

*Townships Life and Culture: Past, Present and Future*

# **The Townships Sun**



*"Winter is an etching..."*

~ Stanley Horowitz

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Please send submissions to [thetownshipssun@gmail.com](mailto:thetownshipssun@gmail.com)



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# With Our Gratitude..

## by *The Townships Sun*

**T**he *Townships Sun* pays tribute to the subscribers, writers, photographers, advertisers and outlets. Some of the writers have been contributors for many years and others are new to the magazine. We appreciate each and every one of you for your contributions. A number of new photos have been submitted for our use on the covers of the magazine, thus giving the view of the Eastern Townships from many corners of the Townships. We wish to give special recognition to Tom Standish for his years with the magazine.

### Tom Standish - Townships Sun Publisher from August 2015 until August 2019.

Tom joined the board of *The Townships Sun* in February 2015, replacing Adam Budd as publisher later in the summer of 2015. You have had the pleasure of seeing photos taken by Tom on several covers. Tom also had some articles published in the magazine.



For the last four years Tom had worked with the team to make *The Townships Sun* a growing and vibrant magazine. In August Tom resigned for personal and medical reasons. His battle with an undiagnosed rare disease resulted in a tremendous struggle for Tom and his family over the last year or so.

Unfortunately, before going to print, we received news of Tom's passing. A tribute to his life will be published in the January-February 2020 issue of the magazine.

**NOTE**  
**ARTICLE SUBMISSIONS MUST BE MADE ELECTRONICALLY, PREFERABLY IN WORD.**  
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### A message from the Townships Sun

We appreciate your ongoing support as a writer and subscriber. The Townships Sun is a non-profit organization and like other organizations we have to work hard to keep funds available for the function of the magazine. Upgrading is expensive, but necessary. It is with this in mind we ask for your co-operation and understanding concerning payment for articles. If you submit an article as a first time writer we will pay according to our scale for the article. We depend on the money generated from the sale of the magazine to pay the writers. If you are not a subscriber, the second article payment will be reduced by the amount of a subscription. If you are already a subscriber payment criteria continues as normal. We are partners, supporting each other in keeping this magazine thriving. This is your voice, let it be heard. Thank you.

The Townships Sun – print or electronic.



Looking for a great Christmas Gift....

We have a suggestion.

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# Townships Trivia

## Oddities Part 1

by Matthew Farfan, QAHN

QUEBEC ANGLOPHONE  
HERITAGE NETWORK  
QAHN



RÉSEAU DU PATRIMOINE  
ANGLOPHONE DU QUÉBEC  
RPAQ

**1** 1) What architectural landmark (seen on the left of this c.1910 photo) is the little village of Mystic most famous for?

- a) The former convent of the Ursuline Nuns
- b) A unique twelve-sided barn
- c) Quebec's largest indoor vegetable market
- d) Quebec's tallest cell tower



**3** Where is Quebec's smallest public covered bridge located (pictured here in 1979)?

- a) Milby
- b) Fitch Bay
- c) Iron Hill
- d) Saint-Armand



**2** Where in the Townships can you perform on a stage to an audience sitting in another country?

- a) The Abercorn Theatre in Abercorn
- b) The Orford Arts Centre in Highwater
- c) The Haskell Opera House in Stanstead (seen in this photo)
- d) Nowhere, that's just crazy.



**4** Where in the Townships is there the monument (seen here) commemorating the repulse of an Irish invasion from Vermont?

- a) Beebe Plain
- b) Sutton
- c) Gould
- d) Eccles Hill



5 Where is Canada's only outdoor Masonic lodge room, seen here c.1920, located?

- a) Owl's Head Mountain
- b) Mount Orford
- c) Mount Megantic
- d) Coaticook Gorge



7 Where was the location of the world's only international post office (seen here c.1900)?

- a) Highwater, Quebec, and North Troy, Vermont
- b) Stanhope, Quebec, and Norton, Vermont
- c) Beebe, Quebec, and Beebe, Vermont
- d) Rock Island, Quebec, and Derby Line, Vermont



6 In terms of both area and population, what is the smallest municipality (seen here c.1950) in the Townships?

- a) Saint-Venant-de-Paquette
- b) Saint-Benoît-du-Lac
- c) Sainte-Alphonsine-de-la Bénédiction
- d) Ogden



8 Outside of the Island of Montreal, where is Quebec's largest Protestant stone church, seen here, located?

- a) Sherbrooke
- b) Stanstead
- c) Cookshire
- d) Philipsburg



*All images courtesy of Matthew Farfan.  
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- 9 In terms of altitude, which is Quebec's highest village (seen here c.1925)?
- a) Sainte-Edwidge
  - b) Stornoway
  - c) Saint-Malo
  - d) Lac-Mégantic




- 10 Lord Dufferin has streets (and a golf course, seen here in the 1920s) named after him all over the Townships. Who was he?
- a) A governor general of Canada who toured the region
  - b) The author of a best-selling travel log
  - c) A popular courtier under Queen Victoria
  - d) All of the above.



**ANSWERS:**

1) b. The twelve-sided Walbridge Barn is unique in the world.  
 2) c. The Canada-U.S. border runs right through the Haskell Opera House. The stage is on the Canadian side of the building, while most of the seats are in the U.S. The door to the opera house is in the United States, but Canadians don't need to go through customs!  
 3) d. Saint-Armand's Guthrie covered bridge is only 14.9 metres long, making it the province's smallest public covered bridge.  
 4) d. Eccles Hill, the site of the infamous Fenian Raid of 1870.  
 5) a. Owl's Head is the site of an annual outdoor lodge meeting held by Golden Rule Lodge #5 of Stanstead.  
 6) b. Saint-Benoît-du-Lac, Quebec's only Monastic municipality, has an area of 240 hectares and a population of about 50.  
 7) c. An international post office, divided in two by the Canada-U.S. border, operated for many years in Bebe. It had two doors, two postal counters and (for a time) two postmasters. Although the post office is no longer in service, the building still stands.  
 8) b. Centenary Church in Stanstead, which is built largely of locally-quarried granite.  
 9) c. Saint-Malo, which is 640 metres above sea level at its highest point.  
 10) d. Lord Dufferin got around.



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# Poems

by Verna Mahannah Patterson

## My Eastern Townships Home

My home is in the Eastern Townships.  
Oh! What a wonderful place to be!  
With forests, mountains, lakes and valleys.  
It's home sweet home for me!

The rolling hills are beautiful  
With the valleys just below.  
And the bright blue sky above us,  
The grandeur that we'll always know!

It's home sweet home that's true,  
And certainly always will be.  
For I love these hills and mountains.  
It's home sweet home for me!

I love these Townships Forests,  
Where the birds sing all the day,  
And at night the hoot owl hoots,  
Especially after a hot summer day.

