KAHNAWAKE REMEMBERS BRIDGE DISASTER

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Quebec Heritage News

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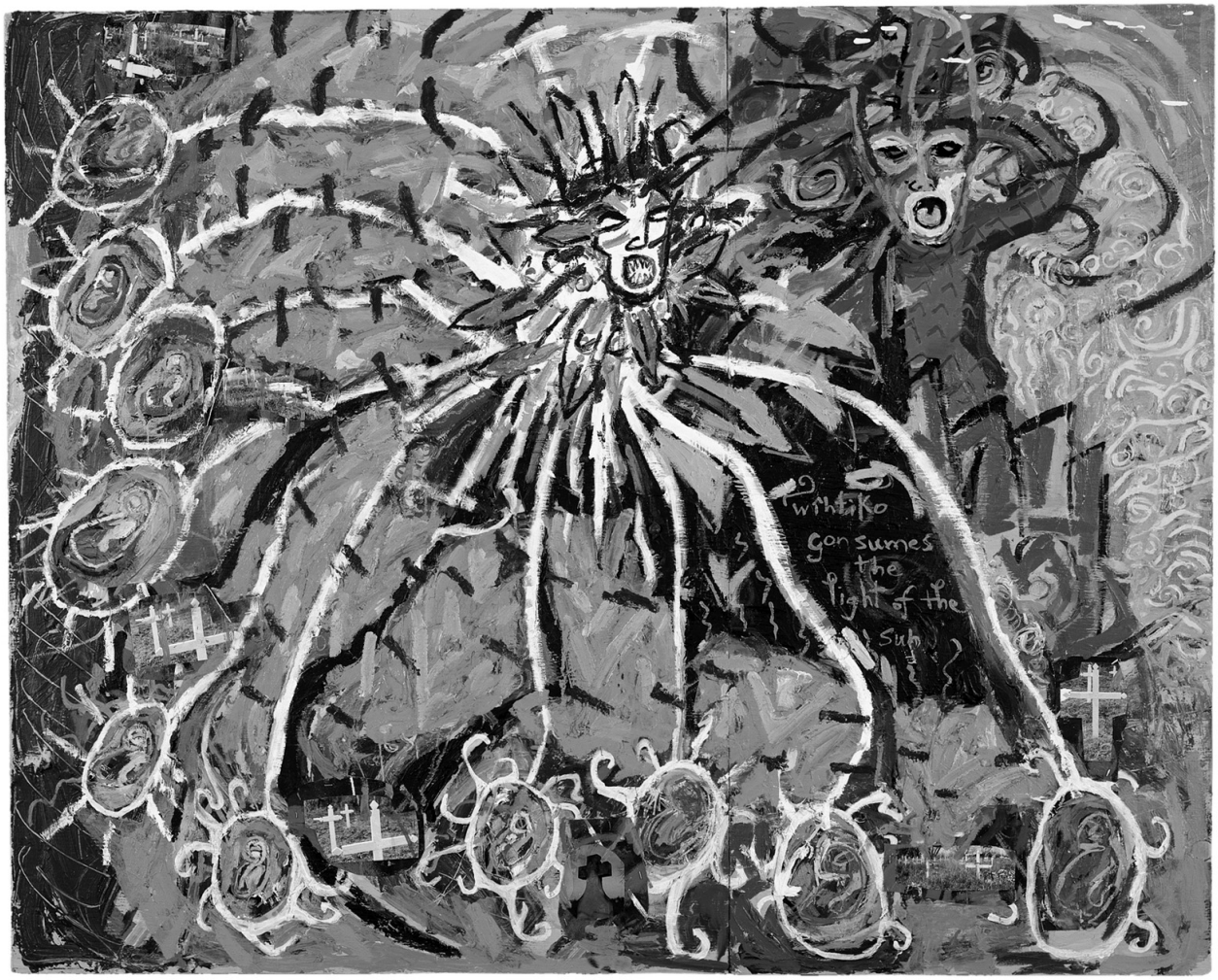

Homeward Bound

One woman's ancestral travels in the land of the Cree

Encounters in Eeyou Istchee

London schoolboys meet the spirit of the North

Quebec Heritage News

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Cover: Wîhtikow pîsim/wîhtikow sun *by Neal McLeod, 2002. Acrylic, oil, latex, photographs and dried flowers on wood. Collection of Robert Byers. From* In My Life: Contemporary Aboriginal Art *exhibiting at the Canadian Museum of Civilisation in Gatineau until 16 March 2008. Photo © Musée national des beaux-arts du Québec, Patrick Altman*

President's Message

Moveable Past

by Rod MacLeod

Native peoples have always had an important place in Canadian history – namely at the beginning. I remember my grade school history textbook devoted virtually all of Chapter One (out of probably 25 or 30 chapters) to 'The Indians,' and then moved on to the 'important' stuff: Cartier, Roberval, Martin Frobisher, and my personal favourite Bjarni Herjulfson. Europeans chipping away at an elusive north-west passage was clearly far more significant to Canada than the culture, economy and political struggle of a population whose diversity on all levels is nothing less than astonishing. After 'contact,' Natives melted from the scene, and not just those curious Hochelagans whose absence by the time Champlain arrived proved so detrimental to the settlement of New France.

Native history is particularly fraught with challenges as so much of it cannot be approached in the way we are used to understanding events in the European tradition

Now, that was a long time ago—when I took grade-school history, I mean—and now we work hard to weave Native peoples into the Canadian narrative. History survey courses (Post-Confederation as well as Pre-) at the university or CEGEP level must incorporate the experience of Natives at least as much as that of other groups not hailing from France or the British Isles—to say nothing of women and working people, a great many of whom were, of course, Native. (For an example of the latter, see the following articles on the Quebec Bridge.) When I say "must," I mean morally; not that there is any politically-correct compulsion. There are respected historians who claim that too much about women and workers and Natives is taught and we should concentrate on legislation and war, but the rest of us know that the past, like the present, is much more complex and much more interesting than endless stories of men in suits or battle fatigues.

A belief in historical diversity is one thing; another is to teach it well. It means coming to terms with countless societies and languages most of us were not exposed to in school and learning how to present their experience with respect and an appropriate degree of significance. Native history is particularly fraught with challenges as so much of it cannot be approached in the way we are used to understanding events in the European tradition: namely through official documents, private correspondence, and chronicles. As a result, it is easy to dismiss pre-contact events as pre-history and therefore worth only a background chapter. Historians have been doing this for centuries when it comes to all sorts of non-Western peoples, including, for example, those Angles and Saxons before they invaded Britain. The irony is that the stories of such peoples are not only valid and fascinating in their own right, but a crucial part of the planet's vast and complicated saga.

Writing Native history is even more problematic than teaching it. Another moral question arises: should a non-Native writer be telling the story when someone from within the tradition could be doing so, possibly with less bias? Artistic freedom notwithstanding, it is too easy to answer a defiant yes to this question. At the same time, there is more to the Native historical experience than what can be told from an insider's perspective, crucial though that is. To argue that the history of Canada's Native peoples should be the exclusive domain of Natives is to deny the importance of interaction, integration, endogamy, and the struggle for cultural survival; it is akin to putting this vast experience back into Chapter One of the textbook, where it most certainly does not belong.

This edition of the *QHN* includes several pieces by and about Canada's Native peoples for your consideration. Two of these are explorations by writers of their Native heritage, from two different perspectives. Vicki Boldo's return to her Cree roots is particularly striking given that she grew up with little awareness of them, having been raised in British Columbia by adoptive parents; only through considerable research as an adult, and then a fascinating personal visit to Eeyou Istchee which she recounts here, is she able to rediscover such a crucial part of herself. Denis Gaspé rediscovers his own heritage in a different way: although he hailed from Kanesatake and retired there and was always conscious of his Mohawk identity, he finds unexpected personal significance in the connection between the tragic death of 33 Mohawk workers in 1907 and the pride in one's profession felt by Canadian Engineers since that tragic lesson was learned. Frederic Fovet's journey into Cree country with a group of British teens is a reassuring look at how cultural interaction is possible, even enjoyed, by young people of widely different backgrounds; if the youth of urban London can revel in Cree heritage, perhaps their counterparts in Southern Quebec will not be far behind.

Letters

A fate uncertain

I was pleased to learn through a friend that there was an organization interested in reclaiming abandoned cemeteries. For some years now, a group of energetic people have been involved in restoring a Protestant cemetery located at Pointe au Chêne, Quebec, off highway 148, situated beside the Ottawa River. In the first year, we cut down large trees and installed a fence and gate. A few friends donated some money and the following year the stumps were shredded, the area was tilled and grass seed was planted. As is often the case, however, the work fell into the hands of a few faithful, and money became scarce due to the fact that donors from years ago are no longer with us.

At present we are keeping the area mowed and a weed eater is used to trim the more difficult parts. We need steps, because the tombstones, which also need attention, are on a raised area. Municipal records show that a certain Mr. Campbell who came to Canada from Scotland in 1816 donated the land. We have tried to make inquiries about the names of the people buried there but with little success. If there is any help or advice that you could give us, it would be much appreciated.

Isabel MacCallum
Grenville, QC

Publisher's note: The Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network (QAHN) has recently received federal funding [See p. 8, this issue] to prepare an inventory of sites such as these, and will hold a number of information seminars in the coming months devoted to heritage-cemetery care and long-term planning. You and other volunteer cemetery trustees are invited to watch this magazine for details, or sign up for our email bulletin service, HeritageLine*, which will carry meeting dates and locations once they are confirmed. Knowing which Protestant denomination was originally associated with the Pointe-au-Chêne site will help determine how you best ought to go about finding the burial records. If it was an Anglican cemetery, you could check with the Diocese of Montreal archives at (514) 843-6577. Locating early records pertaining to other Protestant denominations is considerably more complicated. Visit your local historical society or museum and ask to be put in touch with an archivist or local history researcher. You could start with a phone call to the Argentueuil Museum in Carillon at (450) 537-3861.*

Much appreciated

I would like to express the support of our community organization for the Multicultural Heritage Outreach project as proposed by the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network (QAHN). I had the privilege of attending the first symposium last April and found the quality of the event to be high and very much appreciated. This kind of initiative contributes valuably to ongoing dialogue and exchange among Quebecers from many different cultural and historical backgrounds. You can, I'm certain, count on members of our organization to participate in a second edition of the Montreal Mosaic heritage summit. In the meantime, I look forward to stimulating explorations of Quebec's multicultural history on the pages of Quebec Heritage News magazine.

Please accept our best wishes for the continued success of all of your efforts.

Patricia Rossi
Tyndale St-Georges Community Centre
Montreal, QC

Now we're blushing

I want to express my appreciation to the *Quebec Heritage News* team for the excellent service which you are providing. The subjects and articles are of interest to all Quebecers and are properly researched, well-written and filled with information.

I particularly look forward to Joe Graham's latest exposés of different parts of the Laurentians.

Keep up the good work!

Peter R. Holland
Westmount, QC

Powered by people

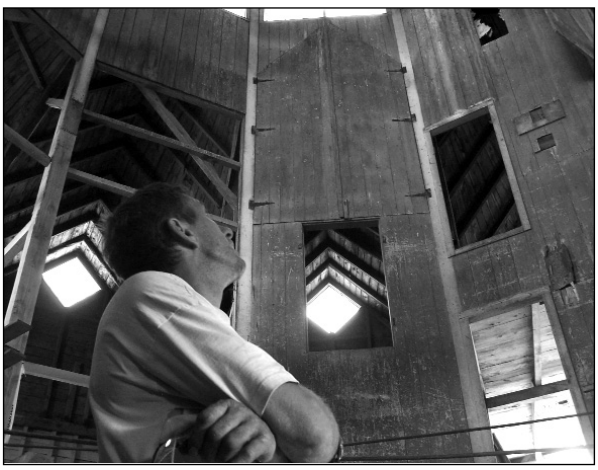
Walbridge descendants drive campaign to save Townships treasure

by Dwane Wilkin

A pair of knees wrapped in leather pads is moving in the gap where a door once hung. From a pouch on his hips, Bill Cory draws one shim after another and wedges them with his hammer into a seam between the frame and the inside wall. Crooked angles are a carpenter's worst foe, so most of the work fixing the Walbridge Barn this summer has taken place at ground level, except for a roof-hole that let the weather in and rotted some of the floor-planks. Repairing the old stone foundation required digging out a layer of old cow dung two-and-a-half feet thick on the stable floor.

The enigmatic, tee-totalling machinist, builder and inventor who erected this twelve-sided structure in Mystic left no floor plans for posterity. So Cory and architect Jacques Nadeau are relying mainly on Walbridge family memories and local archives, including old photographs, to reconstruct a bold and unique 19th century experiment with mechanized farming. A grainy picture of the barn in its glory days, when it stood next to the opulent and long-vanished family manor, Lakelet Hall—the 'Castle' as villagers still call it— helped show exactly where to place a set of reproduction pane-glass windows on the east wall. The windows are detailed replicas of a sole remaining original survivor. "It's not a production job," Cory observes.

Mystic is a tiny hamlet lying just a few kilometres north of the Quebec-Vermont border near the town of Bedford. The first families to settle in the area were squatters from the south who'd come in the aftermath of the American Revolutionary War, the imprint of their New England roots still a prominent feature of local built heritage. Classified as an historic site by the Quebec government in 2004, the Walbridge barn stands as a final vestige of the Mystic Iron Works foundry where, from the 1860s till his accidental death in 1897, Alexander Solomon Walbridge made and patented machines for Canada's railroad, farming and millwright industries.



That his grandchildren and their friends in the community have managed to rally significant public and private financial support to save the barn is a fitting tribute to a historical figure whose enterprising genius seemed to embody the spirit of his age. It's also a testament to the visionary will of individual Walbridge family members who are determined to share that legacy with future generations of Quebecers.

Spearheading the restoration is a non-profit group called the Walbridge Conservation Area Foundation, whose roots go back to 1974 when five of A.S. Walbridge's descendants set up a private corporation to turn the 80-acre family estate into a nature preserve. Initial plans to recreate the lake that their grandfather had made by diverting local stream water were eventually dropped when environment officials refused to grant the family permission to rebuild a dam. But it did confirm a valuable lesson in community heritage conservation, according to Hardy Craft, the Bedford businessman who serves as the foundation's director. "If you want to control the future of something," he says, "you have to set up an organization to do it."

