl.”

Colleen frowned. “But you are a leprechaun, aren’t you, grandfather?”

“Yes, he said, “the name Leprechaun came from the Irish word for shoemaker, and we are considered to be a type of fairy. It is said a leprechaun has magical powers and can grant three wishes to deserving citizens. Leprechauns carry two leather pouches. In one are silver coins, and each time the money is spent it returns to the pouch. In the other are gold coins that are used when people try to capture one of us. The gold coins are given to them in return for our freedom, but once we are safely out of sight the gold turns to ashes.”

Patrick took a long sip of his tea and smiled at his granddaughter. “I will tell you a better story, Colleen.” he said. Colleen looked up at him eagerly.

“Well then, there was an old man who lived alone in Ireland. His only son was in prison, and the old man didn’t know anyone who would plow and harrow his potato garden so he wrote to his son asking for advice, and received this reply, “For HEAVENS SAKE, don’t dig up that garden, that’s where I buried the guns!”

At four O’clock the next morning, a dozen British soldiers showed up and dug up the entire garden, but they didn’t find any guns. Confused, the old man wrote to his son telling him what happened and asking him what to do next. His son replied: “Just plant your potatoes.”

Colleen laughed, “I bet that is an Irish joke you found on the internet. You are a wonderful storyteller, but as usual a very cunning Grandfather, for you don’t say if leprechauns are really fairies or just part of Irish folklore.”

“Sure and begorrah, Colleen, I am a leprechaun... a shoemaker.”

Public Health or Private Profit?

By Nick Fonda



COURTESY NICK FONDA

Normand Cormier

Not everyone in Richmond is aware that when water fluoridation finally stops in two months time, it will be for the second time in the town's history that the municipality has said no to the controversial practice. However, both Normand Cormier and André Lupien vividly remember the mid-1970s when Richmond briefly fluoridated its water.

More than most, Normand Cormier is looking forward to a return to clean, fluoride-free water, and not just for historic reasons.

"I suffer from diabetes," he says, "and to minimize its effects I drink a gallon of water every day. I've been buying my water for the last five years because my doctor suggested I avoid fluoridated water."

It takes little imagination to calculate that for Normand Cormier water fluoridation meant both considerable expense and a great deal of inconvenience. Bottled water is costly; prices vary greatly but it is possible to buy soft drinks at a cheaper price than to buy bottled water; one litre of water weighs one kilogram; a gallon of water just over four kilograms. Water is heavy and cumbersome. Having clean tap water again will make a big difference to the retired public works foreman.

A native of near-by St. Felix-de-Kingsey, Normand Cormier moved to Richmond in 1968 to take a job on the town's public works crew. Several years later, he was promoted to foreman, a position he held until his retirement in 2005, after 37 years of service to the Town.

It's not known exactly when Richmond first began fluoridating its water. "I don't remember at all," he says. "I don't know that there was any kind of public consultation about it. What I do remember is that Jean Smith, who was the dentist in Richmond at the time, was for it."

Jean Smith, besides being a dentist was also a town councillor who served at least one term before quitting municipal politics in 1974.

Curiously enough, there's no indication of what discussions might have gone on regarding fluoridation in the early 1970s, or late 1960s in any of the well-archived minutes of town council meetings. Did the town begin to fluoridate on the recommendation of Councillor Smith? If so, just when did the town start receiving fluoridation products?

On July 16 of 1974, Richmond's town council authorized plans for a water purification plant, the work to be done by a Sherbrooke engineering firm. There is no indication in the council minutes of when the work was completed, or of exactly what equipment went into the water purification plant, but it is likely that fluoridation equipment was installed at that time.

That was four decades ago, says André Lupien, who became a town councillor in 1967 before being acclaimed as mayor in 1974, a position he held until he retired from politics in 1987. I can't provide exact dates off the top of my head, but I can tell you what I do remember."

"The provincial government at the time (Liberal, under Robert Bourassa) had embarked on a plan to have all of Quebec drinking fluoridated water," he says. "I do know that not a single citizen asked for water fluoridation and that no one complained when we ceased fluoridation."