So, thank you Lord, for the Townships!  
It's such a wonderful place to be,  
With forests, mountains, lakes and valleys.  
It's home sweet home for me!

*Dear Editor, I wrote this poem when there was talk about the Pinnacle Mountain. I was born on a farm between Frelighsburg, Quebec and Pigeon Hill.*

## The Pinnacle Mountain

Oh! Why do they want to develop my mountain?  
It has been enjoyed by everyone for so many years.  
When I hear that progress is deciding to change it  
My eyes just fill up with tears.

I was born and brought up across from the mountain.  
It was in my view every day,  
And now they want to develop my mountain,  
Taking all my memories away.

In autumn the beautiful colors from this mountain,  
With the sun shining on the trees below,  
Makes a wonderful picture of nature,  
As it does in winter, when it's covered with snow.

So please God, would you whisper this softly  
To the developers of the present day.  
Just ask them to please leave my mountain,  
As I love its beauty this way!

*Letter from Verna Mahannah Patterson of Brigham, Quebec: "I received my copy of the August issue of The Townships Sun and the cover photo reminded me of my happy tree toad." Verna submitted the following poem about the toad.*

## My Creature!

There is a little creature upon my window sill.  
He sits and sings to me,  
While I am washing up my dishes,  
He'll hide and sing to me.

If he hears anyone walking  
His songs, you hear no more.  
He'll listen for the silence,  
Then he sings, again, just as before.

Sometimes he climbs into my window box,  
And sings again to me.  
His singing inflates his whole body,  
Until he's as round as round can be.

His singing echoes out into the night time.  
I hear him when I'm walking down the road.  
This grey colored little creature  
Is only a happy TREE TOAD!



# The Beauty and the Burden of a Big House

by Willow Gerber

“And there were houses, he knew it, that breathed. They carried in their wood and stone, their brick and mortar a kind of ego that was nearly, very nearly, human.” Nora Roberts, *Key of Knowledge*

*[How we got here... In the 1950s, my city-slicker parents (from Chicago and Pittsburgh) ditched urban living to go to Papua New Guinea (PNG). My father, an educational psychologist, went there to do field research while my mother set about deciphering grant requirements all while trying to dispel native Papuan's mistrust of vaccinations and indoor plumbing. They fell in love with the Pacific island and stayed on, building the first school in the Western highlands and teaching there for over a dozen years. In 1969, when the political climate in PNG made life dangerous, they decided to move to Quebec at the invitation of one of my father's mentors and research partners, Zoltan (Zeddy) Dienes, who held a position at the University of Sherbrooke at the time. Going from a tropical paradise to Quebec's four seasons was an assault for all of us at first, but we grew to love the magnificent beauty of the Eastern Townships and recognized that this was a special place. On a weekend drive in the country the following spring, Zeddy and his wife, Tessa, came across a huge house with a for-sale sign in the yard. Knowing my parents were eager to get out of apartment dwelling in Sherbrooke, Zeddy went to work early the following Monday and sketched the place on the blackboard of my father's office with a note that read, "We found your house." My folks purchased the place soon after from the Keet brothers and Jessie (McIntyre) Soutière (1890-1970) and we moved in that fall.]*

For almost 50 years, my family has owned what was once the Fairview Hotel in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. It sits on a corner across from the Tomifobia River and the former railroad, now the Sentier Tomifobia bike path. The house has more than 25 rooms, including a domed-ceiling ball room, a large safe, and a hidden door at the back of a closet that my mother firmly believed was a portal to a safe space for latter-year freedom-seekers from the Underground Railroad. I'm back at the house after more than 30 years in Washington DC and the re-



Fairview Inn

entry as an adult is with an awareness and interest I never had as a child.

The house was built as a small hotel sometime between 1860 and 1870 by William T. Knight, Esq., the local postmaster of what was then called Smith's Mills. The Knight family wanted something in the heart of the hamlet



Knight Home

“to accommodate the increasing number of business and social callers” during Smith's Mills economic boom of the time. By 1872, this small area in the municipality of Ogden had a gristmill, a couple of sawmills, a woollen mill, and a blacksmith shop, as well as daily mail delivery. Sometime after the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, Hattie and Peter O'Leary bought the property. They continued to run it as a railroad inn, aptly named the Fairview Hotel, as it overlooked the picturesque river valley. They had a livery stable, and rented horses to salesmen arriving on the Boston and Maine Railroad. (Abbott, 2015) The hotel was well known for its popular oyster suppers in the dining room and dance parties in the ballroom. Former Fairview guests frequently stopped at the house after we moved in. They'd politely ask if they could walk through our historic home, explaining that they had fond memories of staying here with their parents when they were young. We always obliged.

The O'Learys printed-up postcards of the place with the inscription “Fairview Hotel, Tomifobia. Ideally situated in the Beautiful Tomifobia Valley. Prop. – P.R. O'Leary.” If you look closely at the card, you can see a Model T parked in what's now our woodshed. The O'Learys also added a large side porch to the Knights' original building. We screened it in after we got here and it became my family's favourite resting spot during summer and early fall months. Apparently, Smith's Mills (which was renamed Tomifobia in 1918) was a hopping place when the Knights and the O'Learys lived here. By the time we

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(CONT'D FROM PG. 8)

arrived in the early 1970s, not much was going on. Marcel and Claire Lussier ran a sweet little general store next to the tracks and the Church across the street was still in good shape, but there were no more mills, waterwheel, or train station. The Women's Institute that had supplied books for Tomifobia's little library and its two schools (one Protestant and one Catholic, of course) was long gone. So, instead, my mother joined Stanstead's local chapter of The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire (IODE) - "Women dedicated to a better Canada!" Our closest neighbours included Reg Hatch and Etta Bullock, Eva Hasting Hibbard (our mail-lady), the Fortiers, the Lussiers, the Gilberts, the Heaths, the Huckins, the Côtés, and the Boomhowers. Faye and Wynn Dustin lived much further up the road, as did Howard Langdon, a retired engine designer who used to get around in his hand-built steam car and his horse-pulled buggy. I recall he frequently smelled of motor oil.

My parents insisted on the "integrity of the house," which meant we never changed the original layout - we didn't knock down or put up any new walls. They also refused to paint over the faux wood graining (See footnote 1) on the doors and wainscoting. Their first significant change was turning a first-floor storage closet into a bathroom. How a hotel managed with just a single toilet all those years is beyond me! They also installed modern windows but only after we kids had left home. I have vivid childhood memories of gazing at the exquisite beauty of frost on my old bedroom panes in the winter. The most significant change my folks made was to redo the basement with stone and brick—a way



to preserve the house and provide a better level of insulation. They had our home painted every few years and replaced disintegrating boards as needed. The old hotel's "Smoking Room" became my Dad's workshop where he routinely fixed the dozens of dark green wooden shutters that got beaten up by Quebec's severe weather every year. He spent a lot of time in the Smoking Room as there was always something to fix around the place. At 88 years old, he no longer spends hours shoring things up but is quick to point out what needs to be done.