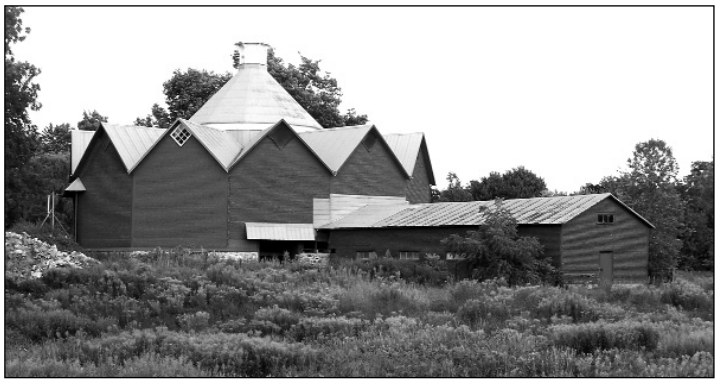
A recent history of the Walbridge estate published by the provincial Culture and Communications Ministry notes that between 1888 and 1928 sixty circular, multi-sided barns were built across Quebec, though only a handful have survived into modern times. And the Mystic barn is clearly in a class all its own. Not only is it the only twelve-sided barn still standing, it is the only one ever equipped with a rotating floor to streamline the unloading and storage of hay. A horse-drawn hay-cart could be led into the barn through a main entry, the floor swivelled to position the cart's rear in front of a mow, then driven out of the barn the same way it came in. Through a system of cables and pulleys, a waterwheel stationed in the adjacent stream powered a drive shaft fitted with gears that supplied enough energy to operate

Contractor Bill Cory is carrying out restoration of the Walbridge barn and its curious system of gear mechanisms. Photos by D. Wilkin.

a hayfork, threshing machine, grain conveyor and a corn cutter. The turntable, a technology that Walbridge evidently borrowed from the railway industry, was removed in the 1950s. But a ring of iron track on which it moved is still in place, as are some of the gears and the claw-like hayfork, hanging from the rafters.

"I'm going to make it turn," vows Cory, who grew up in Mystic and gained first-hand experience fixing round barns when he restored one near West Brome village a few years back.

Figuring out how to pay for the makeover has proved the most instructive lesson of all. A study commissioned by the Missisquoi Historical and Museum Society recently estimated that it would eventually cost more than $300,000 to rebuild the barn, possibly as much as $800,000. Where would the money come from? People weren't about to give money to a private family corporation. So in 2000, eight non-family members accepted to join the Walbridge descendants to form a charitable foundation, thereby enabling the group to issue official tax receipts. "Once it became a foundation," Craft points out, "we could make requests for funding from other sources besides government."



Quebec's culture ministry kicked in $24,000 towards barn repairs in 2006, or about 40 per cent of last year's budgeted repair costs. Walbridge family members put up $18,000, with $15,000 coming from a provincial rural development fund called Pacte Rurale, $3,000 from the Municipality of Ste. Ignace and $1,000, a gift from Pierre Paradis, Quebec's National Assembly member from the Brome-Missisiquoi riding. In 2007, Craft asked for 50 per cent—and got it, a grant totalling $150,000. He's now busy soliciting the balance through appeals to private heritage foundations, local municipalities, businesses and individual supporters.

The generous support of Walbridge's descendants, most of whom now live out of province, continues to play a critical role helping the Foundation reach its goals. And being aware of other people's needs in the community has helped the Foundation develop key support from other institutions. "I'm always looking for connections," says Craft, who approached directors of the Missisquoi Historical and Museum Society after learning that they needed a new home for their antique tool and machinery collection. The plan now is for future operational costs to be assumed by the historical society, which will open the barn as an agricultural museum. Cooperation, says Craft, is a vital ingredient in community projects. "We all have to help each other."

Walbridge Barn photo by Dwane Wilkin.

So long, urban cowboy

Quinns of Île Perrot ran family farm as rural theme park

By David Johnston

The cell phone rang.

"Quinn here."

This was Elwood Quinn answering, owner of the Quinn family farm on Île Perrot, the best-known farm in the metropolitan Montreal area.

He was standing in a company parking lot near the Orange Julep on Decarie Boulevard, talking business with one customer as he ran a late-summer corporate corn roast for another, Fujitsu Computer Systems.

"I've been going like a 27-year-old," said Quinn, who is actually in his 60s. But he won't keep up that pace for much longer.

After 25 years of bringing the farm to the city through catering functions such as the Fujitsu job, and bringing the city to the farm through school visits and murder-mystery farm dinners and so forth, Quinn has put the family farm up for sale, its future uncertain.

He's not alone. As the 2006 federal census showed, 5,300 farms disappeared in Quebec since 1996, or roughly one in every seven in those 10 years alone.

Traditional farming has been in trouble for some time now, but all the known problems—tougher international competition, the high start-up costs of modern farming, a labour shortage and succession uncertainty—have gotten worse.

That's what prompted the provincial government last February to open public hearings into the future of agriculture, and the agri-food business, in Quebec. Since the hearings began, the commission of inquiry headed by veteran Quebec bureaucrat Jean Pronovost has heard numerous stories of sons and daughters of retiring farmers who are unwilling or unable to take over the family farm, given the long hours and complexities of running a modern farm.

In the case of the Quinn family farm, one of Elwood and Marie Quinn's two sons isn't interested in farming, while another son, after a lot of soul-searching within the family, has gone out and bought another farm on his own.

Elwood Quinn is asking $2.9 million for his 50 hectares in Notre Dame de l'Île Perrot, which he bought in 1983 after leaving Macdonald College, where he was in charge of the greenhouses.

One of the first things Quinn did was to begin organizing school visits, beginning with Dorset elementary school in Baie d'Urfé.

At the same time, he got into catering and entertainment, like the murder-mystery farm dinners he offered from 1995 through 1998, before actors raised their rates and made the dinners unprofitable. Over the years, the Quinn farm payroll had as many as 25 people on it.

"We saw an opportunity to do something that nobody else was doing in Quebec, agriculture as education, agriculture as entertainment," said Quinn.

The Quinn farm became a household name after the late George Balcan of CJAD, who was born in St. Boniface, Manitoba, heard about Quinn and invited him and one of his 90-kilogram pumpkins into his studio one day before Halloween. A solid friendship was born that day.

"I just went in one morning and the light was on red in his studio and this girl opened a squeaky door and told us to be quiet," recalled Quinn.

"George turned and said: 'What the hell is that?' He looked at the pumpkin, then at the table in front of him, then at me, and then at the chair on the other side of the table, in that order. I could tell right away he was a country boy."

Like Elwood Quinn himself.

He's a native of Metcalfe, Ontario who has rehearsed a very nifty quip on how to get there from the nearest big town, Ottawa.

"Take Bank Street south, and just stay on it until you get to John Quinn Road." That's where his ancestor of the same name settled, after emigrating from Ireland in 1843.

It was at Macdonald College that Quinn met his francophone wife, Marie, who grew up in the Ahuntsic district of Montreal. Marie said it isn't just farming that has changed over the years; the people who visit the Quinn family farm have changed too. They're more demanding.

"People don't want you to use pesticides anymore, but they want the kind of perfectly

Elwood Quinn

shaped fruit and vegetables that only pesticides can give you," she said.

Looking back on his career as a celebrity farmer in the English-speaking community, Elwood Quinn said: "I spent too much time growing stuff. I should have spent more time marketing."

Still, it's been quite a career; there aren't very many west-enders or West Islanders under the age of 35 who haven't been to the Quinn farm at least once.

"Whoever buys will probably have to go organic, and emphasize entertainment," said Quinn. "The future, I think, is in entertainment."

David Johnston writes for The Gazette *in Montreal. Reprinted from the Sept. 3, 2007 edition.*

Wall of remembrance

Tomb remnants salvaged for Irish settler monument

Pieter Sijkes, a professor of architecture at McGill University, and one of his students, Yan Claprood, have begun to design a monument to commemorate the Irish settlement history of St Columban in the Laurentians.

Following an initial visit to the historic Catholic cemetery, which has in recent months been the subject of an ambitious restoration project, Sijkes and Claprood are proposing to erect a commemorative wall composed in part of the many broken tombstones discovered in early 2006 after a group of descendants of St. Colomban's original inhabitants made a pilgrimage to the site.

"A lot of progress has been made since," according to Fergus Keyes, a key organizer of the St. Columban Graveyard Restoration Project. It's hoped that the restored burial ground and monument will help encourage other descendants of the community's pioneer settlers to retrace their Quebec roots.

Height of the wall, choice of materials, and its location in the cemetery, as well as future maintenance requirements, are being factored into the general design of the St. Columban monument .

Once arrangements have been made with local church wardens, Keyes says the architects will complete a cost study of the materials and labour needed. Organizers or the restoration project hope to start construction in the spring of 2008. In the meantime, volunteers have removed broken grave markers that were discarded in the bush behind the church and have them stored safely in Montreal. Over the coming winter, the stones will be cleaned for inclusion in the monument.

The Société d'histoire de Pointe-Saint-Charles intends to organize a bus trip toward at the end of October for historical society members and anyone else who might be interested in visiting the St. Columban Church & Cemetery. The historical society believes that that there is a strong connection between the Irish of St. Columban and the Irish that eventually settled in The Point and Griffintown. Details on the bus trip to the Laurentians will soon be available at the St. Columban web site, *www.stcolumban-irish.com*.

CHIRI graveyards sought

The federal Department of Canadian Heritage will contribute up to $40,381 towards the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network's Cemetery Heritage Inventory and Restoration Initiative (CHIRI), under the terms of a recently signed funding agreement.

Money for the initiative has been made available under the Development of Official-Language Communities Program (DOLCP) and is intended to help volunteer trustees who care for historic cemeteries.

The first goal of CHIRI will be to identify burial sites deemed to be at great risk of deterioration through abandon or neglect in these regions: Montérégie, Estrie, Laurentians and Saguenay Lac-St-Jean. This will entail the compiling of comprehensive information for targetted sites in collaboration with cemetery associations and community groups, including QAHN member historical societies who maintain heritage cemeteries.

For more information on how to participate in this project, please contact the QAHN office at (819) 564-9595 or toll-free at 877-964-0409.

Peek in the dark

Rawdon historical exhibit evokes pre-electric era

by Beverly Prud'Homme

The Rawdon Family Fair is a combined effort of Christ Church, Rawdon, and the Mid-Laurentian United Church. Originally each congregation held its own annual fair but about 12 years ago they merged. It is the largest single-day event in Rawdon, drawing not only local citizens but also many who come back to their hometown for the event. This year more than 1300 people passed through the gates.

Held annually on the second Saturday in July, this family day offers a variety of experiences. There are all sorts of goods for sale, used and new. Many local artists offer their wares which range from plants to jams, jellies and condiments, on through hand-sewn or knit clothes, embroidery, jewellery and woodcraft. Just about anything can be found in the various stands scattered throughout the site.

The auction is always very popular with not only 'priceless treasures' being purchased for a song, but also for the entertaining banter of the auctioneer. There are games for all ages, drawings for various prizes, a horse ride and, of course, the Rawdon Historical Society's tent to visit, where memories and experiences are shared and new information about the past is gleaned.

The food tent offers the best burgers, hot-dogs and French fries—guaranteed to skyrocket the cholesterol of even the healthiest specimen. Candyfloss and drinks, both hot and cold, are also to be had. For the less adventurous gourmands, the parish hall offers tea, sandwiches and sweets where one can replenish the body and spirit in an oasis of cool and quiet.

On site there is also a steady flow of entertainment, from a demonstration of dog handling, our local pipes and drums band in full regalia, to local choirs & bands. There is never a dull moment on the stage.

This is the second year the Rawdon Historical Society has been invited to participate, and again this year we were gratified and encouraged by the interest shown in our history. The theme of our primary display was Electricity Comes to Rawdon. Various items of pre-electric homemaking were on display as well as pictures of household appliances. It is amazing to see the reaction when someone realizes that, not only did we survive without television, computers and cellphones, some of us grew up without electricity.

Although Rawdon had train service for less than 50 years, great interest is always shown in Glenn Cartwright's display of photos. His knowledge on the subject is greatly appreciated.

The RHS kiosk is also a place to inquire about local family history and original homesteads. We have even introduced family members to each other. They had no idea they were related until they learned of their common ancestry. At the same time, these exchanges allow us to pick up some new and interesting details of the history of Rawdon.

Beverly Prud'Homme is president of the Rawdon Historical Society.

Memory Acres

The case for saving Canada's dairy shrine

by Kevin O'Donnell

Mount Victoria Farms' *legendary impact on Holstein breed improvement was first examined by Kevin O'Donnell in this magazine's March-April 2007 issue ["Hudson's Holstein Dairy Pride," p. 14]. A profile of the achievements of* Mount Victoria's *owner T.B. Macaulay, in the insurance, agriculture and humanitarian fields appeared in the May-June 2007 issue ["The Man Behind the Milk," p. 10]. The following article reflects on the fate and heritage value of these buildings that were once the pride of Hudson Heights.*

Macaulay Lane is a small sideroad splitting off from Mount Victoria Street. In 1985 when my wife and I moved to Hudson from the city and bought one of the five houses on the lane, we quickly became acquainted with the farm surrounding us. Our property, it turned out, was once part of Mount Victoria Farms.

Known today as Norfolk Farms, the innovative agricultural institution created by Sun Life executive T.B. Macaulay has been owned since the mid-1940s by the Norris family, also prominent in business as well as in prize cattle raising. When we moved into the area the Norrises kept a herd of about 50 shorthorns in the fields nearby. Our bovine neighbours' occasional mooing in the middle of the night startled the newly arrived refugees from the city. We loved to visit their home base, a neighbourhood attraction: the large oxblood-red barn.

Older Hudson residents told us about the legendary Mount Victoria Farms, its illustrious owner, and the bull with the female first name, Johanna Rag Apple Pabst, affectionately known as Old Joe. But was all this talk small town puffery? While taping a video program at a dairy farm in the Shawville area I decided to put the Macaulay legend to the test: I asked the son of the farm family if he had ever heard of Johanna Rag Apple Pabst and Mount Victoria Farms. Indeed he had, the twenty-year-old replied, rhyming off the pedigrees of his family's Holsteins attached to milking machines. "We regard that big barn in Hudson as a shrine," he said.

He isn't alone. Horace Backus, a former director of Holstein Association USA, recalled visiting Mount Victoria in 1946 as a teenage New York State farm boy. He was drawn "just to see the buildings and the setting." In 1988, researching his book, *Mount Victoria Farms and the Montvic Rag Apple Bloodlines*, Backus, regarded as the 'Dean of Pedigree Reading' returned to Hudson and the farm on the hill. "So, up we went," recalled Backus. "At the summit, as the road levelled out, it curved to the left and suddenly there was a break in the trees and right in front of us, just as they looked forty-six years ago, stood the red barns of Mount Victoria. They hadn't changed at all."

