

Quebec Heritage

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News



Westmount Landmarks

Photos Chart Two and a Half Centuries of Heritage

Making Waves

New Documentary Explores “Anglo” Immigration

Plenty of Nutting

A Remarkable Townships Family Makes its Mark

Quebec Heritage News

EDITOR

RODERICK MACLEOD

PRODUCTION

DAN PINESE; MATTHEW FARFAN

PUBLISHER

QUEBEC ANGLOPHONE
HERITAGE NETWORK
3355 COLLEGE
SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC
J1M 0B8

PHONE

1-877-964-0409
(819) 564-9595

FAX

(819) 564-6872

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR@QAHN.ORG

WEBSITES

QAHN.ORG
QUEBECHERITAGEWEB.COM
100OBJECTS.QAHN.ORG

PRESIDENT

GRANT MYERS

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

MATTHEW FARFAN

STAFF

CHRISTINA ADAMKO; HEATHER DARCH;
GLENN PATTERSON; DWANE WILKIN

BOOKKEEPER

MARION GREENLAY

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Cover photo: Eric Corrigan, Sara Seward, and Eddy Whalen at Place Royale, Quebec City, with Félix Leclerc mural in background ("Fresque des Québécois").
Photo: Mike Reshitnyk.

EDITOR'S DESK

Madding Crowds

by Rod MacLeod

As I write, significant pieces of my country are burning.

The nightly news brings distressing images from Canada's West and North: forests ablaze, highways smothered by walls of fire, people scrambling into boats to escape ravenous flames across open water. World-wide, these kinds of images are all too familiar, but we associate them with California and Australia and other regions famed for being hot and dry – to say nothing of Africa, whose suffering has long been normalized by us comfortable consumers of televised trauma. But for Canada to be burning brings the danger home in a more visceral way. These fires are the inevitable consequence of our relentless assault on the environment – as are the insanely high temperatures of recent weeks and the resulting failure of crops across the West. Here in Quebec we were blessed with a relatively cool June and July, while the prairies roasted. Still, one can hardly avoid the feeling that there are fires out there on the horizon, waiting to close in.

Another series of fires this summer has also underscored our collective failure to deal with the wrongs of the past. As of late June, churches began to burn. A couple in quick succession, then the burning spread – not the fire itself, of course, but the idea of fire. Unlike wildfires, this attack on churches has followed a particular, wilful logic. Over fifty have gone up in flames, most of them in western Canada, the majority of them Catholic. Most, significantly, lay within Indigenous communities. Although the connection has not been overtly stated, church burning has been a response to the electric public discourse over residential schools that has characterized 2021 as emphatically as Black Lives Matter characterized 2020.

From one perspective, burning churches has been a perverse distraction, diverting our attention away from understanding the history and impact of residential schools – and more specifically away from hearing the stories of residential school survivors. Such distraction is unfortunate: violent actions play into the hands of those who are always eager to find moral failings in a righteous cause. And for anyone still in doubt about the righteousness of the Indigenous cause,



2021 has provided a stunning piece of evidence: children's bodies. Since May, ground penetrating radar has identified the remains of hundreds of children associated with residential schools. I put it in those terms, since I find the go-to expression "unmarked graves" something of a euphemism and one that has led to unnecessary discussions about why the graves were unmarked and whether we should call such graves "mass." The critical development of recent months is that we can count the bodies – and potentially identify them. Radar technology has confirmed what countless families have long suspected: that the children who were taken from them, and never seen again, died while in the schools' custody and were buried without ceremony or anyone bothering to report the deaths. These children were the victims of a cruel policy and a

horrific set of institutions. Their bodies, however, have now served to launch a national conversation about the horrors of residential schools. They have done so more forcefully than, say, the discovery of written documentation. It is pretty hard to distract from evidence like this, even with arson.

Indeed, from another perspective, burning churches has added substantially to the discussion. Seeing the charred remains of ecclesiastical buildings is certainly upsetting, particularly

for those of us keen to preserve built heritage, but it should also leave us with an appreciation of the anger behind the burning. I'm not saying that anger justifies such attacks, merely that acknowledging anger as the motivation for the burning can help us understand the reaction of those directly impacted by residential schools. For them, the discovery of children's bodies is more than a distressing news item. If we don't

appreciate the anger, we risk undervaluing the legacy of residential schools.

I know that Indigenous groups across the country have condemned this burning as destructive and counterproductive. I have no doubt that some of the perpetrators have been largely motivated by the aimless urge to vandalize. The fact remains, however, that the targeting of religious buildings by angry protestors of injustice has a very long history. If you know this history, there is nothing really *surprising* about church burning. When I heard of the first few cases back in June, I felt a lugubrious sense of *déjà-vu*. We're at that point, I realized.