The butter-yellow Gurney wood burning stove still sits in the main kitchen. It's in perfect working order but we haven't used it in ages. It baked my Mum's homemade bread twice a week for decades and heated the bricks we used to keep our feet warm in bed on cold nights. Now its only role is to sit pretty and occasionally serve as a bar for social gatherings. Also in the kitchen is a Vega F6 Eskilstuna (cream) separator. My mother sewed a red-checked skirt for it long ago. It currently serves as an interesting shelf for potted kitchen herbs. I don't recall my family ever using it but it's so solidly bolted to the floor that we didn't dare pull it away from its spot. Adjacent to the main kitchen is our summer kitchen where we keep all the modern appliances. We covered the floor with black and white tiles and put a thick slab of grey speckled Beebe granite atop its butcher block.



Up the narrow stairs from the kitchens is the ballroom. I used it as a roller rink when I was little before my folks set up a dozen old-fashioned desks near the stage. That shortened my rink by a lot but did provide a great setting for playing school with neighbourhood kids. In 1980, my mother had the ballroom redone in time to host a surprise birthday party for Dad. My older brother Jay and I were allowed to invite school friends from Stanstead College to make it an intergenerational event. The bouncy dance floor held up beautifully for the many dozen guests, young and old, mixing it up to everything from Count Basie to Blondie. The art-deco chandeliers hanging from the arched ceiling are my favourite feature in the whole house.

Only the third floor bedrooms have built-in closets so my father refashioned the Harry-Potter-style cupboard under the second-floor stairs as his main wardrobe. When he lined it with cedar boards, he took care not to destroy the many scribbles on the wall; people's names and dates throughout the estate's history. The only one that's still visible is from September 30, 1879 - the scrawl of *James R*-something of Way's Mills. In that same space, we also found black wool vintage bathing suits, dozens of antique greeting



(CONT'D ON PG. 10)

and post cards, old maps, magazines, and formal family photographs of people we never knew but who are each related to this home as we are.

Buying such a large house “with contents” was a herculean clean up task for my parents. It was also a remarkable opportunity. The brass beds, antique ice chests, and dining room set are among the larger items that we kept. Other lovely treasures from the house that we’ve hung on to include:

- a calling-card for Isabel M. Crosbie (1870 – 1956). On the back, in delicate cursive, someone (presumably Isabel) wrote: “Dec. 21<sup>st</sup> – 1888 Fine sleigh ride.”
- Isabelle Soutière’s Grade 10 “arithmetic” quiz dated January 26<sup>th</sup>, 1915 and a dictation about silk. She got excellent scores on both.
- a “Single Entry [accounting] ledger”. The first entry is from November 1, 1916 and the last is from December 31, 1944. The most detailed accounts are from the 1920s. Tucked in the ledger’s pages are a variety of receipts from Frost & Wood Quebec Limited, Norrie’s Garage, and the Tomifobia Co-operative Agricultural Association. Interesting notations scrawled throughout show that F. Brown’s house burned on March 26, 1929 and that Herbert Soutière had a “gas ration book” during war time.
- a Boston & Maine Railroad ticket #6421, “Good for One First Class Passage between Beebe Jct., P.Q. and Smiths Mills, P.Q.” dated July 26, 1919. Maybe they didn’t get the memo that it was now called Tomifobia.
- a silver brooch with a Christ figure and the label “Sacré-Coeur De Beauvoir,” which we found deep in the ground while tilling our garden.
- two antique hat pins that Mum uncovered in leaves and mud when she was cleaning the back porch eaves.
- a vintage Kentucky Club tobacco sign fashioned as a wall thermometer. (“The blend of White Burley Pipe Tobaccos for Real Pipe Smoking Enjoyment.”)
- a black 1930 Quebec license plate. Maybe it’s the one from Pete O’Leary’s Model T. We also came across many others, mostly from the 1950s.
- a framed Premier Gasoline Polarine Motor Oil sign.
- a beloved Ivers & Pond upright piano with “pedal action patent Oct. 15, 1892.” Oscar Peterson used to tinker on it when he visited. He loved its tone and called it “angel.”

Clearly, the estate’s a different place these days than it was so long ago. No more horses or chickens or paying guests. The apple trees on the fruit hill behind the house need pruning and the white lilacs in the front yard are becoming a forest. The shutters haven’t been repaired in over a decade. I’ve been told it’s not worth the investment; apparently Wayfair has polypropylene ones that would do just fine. The railway tracks that beckoned its building were pulled up in 1992 to make way for the Sentier Tomifobia nature trail and bike path. The chestnut tree I used to climb to get away from demanding parents and pesky siblings is far beyond what I could scramble up today but I trust it remembers all the fine books I read as I draped myself over its branches.

It’s too quiet now. Every evening this summer, as I lay back in the hammock, I wondered about the old Fairview Hotel’s fate. I still love the screened-in porch, where I sit and watch dozens of cyclists go by every day. They’ll keep showing up ‘til it snows. After that, cross country skiers will take over. Who will take over this living, breathing house, with all its wood, stone, brick and mortar, and what will we leave for them to find?



References: *Brief History – Tomifobia, What does that mean?* By Louise Abbott

Footnotes:1.“Graining is the practice of imitating wood grain on a non-wood surface in order to increase that surface’s aesthetic appeal. Graining was common in the 19th century, as people were keen on imitating hard, expensive woods by applying a superficial layer of paint onto soft, inexpensive woods.” (Wikipedia, accessed July 15, 2019)



# His Final Wish

by Jean Coates

The year was 1982 – I was a graduate nurse at the Sherbrooke Hospital. The night shift (12 midnight-8 am) was just beginning as I left the nurses’ station to check on the patients in my care.

As I approached Room 406 I was not at all surprised to see the light still burning. Mr. Nussbaumer was awake. He was reading from his little black book. I commented on this fact, and he began to share with me much of its content. It was about death and dying. He did not fear death, he expressed. It was the loneliness of dying that was difficult to bear.

This 54 year old patient was very ill, terminally ill with widespread abdominal cancer. I learned he had come to Canada with his wife to spend his last weeks at a lakeside cottage in the Eastern Townships, far from his home in Austria. Each of his three sons and two daughters had come at intervals to spend two weeks here with him.

Mr. Nussbaumer was the owner of a large company in Hohenens, Austria. This business required much of his time and attention. Hence, he decided to come to Canada and spend uninterrupted quality time with his wife and children.