In 2003, George Miller and Dick Chichester, two American pioneers of Holstein artificial insemination, set off from Virginia to visit sites significant to the breed in Canada. First they stopped at the Ingleside, Ontario monument to Holstein pioneer Michael Cook, who imported two bulls and ten cows in 1881. "But it was their planned stop at Mount Victoria, Quebec, that clearly had Miller's focus, and greatest anticipation," the *Eastern Ontario Agrinews* noted, "It's the spot where former Sun Life president T.B. Macaulay established a famous breeding operation in the early 1900s…. You could tell from the excitement in his voice that he was thrilled to see for himself the stall that once housed the mighty Pabst…."

The most famous visits to the 'shrine' took place on June 29, 1942 at the Dispersal Sale when two thousand people converged on the farm to make record bids on many of the 68 cattle, and on September 9, 1995, when four hundred people from across Canada and the United States gathered at the barn at the invitation of Holstein Canada and the Hudson mayor of the day, Michael Elliott. This latter event was without commercial significance, but simply to pay homage to the Master Breeder and Dairy Shrine Club Pioneer. Seated at the same spot as the buyers at the Dispersal Sale, the visitors listened to officials from Holstein Canada recount the significance of Macaulay's achievements. When they intoned the triple-named Holsteins from this farm that had supplied foundation animals for herds around the world, the roll call of succeeding generations sounded biblical. Then a piper escorted the crowd to the bottom of Mount Victoria Street, where Pearl Hodgson Butchers, widow of the legendary herdsman Mort Butchers, unveiled a plaque honouring Macaulay and Mount Victoria Farms' cattle-breeding accomplishments. When the crowd dispersed, it left the barn to its last two oc-

Caption???

Photo of the Macauly barn which appeared in a 1931 Beatty Bros book.

cupants, Fleur, a horse, and Josephine, a donkey.

Now the barn and the outbuildings stand empty, and Norfolk Farms has followed Mount Victoria Farms into history. No longer needed, the barn is succumbing to the ravages of time. A thriving agricultural area a few generations ago and with much of its land even today zoned green, Hudson is being overwhelmed by urban sprawl. So what value does this still striking if dilapidated barn hold today?

A century ago art historian Alois Riegl noted the power of "unintentional monuments," things made for one purpose which have subsequently taken on what he called "historical-value." More recently French historian Pierre Nora advanced the notion of *lieux de mémoire* or memory sites. Lieux de mémoire are places (or things, events, or even persons) charged with significance in the history of a community. Sometimes this community can be a whole nation—or can even exceed national boundaries. These lieux de mémoire in some way radiate a kind of charismatic significance. If it's not too big a stretch, I'd like to compare our local barn with an incident in the history of Leonardo da Vinci's *Mona Lisa*. In 1911 an Italian nationalist named Vincenzo Peruggia stole the famous Renaissance painting from the Louvre. For weeks after, grieving Parisians and art lovers flocked to visit the empty space where la Giaconda had hung. This cultural lieux de mémoire was so powerful that even the empty space the painting had once occupied attracted visitors, many of whom had not bothered to visit the museum before, when the portrait was on display. (It was recovered two years later.)

I think that the sentiments that Riegl and Nora articulated—that it is part of our nature to invest significance in charismatic objects, or places of significant accomplishments—are what stir us when we are in the presence of more prosaic masterpieces such as old barns. Outmoded, relics of an older agricultural tradition, these barns have that very quality of being relics of a way of life that lasted for generations that makes them lieux de mémoire. If great events have taken place in or at these memory sites, they are all the more powerful. Hence the visits by Holstein experts and casual tourists alike to the Macaulay-Norris barn—a powerful icon, even if it is vacant. Only some twenty-five acres of the old Mount Victoria/Norfolk farms still remain undeveloped, but they are in private hands and the owner, the estate of the late H.B. Norris, wishes to sell. John Norris is keenly aware of the heritage value of the buildings and has been in contact with Holstein Canada. The Hudson Historical Society has lobbied Hudson's current municipal administration to recognize the significance of this architectural as well as historical monument. The barn is, after all, the largest and arguably the most aesthetically striking agricultural building ever erected in Hudson, and a reminder of agricultural excellence that put the town on the map. But tax revenues are limited; the municipality has a small if relatively affluent population of 5,000, and no industrial base. Sewage and water infrastructure needs take priority. The town has agreed to accept the barn, the stable that housed Old Joe and about two acres as the municipal share of the development acreage. The mayor has indicated that only minimal repairs to prevent further degradation, such as replacing broken windows and repairing the hole in the roof, can be undertaken now and far into the foreseeable future.

Many of us have a dream of a new vocation for the barn, perhaps as a museum and centre for the arts, if it cannot be returned to its original use. Alternatively, it could be converted to something like a horse barn. We would also like to save the setting that impressed Horace Backus and so many others as they round the curve on Mount Victoria Street. John Norris estimates that the extra land beyond the town allotment is worth nearly one million dollars. Repairing and retrofitting the old barn and outbuildings could easily cost another million. We are encouraged by the achievements of other historical organizations in Quebec, such as the Compton County Historical Museum Society and welcome any suggestions or support.

Meanwhile, if you are in the Hudson area, why not drive up Mount Victoria Street and view the home of "the herd that was shot around the world."

Kevin O'Donnell is president of the Hudson Historical Society. He can be reached at kevinodonnell46@sympatico.ca. Take a virtual tour of Mount Victoria Farms *on the Virtual Museum of Canada's Community Memories website by visiting* www.hudsonhistoricalsociety.ca*. Blame for the pun that ended this article lies with Concordia University professor and Society member Lambert 'Scot' Gardiner.*

From stable to table

Barns were not always recognized as a key link in the food supply chain. Historian Terry Copp in *The Anatomy of Poverty: The Conditions of the Working Class in Montreal 1892 – 1929* notes that during this period Montreal suffered appallingly high infant mortality rates compared with other North American cities. One cause was the unsanitary preparation and storing of food such as milk. Between 1906 and 1915 about 20,000 children died of infantile diarrhea, and as late as 1926 the death rate, though declining, was still almost double the rate of New York or Toronto. Montreal drafted a comprehensive milk by-law calling for strict enforcement of sanitary rules in 1914, but it was not adopted until 1925. A typhoid fever epidemic in 1927 that killed 533 people was traced to a dairy. at Even at the start of the 20th century, not all milk was pasteurized, especially the supply to homes in poorer neighbourhoods. A Beatty Bros. publication, *How to build a Dairy Barn* (1912), signalling a more progressive era ahead, emphasized that "a cow barn is really a food factory, and just as much care should be taken in its design and equipment as in any other plant where food products are produced."

Homeward Bound

An ancestral journey in the land of the Cree

by Vicky Boldo

"And while I stood there, I saw more than I can tell, and I understood more than I saw; for I was seeing in a sacred manner the shapes of things in the spirit, and the shape of all shapes as they must live together like one being."

– Black Elk

Even though I grew up on Vancouver Island, one of the world's most picturesque places, I instinctively knew that my true heritage lay elsewhere. Once the freedom of information laws permitted it, I began to explore my own history. As an adoptee, I delved into the private project of finding my biological family and began an odyssey that would take me east through Saskatchewan, into Quebec and north to the Cree Nation, tracing my ancestors to a place they called Eeyou Istchee, meaning simply 'the Land' in Cree.

In 2002 I enrolled at Concordia in journalism and public relations with the intention of brushing up on my writing skills. I believe that everyone has a story and that those stories need to be shared so that others may gain strength and determination to grow as individuals. Shortly after completing my certificate program I was offered the opportunity of an internship as Communications Agent on a film project for Agoodah Pictures, an independent production company based in the Laurentians. Agoodah is a Cree word meaning 'everything is alright, good, OK or fine.' This expression would prove to be reassuring and instructive for me. The ultimate mission of this production was not only to bring a movie to the big screen but also to give exposure to the youth of the James Bay territory. There are nine communities around the Bay within Quebec, and each is unique, with its own special cachet. These villages are steeped in ancient values and redolent with life lessons to be learned and young people with talents to be realized.

A paralysing anxiety overtook me on the night before our departure for my first visit to Nemaska (Cree for 'where the fish is abundant')—the town that would become our predominant liaison within Eeyou Istchee. During the Air Creebec flight north I realised that my nervousness was largely due to my fear of acceptance as a 'white Indian.' Although I knew very little of my true heritage I wanted these ancestors to be proud of me. Furthermore I wanted to be able to connect on more than a superficial level.

Upon arrival, exuberance overtook us. Our greeting committee was happy to see us, although there were no balloons or banners, simply warm smiles, kind words, watchiya (hello)

The author meets a kindergarten class at Luke Mettaweskum School. Photo courtesy of Vicky Boldo.

and sincere eyes. The people of the north have a very different outlook on life. The message I personally received was "Welcome home." Once my feet were on solid ground I got to my knees and placed my cheek to the ground, thanking life for this amazing opportunity. My anxiety was gone. Imagine the comfort I found in seeing myself in the faces, eyes and tendencies of those with whom I would spend time during each visit to the Eeyou Istchee. The visits to the north would prove healing to both my inner child and present self. The passing on of knowledge is a philosophy that lives strongly within the Cree communities and is practised daily, even through what some would consider routine activities. When elders speak, everyone listens attentively and always with the understanding that there is much to learn. Our film production team humbly encouraged the philosophy of motivate, inspire, unite. Ultimately both belief systems proved themselves to be compatible and all involved gained perspective and a new respect for the culture and tradition that emanated from both sides of a now disappearing fence.

Although each village does have at least one inn or motel, the locals are gracious hosts and continually open their homes to out-of-towners. After a gruelling road trip from Eastmain to Nemaska, which included a near head-on collision with a moose (no big deal to the locals), we arrived at the Jolly residence where hot tea, comfort food and turned-down beds awaited us.

Three elements of the Cree world came into focus within a short period of our arrival. The first was the quality of both the natural light and the pristine air that crystallize the awe-inspiring landscape. The second that permeates all human contact is the caring sense of community. The third, which has to be learned, is the meaning of IST, or Indian Standard Time. It is a concept introduced to me by the Nemaskans. One comes to learn that appointments and events do not follow the strict agenda that city slickers have come to expect.

Living off the land continues to be an important part of life and while a four-hour trek (one-way) to Chibougamau for the basic staples may seem a big deal for us, it is simply a monthly routine for the locals. Nature, right out the back door, is the true grocery store for sustenance. When 'moose break,' 'goose break' or fishing seasons are in – office time is out. One could arrive in town with a busy agenda, prepared to attend prescheduled meetings only to find that the local band office and businesses are closed. Frustrating perhaps, but also inspiring to see families bustle about in preparation for departure to their bush camps. Thomas Jolly, Nemaska's Economic Development Officer, explained that these are his times throughout the year to go and recharge his batteries from Mother Earth's energy.

Following in this new sense of time, I accepted an invitation to attend Edna Jolly's kindergarten class, an unscheduled event that proved an absolute delight. The young ones got a major case of the giggles as I sincerely tried to muddle through the alphabet in their mother tongue. One thing quickly became very clear: within the northern communities, the youth are the pride and joy of the elders. The eager students shared their aspirations with me of becoming doctors, nurses and firefighters, but I was particularly intrigued by the one little guy who simply stated he wanted to become a hunter "just like granddad."

A prime location for getting acquainted with the Cree culture and tradition is to visit a local shaptwan (the name for the original dwelling of the James Bay Cree, resembling a wigwam). I spent many hours there getting to know the people and their customary ways. During the summer months, most wild-game cooking is done outdoors. The shaptwan is assembled during the winter months in the centre of town, providing a common area for the community to socialize and prepare food. The shaptwan in Nemaska easily surpasses forty feet in length. The floor is lined with boughs from the black spruce tree, on top of which, thanks to modern conveniences, is a synthetic grass carpet. Four large woodstoves encased in individual sandpits run down the centre of the building with their pipes protruding to the sky through a gap for ventilation that runs the length of the entire ceiling. In here, inside this huge protective cocoon, one discovers a sense of community that has been instilled

The community shaptwan in Nemaska. Photo by V. Boldo.

over generations.

The Christmas season is especially festive—Santa personally delivering gifts to each child's home. Not only is there the Grand Feast open for all to attend, but I also witnessed families celebrating birthdays and anniversaries. Preparations for these events go on for hours, sometimes days. Beaver, goose, moose and caribou are caringly cut, strung and hung by the fire to cook, much like what we know as a mechoui. Bones are boiled, made into tea and fed to the domestic animals or else filed down as multi-purpose tools for skinning on the next hunt.

Respect between genders borders on the reverent. I was the sole female on our production team, and one morning my colleagues and I were scheduled to go location scouting on snowmobiles. My instructions from the shop owner were given last, and I could easily see they were exactly the same as those given to the men. There was no patronizing, no "Now you take it easy out there sweet thing" or anything to that effect. I was simply equal. I was invigorated.

I had numerous opportunities to discuss the residential school issue with those who were personally affected. The interesting thing that I noticed with the majority is that they look back at those challenging events in their lives as character building opportunities. Thomas Jolly explained that he too had suffered under the residential school system, and that those particular times in his life were extremely difficult. Like others, he had missed his family terribly, yet he has few regrets and feels little hostility, because in his words and thoughts he would not be the same man today had he not faced those issues.

The inner strength that allows these people to absorb these experiences and simply come out stronger must come from an old culture with its own deep well of social and spiritual resources. Wishing to learn more, I accepted to participate in the traditional sweat lodge ceremony, a memory I will always cherish. While acknowledging that the Christian church discouraged the practice in earlier times and some of the elders are troubled with this return to traditional ways, we found the experience to be both enlightening and highly spiritual.

During our visits I observed the divide between town officials, neighbours and family members surrounding the controversial issue of the Rupert River diversion. Discussions were heated, yet I could see that opinions were respected and each had a fair chance to be heard; a degree of respect that I sometimes find lacking in our southern world. Thomas had brought me to visit the mighty river and explained his sadness concerning the topic. He is one of those forced to relocate as a result of the Old Post Nemaska evacuation that took place during the early Hydro Quebec developments and he knows full well the cause and effect of changing nature's watershed. He has become an ardent supporter of the wind energy projects that are presently being evaluated as future developments for the region.