At the time, public health offices across North America were

promoting water fluoridation, a practice that had begun in the late 1940s and was touted as a measure to reduce dental cavities.

It's interesting to note that the practice was controversial from the very beginning. The idea of adding fluoride to drinking water came out of the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research. Eventually it was a dental researcher on staff at Mellon who became the public figure for the idea, but fluoridation did not come from medical or dental research. It was proposed by an industrialist for whom fluoride salts were a bothersome by-product. The fluoride salts which will continue being poured into Richmond's drinking water until March are industrial waste.

Industrial America has a powerful lobby, and it is this lobby that continues to promote fluoridation. Public health officials promote fluoridation as a matter of government policy. The medical community is very ambiguous and far from unanimous on the question of fluoridation.

Richmond's first round of fluoridation lasted no more than several months. At least two different factors came into play to bring about its sudden demise, one medical and the other mechanical.

I'm not a doctor and not a chemist, André Lupien says, so I knew little about fluoridation but a chance encounter with Jean Drapeau, the mayor of Montreal, led me to question the wisdom of fluoridation. I was the mayor of a small town of 3,500, he was the mayor of what was then Canada's largest and most cosmopolitan city, so we didn't have that much in common. But one file we did share was water fluoridation."

"Drapeau was unequivocally against fluoridation," Richmond's ex-mayor continues. "He had access to well-educated, well-informed people. He defined fluoride as a deadly poison. It was a brief encounter but a memorable one."

Jean Drapeau was not alone in his concerns. "I remember that adding fluoride to our water weighed very heavily on Normand Cormier. He was worried that he might make an error, or that something would malfunction. He had been given training in operating the equipment and he knew what he was doing, but he worried that something could go wrong."

The public works foreman was concerned for good reasons. "The mechanism kept clogging," explains Normand Cormier. "Virtually every single day, we were spending

two or three hours doing repairs and making adjustments on the mechanism."

"The fluoride salt," he continues, "was delivered like flour in a bag, 100-pound paper bags. The water, drawn from a well, was pumped to the reservoir in an 18-inch pipe. The fluoride was dumped into a large tub which had a small pipe, an inch or so in diameter, equipped with a screw mechanism, coming out of the bottom. The fluoride salt was supposed to be fed by the screw into the main water pipe."

The fact that the pipe kept clogging and needed almost daily attention made fluoridation not just a medically questionable practice, but a relatively expensive maintenance issue as well.

Just as council meeting minutes don't reveal when Richmond started fluoridating, so too do they not reveal exactly when fluoridation stopped.

What Normand Cormier does remember is that the mayor came to the pumping station, looked at the bags and gave the order to stop fluoridating. Over the next few months, Normand himself dismantled the screw mechanism, the feed pipe and the holding tub. "It took me a little while," he recalls, "because I'd work on the dismantling every now and again when I had a bit of free time."

Things were more relaxed in those days, says André Lupien. At some point I got a phone call from a provincial bureaucrat who wanted to know if we'd started fluoridating. I told him that we had stopped and that if Montreal started then we would start. I alarmed him when I told him that I intended to simply dispose of the bags of fluoride at the town dump. He told me that they absolutely must not be dumped. They had to be returned. I found it very curious that he wanted me to put fluoride salts in the town drinking water but they were somehow too dangerous for the dump."

"I don't recall anyone coming to talk to the town council about fluoridation," he finishes.

This time round, when fluoridation ceases, the event is much more likely to be recorded in the council minutes; it's even more certain that the second fluoridation period (from 2010 to 2015) will be better remembered, even if for all the wrong reasons.

Public health officials were invited to contribute to this article but declined. They did however invite visits to their web site.

A Way Further

Anonymous

Sunday March 8th marked yet another International Women's Day (IWD) in the Townships, in Quebec and around the globe. Since its inception in the early 1900s, IWD has grown to become a global day of recognition, celebration and advocacy for women's rights in developed and developing countries alike.