He told me he had had major surgery and was seen and treated by, in his words, “many of the best doctors at medical centres all over Europe.” Recently he was told there was nothing more they could do for him. After being here for eight weeks he was hospitalized at the Sherbrooke Hospital for palliative care, with only days to live.

His wish was to go home to his native Austria to die. He asked if a doctor or a nurse could accompany him. One day later arrangements had been made for his flight back to Europe, together with his wife, two daughters and with me as his nurse.

We travelled to Montreal by ambulance, arriving to board a Swissair plane for Zurich, Switzerland. My patient was on a stretcher, of course, and we boarded before all the other passengers.

The flight attendants were particularly kind and accommodating. The stretcher was narrow, occupying the space of two window seats. I learned that trans-Atlantic flights are long and difficult for a very ill patient. Mr. Nussbaumer needed medication for pain and for nausea several times. He slept very little, remained conscious, courageous and appreciative. He spoke slowly and softly, sharing many thoughts about his life, and impending death.

Together we watched the sun rise and the sun set, a truly spiritual experience.

At one point during the flight Mr. and Mrs. Nussbaumer invited me to go with them to Austria, to their home in Hohenens after we landed in Zurich. I expressed my thanks, but declined, explaining that I could not take any of this precious time from him and his family. It was so important that they share this time together. I also did not have a passport.

There were tears.

On arrival in Zurich we were last to disembark the aircraft. While standing on the tarmac, being met by an ambulance, we said our goodbyes. His little 12 year old daughter, Claudia, wrapped her arms around me, sobbing, and whispered, “Thank you, you are very kind.”

At this time the words of a poem came to mind. It was written by Helen Steiner Rice.

Sickness and sorrow come to us all,  
But through it we grow, and learn to “stand tall”

For trouble is “part and parcel of life”  
And no man can grow without struggle and strife,  
The more we endure with patience and grace  
The stronger we grow and the more we can face

And the more we can face, the greater our love,  
And with love in our hearts, we are more conscious of  
The pain and sorrow in lives everywhere,  
So it is with caring we learn how to share.

A few weeks later, I received a letter and a death announcement from Rosemary Nussbaumer. Her husband died five days after returning to Austria. Thus, his wish was granted.

## Author bio:

Jean Coates was born Laura Jean Shirley in Bathurst, N.B. At age 18 years she was accepted at the Sherbrooke Hospital School of Nursing in the 3 year nursing program. Following graduation as an R.N., she continued working in her profession for thirty-five years. She has lived in the Eastern Townships since 1954. This is her first attempt at memoir writing although she has always enjoyed writing.

# Looking for Christmas: Entry from Holidays Past

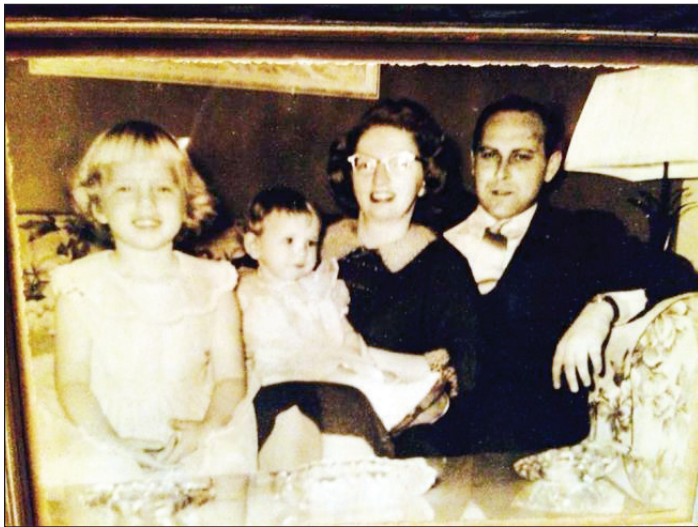
by Linda Knight Seccaspina

Dec. 15th, 2009, 2:44 PM from my journal

It is December 15th, almost a week before Christmas, and you would never know it. I wrote a piece a few years ago called "Searching for Christmas" and it seems, as the years go by, it disappears more and more. The *Martha Stewart Christmas* CD plays for the umpteenth time, and after 17 holiday movies on the Hallmark channel, I just can't watch another. Or can I?

I had something happen to me this year that was life-altering. There is not a day that goes by that I don't think about it, and it has literally changed my perspective on life. It was almost like learning there was no Santa Claus when I was a child. The innocence that reinforced the goodness of mankind suddenly vanished. So I sit here and ask myself, how many years do I have left? What if I had not lived, and missed Christmas this year? Well, I did live, and the holidays are almost around the corner.

I try to snap out of this funk and remember. I remember the smell of festive trees and their sharp pine pungent scent, and the smell of home baking in the air. To be honest, the last years of my childhood Christmases were not spent smelling a fresh evergreen tree, but rather gazing at the latest model of Sears "best in the line" decorator trees in my grandmother's living room. I remember the delicate, fragile glass ornaments that belonged to years gone by and the blue lights on the silver tree.



Looking for Christmas

I can still hear Miss Watson playing the church organ next to the tree at Trinity Anglican Church in Cowansville, Quebec, which also shone with blue lights. I felt like it was something that was decided upon one Altar Guild Day in one fell swoop of a pact. Can I still hear these women talking with their glasses perched on their noses and fluffing their short, tight perms? Did these church ladies decide that blue lights, and only blue lights, should be on a Christmas tree? I am positive that's what happened, and then they all went home and changed their lights to blue in a no nonsense way.

Memories then flood my mind of two weeks after Christmas in 1995, when my sons and I stood on a water-soaked carpet looking sadly at a completely black Christmas tree. Staring at the remainder of a horrible fire that burned everything the day before, my oldest son wondered if his purchase of one small TY Beanie Baby monkey started the fire that turned our lives upside down for over a year. He is very much like his mother. We dwell on things and don't give them up. We are good at that.

But Christmas went on the next year and no one was a Negative Nancy. We still watched *Charlie Brown's Christmas* and baked cookies, hung up stockings and I still left small presents on the door steps of the elderly. So, what to do? How do I get out of this Downer Dan mood? I decided to make butter tarts – now, that would make me feel festive.

Twenty minutes later, after listening to Loreena McKennitt singing "Good King Wenceslas" for the umpteenth time, I take the tarts from the oven. They smell wonderful, and I know they will be enjoyed. *Charlie Brown's Christmas* by Vince Guaraldi fills the air and I dance. I realize the holidays are what you make of them, and not to expect anyone to drop the holiday spirit outside your bathroom door – because it just isn't going to happen. The holidays are not just a season: they're a feeling, a sense of being torn from the familiar, and just a chance to feel old feelings twice. May 2020 shine brightly for you, and thanks for reading my stories this year.