I am eternally grateful for the experiences I gained through my time with the Cree. They taught me the importance of respect, compassion, sharing, strength, kindness, humility and the value of humour, which are the seven truths of the Grandfather. I received the valuable lesson of being able to laugh at the events in my life and more importantly to laugh at myself and to meet life's challenges head-on, without complaint. Spending time with the Cree in Eeyou Istchee is a gift that I shall always treasure. Instilled in me now is pride—pride of my heritage and ancestry. I now know the freedom of just being me. All the things about myself, when growing up, that I considered as faults or defects are now qualities because they have origin. When someone asks what used to be my question of denial "so…are you Native?" I now hold my head high, stare them in the eye and respond, "Yes! Indeed I am." And if I so choose I tell my stories of such delicacies as moose nostrils and beaver tail…of course with the subtlety of my forbearers.

And to all who have been an influential part of this journey to self-discovery I send a heartfelt meegwetch (thank you).

Vicky Boldo is a teacher in the Languages Department at College Northside in the Laurentians.

Gathering inside the Nemaska community shaptwan. Photo by Vicky Boldo.

Fluid Terms

Finding new words for the language of modern life

by Steve Bonspiel

Adapted from an article which first appeared in the March 18, 2005 edition of The Nation *newspaper, published by Beesum Communications and serving James Bay Cree communities.*

Have you ever wondered how to say liver or pancreas in Cree? How about insulin? Those new terms are in circulation thanks to a program sponsored by the Cree Health Board.

The resolution to invent new words was passed by the CHB with the recommendation and help of Dr. Faisca Richer of Public Health. They worked closely with the Cree School Board's Cree language staff, linguists and medical professionals, to come up with 50 new Cree words, created in Val d'Or February 24-25, 2005.

"I think it's going to give confidence to people who go to the hospital," said George Diamond, Program Officer for Healthy and Safe communities with the Cree Health Board. "The translators will be able to translate better what their ailment would be. The elders will be able to understand what it is because of the translation.

"We concentrated on diabetes because that's the most prevailing disease that we have in the Cree Nation," Diamond added. "We wanted to translate words or come up with new words associated with diabetes."

Diamond's job, and that of Public Health nurse Louise Pedneault, was to tell people the meaning of the word or find out the medical terms and in what context the word was used.

Pedneault added, "My role was to explain the medical words like pancreas, insulin and the glands so they can describe it in Cree."

Community Health Representative Emily Sam said the process was informative and a barrel of laughs.

"The elders had some of these words already and we didn't know," she chuckled. "We had a hard time on the pancreas, we had to give them a drawing or show them where it is exactly. When I first started they gave me two words for it. I kept showing them pictures and finally we figured it out. We had a lot of fun at the workshop, it's very important to preserve our language."

Diamond hopes that in the future, words associated with other entities in the community are translated as well. The problem, he says, is lack of funding.

"If Cree entities want to enhance the language in the work place I think there should be a place where they can get funding," he said. "I don't know from which organization they would [get funding], but I think the Cree culture and language is very, very important to many people in the Cree Nation."

This was the first time people sat down and came up with new words, he noted. "We're trying to enrich and enhance our Cree language and culture."

Diamond said that the creation of new words was made possible through the flexibility and dedication of the Cree programs personnel.

"This was a special case, working with the Cree language people. They had a meeting and we sort of piggybacked on them and added two days so we could do this terminology workshop," he said.

The team worked closely with Marie Odile Junker, a linguist at Carleton University. "We tried mixing up the dialects, as well as to try with small groups and big groups," she said. "The community health representatives were essential in explaining the words and helping to come up with new ones."

She also credited the elders, who were essential in the process. Their invaluable input ensured that everything ran smoothly.

"It's one thing to develop words but it's quite another for them to be adopted by the people who speak," Junker stressed. "So the next phase is to do a mix of education and community outreach. We'll see what kind of feedback we're going to have."

Junker explained that there are three ways to create new words. The first is borrowing from another language and incorporating it into Cree. Much the same way that many English speakers in Quebec, for instance, have incorporated the French term 'depanneur' into their vocabulary when they could just as easily say 'convenience store."

The second way is to give a new meaning to an existing word. Junker cited as an example the word *iskuteu*, which means fire and also takes on the meaning of battery and sparkplug. The third way is to create a new word using the rules of the language.

Junker has been working on *www.eastcree.org*, a website dedicated to the Cree language. Because of this, new words such as 'browse' and 'mouse' have already been incorporated into the Cree language.

"I think it's very important if you want a language to survive that the language be able to move into describing new realities," she said. "Every language has in itself the power to create new words."

The words that were created are going to be discussed on the radio and are also available in the terminology forum on the Internet at *www.eastcree.org*.

"The new words are not being forced on anyone, they are up for discussion and don't appear in the official Cree dictionary," said Junker. "Right now they are on the web so people can make suggestions and comments. Only time will tell if people end up using them."

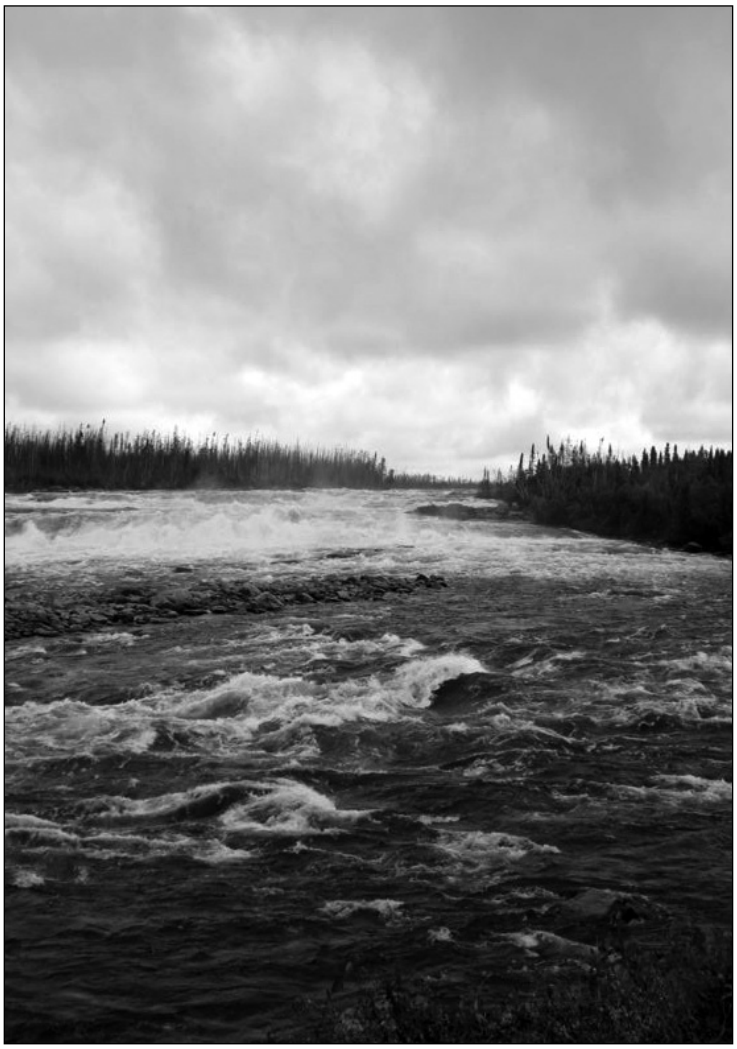
Steve Bonspiel is a journalist with The Nation*. An online edition of the newspaper is published at www.beesum-communications.com.*

Encounters in Eeyou Istchee

London schoolboys brave cell-phone withdrawl on jaunt through Cree homeland

by Frederic Fovet

It's almost 1:00 a.m. and the light is still strong to the west. Not quite all-night daylight but that glow is keeping everyone stirring and talking around the campfire and no one is quite ready to call it quits yet. Around the campfire my little gang of Northside College students who, with typical London trendiness, have turned looking dysfunctional into an art form, actually seem to fit in this sub-Arctic setting. Here they are, at the edge of a Cree encampment on the shores of Lake Champion, well past the 49th parallel, and they are finding the whole experience congenial in the utmost. A few elders have driven up, are sitting around our fire and are reciting tales of their nation's history, sharing anecdotes from their quickly vanishing cultures. My Northside boys, with jeans drooping below the waist and holes elaborately displayed on sleeves, floppy hair immaculately casual and windblown, are chatting happily, across century-long historical, social and racial barriers they are not even aware of. Perhaps people are right—perhaps this is the global village.



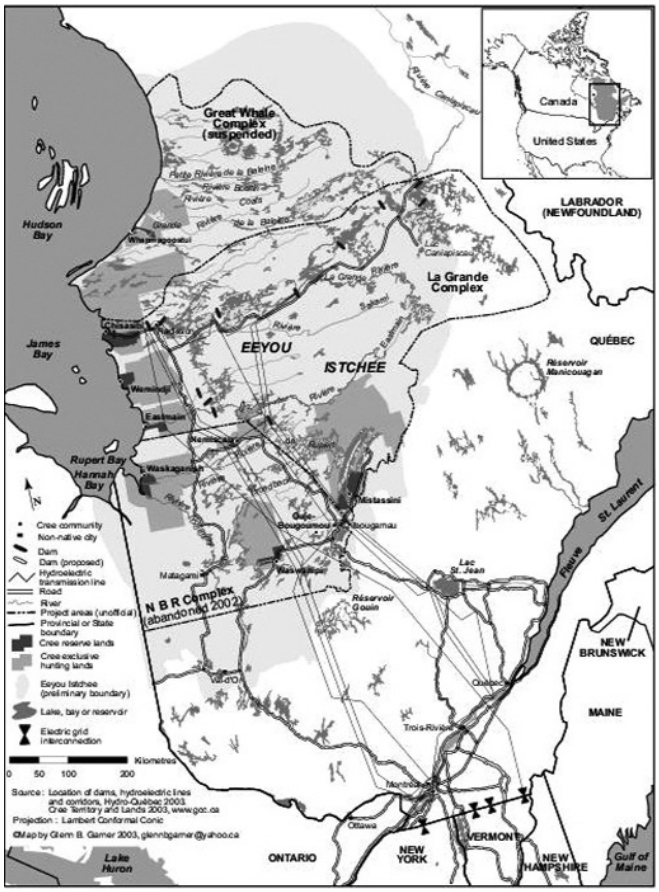
It has taken two days to drive here, 600 kilometres of which have been on dirt road, along the famous 'route du Nord,' little less than a road and little more than a track. The first day's stretch, the previous day, had taken us along 800 kilometres of tarmac via Lac St. Jean to the edge of the Cree Nations. After a night of camping we crossed into Native land, north of the 49th parallel. All perceptions and routines seem altered past this point. The 'Nations' are off the road, or off the tarmac roads, in any event. We know we are going the right way because we keep coming across native hunting camps and the odd off-road vehicle, making its way hurriedly in the other direction towards Chibougamau, the 'last stop' in Western civilisation, while we make our way deeper into the sub-Arctic forest, Joseph Conrad-style. The location of the Cree encampments—and it is Oujé-Bougoumou we are heading for first—makes no sense when one considers a road map of Northern Quebec. The logic is found in the lake and river networks that link Cree settlements sometimes 800 miles apart. This is still how trapline owners survey their hunting grounds. Freddy Jolly, one of the most famous and most respected trappers in Nemaska, is sitting across from me at the campfire now, explaining this to the students. He is also explaining how the diversion of yet another river, the Rupert, for the needs of hydro-powered electricity, will destroy and submerge more territories the Cree have used for hunting and fishing. We stopped above the Rupert this afternoon on the way to Nemaska and the students pondered for a long while the gigantic, furious, almost mythical flow of this river.

When we arrived in Oujé-Bougoumou that first night, it felt a little surreal, almost too genteel after the long drive north and in view of the complete isolation. Here was a village, an award-winning architectural masterpiece, native in feel but almost futuristic in dimension and size. Was this what native encampments had become in the 21st century? We had been booked into Cespicit Lodge, a decidedly western-looking inn, and spent the first night watching cable TV while the streets outside remained almost empty. Was this what 'The North' would be, I wondered from my generic motel-style room – globalization at its worst? That was when Samuel, my colleague in this adventure, a young man well versed in the art of Cree living, came bouncing through the door with moose jerky and bear grease dip – and the spell was broken. We were definitely far outside our safe cultural boundaries and had left our world behind.

Photo of Rupert River from http://commons.wikimedia.org

It took a day—a day of slow settling in. My uprooted teenage Brits were scrupulously but quietly observed by our Cree hosts during a day of idle slowing down, down to 'Native time'; this was a day spent expecting less and less until it was all offered gracefully to us. By nightfall we had moved into the traditional village, were settled into tepees on beds of freshly cut pine branches, and were surrounded by half the village, in total and refreshing casualness. Some elders insisted on taking the canoes out to fish and on cooking their catch for us on the fire. The hospitality had a candid vitality I had not experienced in many, many years, that of a community that has nothing to sell or gain, but opens up to mutual curiosity. My London teenagers fell under the spell and as they all slid into sleep in the giant tepee on their pine branch mattress around the stove, everything felt absolutely natural to them—to us. How could one be so far away from home, so cut off from one's culture, comforts and bearings, yet be so irretrievably at ease? As the guitar is passed around and jokes are exchanged across the campfire, I look at those kids – some from London's King's Road, some having grown up here hundreds of miles from what we consider civilisation; they exchange, they smile, they flirt; instantaneous rapport and complicity. I had observed the same phenomenon that afternoon when we had visited the Oujé high school, in the simplicity, the humour and the reciprocity of my students' questions: "What do you do when they are naughty?" said one with a giggle. iPods in ears, nonchalant stroll down the school corridors…all schools resemble each other, the world over.

Over the next few days, all sense of time and planning vanished. Further and further we went into the great North and the sub-Arctic forest, trying desperately to stay out of the way of the 16-wheeler logging trucks that maintained a 120 km/h cruising speed regardless. I expected my teenage charges to moan—



we all know the frightful grumbling of the disconnected teenager out of cell-phone range—but not so much as a sigh. It is a compelling feeling, that 'Heart of Darkness' drive towards the edge of civilisation, an experience that even technology cannot rival or displace. It took us all the way, that need to see the 'edge,' all the way to Old Post Nemaska: by then we were at the same latitude as James Bay and the Arctic waters. First we had to get off the dirt track for another 30 perilous kilometres of rock path. At the small jetty, two lonely canoes were idly waiting. The old man driving the water taxis was the brother of an Elder that Samuel had stayed with in a hunting camp for a few months in Oujé in the past; everything has the simple dimension of fate in Cree country.