According to internationalwomensday.com, "The new millennium has witnessed a significant change and attitudinal shift in both women's and society's views concerning women's equality and emancipation." Many of us would agree that we live in an age and culture where women are valorized, free to make choices, have access to endless opportunities, have the freedom to be mothers, workers and socially engaged citizens. This advancement has been cultivated over the past century due to advocacy, protest, consciousness-raising, and just plain sense. Indeed, the annual worldwide recognition of women's progress and celebration has grown strongly over the decades. The website continues, "the tone and nature of IWD has, for the past few years, moved from being a reminder about the negatives to a celebration of the positives."

Although women's advancement in recent history is significant and worthy of celebration and praise, there is a startling reality right here in Quebec that passes under the radar of everyday living, and which is extremely important to address.

From 2013-2014, 3000 women victims of conjugal violence were housed in women's shelters throughout the province. According to police statistics administered by the Minister of Public Safety, in 2012 19,731 criminal infractions were committed in a conjugal context. In 80% of the cases, the victim was a woman. The numbers are staggering for our day and age, and only 30% of violent situations will ever get reported.

Counting women who are also subject to non-physical forms of violence such as psychological, verbal, economic, and spiritual (which do not merit criminal action in the eyes of the law) 1 in 6 women in Quebec live in violent

situations. Most of these go unreported due to the lack of knowledge and recognition of what violence really is. In Quebec in 2013-2014, sexual and physical violence was the reason for the protective sheltering of women and their children in only 35% of the cases.

We can conclude that too many Quebec women are subject to the control and violence of their partners, which tends to pass under the radar of both criminal and social standards, even for today. My intention is to raise awareness of this very real phenomenon for the month of March 2015. While we celebrate the strides that women have made since ancient times, we cannot underestimate the work still needed to be done. Educating our sons and daughters, building networks of support between women and families, building constructive outlets for both men and women to vent their frustrations and heal their pains all play a part of the solutions that must become a part of our daily discourse and annual celebrations.

Violence in a conjugal context tends to establish slowly and insidiously. Some women and their circles don't even realize its inception and consider that it is just a normal part of what being in a couple is like. Many women, in fact, do not consider themselves to be victims of conjugal violence because their partner never raised a hand to them. Most do not believe that they are living in a violent situation when there is an absence of physical aggression.

Words or statements like "You're worth nothing," "You're not even pretty," "You understand nothing, even when it is explained to you," and "You're not even able to take care of your kids" are detrimental to a women's sense of self and permit for a man to effectively control his partner without ever having to raise a hand.

Signs to look out for in women in your circles who may be victims without them or you knowing it include a sense of disempowerment, exhaustion and humiliation. Confusion, lack of self-esteem and self-confidence, depression, and other mental health problems may be present. Health problems such as chronic fatigue, asthma,

ulcers, hypertension, migraines, and panic attacks can also develop.

Confirming that violence is what is indeed being lived is the first step – women's centres and shelters for women and their children exist province-wide. Services are completely confidential and go to great measures to ensure the safety of a woman and her children.

L'Escale is a shelter for women and children in the Townships, which provides both on-site and external counselling for women in these situations. Anglophones, are not always privy to the resources available in the area. L'Escale can be reached at 819-569-3611 24 hours a day.

So if you or someone you know may be a victim reach out for help.

Luck is for the Birds!

By John Viau

My name is John Viau. I am 77 years old and an avid but very arthritic goose hunter. I live in south western Quebec near the small town of Ormstown, which is a major stopover for snow geese from mid-October until early December.

I'm out goose hunting about 100 days a year and despite my age and arthritis I usually manage to bag a very respectable number of snow geese every autumn but always fall short of my one day limit of twenty snows. That changed on November 19, 2012 when it turned out to be my lucky day but and there and again *not* so lucky a day.

Here is my story. It was 9:30am on November 19, 2012 and I was coasting along in my van, scouting for geese; when I spotted an enormous flock of snows in a farm field located about three quarters of a mile back from the road. I know the farmer who owns the field and had his permission to hunt and I am very familiar with the layout of his farm. Anxious to get started, I quickly parked my van in front of the farmer's dairy barn and set off in the direction of the huge flock in the field behind the barn.

I figured I would make the stalk by walking along a little gully which ran parallel to where the geese were located and then crawl up the side of a small hill. That would position me about 15 yards away from the enormous flock consisting of three or four thousand snows. Walking as fast as my old arthritic bones could go I closed in by crawling up the hill on all fours. I finally reached the brim of the hill, carefully peeked over and blasted off three rounds of 12 gauge size bbb 3 & 1/2 inch.