**Author's Note**– I am proud to announce I have watched or listened to over 51 Christmas movies on the W channel. All I have ever needed are Christmas movies, pyjamas and cookies.

## To Ian

by Brenda Smith April 1, 1996

I hadn't seen Ian for  
a number of years  
When he appeared at a party  
dressed in a mourning suit  
Are you happy he asked  
White collar  
Barely visible  
Reaching for the angels  
Black tails  
Fending off the demons  
That were wrapped around  
our feet, our knees  
Rising up our thighs  
Inviting, infiltrating, infectious  
The music was loud  
But the energy was louder  
And anxiety of desire was  
screeching  
We compare notes

Ivy twisting its tuberous tendrils trail  
down into my arm  
Drip drop drip drop  
Marking the passage of sant   
Sanity hanging  
on to the thin branches of machinery  
encircling my bed engaging  
me in falsely reassuring hopes of completeness  
How many holes have been made in your arms he  
asks  
A question that might otherwise be taken as personal  
Simply a question under the circumstances of  
Facing reality and scrutiny of self  
Dance, laugh, question, strive  
Do more than you would allow yourself if  
you thought you had any time or  
Even if you did  
the hole in my head  
No comparison  
To the hole in my heart



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# Gertrude Scott (1897-1978)

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



Gertrude Alice Wark: courtesy of the Lennoxville United Church

Most generous benefactor nicknamed "Lady Bountiful," Gertrude Alice Wark was born in Inverness, July 4, 1897. She was the second of the 8 children (including Florence, Margaret, Charlotte, Bernice, Rhena, Fred and Ira) of Margaret Louisa (Louise) Moore (1868-1942) and of farmer Richard Edwin Wark (1869-1924). She married Samuel John Forbes

(1861-1927) in Inverness Methodist Church, on June 4, 1919. He had gained his wealth from the sale of his property, where asbestos had been found.

The couple soon moved to 91 Main Street (Queen Street since 1953) in Lennoxville. They had one daughter, Margaret Ann (1927-2014). When a young mother died leaving 6 little children, Gertrude took care of several of them until their father was able to do so. Only Eleanor, the baby of the poor woman, stayed and was brought up in Gertrude's family. Following the death of her husband in 1927, Gertrude married Austin Henry Scott (Pittsburg, New Hampshire, 1889), a World War I veteran and farmer living in New Hampshire. The wedding took place in the Lennoxville United Church, June 16, 1934.

The Scotts had a cottage, Thandara Camp, at Lake Lyster. Gertrude was a generous benefactor to many worthy causes, in particular to the Sherbrooke Hospital, of which she was a Governor, until at least 1939. She was president of the Lennoxville Ladies Curling Club from 1932 to 1934 and again from 1945 to 1948. She was also the first president of the Lennoxville United Church Women. In 1939, following a gift on her part, the Lennoxville United Church built a centre for congregational and community activities. The cornerstone was laid during its construction at a ceremony on July 11, 1939 when the facility was named Gertrude Scott

Hall. In an article in *The Sherbrooke Daily Record*, the reporter referred to Gertrude Scott as *Lady Bountiful* in recognition of her generosity towards different community groups in the area. The family home on Queen Street was torn down and became the site for the expansion to the south of the CIBC bank. Gertrude Scott died in Sherbrooke, April 10, 1978 and was buried in the Forbes family lot in Elmwood Cemetery.



Scott home on Queen Street : courtesy of the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society



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Members of the Canadian Federation of University Women Sherbrooke and District Club (CFUW S&D) are engaged in our community by promoting education and life-long learning in a gender-equal society. Women throughout the Townships, including Sherbrooke, Ayer's Cliff, Eastman, Ste. Etienne de Bolton, Richmond, Magog, and North Hatley, participate by attending meetings with speakers, working on projects, and getting involved with several interest groups such as Book Club, Dining Out, Fun with Cooking, Advocacy, Walking, Bridge, Travel, and Grandmothers for Grandmothers. An educational degree is not necessary. Our affiliate, the Lampe Foundation (<http://www.lampefoundation.org/>) supports the education of men and women in our community and encourages the continuation of studies.

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 numerous wonderful Townships restaurants.



On a beautiful early autumn day, twenty-four ladies from our Dining Out Group headed to (or should I say took over!) a new restaurant in Melbourn, **Restaurant l'Horloge Cassée - the "Broken Clock"**, representing the passage of a wonderful, restful time, without thinking about a clock! Chef/owner Gabriel Leblond-Fontaine has transformed the former Richmond County Historical Museum into a restaurant/inn, with two rooms upstairs and a cosy restaurant on the main floor. The building dates back to the late nineteenth century and substantial

renovations were completed in keeping with the age and character of the building. The property borders the St. Francis River, so the setting is as charming as the restaurant.

The restaurant aims to serve local and seasonal products in an intentionally simple fashion—it is *table d'hôte* only—and at lunch, there are three different selections; in our case, duck confit, smoked trout and braised beef (with interesting and flavourful garnishes). These are served on a "pizza" with a naan bread base, a sandwich on baguette or gluten free bread, or on a salad. There are also other very generous salads on the menu. Lunch includes soup, dessert and coffee. The selection is varied enough that each of us found something interesting to order—and certainly, every possible combination of the lunch items was ordered—and enjoyed, at a very reasonable price. The service was not rushed, but not considered exceptionally slow, due in part to the number of us attending. The dinner menu is more elaborate: *table d'hôte* again, but still based on the same principle of a simplified selection of seasonal and local products, well prepared and served simply.

CFUW Sherbrooke & District aims to be a dynamic club for all women in the Eastern Townships. To learn more about CFUW Sherbrooke & District, please contact [cfuwsherbrooke@gmail.com](mailto:cfuwsherbrooke@gmail.com)

*Looking for an issue of the Townships Sun ? it can be found at one of the following locations.*

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Colby Curtis Museum - Stanstead  
Bury General Store  
Rotary Club Book Store - Beebe*

*...and now, Knowlton folks can contact  
Sheryl Taylor to pick up an issue!*

# The Ever-Elusive Mountain Lion

by John A. Viau

I wrote my first mountain lion article for The Townships Sun in 2013. In the years that followed, I did five more mountain lion articles for The Sun and this 7<sup>th</sup> article makes it an on-going series. I like to keep my readers up-to-date on new sightings, and in some cases not so new sightings, so here are a few examples.