We got into the canoes, almost compellingly, not quite understanding why everyone insisted, "You must go to Old Nemaska." We sat there in blank determination as the giant canoes battled the choppy waters. And then it was there, in front of our eyes: the Old Post; beautiful, yes, like the thousands of kilometres of forests and lakes we had driven through. We walked along the beach; the students started fishing. There was a question in the air and a sense of heaviness. A Native woman came forward and asked us all to tea. She served us tea from an enormous aluminium kettle, as well as biscuits and moose meat. As we left she asked the kids to say "Hi" to the Queen for her. As we got into the canoes, I know we all felt it: the reason we had come all the way to this, the first trading post in North America. Natives say it's the Native cemetery on top of the hill that gives this place its uniqueness. I had felt it before, a long time ago, backpacking in Tanzania, waiting on a beach by Lake Tanganika, alone, 17 years old, for a ferry into Zambia, a boat that never came, that same beach where Stanley had uttered the famous "Dr. Livingstone, I presume." Anyone who has been to Kigoma understands the true irony of the greeting. It was just the same here, in Old Nemaska, the gravity and solemnity of a world that has disappeared and left us hanging on the edge of existence and meaning as we know them and perceive them. As we huddled away from the spray on those giant canoes, starting the journey back to our regular lives, I was glad I had given those students this experience, this journey to the edge of what we know, of ourselves. I am not quite sure it is spirituality…perhaps rather just the opportunity of seeing ourselves as the speck of dust. They were calmer and more together, our eight teenagers, than I had ever seen them. Eeyou Istchee, the spirit of the north, had done its magic.

Frederic Fovet is a co-founder and the director of Northside College and the author of several articles on the Cree school board and the impact of residential schools on Native perceptions of education. This article first appeared in the January 2007 issue of Main Street*, a monthly newspaper in the Laurentians.*

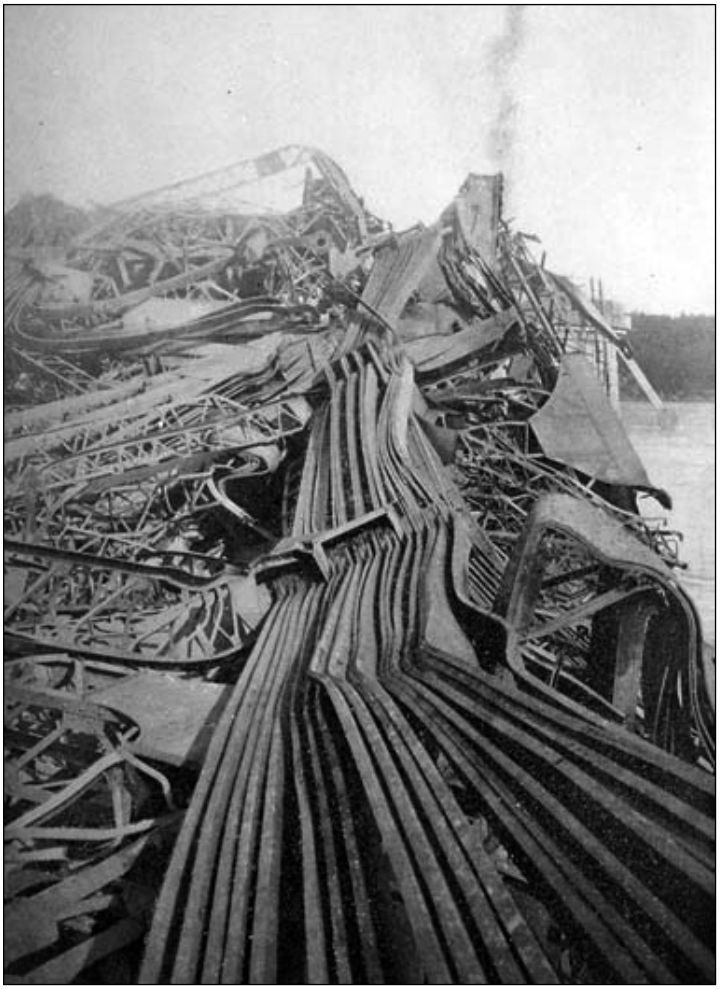
Map image source: www.idrc.ca/en/ev-64529-201-1-DO_TOPIC.html

A Bridge With Two Tragedies

Shoddy design and sheer bad luck doomed builders

by James M. Whalen

This article first appeared in the November/December 2000 issue of Legion Magazine *and is reprinted with permission of the author.*



Spanning the St. Lawrence River near Quebec City, the massive Quebec Bridge has a history of triumph and tragedy. Completed in 1917 at a cost of more than $22 million, it is the longest cantilever bridge in the world, stretching more than 1,800 feet between its main piers. For years, the bridge has been viewed as an engineering marvel, but few people know the full story behind its construction and the two disasters that claimed the lives of 89 workers.

The story of the bridge begins in 1887 when a number of entrepreneurs from Quebec City decided there was a need to increase business traffic in the area. The businessmen formed the Quebec Bridge Company and obtained a charter of incorporation to erect a bridge over the river, a few miles upstream from the historic city near the mouth of the Chaudière River. Due to lack of funds, no work took place until 1900 when the company received financial assistance from the federal, provincial and municipal governments. The Quebec Bridge Company then let a contract to the Phoenix Bridge Company of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, to build the structure.

In 1903, the Government of Canada vigorously promoted the bridge project because it wanted to see the establishment of the National Transcontinental Railway from Moncton to Winnipeg. As part of its commitment to the bridge project, the government guaranteed a bond issue to help pay for the work.

The Phoenix Bridge Company's design called for a cantilever bridge 150 feet in height above the high water mark. It was also decided that the structure would have a cantilever attached to piers on each side of the river by anchor arms of 500 feet each and linked together by a centre span initially projected at 1,600 feet. Besides being a transportation link for trains, the bridge would serve as a crossing point for vehicles and pedestrians.

The Quebec Bridge Company selected Theodore Cooper, a well-known American bridge designer, as the project's consulting engineer. The choice seemed ideal because when it came to professional construction designers, Cooper had few equals on the continent. He endorsed the Phoenix design as the "best and the cheapest" of those submitted, although he decided to lengthen the centre span from 1,600 to 1,800 feet.

Before the parts for the bridge's superstructure were manufactured, company designing engineer Peter L. Szlapka estimated the weight of the completed work. The Canadian government had hoped to hire its own engineer to review the weight calculations, but Cooper objected and the government reluctantly approved the plans without alteration.

In February 1906, Cooper became concerned when he examined the detailed drawings of the Phoenix Bridge Company and found that the actual weight of the manufactured steel parts far exceeded the weight estimated by Szlapka prior to manufacturing. By then, the south anchor arm, the tower and two panels of the south cantilever arm were ready, and six sections of anchor arm were in place. Cooper decided to forge ahead and not introduce any changes. Construction continued because it was thought that the increase in stresses would be safe.

View of the bridge collapse. Photograph courtesy of the Library and Archives Canada (C-000451).

Remarkably, Cooper, who claimed he was not in good health, worked out of his New York City office and did not make visits to the site during the erection of the superstructure. He relied on Edward Hoare, the chief engineer, and Norman McLure, the inspecting engineer for the Quebec Bridge Company, to keep him informed and to consult with him whenever a problem arose.

In June 1907, McLure told Cooper that errors of alignment in some of the lower chord splices on the bridge's south anchor arm were corrected by jacking them into line. "Make as good work of it as you can," came Cooper's reply. "It is not serious. It would be well to draw attention to as much care as possible in future work to get the best results in matching all the members before the full strains are brought upon them."

In August, McLure telegraphed New York because splices between some of the lower chords in the south anchor arm were bent. Disturbed by this report, Cooper asked for further details on how they became bent. By August 27, the misalignment of one of the lower chords became very noticeable. In just one week, chord 9-L went out of line from three-quarters of an inch to two-and-one-quarter inches. But despite these and other irregularities, the Phoenix Bridge Company did not halt construction.

Acting on Hoare's advice, McLure went to New York City to brief Cooper first-hand about the difficulties. After their meeting on the morning of the August 29, 1907, Cooper telegraphed the contracting company in Phoenixville as follows: "Add no more load to the bridge 'till after due consideration of the facts. McLure will be over at five o'clock." Cooper believed that the same message would be forwarded from Phoenixville to Quebec City, but this never happened. Further, after talking to McLure, Cooper assumed that work on the bridge had stopped, but this was not the case.

Later that same day, McLure met with Phoenixville Bridge Company officials in Phoenixville and after some discussion it was decided that they would reconvene the following day. However, at 5:37 p.m., August 29, 1907, around the same time that the Phoenixville meeting was ending, the Quebec Bridge suddenly collapsed. In the space of just 15 seconds, the south anchor arm, the cantilever arm and the partially completed suspended span fell some 150 feet into the St. Lawrence River. At least 75 of the 86 workmen on the site were carried to their deaths and property damage was later estimated at over $1.5 million. Only 16 bodies were recovered from the twisted wreckage at the bottom of the river. It was Canada's worst bridge disaster.

Nearly all the victims were killed by falling debris, or drowned. The dead included 33 Mohawk steelworkers from the Kahnawake reserve near Montreal. Most of these men, along with several other workers – about 55 in all – were working on the cantilever arm at the time of the collapse. Ingwall Hall, one of the few survivors, lost two fingers in the accident. He had been standing on a platform known as a 'traveller.' Travellers were used to carry heavy loads to specific jobs on the bridge. Hall's traveller was located at the end of the south cantilever arm.

During the federal inquiry into the disaster, Hall was asked whether he knew something was wrong with the bridge just by the feel and not by the sight of it. "Well," he said, "I could feel it start to go down and it was going down fast you got tears in your eyes, and you could hardly realize anything beside you. My partner was just about seven or eight feet from me,

and I never noticed him and never saw him – never knew anything."

Hall fell into deep, icy-cold water where he spent a few anxious minutes before being picked up by a makeshift rescue boat.

Elsewhere, about a dozen men who survived the fall were trapped alive in the mangled debris on the foreshore, which at that time of day was relatively dry. For these men and for their rescuers, the situation became more frantic as the tide came in. The rescuers had less than an hour to save the men, and while they tried very hard to get the men out, they lacked the

View of the bridge collapse. Photograph courtesy of the Library and Archives Canada (PA-020614).

equipment. As the water level rose, the trapped men drowned.

The inquiry, which concluded with a report published in 1908, also heard from the Lajeunesse brothers who were among the few who had landed near the foreshore. Delphis Lajeunesse was working on the anchor arm with his brother, Eugène, when the bridge went down. He recalled the events: "I was on top just putting a turn on the rope to send up a box of bolts when I saw something jerk the bridge. I fell down in my box, stood up, fell down again, and I looked again. I thought the traveller had fallen down on the bridge. The traveller was in the same place. I came to this side of the bridge and I looked, and when I saw the bridge go down in that way I was on that chord, and I thought that chord made the bridge fall."

Lajeunesse was thrown down on a girder, but managed to get to his feet. At that point he thought he was going to die. "I thought, well, I am finished, but I stood there. Nothing came over on me." Amazingly, when Lajeunesse landed he was not even dislodged from the girder he was standing on. He also described how he saw his brother emerge from the wreckage, bleeding but not seriously injured.

The Royal Commission, which investigated the cause of the disaster, concluded "the collapse of the Quebec Bridge resulted from the failure of the lower chords in the anchor arm near the main pier. The failure of these chords was due to their defective design." The commission attributed this to "errors of judgement" on the part of Peter L. Szlapka, the designing engineer, and Theodore Cooper, the consulting engineer. The commission found that "a grave error was made in assuming the dead load for the calculations at too low a value and not afterwards revising this assumption. This error was of sufficient magnitude to have required the condemnation of the bridge..."

In spite of the enormity of the accident, the federal government decided the project must be completed to establish the rail link for the railway system. So in 1908, the Minister of Railways and Canals appointed a board of engineers that arranged for and supervised the design and erection of a new bridge. Except for the piers, nothing from the previous structure was recoverable. In fact, the wrecked structure was in such poor condition that it was unrecognizable to the men who had been very familiar with it for nearly two years. Much of this debris had to be cleared away before work could start on a new bridge.

In April 1911, the board of engineers awarded a contract to the St. Lawrence Bridge Company of Montreal. As before, the design called for a cantilever-type bridge, but it differed from the previous one with the lower chords of the cantilever arms several times stronger. One important innovation that added strength to the bridge was the K-truss design. This feature was conceived by Phelps Johnson, president and general manager of St. Lawrence Bridge Company.

Construction started in 1913, and eventually the two approach spans, the anchor arms and cantilevers went up on either side of the river. By 1916, the bridge was nearly completed. Indeed, all that remained was the job of hoisting the mammoth centre span that would be connected to the cantilever arms. The 5,100-ton span had been built and was sitting in Sillery Cove, approximately 3½ miles from the bridge site. On the morning of September 11, the workmen faced a difficult task in moving the span upstream, but all went well with that part of the job. The span was carried on scows that were guided by tugs. It was a slow process, but eventually the span was manoeuvred into position between the cantilever arms where huge lifting hangers, attached to the ends of the arms, raised it by hydraulic means off the scows. The span was to be lifted two feet at a time in a repeat operation until it was in place between the two arms. After four successful lifts on the north end and five lifts on the south end, the workmen—about 80 in all—took a break.

At 10:50 a.m., soon after they returned to work, something went terribly wrong. The southwest corner of the span tore away and sagged. A few seconds later, the other ends pulled off their supports and the whole span came loose and disappeared into the river. Thirteen men were carried to their deaths and several others were injured.

A large number of people witnessed the accident from shore and their reaction was one of disbelief. "A cry of anguish went up from the onlookers as the span rushed to its watery bed," noted an article in one Toronto newspaper. "Women shrieked, men stood dumbfounded, while those directly interested in the building of the bridge could scarcely hold back the tears which welled in their eyes. It was as if they had lost a great friend. They had lived with this span. They had pride in their work and on the day when their desire was to be achieved, fate intervened... They have lost when victory seemed certain."

View of the bridge collapse. Photograph courtesy of the Library and Archives Canada (PA-020612).

Bridge worker Enoch McCann, who could not swim, was picked out of the chilly water by a rescue boat. "I thought I would never come to the surface again. When I did, I found two pieces of wood wedged in tightly at the elbow joint of both my arms. How they got there I don't know, but they saved my life."

Eyewitness Arsène Larocque, who helped transport the span to the bridge site, described the moment of the accident with some detail. "There was a noise like the snapping of steel. The centre span seemed to buckle in the middle and roll over, twisting the great steel girders. Then it disappeared. There was a roaring, grinding sound when it collapsed. The giant arms and the steel bands which held the span shook considerably."