To say that all hell broke loose would be an understatement! The din of flapping wings and honking geese was deafening and dead or wounded geese lay everywhere. After two dozen or so kill shots I gathered up my geese and counted them. The final tally showed, that for the first time in my 61 years of hunting, I had bagged my very first daily limit of 20 snow geese. Boy was I happy!

The icing on the cake was when I discovered that two of the snows were banded! One goose sported a yellow collar band #RR99 on its neck and leg band #1937-33793 showing it had been banded on 08-09-2010 on Bylot Island, Nunavut, Quebec Canada. And things got even better! The other snow was tagged with two leg bands one of which was #1727-06059. Best of all, the other was a \$100.00 reward band #91-2015 showing it had been banded at the same spot on 17-08-2004. Man-O-Man was I ever one happy goose hunter!

Exploring the Johnville Bog

By Rose Fowler, photos and text

The Johnville Bog and Forest park offers several trails to hike and explore nature. On one of this winter's warmer days our family spent a few hours exploring a 3.6 km trail. Wearing snowshoes, carrying water bottles, pulling along a sled for our toddler, leading our family dog on a leash, we were out enjoying what nature had to offer.



Walking through wooded areas in the winter is a great activity to teach kids about the animals that live the area. Tracks left behind in the snow show evidence of life present despite the fact that they are rarely seen. Rabbits, deer, and bird prints were the most predominant tracks. Often the deer tracks were seen on sections of the hard packed trails we were using ourselves.



The area around the little pond looked so barren and the dormant feel of the forest made the kids question what the animals had available to eat. This prompted a closer look at the vegetation and an a beginner lesson on identifying the various trees.



We found some neat things hidden in plain sight. The curling paper bark of a white birch, rubs where the deer had once scratched their antlers, a fungi attached to the base of a tree and beautiful frost crystals tucked in a nook.



Every turn offered the possibility of seeing something new, an adventure of discovery and learning, yet near the end of the hike, the kids started looking for the point where we had began. Their tummies were dictating their mood, and after a 3 km hike they were getting hungry! Lucky for them, I had snacks and a thermos of hot chocolate waiting in the car.

Quebecers Helping Quebecers

Numerous employment offers never get posted to search engines online. That being said, one stormy night a guy named Bob lay awake pondering. From his thoughts emerged a plan to try to get these jobs into the spotlight to assist both the seekers of employment and those seeking skilled labourers.

Another page on the notorious Facebook has come to life: Quebecers Helping Quebecers, a site managed by volunteers looking for ways to help.

Jobs, health care, housing, legal advice. It is our hope to generate a page that will in time give citizens a place to seek new employment, to find better employment, to receive some kinds of health care and legal advice, and different types of solutions to housing problems.

In order for these services to be achieved we need volunteers that have a special skills and who are willing to help others. If this is something you would like to do check us out on the Facebook “English Canadian Quebecers Rant Here” page.

A Taxing Time

By Christine Eva Aspinall

The forms arrived ahead of time,
The taxman knew his stuff,
The Government was short of cash,
As we all know, well enough!

With direst threats the booklet warned,
We'd have to pay our dues,
Return on time! - Don't 'cook the books'!
We're guaranteed to lose.

They say it's 'oh-so-simple'
When you use the friendly guide,
With confidence I went to work
And set my fears aside.

It didn't do the slightest good,
'Ere though I wailed and shook,
Those figures would not tally
With that 'helpful' little book!

Much sweat and toil were sacrificed
To reach the crucial stand,
I thought at last I was in luck,
I might have cash in hand!


But horrors! - I forgot to list
Aunt Annie's little gift!
Included with the 'Income Earned'
It caused a major shift!

I added up, I added down,
(My math improved so much!)
But near the bitter end I learned,
They had me in their clutch.

I signed my name reluctantly,
There was no other choice,
I fretted, snarled and 'apoplexed'
And otherwise gave voice.

So finally the deed was done
And all to no avail,
But no! Not quite! I realized
As I rushed to make the mail.