In the March, 2016 issue of *The Sun*, on page 13, I told the story of a lady in the Eastern Townships who reported intermittently seeing a cougar over a timespan of two years. She refrained from giving me her name as she was fearful that someone would track her down and try to kill “her cougar”. She said that “It never bothered her and she rather enjoyed having it around her property”. This same lady recently called me to give me an up-date on “her mountain lion”. She told me that she hadn’t seen “her cougar” for over 2 years but much to her surprise, it turned up again just the other day, and this time it had an addition to the family; now there was a half-grown cougar tagging along behind her. The lady sounded exuberant and thrilled by her new arrivals, and told me that she had sighted them again on two different occasions on her property. I strongly cautioned her that, whatever she did, she should keep her distance at all times and to be very prudent in her observations. A cougar, like any wild animal, is very protective of its young and she could be in serious trouble if she found herself caught between the young cougar and its mother. She replied rather curtly that she was quite aware of the possible danger and she would be careful, and told me that she would keep me informed on the whereabouts of “her pet cougars”.

Because of my almost daily excursions to Northern New York State (going on fishing trips, visiting friends such as Old John, whom I mentioned in a recent article, taking photographs of wildlife and Mother Nature) I have built up quite a large network of friends and acquaintances, most of whom know that I’m interested in mountain lion sightings.

Jackie Cowan, a lady who lives on the Shee Woods Road in northern Franklin County New York, which is about ¼ mile from the Quebec border, told me about an experience she had with a mountain lion about five years ago, in the early spring. At about 7 am in the morning, a very large mountain lion crossed her property going from north to south. She told me that “it was really big.” She said she wasn’t scared and she was really thrilled to see it, and she was 100% sure that it was a mountain lion”.

Another resident of the same area, Mr. Kelly Cowan, recently told me of his encounter with a mountain lion on the Shee Woods Road. This took place about 14 years ago; it was about 8 o’clock in the evening when it crossed the road in front of his car. He said it was definitely a mountain lion, complete with a long tail, and he estimated that it weighed well in excess of 150 lbs.

Scott Cowan, who also lives in the same area, told me of an encounter that took place quite a while ago. He also was on the Shee Woods Road when a very large mountain lion crossed the road in front of his car and in his own words, “It was very big!”

Tony Evangelisto, a retired US border agent, told me of an encounter with a large black mountain lion on the Ryan Road in Northern New York state and Dick Decosse, the owner of Dick’s Country Store on State Route 11 in northern New York State also told me of sighting a black mountain lion on the Ryan Road at about the same time that Tony Evangelisto experienced his sighting. I have personally known both these men for many years and both are accomplished hunters and woodsmen and I trust their word, eyesight and judgement 100%. But if anyone else had told me these stories, I think I would have asked them, “What have you been drinking and how many have you had?”

Mr. Carman Allen, a trout fisherman I met while fishing behind the North Country Community College in the village of Malone, New York, told me of an encounter with a very large mountain lion near his home in Rome, New York, many years ago, which tends to prove that mountain lions have been with us for a good long time.

I recently met a United States Border Patrol Agent on the Sandy Knoll Cemetery road in northern New York State on July 10, 2019. He told me about seeing mountain lions on two different occasions. The most recent sighting took place about a month ago on the Brainardsville Road to Malone Road and another sighting took place on the Parishville Road just last November. Both times he positively identified the animals as “mature mountain lions weighing approximately 150 lbs., with long tails”. He said he observed both animals for two minutes or more, and both were motionless before they took off and disappeared into the woods and out of sight. In my opinion, the man is an experienced woodsman and a very credible witness.

Another US Border Patrol Agent, stationed at the Chateaugay New York customs border station, told me of sighting a mountain lion crossing the road in front of his car. He said he slowed down, came to a complete stop and watched in amazement as the big cat disappeared into the waist-high grass on the side of the road. The sighting occurred near the town of Paul Smiths, New York and happened in the early fall about 18 years ago. He told me that personally, that was the first and last time he ever saw a mountain lion in that area but he knew of many other people who had sighted one of the big cats over the years.”

US Border Patrol field agents are an excellent source of information on mountain lion sightings as they constantly patrol all of the back roads adjacent to the Quebec border, looking for illegal aliens.

(CONT'D ON PG. 17)

I frequent many of the same areas and have often been stopped and quite thoroughly interrogated, but when the agents realize that I'm the Old Canadian Guy who cruises the back roads looking for mountain lions and other photographic opportunities, they open right up and are usually very friendly.

One border patrol agent told me of the time that, for over ½ hour he observed with his field glasses a mother mountain lion and her two kits chasing butter flies and grasshoppers in a recently cut hayfield. He said that he was really enthralled and will remember that day for the rest of his life.

When you are doing investigative reporting you come across numerous reports, many of which turn out to be factual, and then again some, while probably true—and I stress the word true very strongly— cannot be verified 100% no matter how hard you try to verify the facts, such as the following story. About 3 weeks ago an elderly lady in the Hinchinbrooke, Quebec area woke up and looked out of her upstairs window to see a fair size white tailed deer lodged in the crotch of a tree situated beside her house. The deer was dead and quite bloodied. The story goes that she called the local game wardens and they came, got a ladder, climbed up the tree and took the deer away. They are supposed to have said that the deer had bite marks around the neck area and that was what probably killed it. But how did it get 10 feet off the ground? Deer don't climb trees and dead deer can't jump 10 feet high. In my opinion the deer was dragged up the tree and cached for a future meal. Let me stress very strongly that although I made about 10 phone calls and did my very best to track down and verify the facts, I could never locate the lady in question and as rumors go, and the more they are repeated, the harder it is to trace down their origin.

Then again, sometimes the irrefutable truth can turn up out of nowhere, so to speak! Two days ago I was trout fishing on the Salmon River in Malone behind the North Country Community College. It was really warm and the trout weren't biting worth a darn. I decided to pack it in and was just gathering up my gear and getting ready to leave when a truck drove up and out stepped an elderly gentleman. He immediately inquired if I was the Old Guy from Canada who was doing a lot of articles on mountain lions. I told him I certainly was, and he said that he had been trying to find me for the last several days. He said that he had heard about me from the US Border Patrol officer whom I interviewed about mountain lions a few weeks back and who knew most of my fishing spots in the area. Anyway, he said he was happy to find me, and here is his story.

He went on to tell me that he had a small farm in the area with a pet Shetland pony that his two young granddaughters used to ride all around his property, and that they loved the little pony with all their hearts. Last week he was awakened at dawn by a terrible ruckus out in his backyard where the pony was in his little corral. He was amazed to see a huge mountain lion, which had his pony by the throat and was doing its best to kill it. He rushed to his gun safe, got out his deer rifle and loaded it

up as fast as he could. By the time he got to his back door the mountain lion was dragging the still struggling little pony away, which ended when he killed the mountain lion with two well-placed shots from his 30-30 Winchester. Sad to say, the pony was horribly mutilated and bleeding profusely from numerous bites and claw marks and died a few minutes later. The next door neighbour rushed over when he heard the shots and went and got his camera to take some pictures of the dead mountain lion and dead pony. The old guy went to his truck and brought back his tablet and showed me a dozen of the photos that his friend had taken. The mountain lion was indeed huge, in my estimation weighing in the neighborhood of close to 200 lbs., or maybe even more. It was a male in beautiful condition. He told me that he realised that what he had done was against the law but said that, in retrospect, he would do exactly the same thing all over again as the next time it might have been one or both of his little granddaughters who would have been the cat's prey. He went on to finish his story: a friend of his with a backhoe buried the mountain lion good and deep, and that was the end of the story – well, almost. Now he says that his granddaughters always stay close to the house, under his watchful eye, when they visit.