The investigation by the board of engineers determined that the span did not buckle as Larocque and others claimed. Rather, the loss resulted from the failure of a casting in the erection equipment that temporarily supported the southwest corner of the span.

The October 19, 1916, report by the board of engineers stated that the St. Lawrence Bridge Company "advised your board that they assume entire responsibility for the failure" of the casting in the erection equipment and the "resulting loss of the span." The report went on to note that the company had taken immediate steps to replace the span. No other part of the bridge was damaged. "One might think in the wake of this second tragedy that the engineers and contractors might have wavered in their determination to proceed with the project, but they did not. On September 20, 1917, the suspended span was lifted into position and fastened to the cantilever arms. At last, the world's longest cantilever bridge was completed and the first train crossed it in October. Two months later it was opened to regular trains, vehicle and pedestrian traffic.

In 1919, the Prince of Wales officially opened the Quebec Bridge and unveiled plaques in honour of the engineers who had designed and built the magnificent structure. There was no mention, however, of the men who died when the bridge collapsed.

Seventy-eight years later, the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada unveiled a new plaque that commemorates this "remarkable engineering achievement," but the wording on the plaque pays only scant attention to the workmen who died during its construction.

James M. Whalen is an archivist who recently retired from Library and Archives Canada. He lives in Fredericton, N.B. Legion Magazine *is online at www.legionmagazine.com.*

Iron ring recalls engineer's public responsibility

by Denis Gaspé

Upon graduation, all Canadian-educated engineers accept a solemn obligation to conduct their work without error or faulty materials in order to prevent injury or loss of life. This obligation dates back to the investigation into the collapse on August 29, 1907 of a bridge under construction at Quebec City. The south leg of the bridge suddenly fell into the St. Lawrence River, taking 76 men to their deaths. Many others were injured.

Among the dead were 33 Mohawk ironworkers from Kahnawake—almost half of the total number. The village was devastated as these men constituted the majority of income earners at that time. Many of the men were married and had young families.

The investigation showed that the collapse was caused by an error in the calculations of the design engineer related to the load-bearing capacity of a section of the bridge. It collapsed under its own weight before it could be completed.

To emphasize the importance of error-free designs, from that time onward, Canadian engineers accepted the special obligation to prevent future incidents, and to remember the importance of that obligation, steel from the collapsed section of the bridge was recovered and small strips were forged into rings to be worn by engineers on the little finger of their working hand. Each ring bore the cold-iron hammer marks of the smith who hand-forged it. The wearer of the ring formally accepts his or her responsibility at a ceremony conducted to confer the ring. Modern rings are made of stainless steel, as the original rings would deteriorate from day-to-day wear.

Each province has an Association of Professional Engineers that maintains the legislated standards set for today's engineers, and each member wears that ring.

The ring I wear has always guided me in my career as an engineer, and has had a special significance to me as a Mohawk. It gained added significance when I learned that my nephew and niece are descendants of one of those Mohawk ironworkers who died on that fateful day 100 years ago. Their great-grandmother was only three years old when her father died. Anywhere I go in Canada, seeing that ring on a fellow engineer's finger reminds me of our shared responsibility for the safety of those who use our structures.

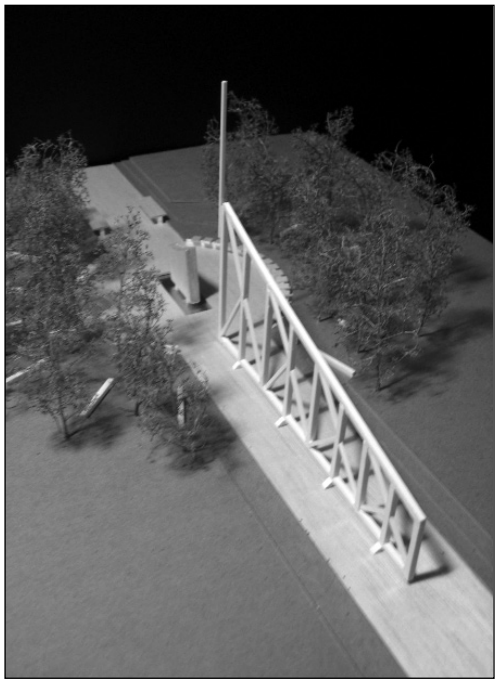
Denis Gaspé is a graduate of McGill University and worked for 30 years as a mining engineer in Alberta and British Columbia. Upon retirement, he and his wife returned home to Kanesatake.

Bitter Anniversary

Kahnawake Mohawks commemorate centenary of Quebec Bridge disaster

by Watio Shakorontakéhtes Montour

A solemn procession flowed through the heart of Kahnawake and to the memorial site near Turtle Bay to conduct commemoration ceremonies for the 100th anniversary of the Quebec Bridge Disaster. A resolute and profound moment of silence at 5:37 p.m. included the soft resonance of a small, makeshift bell. This induced deep reflection amongst the several hundred present, who were reminded of the sorrowful occasion, exactly 100 years prior, on August 29, 1907, when tragedy and despair was wrought on all Kahnawakero:non, following the collapse and complete destruction of the southern portion of the Quebec Bridge. The lives of 76 men were claimed in an instant and 33 of them were the Mohawk husbands, sons, brothers, fathers, uncles and friends of someone in Kahnawake on that long ago day and they remain in the hearts and minds of everyone.



A small steel replica of the bridge was displayed to serve as a guide for the larger proposal. Its majestic appearance, with its silver-grey colour and the quick-pitched rise of the upper chord, suggested a connection to the skies and heavens above. Another admirable aspect of the steel structure was its east to west positioning, pointing directly at the visible waters of the St. Lawrence River and towards the setting sun. A strikingly beautiful monument that embodies the dignity and grace of the deceased was placed at the east end of the steel structure and seems to serve as a symbolic anchor to the entire memorial site. The locations of 33 trees, one representing and dedicated to each victim, were identified with white markers at pre-determined points, 18 of which were on the south side and 15 on the north. All of the trees will be planted in the spring and the 18 trees destined for the south side will be there to signify the fact that only 18 bodies were recovered and buried here in Kahnawake. The 15 other trees that will be planted on the north side, closer to the waters, signifies the sad reality that the remains of these men were never recovered. The day of homage and honour was wonderfully carried forth by the caring and efforts of hundreds of people, and commemoration activities were not limited to Kahnawake.

Officials, dignitaries and many descendents, community members living in the Quebec City area, held a well-organized series of events that eloquently recaptured the sense of pain and loss that the 75 men and their immediate families endured. A gathering of 400 people at the St. Romuald church attended a play that included an exceptional performance by Waiakeron Gilbert, who spoke in Kanienkeha for an extended period. Despite the fact that 95% of the audience did not understand a word, all listened attentively, seemingly transfixed by his heart-rending performance. Later, after filing out of the church and boarding 5 coaches and numerous cars, the large contingent was escorted via a heavy police presence to the south bank of the Quebec Bridge. The north bound lane of the bridge was completely shut down to all traffic and this enabled the hundreds of people present at the future memorial site, which is very close to the bridge, to sit and listen in relative comfort and quiet to the words and actions of many speakers and performers. Warren Lahache, a descendant himself, represented the Mohawk Council of Kahnawake and expressed deep sentiment and pride, addressing the receptive crowd in French. Tiorahkwathe Gilbert sang a self-composed ballad in two languages and his lyrics related the essence of what the life of an ironworker can sometimes be like. Donna Jacobs introduced the large crowd to an excellent rendition of chanting, using a small rattle and a larger than life, rapturous voice.

Nia:wen, merci, thank you, to all those who put countless hours into organizing these commemorations.

Watio Shakorontakéhtes Montour is a retired ironworker from Kahnawake who is a blood relative of bridge victim, John Tewaserake Norton.

Gaspé Peninsula

The Edge of The World

by Joseph Graham

Humans spread across the world over a period of 150,000 years—6,000 generations—following the weather and their needs. They moved to the edge of land masses, imagining each time, no doubt, that they had arrived at the edge of the world, then slowly finding their way across to new frontiers. They arrived in south Asia and southern Europe 50,000 and 45,000 years ago. Twenty-four thousand years ago, people first arrived on the west coast of North America and began to spread east along the southern fringe of the glaciers. The ice sheets reached almost as far south as Pennsylvania, and as the ice receded, people pushed northwards, bringing their culture with them.

At that time, the Americas were peopled with different nations and linguistic groups who traded along the rivers, and in contrast to the European wheat culture and the Asian rice culture, these peoples developed one culture based on corn, or maize, and another based on the potato, both staples that were indigenous to our continents. Our contemporary understanding of the history of Quebec's aboriginal societies, though woefully incomplete, is based in part at least on enduring vestiges of a vital world that predates the arrival of European explorers but survives in many place names. The origin of the name Gaspé traces back to those ancient times.

The Lord's Prayer in Mi'kmaq ideograms as prepared by Christian Kauder, originally printed in Vienna in 1866. *Reproduced with Creative Commons 2.5 license*

While we have no written record of their movements north, it appears that early Native farming cultures were flanked by hunter-gatherer cultures, one being better adapted to the fertile valleys and the other to the hills, and that these peoples would have slowly expanded in unison, trading and warring with each other in an interdependent economy. The maize crops had been cultivated over hundreds of generations and adapted to the different climates, slowly moving with people and through trade northward from Central America. Maize is a plant that is dependent upon human intervention to reproduce, and the domestic crop will die without us. Botanists, in fact, cannot even definitively find the original wild ancestors that would show the stages of domestication. In appears today as though it was simply created by humans.

Although dependent on trade, American Natives were fairly autonomous and boasted a large number of languages and cultural roots. This autonomy may be, in part, attributable to the lack of horses and most of the other domestic animals that were used in Eurasia. War, for them, was a slow, tedious affair compared to the lightning-fast invasions on horseback or chariot that continually rocked and challenged the cultural growth of the Eurasian continent. In the Americas, the wars would have involved a lot more negotiated settlements since the slow-moving advance of invaders could not easily surprise the defenders. In fact, there is evidence that invaders sometimes came bearing gifts and tricked or cajoled their foe into submission.

Just as stories from the Bible help historians identify places and give background to other information learned through archaeology, the Creation story of the Mi'kmaq of the Gaspé peninsula is a variant of Algonquian mythology. It describes the actions of the first man, and, while it differs from other Algonquian creation stories in many ways, it outlines the geography of North America fairly well. Glooscap, a mythical figure whose creation predates 'the first seven couples,' is described as having explored the continent:

"Glooscap then travelled to the direction of the setting sun until he came to the ocean. He then went south until the land narrowed—and he could see two oceans on either side. He again travelled back to where he started from and continued towards the north to the land of ice and snow. Later he came back to the east where he decided to stay. It is where he came into existence." (Native American Lore, Stone-E Productions, 1996).

This quick summary implies that the Mi'kmaq people were aware of the basic layout of the continent, which indicates an awareness of the land they all inhabited. This is not surprising given that they would have traded with neighbouring agricultural peoples for maize and other non-indigenous items, some of which must have been carried or traded through a network of peddlers or some other system of exchange.

The Mi'kmaq were members of the Wabanaki Confederacy, and the term Wabanaki means 'people of the dawn.' These nations lived in the east of the continent, as their name reflects. This identity seems to locate them with regard to others who were not as far to the east, and they seem to have named themselves in a geographic context.

In school, we were taught that North America was fairly empty when the first Europeans began to settle—that the land was thinly populated by 'savages' who bordered on being irrelevant. In Canada, this view is reinforced by the assumption that Native peoples had no written language. The truth is much different. The early Jesuits documented that Mi'kmaq children took notes in their own script using charcoal and birch bark. The script survives, but clear records of culture or trade have not been found, and the importance of the writing has been largely dismissed. Historians know that there were written languages in Central America, and, given the individuality of the different nations, it is easy to disregard the scribbling of Mi'kmaq children, but it is suggestive of a much more complex culture that spanned the continent.

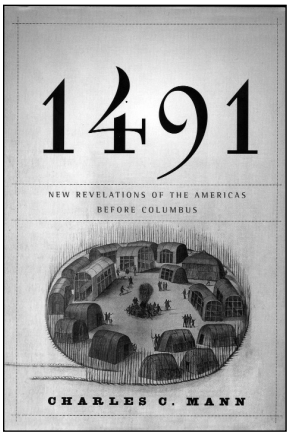
Nonetheless, ways of life based on botany and wild game farming rather than on animal husbandry suffered from a major vulnerability: Native people had developed no resistance to the diseases that come with animal husbandry. Over generations, Eurasians lived in close quarters with domestic animals such as pigs, horses, cattle and sheep and slowly, those who could not adapt sickened and died. When domestic animals were introduced here, these diseases tore through the Americas reducing its population to about 10 percent and destroying most vestiges of the culture. The invaders destroyed the rest, installing their own in its place.

When Jacques Cartier first sailed up the St. Lawrence River in the 1530s, he chose names for everything that he saw. Often, though, he chose the names the places already had. Some of the people who he found were Iroquoian, and they farmed and hunted in the lowlands along the river. He also met the Mi'kmaq, whom he encountered at the location of the present-day town of Gaspé. Mi'kmaq means 'friends' and was not the name they called themselves so much as the name that others called them. They called the site Honguedo, a word which meant 'the place people came to meet.' The name reflected their usage of it as a port and centre of trade. Cartier, who was exploring a virgin territory for France, saw Mi'kmaqs waving beaver pelts and hailing him using Basque words. To them, his ship represented more trade with Europe, a trade they had been carrying on with the Basque people for some time. Cartier wrote down the Mi'kmaq name for the region – Gespeg – as Gaspé. The English would call it Gaspay. The Mi'kmaq word means 'the end of the land,' reflecting a worldview that looked from a centre somewhere in the west or southwest and saw itself at the edge of the land, a comparative view, differentiating themselves from their neighbours to their west and south who were further from the edge.

Joseph Graham is the editor of Quebec Heritage News

For detailed sources see: www.qahn.org/document.aspx

Reviews



1491: New Revelations of the Americas Before Columbus

By Charles C. Mann
Alfred A. Knopf
465 pages, $40.00

For a long time, conventional wisdom had it that when the first Europeans arrived in the Americas, they found scattered bands of primitive peoples in most of the New World and the remnants of perhaps slightly more advanced civilizations in Meso-America. This was a nice comfortable assumption for those of us descended from the early European settlers, because we didn't have to ask ourselves about who we had displaced while settling the 'wilderness.' But those assumptions don't stand up to scrutiny and in the past generation or so academics from many disciplines have been examining the records left by the earlier inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere.