The Nation's unity 'tis said
Has sadly gone astray,
But INCOME TAX UNITES US ALL!
We pay and pay and pay !



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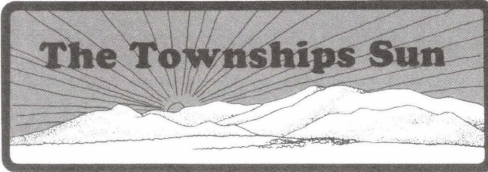
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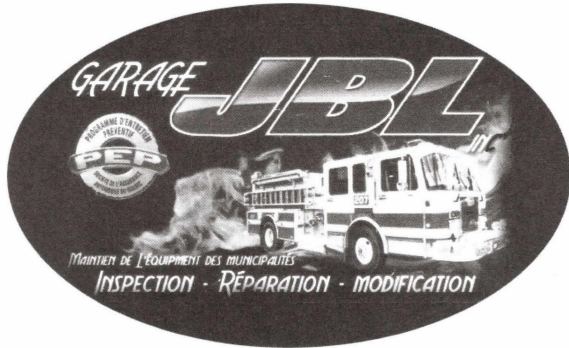
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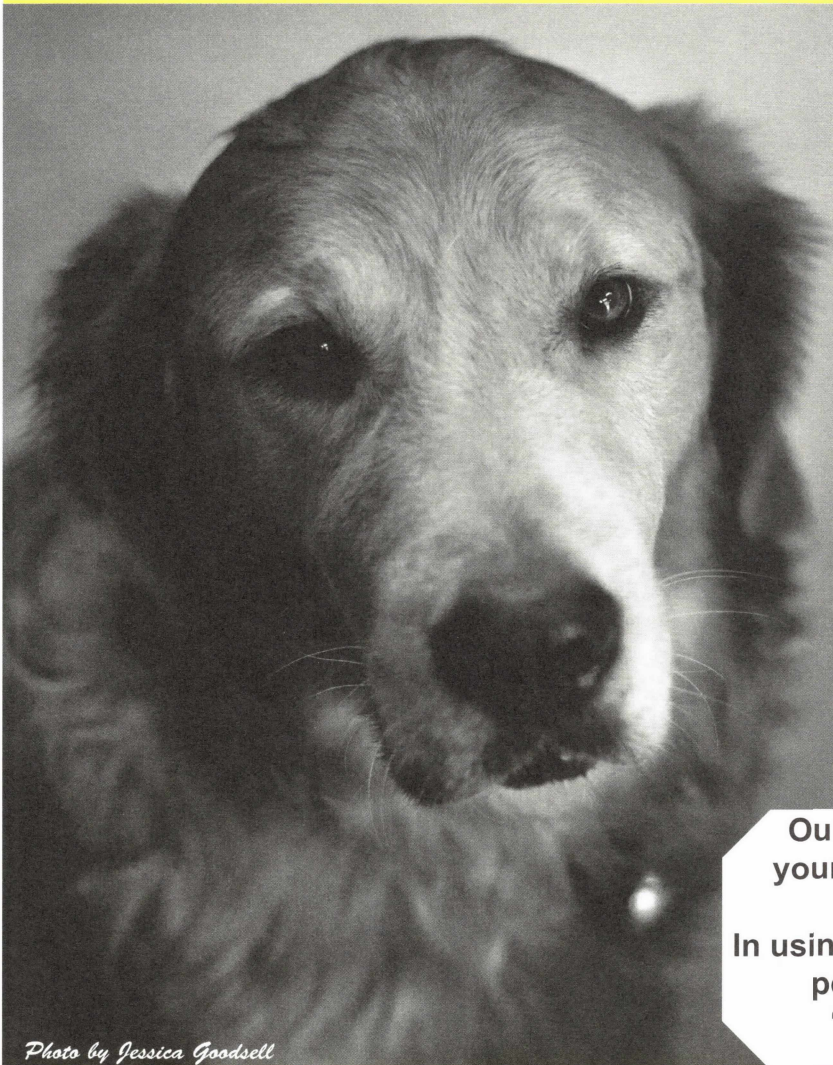
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