*Author's note* – In New York State, mountain lions are considered a protected and endangered species and are not supposed to be harmed under any circumstances

**Current news** - On September 7th of this year, the Santa Monica Mountains National Recreation Area reported that a mountain lion was fatally struck and killed in Los Angeles. The City of Los Angeles Animal Control officers retrieved the body and notified both California Department of Fish and Wildlife personnel and the researchers at the Santa Monica Mountains National Recreation Area.

In another recent incident, CTV News in British Columbia reported another scary occurrence wherein a woman frightened away a mountain lion that was stalking her. She shouted loudly, blared loud rock music on her cell phone, and the big cat took off into the bush.

In conclusion, cougars are the largest wild cat in Canada and the second largest in North America, weighing anywhere from 35 to 100 kilograms. These giant cats can jump up to 9 meters in a single bound and can be upon you in seconds. If you are menaced by a mountain lion, hold your arms over your head and scream and yell and make as much noise as possible. Under no circumstances run away, as this will trigger the lion's predatory instinct and you are sure to be attacked. If you are actually attacked, fight back with all your strength and never submit, for there is a good chance you just might be the mountain lion's next meal.

Please feel free to contact me with any information or sightings of mountain lions at 450 829 2472 or at [gay.cloake@outlook.com](mailto:gay.cloake@outlook.com)

# Christmas Wishes

by Tammy Hadlock

As the last of my Christmas cards drop into the red metal mailbox, I am brought back to my childhood, when this was actually a yearly tradition in our family home. I recall during the month of December walking down to the end of our driveway each day to see if the little red flag was raised indicating that we had received mail. It always thrilled me to open the end of the box to look in and to see what had come. Many red and green envelopes seemed to shine in what was normally a dull silver tin box. The envelopes were usually sealed with a Christmas sticker that made my smile even larger. Then I brought them back home for my mum to open and gaze upon the beauty of each card. We would always hang them up around the tree during the Christmas period, where I would look at them daily.

When the season had ended and the tree was put out and the decorations put away, what remained were the cards, which I took great joy in turning into a collage. They would eventually be put out with the garbage, but the address on the envelopes would be saved for the next year, so we could send out new cards to all of our friends and family.

Perhaps now to send out cards it is considered a waste of paper, money, and time. It is easy enough these days to send an electronic version of the same card. However,

to me, there is nothing like receiving a Christmas wish the old fashioned way. There is just something about that personal touch that no one seems to have the time for anymore.

So, a couple of years ago, I decided to start this tradition again in my life, even though it takes a little organization these days to collect people's addresses. Everyone has an email address, but very few know their friends' actual mailing address. How times change!

My first attempt at re-kindling this tradition was quite successful. Most people willingly gave me their addresses and were pleased to receive a card in the mail. Thus, a new tradition in my life had begun. Although I should really start writing cards in November, I do end up getting most of them out in time. And for those cards that I do receive in return, they are always proudly hung in my home to gaze upon.

As each year comes around, I am reminded of someone new to send a card to, perhaps to bring an added smile to their face in this very stressful time of year. To take a moment and look at the beauty of the card and magical words, may be all that it takes to bring us back to where we are supposed to be, to help us remember what this time of year is all about, sharing a moment and maybe creating a small memory with a friend or family member. After all, the boxes and packages come and go, but the human connection should be something that lasts the whole year.

So, if you have ever thought about sending out a card or two, why not start this year? You never know what magical moment you could create for someone, and in return, trust me, you will receive the magic back tenfold.

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# A Close Call

by Didi Gorman

That day I went to pick up my daughter from school at the end of the school day. As always, there were kids playing in the schoolyard. Some kids were sledding down a snow hill and were so entranced by the thrill of sledding, they were totally oblivious to the fact that other children were playing all around them.



I could spot my daughter playing beside another girl just a few feet away from the sledding path. A typical mid-March day, the ground was icy, the sleds zooming down the snow hill at a high speed. I remember a fleeting thought: that it was only a question of time until somebody got hurt. And before I could even call to them to watch out, it happened.

There was a shriek, then a crash, then a commotion. A little girl was now lying on the ground, claspng her ankle, twitching. I rushed to her, as did other parents. It was the girl who was playing beside my daughter. I glanced quickly at my daughter. She was intact, just a little shocked. How



can I describe how I felt when I saw the little girl lying on the ground? My heart went out to her. It was as if she was my daughter. She was taken to the hospital shortly after.

That evening I looked at my daughter, happy and carefree, and I

thought about the little girl and her parents spending the night in the emergency room, while we're just going about our evening as usual. It could have easily been us. All it would have taken was for my daughter to be playing a few feet to the left. A few feet. A few feet were all there was between life as normal, with everything a normal life can offer, and life with a fractured foot, with all the things the injury impedes.

A precious gift I was given that day – my daughter was spared, and I was the lucky mom who would be taking her daughter to dance class, or soccer practice, or anything at all, while the other mom will spend the next few weeks helping her daughter walk with crutches. Bringing my daughter to dance class isn't something I take for granted. I've been truly blessed.

Do you have a story to share? Would you like to preserve memories, history...? You do not have to be a professional writer. Send us your article and we will help you, without changing your voice.

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Warm Christmas Wishes

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## A Christmas Poem presented by the Townships Sun

*This poem was sent along with a Christmas card in December, 2018. It is a great reminder that cards express the connections we have made with all those who have touched our lives. And though we may not see or speak with them often, it does not indicate they are forgotten. So, all our blessings to all of you this season and beyond.*

We have a list of folks we know, all written in a book,  
And every year at Christmas time, we go and take a look.  
And that is when we realize that these names are a part,  
Not of the book they're written in, but of our very heart.  
For each name stands for someone whose path touched ours, and then,  
Left such a print of friendship that we want to touch again.  
And while it sounds fantastic, for us to make this claim,  
We really feel we are composed of every remembered name.  
So never think our Christmas cards are just mere routine  
Of names upon a Christmas list, forgotten in between.  
For when we send a Christmas card that is addressed to you,  
It's because you're on that list of folks we are indebted to.  
And every year when Christmas comes we realize anew,  
The biggest gift life can give is meeting folks like you.  
And may the Spirit of Christmas that forever and ever endures,  
Leave the richest blessings in the hearts of you and yours.