Archaeologists, anthropologists and other researchers have been looking at the history of the Americas in new ways and coming to radically different conclusions about what was here before Columbus's arrival. Charles C. Mann has done a formidable job of explaining these new discoveries and interpretations in this well-researched, rigorous but very accessible book. He takes the reader on explorations through remote parts of Bolivia and Amazonia, among the ruins of Meso-America and to the more familiar landscapes of the Southwestern United States and New England, all the while describing the old assumptions, the work being done to unearth artefacts and oral histories, and the new interpretations and knowledge available as a result.

This is not a romanticized vision of primitive peoples living in harmony with the earth in small hunter-gatherer societies. Mann describes the rise and fall of great civilizations. Describing the one we know as the Aztec for example, he delves into their history and recasts them as the Triple Alliance. He shows how they built cities, some of them bigger and better-organized than European cities of the time, and he provides us with an understanding of the very advanced agriculture being practiced. He explains the development of the corn that we know today from the wild grasses that were tamed and bred thousands of years ago. There are competing theories of the how and the when, and Mann provides us with not only these arguments but also demonstrates the impact of the domestication of various plants on the Americas and the whole world, as plant stock was transported to Europe, Asia and Africa.

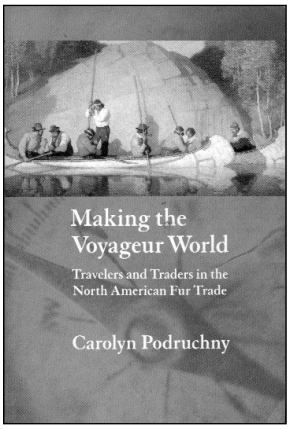
Mann also presents many cases of the effects of smallpox and other debilitating European diseases that wiped out whole populations. There is ample evidence that in 1491 there were actually more people living in the Americas than in Europe, but that within a relatively short time the numbers were reduced to a small fraction of those alive at the moment of contact.

But the real beauty of this book is the detailed descriptions Mann gives of his visits to the sites he describes, accompanied by researchers and also by the people who live in them and trace their roots back thousands of years in those places. He gives us the sights, sounds and smells of the Amazon jungle where the theories of archaeologists Betty J. Meggers of the Smithsonion Institution and Anna C. Roosevelt of the Field Museum clash over the date and type of the settlement found in and near Painted Rock Cave. Meggers believed that "the law of environmental limitation" indicated that it was from a "failed cutting from a more sophisticated culture in the Andes…Stranded in the wet desert of the Amazon, the culture struggled to gain its footing, tottered a few steps, and died." Roosevelt's research indicted to her that the "Marajó was 'one of the outstanding indigenous cultural achievements of the New World,' a powerhouse that lasted for more than a thousand years, had 'possibly well over 100,000' inhabitants, and covered thousands of square miles…(and) 'showed the most luxuriant and diverse growth'." Because the Marajó didn't build grand public monuments, the idea that they could build an orderly society wasn't considered until Roosevelt's work, which she began in the 1980s.

Similar stories are told about the Northeast. Although Mann's work doesn't extend into Canada, similar conclusions about our assumptions can be drawn from the descriptions of societies in what is now Massachusetts. The degree of agriculture, trade and cultural development, including discussions of diplomacy and war, do touch on the foundations of some of the peoples who populated the St. Lawrence River valley. The final chapter of the book is entitled The Great Law of Peace, and describes the Five Nations confederacy of the Haudenosaunee or Iroquois and their constitution, as well as its cultural underpinnings and the Europeans' reactions to the society that they fought with for control of what became the eastern United States during the 1700s.

The book benefits from the inclusion of maps, photographs and drawings, a series of appendices giving greater details of some of the topics covered more broadly in the text, 40 pages of notes, a detailed index and a remarkable 45-page bibliography showing the range and breadth of Mann's research.

Reviewed by Sheila Eskenazi, co-editor of the Quebec Heritage News



Making the Voyager World: Travellers and Traders in the North American Fur Trade.

By Carolyn Podruchny
University of Toronto Press
442 pages, $41.50

For more than a century, French-Canadian voyageurs paddled deep into the interior of this continent to transport furs and trade goods as part of an economy that helped define Canada. Yet very little is known of these men who provided the manpower for this critical fur trade. Theirs was a mostly illiterate world, and what details do exist come from a British-born bourgeoisie that was happy to portray the hardy voyageur as a mere caricature. Carolyn Podruchny's recent effort, *Making the Voyageur World*, attempts not only to describe the daily life of the voyageur, but also to delve into his headspace.

The book follows the voyageurs, starting in the St. Lawrence Valley, where French Canadian men signed contracts to serve the Hudson's Bay or Northwest Companies (the author focuses on the fur trade during the period following the French Regime). Some, known as pork-eaters, would paddle goods from headquarters in Montreal to a midway post on Lake Superior. More experienced voyageurs, called northmen, handled the routes from there to the interior, routinely performing heroic feats of strength and endurance in the process.

The author spends considerable time examining the traditions and beliefs that voyageurs developed on their perilous journeys. These had roots in Catholicism (for example, passing from one section of the route to another involved mock baptisms), and were also influenced by the voyageurs' unique situation. Podruchny examines the daily grind of paddling and portaging birchbark canoes through the wilderness. This routine inspired the ubiquitous voyageur songs, used to pass the time and coordinate paddling, influencing the voyageurs' values. The relationship between voyageur and bourgeois is also examined; even though the voyageurs were servants, she describes the ways voyageurs negotiated their conditions of service.

Podruchny describes life at posts in the interior, where voyageurs could become craftsmen or could trade at Native settlements, sometimes spending the winter in Native lodges. At summer Rendezvous, voyageurs could assemble, drink, tell stories and fight, strengthening their group identity, much of which centred on masculinity. The only females around were Native women, who ventured into quite fluid relationships that occasionally resulted in long-lasting marriages. Finally, at the end of their contracts, voyageurs could head home, though many, enamoured with the liberty of 'Indian country,' chose to sign up again or even settle down in the interior and become freemen.

While the concept of following the voyageur along his odyssey has allegorical appeal, in practice the book's flow is not smooth. It doesn't help that a number of these chapters were once separate articles, and have been cobbled together without much effort to cut the redundancy down. The reader is thus presented, for example, with the difference between northmen and pork-eaters at least five times. And too often Podruchny breaks from the narrative structure to provide background details that should have been elsewhere in the book.

Despite the book's faults, patient readers will take pleasure in the ways these men created a unique culture for themselves. It is obvious Podruchny has researched a great deal and wants to share it all with us, even if, at times, it comes across muddled. Her three-hundred pages could have been trimmed by a third, and it could probably have strengthened her arguments: by giving so many examples—by showing just how varied the voyageur experience could be—one gets the sense that little can be distilled from such wide-ranging findings, interesting though they might be.

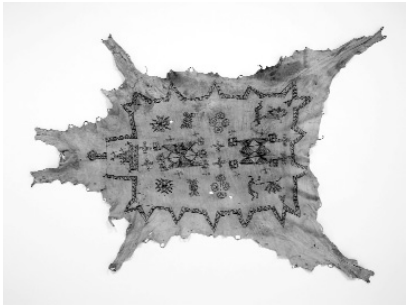
However, the goal of Making the Voyageur World is to venture past a mere description of voyageur life and to reach academic conclusions about their labour relations, identity and 'communitas.' Podruchny tends to over-reach in her arguments, making fascinating interpretations but without much backing; there are far too many paragraphs that end in speculation. For example, the author claims that when voyageurs gave nicknames to the bourgeois, this was a way to "undermine master authority." While perhaps perpetuating a French-Canadian tradition of sobriquets, the statement lacks proof. With regard to the use of maypoles as route markers, Podruchny shows this to be a modification of the French-Canadian tradition of honouring seignieurs and militia captains, but then insists on hinting that some Native influence must exist as well.

In addition, the book's writing style proves to be considerably vexing. Sentences tend to be choppy, period source quotations are often followed by an almost word-for-word description, and the academic tone will discourage many casual readers.

Podruchny conveys a strong appreciation for the voyageur life, and had she simply explored the daily life of the voyageur, without straining to find deeper meanings, it may have been more appealing to the general reader. Even so, we are left to ponder how we Canadians, so quick to lament the tedium of our history, have so often overlooked such a fascinating group of adventurers.

Reviewed by Tyler Wood.

Premières Nations, Collections Royales de France



Pointe-à-Callière Museum, 350 Place Royale, Old Montreal

Exhibit runs until October 14, 2007. Open Tuesday to Friday, from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. and weekends, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Info: (514) 872-9150 or email info@pacmusee.qc.ca.

Brush aside those pesky postcolonial anxieties. This small but surprising exhibition features an exceptional collection of native North American artefacts on loan from the Musée du quai Branly in Paris. It is now on at Pointe-à-Callière Museum in Montreal until October 14, 2007 and is so successful that it makes wading through the hordes of camera-toting tourists and ice cream vendors in the Old Port worthwhile.

The collection itself is stunning. Alongside French maps sit superbly maintained First Nations hides, clothing and tools; moccasins looking as though they are new, with ornate decorative flourishes; Labradorian coats, leggings and snowshoes; Mi'kmaq baskets and pottery. Also on display are ceremonial feathered peace pipes, headdresses, weapons and several impressive full wampum belts, including the one thought to have been given to Samuel de Champlain by the Ottawa during negotiations in 1611. In the centre of the room, a wonderful, giant, brightly painted robe from the mid-18th century depicts the Arkansas tribe's proximity to a French outpost on the Mississippi River.

Conspicuous among the artefacts is a rather delightfully unexpected trope: the phenomenon of cultural crossover. A number of items are the result of the European-American interface, and demonstrate effectively the speed with which such distinctions became blurred. Iroquois leggings feature Scottish-style flaming-heart images; a painted hide of

unknown provenance is covered in images of birds and flowers that look distinctly European; and, most curiously, a Huron-Wendat wampum belt made on Île d'Orléans praises the Virgin Mary in Latin. But, unlike the flow of power and money, such cultural exchange moved in both directions. A French-made tomahawk-pipe, from 1762, is adorned with fleurs-de-lis, and a note explains that the British became as adept as First Nations tribes at making wampum belts by 1725 or so.

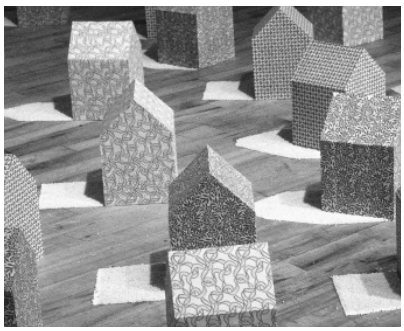
Women's lives are not omitted, as is so often the case in accounts that measure history by wars, technology and men signing treaties in the halls of empire. Considerable effort has obviously been spent providing explanations of the role of women in First Nations life, both in terms of domestic behaviour and the production of textiles (an industry destroyed by the influx of European-produced goods by 1800).

Among the problems with many such shows is the question to which the majority of a generation of Western critical theorists devoted their lives: what remains of these artefacts sitting motionless under glass, illuminated by artificial lights, separated entirely from function, reduced to mere form – mere medium, in McLuhan's rendering? This decontextualization serves a purpose, subtly and perhaps unintentionally: the obscuring of the brutality of military rule in New France. The stories of how these various pieces were acquired, and at what cost to the original owners, are left out, dependant upon the informed or imaginative visitor to conjure. For instance, 18th-century naval commander and Quebec governor Roland-Michel Barrin de la Galissonière's 'Canadian savage' mannequin, a gift to the King's children, is left essentially without examination of the meaning of such an appropriation. In addition, the majority of references to political dealings between colonizer and colonized emphasize amicable trade and peace treaties arrived at through negotiation. In contrast, the reality is that French soldiers and settlers forced their religion on Native peoples, subjugated them by force or the threat of force, and used them as pawns in skirmishes with British troops in the disputed territories between French and British settlements in what are now Ohio, Michigan and elsewhere.

Pointe-à-Callière itself is worth at least as much time exploring as the exhibition. Spread across two buildings, the museum's most striking feature is the jarringly modernist tower that stands beside the St. Lawrence River. But the tower's design belies what sits below the two edifices: a sprawling and exhaustive set of colonial-era Montreal artefacts, dug up in the very spot where they sit today. In 1989 it was discovered that Pointe-à-Callière is on top of the city's first Catholic cemetery, a fact which helped lead to the fort's location. The smaller of Pointe-à-Callière's two buildings, Place Royale, was the city's first public square and customs house. In fact, a museum archaeologist and researchers from the Université de Montreal revealed in mid-August that Fort Ville-Marie, the original French settlement on the island, sat in a warehouse not far from where the museum is. It's refreshing somehow to see the confluence of the tower's 20th-century design and the underbelly of a 17th-century outpost – a juxtaposition that fits neatly alongside the current exhibition's exegesis of the beginnings of European-American cultural exchange.

Reviewed by Sam Solomon

Painted robe with dancers holding calumet, birds & dragonflies, mid-1700s; Wampum belt, western Great Lakes, 18th century; engraved powder horn, Great Lakes, mid-1700s. Collection of Musée du quai Branly, France.



In My Life: Contemporary Aboriginal Art

Canadian Museum of Civilization
100 Laurier Street, Gatineau

Runs until March 16, 2008. Open Tues to Sun: 9 a.m to 5 p.m. & Thurs: 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Info: 819-776-7014

Like so many of us, I visit museums much more frequently when traveling than I do when I am at home. But with a request to provide a casual visitor's view of this exhibition, I had both a reason and a deadline to see In my lifetime: Contemporary Aboriginal Art.

The exhibition features the work of eight Aboriginal artists—some of whom have been prominent in the arts community for two decades, while others are only now receiving national attention. The underlying theme of the exhibition is artists' reflections on personal experience and ancestral history thereby highlighting the wide range of perspectives held by contemporary Canadian Aboriginal artists. More detail on how works are situated historically and within the context of their body of work is provided through interviews with artists on videos near each piece.

In the words of David Garneau, "I want people to remember in order to go forward". A Métis born in Edmonton and now on faculty of the University of Regina's Visual Arts Department, his great-great-grandfather was jailed as a collaborator of Louis Riel. Garneau's paintings present pop art and comic book-inspired caricatures of his family's Métis heritage.

A haunting installation blood on the snow by Rebecca Belmore, a Vancouver based Anishnabe artist originally from Northwestern Ontario, draws parallels between historical and contemporary atrocities including Wounded Knee (South Dakota, 1890) and the missing women from downtown Vancouver's Eastside neighbourhood—many of whom are Aboriginal.

Unsettlements by Hannah Claus is a collection of houses combining screen-printed wallpaper and beadwork patterns that highlight intercultural relationships and transformation, reflecting the artist's preoccupations with being a Mohawk from the Bay of Quinte in Eastern Ontario who also has European ancestry.

Faye Heavyshield's multidisciplinary installation, *Aapaskaiyaawa* ('they are dancing') features forms symbolizing human bodies floating in groups. The figures and the shadows they cast float like spirits in the transitional space between earth and sky, past and present, affirming the continuum between the land and Aboriginal traditions.

Works from Neil Macleod's *Wihtikow* series portray his dreams and the demons that inhabit them. They also serve as a metaphor for the greed and self-absorption of the colonizers who destroyed Aboriginal spirit and lands—a metaphor still relevant in today's consumerist society. A more optimistic view of these works suggests that destruction also holds a promise of renewal, thereby reflecting the artist's hope that the wihtikow signals his culture's continuity and survival.

Nadia Myre's sculptures, paintings and videos explore themes of language and lost identity caused by disinheritance which, in her case, occurred when a family off the reserve adopted her mother. Complex relationships among family, ancestors and friends inspired the three conceptually linked works in the show. *Grandmother's Circle* is a sculptural installation centred on a structure reminiscent of fish-drying racks that refers to food preparation and other family activities as well as her distance from them. In the video *Wish*, the movements of Myre's abstracted body connect her with ancestors in the circle thereby experiencing the pain and loss they suffered with the assault of colonialism. Her third work, *Coda Construction*, uses words, ground-to-air signals and Morse code in Braille to express the urgency of desire.

Sonia Robertson is a member of the Innu nation living in Northern Quebec. Her internationally exhibited works have evolved from photography to installation and performance work. In the past decade her site-specific installations have addressed both place and presence of spirit. *Refaire l'alliance* was originally created for the Musée national des beaux-arts du Québec in 2005 to redress the historical inaccuracies within our collective national memory. In this piece, a contemporary wampum belt suggests a new alliance for the future with a shared national history.

Frank Shebageget has created a repertoire of iconic symbols—seaplanes, houses and tar paper—that serve as powerful references to the intersection of Aboriginal and Euro-Canadian cultures. Repetition in the three pieces draws attention to the implications of mass production and consumption on Aboriginal cultures. *Beavers* is an installation of 1,692 tiny basswood models of a bush plane of the same name. This plane was often the primary, if not only, link to the outside world. The tiny replicas also represent the exact number of Beaver airplanes produced by De Havilland between 1947 and 1967. In *Small Village*, thirty-nine small identical grey houses are lined up on cedar shelves—a comment on the substandard federal housing projects on First Nations reserves and the uniformity of many suburban developments. *Communities II* features the names of nearly 700 First Nations, Inuit and Métis communities across the country that are in the process of reclaiming their languages and cultures. The names appear on tar paper, a material still used as a covering for many reserve houses today.

Curator Lee-Ann Martin was an independent curator when she prepared this exhibition for the Musée national des beaux-arts du Québec in 2002. The exhibition was designed to explore contemporary aspects of Native artistic practices in Canada with a particular emphasis on Quebec. As works of Quebec Aboriginal artists were set in relation to works by Aboriginal artists across the country, an eloquent snapshot of preent-day Canadian Aboriginal perspectives emerged. Martin is now the Curator of Contemporary Canadian Aboriginal Art at the Canadian Museum of Civilization where the exhibition continues until March 16, 2008.

Reviewed by Judith Nolte

unsettlements *(DETAIL) by Hannah Claus, 2004. Screen print on kozo paper, bass wood, seed beads, quilt, electronics components. Artist's collection. Photo©P. Altman*

HindSight

Reference Points

by Dan Pinese

The road from Sherbrooke to Spider Lake, near Wilborn in the Megantic Mountains near the Maine border lies across an undulating expanse of farm fields and forest threaded by a string of small towns and villages rooted in the early settlement history of Quebec's Eastern Townships. I buy a coffee and a map because it's early and within ten minutes of leaving the driveway, my girlfriend and I silently acknowledge that we don't know where we are going.

"After Cookshire, we just have take the 212 east. It's a straight line from there," I tell her as I look at the map and the directions I have on a few pieces of paper, scrawled during my conversation with Claude Chapdelaine a few days earlier. Chapdelaine is a professor of archaeology at the Université de Montréal and for the last several years he's been leading an archaeological dig on the shores of the lake now better known by its French name, Lac aux Araignées. We drive straight through the heart of old Compton County and beyond, through Lennoxville, Cookshire, Island Brook, La Patrie and Notre Dame-des-Bois, matching road signs with a voice recording of Chapelaine's directions. The voice tells us where to turn, what to look out for. A couple of hours after setting out, we reach Wilborn and cross a small bridge, turning right down a dirt road till we come to a red-painted cabin and a gate. The car odometer has clocked approximately 125 kilometres. Just like the recording said. "Where do we park?" I wonder.

What Chapdelaine's team has found near Lac aux Araignées dates back over 12,000 years. They've found fragments mostly, chippings of red chert—a silicate rock—evidence of the making of prehistoric knives, hand scrapers, and drills. But it is not these chips we've driven all the way out here to talk about. We are interested in the seven fluted points—a type of spearhead—that have been unearthed on the site. These are much more than fragments.

After we park the car, Chapdelaine emerges from the trail to our right and is holding a walkie-talkie and wearing an off-white pocketed vest. He greets us while leading us down a short path littered with archaeological plots on either side. Each plot is divided into a grid with white rope with each segment dug out in a levelled, careful fashion. There are students of a summer field school working around us, some scratching at the earth between the rope lines with trowels and placing it into containers while others rock waist-high screened boxes back and forth, sifting the dirt. Chapdelaine goes up to the now sand-free screen box and points to a fragment of rock, "These are what we are finding the most, flakes of red chert…it comes from the Munsungun area of southern Maine, about a 165 kilometres from here straight, roughly 250 kilometres by canoe." Chapdelaine reminds me that it is best to think about these lengths in terms of distances by water. The total picture is clearer and you understand more. "The aboriginal people of Canada never travelled from one point to another in straight lines, they didn't use straight lines," Chapdelaine says. "Today, we travel by roads and think in straight lines. They went in every direction. " As he talks, I can't help but notice the roped-off grids beside us and hear a car whiz by on the highway at our backs.

"How can you tell this site is over 12,000 years old?" I ask.

"The key feature of that entire culture is the projectile point…just as it is the harpoon for the Inuit," Chapdelaine says. "It's the only time in the history of North America where people were making a thin base, thinning the projectile point on both sides. These points appeared once and disappeared 2,000 years after. By logic we can say this site is at least 12,000 years old."

The fluted point is a cultural and migratory marker. Apparently, in the 2, 000-year period in which they were used, they have been found as far east as the Maritimes and as far west as Alaska. These points "establish a general chronology," says Chapdelaine, "but it's also a style. The way they dressed, kept their hair. Their culture is not just the projectile point but all the rest which is not in the soil. We lost most of the ways they used to identity themselves. But they shared some type of artefacts and the fluted point is one…The culture

Left, a segmented plot on the Megantic site. Right, Claude Chapdelaine. Photographs taken by Dan Pinese.

of this group is the fluted point."

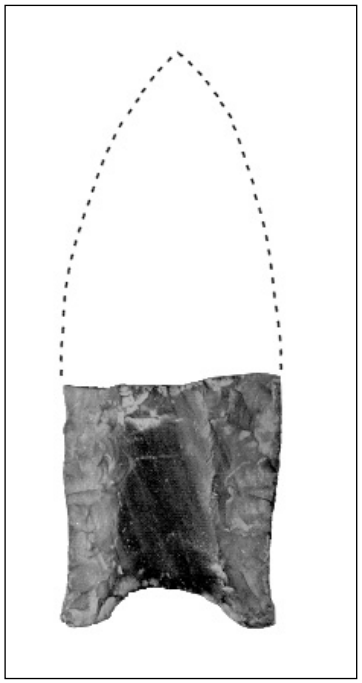
"But 12,500 years ago," Chapdelaine jokes, "was a very rough time."

"Seems like they would go south where it's warmer. Why would they come north?" I ask. The archaeologist has adopted the habit of speaking about his prehistoric subjects in the present tense.

"They are going north to intercept the caribou, for their fur," he replies.

Southern Quebec 12,500 years ago was a glacial environment, quite a contrast with the forested landscape it is today. It was frozen, glacial tundra, one that was starting to recede north, according to Chapdelaine.

"As the glacier recedes the caribou are receding north with the glacier. The people are following not the glacier but the caribou. But to have caribou you have to have tundra and the geographers are telling us that the tundra is disappearing rapidly between 12,500 and 12,000 years ago. [The geologists] are working with the same impressions as us, they are using the same dating process."



As the interview concludes and Chapdelaine introduces us to a few of his students he says, "I like to say to my students 'show me what you're mapping and I will tell you who you are.'" I am not sure I understand Chapdelaine's translation, whether he means mapping in terms of following or tracing something, but I can't help but think about his earlier statement that our society thinks in lines. We follow lines. We are truly in a different world here: one composed of pieces between a lake spotted with fishing boats on one side and a highway on the other. I leave the site feeling excited and simultaneously puzzled. I don't understand what the pieces of projectile mean, but I think that's the point.

"Do you want to stop to eat on the way back?" I say. "I think I saw a place on the side of the highway."

A broken fluted point found near Lac Megantic showing its probable original shape. Image courtesy of Claude Chapdelaine.

Event Listings

Laurentians

Laurentian Ski Museum
Mont Saint-Sauveur

October 20, 4:30 p.m**.**
Laurentian Ski Hall of Fame Dinner
Cost: 75$ per person
Info: Guy Thibaudeau, 450-226-3373
Tickets: Maureen Boorne: 514-710-9951

Eastern Townships

Société d'histoire de Sherbrooke,
275 rue Dufferin, Sherbrooke
Sherbrooke 1802-2002:
Two centuries of history
Info : 819-821-5406
www.shs.ville.sherbrooke.qc.ca

Potton Heritage Association Inc.
Fundraising Activity

October 13, 5 p.m.
Oktoberfest:
Bavarian supper, music and dancing
Owl's Head Ski Centre
Tickets: Jacques Thouin, 450-292-3020
Info: Édith Smeesters, 450-292-0547 or Carol Bishop, 450-292-4844

Stanstead Historical Society
Colby-Curtis Museum
Info: 819-876-7322
info@colbycurtis.ca

October 20, 10:30 a.m.
The 'healthy pictures' of Wilbur Reaser: Victorian Art, Morality and the Domestic Sphere at Carrollcroft
Speaker: Robert G. Colby
Member cost: 14$
Non-member: 20$

November 3, 10:30 a.m.
Caring for Grandmother's Quilt
Speaker: Diane Skink

Montreal Region

Westmount Historical Association
Fall Lecture Series 2007
Westmount Public Library
Info: 514-925-1404 or 514-932-6688

October 18, 7-9 p.m.
Down in the Titanic: Hartland Molson and the Allisons
Speaker: Alan Hustak

November 15, 7-9 p.m**.**
John Young and the Estate of "Rosemount"
Speaker: Caroline Breslaw

December 13, 7-9 p.m.
Alice Lighthall (1891-1991): A Beloved Westmounter
Speaker: Ruth Allan-Rigby

November 10, 1:30 p.m.
Shipbuilding in the Gaspe
Speaker: Thelma McCourt of Hudson

Quebec Family History Society
173 Cartier Ave., Pointe Claire
Info: 514-695-1502

October 20, 1 p.m.–4 p.m.
Legacy Family Tree Computer Software
Speaker: Lorraine Gosselin
Member Cost: 25$
Non-members: 30$

November 3, 1 p.m.-4 p.m.
Quebec Land Records Online Research
Speaker: Sharon Callaghan
Member Cost: 25$
Non-members: 30$

November 17, 1 p.m.-4 p.m.
The British Are Us: British Genealogy and the new databases available for English and Welsh ancestors

Beaurepaire-Beaconsfield Historical Society
Lecture Series, Centennial Hall,
383 Beaconsfield Boul.

November 15, 7:30 p.m.
The American Revolution on Lake Saint Louis and its Shores
Speaker: Adrian Willison
Info: 514-695-2502

Jewish Genealogical Society of Montreal
Monthly Lecture Series:
Info: 514-484-0969
Email: merlek@videotron.ca

October 14, 2 p.m.
Internet, PowerPoint and Novel Ways of Presenting Your Family History
Speaker: Mel Solman of Toronto

October 21, 10 a.m. – noon
West Island Outreach Workshop at Federation CJA West Island Building

November 20, 7:30 p.m.
Biala Podlaska: Revisiting Grandfather's Polish shtetl
Speaker: David Lewis Sternfeld, photo-journalist and filmmaker

November 4 and December 2
Sunday Family Tree Workshops
5151 Côte Ste Catherine Rd.

McCord Museum of Canadian History
Info:514-398-7100

Permanent Exhibit
Simply Montreal: Glimpses of a Unique City

Until January 7
Growing Up in Montreal

Until April 20
Souvenirs of Here: The Photo Album as Private Archive.

McCord Museum

Cultural Calendar

Souvenirs of Here - The Photograph Album as Private Archive
September 1, 2007 to April 20, 2008

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A selection of images from the personal archives of Montrealers of Chinese origin who have preserved their life memories in collections of photographs. A true revelation, this exhibition probes how photography is used as a means of remembering.

Growing Up in Montreal
October 29, 2004 to January 7, 2008

Explore the daily lives of young urban-dwellers in the last century by looking back on the behaviour and rituals, habits and games of Montreal children, from birth to adolescence, through the changes and discoveries of the 20th century. A space for historical discovery and dialogue between generations, this exhibition features McCord's remarkable collection of clothing, toys and photos.

Coming in 2008:

Reveal of Conceal?
February 22, 2008 to January 18, 2009

A selection of garments, accessories, and photographs from the McCord collection shows how changes in fashion trends and cultural standards over the last two centuries have influenced women's clothing choices.

The McCord is open from Tuesday to Friday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. and from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m on weekends, holiday weekends and Mondays during the summer months. Entrance fees (including taxes) are $12 for adults, $9 for seniors, $6 for students, $4 for children between the ages of 6 and 12, and $22 for families. Museum admission is free of charge to Friends of the McCord and children aged five and under.
Free entry to all visitors the first Saturday of each month from 10 a.m. to 12 p.m.

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