## A Christmas Long Ago! by Verna Mahannah Patterson

When I was just a little girl,  
Christmas meant so much to me.  
The opening of each tiny gift  
And the lighting of the Christmas Tree.

The Christmas trees in those days  
Were lighted only on Christmas Eve  
And not with G.E. lights.  
Candles were clamped on the trees.

At noon the family all gathered  
And exchanged their greetings galore,  
And ate the home made cooking.  
Mince pie, turkey and much more.

All was friendly and happy  
To be together again this day  
And the children's faces were beaming with  
joy  
As they went out to play.

For each one was happy with their gift.  
Whether girl or boy,  
Happy indeed, even if it was  
Only just one toy!

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# Lieutenant Governor Medalist Larry Frost

by *The Townships Sun*



*Larry Frost and Robin Converse*

On Saturday, May 4, 2019, Mr. Larry Frost of the Municipality of Melbourne was honored as part of the Honors program of the Lieutenant Governor of Quebec. Mr. Frost received the Silver Medal for Seniors from the Lieutenant Governor, the Honorable Mr. J. Michel Doyon, for his volunteer involvement with several organizations in the region. They emphasized his active participation, his contributions, his availability and his constant interest in local activities

Larry Kenneth Frost was born April 10, 1950, to Mavis and Kenneth Frost. Larry attended elementary school at ADS in Danville and then went on to Richmond Regional High School. During the summers he worked on the Morrison Farm on the Melbourne River, and he worked in Ontario on a tobacco farm. From there he ventured to the western part of Canada, where he worked in Thompson Manitoba at the nickel mine, as well as at a beef and grain farm in Alberta.

Larry, being a true Townshipper, was eventually drawn home, where he worked at Johns Manville for 28 years. During this time, he married and fathered two sons, Shawn and Craig. Having the two sons led him to work

with the 1st Danville Scouts, and he remained Scout leader for 20 years. Larry also volunteered for the Anglican Church and took up curling.

Later in life he was engaged as an employee by the Eastern Townships School Board, and worked at Richmond Regional High School. In 2001 he moved the short distance to Melbourne. Larry has always been a



willing volunteer; at St. Andrews Presbyterian Church he has done just about everything, from washing dishes to working on the roof. He is always there to help his neighbours with fencing and building repairs. You just might find Larry delivering meals on wheels in Richmond, or helping wherever there is a need.

Larry certainly deserves this recognition even though he thinks that it is not really a big deal, just something you do for the people of your community. Knowing Larry is a pleasure, and his presence is always warm and inviting. Congratulations Larry, the honor is much deserved!

Larry and Robin Converse are true Townshippers, as shown by their spirit of giving back to the communities in which they live.

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# Santa Who?

by B. Heath

As a child your vision of Christmas often includes dreaming and waiting with anticipation for Santa Claus. He is very elusive, this jolly old gentlemen, appearing during the night and leaving gifts for the good girls and boys.

I think of my first meeting with Mr. Claus. This takes me back to the 1950s. We lived in the Stanstead Region, a small community along the Quebec-Vermont border. Pre-Christmas was time to shop. Friday nights we went to Newport, Vermont and Saturdays to Magog.

One Saturday morning a couple of weeks before Christmas my mom told me we were going to meet Santa Claus, this elusive man that we never saw. It was exciting and yet I questioned how he had time for us. My mom answered the questions of a curious young girl the best she could. I was a bit skeptical but went along with the plan. It seemed to be more important to my mother than it was to me.

I was standing in line at Levesque's Furniture Store, waiting with my mom to see Santa. Kids were anxious in anticipation of meeting Santa. They had their wish list ready and just knew there might be some candy. I was able to see this tall thin man dressed in a red suit trimmed

with white fur. But to my dismay he had a string mop for a beard and a pillow for a tummy. What had happened to Santa? Santa was short, chubby and jolly. This was not Santa. Who is this imposter?

My mother urged me to move forward as others were waiting. "What is the matter," she said, "Don't you want to see Santa?" "No," I responded. "I do not like him. "What do you mean, you do not like him?" "He is tall, has a mop on his face, a pillow in his tummy and I think he has been drinking. He is not Santa." Imagine my poor mother. "You must go see him; don't you want gifts?" "No, I do not." "What if you do not receive any Christmas gifts?" "I do not want any gifts, he can keep them," I responded. Christmas morning there were lots of gifts. At that point I was totally disgusted with this whole idea. Stubborn to the end. I had principles and I stood true to them and that was what counted. And for me, the Christmas gathering was far more important than the gifts. The gifts of course, were a bonus, but not truly my focus. I had what I needed and more.

Years later I discovered this poor Santa was a gentleman who work for the furniture store. Scully was not suited for the job. Nice man, well liked but Santa material, NO. He was far too tall.

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# Editor and Publisher Report 2019

The face of *The Townships Sun* is changing. Our focus is on maintaining the integrity of the magazine. The print version remains important to our mission while at the same time we are recognizing the demand for other formats. It is simple: the more people we reach, the more we increase the longevity of the publication. Over 45 years in the community tells a story, one of spirit and loyalty. The people of the Eastern Townships are proud of their history and proud of their stories. They leave us wanting more.

The cultivation of new writers has been a very positive aspect of the magazine. The contribution of photos from local people showcases their talent and presents the Townships through the eyes of Townshippers.

New advertisers have been added to the magazine, new writers, new photographers, a web page, podcasts, numerous Facebook postings, links and outreach have certainly helped us in our mission to offer interesting aspects of the Eastern Townships. We must not rest on this alone; we need to keep searching, listening and creating new approaches to meet the demands of the public.

More people are now paying electronically via the Web page. Offering you convenient options is important to us. We are growing and changing the page as we move forward, always with the vision in mind of informing and engaging more people. Reaction has been positive.

The following numbers show the growth *The Sun* has experienced.

- Number of writers: 117
- Number of advertisers: increased from 47 to 76.
- Organizations linked to the Townships Sun: 49

The September issue sported a new look to the cover. The photo by Debra Mosher Roy is the full size of the cover. This new look focuses on the photo. To remain on firm ground we must change with the market. Our goal is to maintain the integrity of *The Townships Sun* magazine, in the history, culture and stories we present, while looking for new ways to present the people of the Townships.

The Townships Sun Board – David Wright, chair; Janet Angrave, copy-editing; Melanie Cutting, layout; Jennifer Brown, Ads, Tom Standish, publisher (resigned August, 2019); Didi Gorman; Barbara Heath, Editor.

Office Manager - Marion Greenlay.



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Photo by Debra Mosher Roy.

*"The joy to be found in winter's season  
is easily found with you."*

*~ Unknown*