"That point" is where much of my family (the one I married into) was in the summer of 1936. My grandparents-in-law were the live-in custodians of an *ateneo libertario* in Madrid, an

institution that combined elements of a Mechanics' Institute, a cultural centre in the vein of the Casa Italia or the Baron de Hirsch, and a soup kitchen. Some months into the family's tenure at the *ateneo*, a military coup against the democratically elected Spanish republic plunged the country into what became the most iconic civil war of the twentieth century. The coup did not entirely succeed largely because ordinary people of various political persuasions in critical regions (Madrid notably) attacked the army barracks and defeated or dissuaded the local commandants. This victory (short lived, as it turned out) inspired popular uprisings throughout the territory that was still loyal to the republic. Many of these uprisings were violent, and the violence was directed against those who supported the coup: landowners, industrialists, and the Church. In nearly every corner of republican Spain, Catholic churches and monasteries were burned, and priests attacked and killed.

My mother-in-law, who was a child during the civil war, and whose story we have been working to piece together whenever Covid has allowed us to be with her, remembers her father's growing despair at the tactics so many on the republican side, including his own brothers, were prepared to adopt. For him, the violence was a distraction from the more critical objectives of winning the war and securing workers' rights. Many politicians subscribed to this view, as have many historians since, arguing that spontaneous acts of violence only served to convince potential allies abroad that the republic was not worth defending. Indeed, while Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy actively supported the rebel forces (in the process trying out the military hardware they would later use on the countries they invaded), democratic governments relentlessly maintained neutrality. They did so even in the face of atrocities committed by Fascist troops as they steadily captured republican territory, atrocities that prompted one historian to refer to the "Spanish Holocaust." From Roosevelt to Churchill to Mackenzie King, leaders of democracies turned a blind eye to such military aggression and focused instead on the burning of churches by angry peasants. There were a lot of Catholic voters in Canada and the United States, and Britain had Irish

Nationalists to appease.

Given the negative press the Spanish republic endured because of the church burning, it is worth exploring this particular obsession further. The attacks on landowners and industrialists, though troubling for potential allies, were somewhat easier to understand than the seemingly wanton violence directed against men and women of the cloth. Why was so much rage targeted at those who spent their lives preaching the Christian message of peace? The answer, at its root, is that the Catholic Church in Spain sided with the Fascists – and, moreover, had always resisted liberal ideas, denounced democracy, and supported the social



status quo that kept peasants in a state of semi-serfdom. Popular anger in 1930s Spain was directed against a very old enemy.

That enemy eventually fought back, claws fully extended. Brutal though the wartime atrocities may have been, Fascist reprisals once the war was won claimed even more lives as the citizens of "red" Spain (as the dictatorship would refer to the republic, in all its political complexity, for the next four decades) were executed as war criminals. My grandfather-in-law was condemned to death – tellingly, for the murder of a priest, a priest whose life he in fact had saved from the wrath of others. Although this sentence was eventually commuted, four of his brothers were not so lucky. He and my grandmother-in-law spent years in prison, while their daughter was

taken into custody along with countless numbers of republican "orphans." These children were subjected to political indoctrination and physical abuse from the nuns and priests who ran the boarding schools tasked with turning their charges into proper Catholic Fascists. Comparisons with our own residential schools are there to be made.

The anticlerical anger that so many Spanish republicans felt is remarkable, but even more remarkable is how consistently the Catholic Church has positioned itself on the wrong side of history. This is by no means to let Protestants off the hook in the political authoritarianism department, but the Protestant experience has by its very nature been one of internal division leading in many cases to some form of compromise, even accommodation. In the history of Protestantism, religious struggles have also been political struggles; consequently, the persecution of Protestants in Catholic countries rolled naturally into broader political persecution. In eighteenth-century France, leaders of the Enlightenment saw the Catholic Church as the main obstacle to political and intellectual liberation, and many of them (Voltaire, notably) were imprisoned or forced into exile for their views. When the Revolution came, it was on the question of Catholicism that matters really founded. Politicians steeped in Enlightenment rationalism tried to recast the Church as an organ of the state devoted to people's spiritual and educational needs. Although the proposed change was really more bureaucratic than confessional in nature, the monarchy could not bring itself to sanction it, despite having grudgingly accepted political limitations on its own power. As a result, both monarchy and church became enemies of the Revolution. While the guillotine claimed the supporters of the monarchy, churches and monasteries were attacked, deconsecrated, and demolished. When the monarchy was restored, the Catholic Church resumed its organized antipathy to democracy, to "foreign" faiths and practices (Masons were always singled out), and to any attempt to undermine its influence over education, health care, and social welfare. The Manichean struggle between the Church and liberal democracy has played out over these issues in French

history ever since. Indeed, in a great many countries, an intransigent Catholic Church would prove the greatest challenge to fledgling liberal movements. In the twentieth century, democracies were routinely overthrown by dictatorships supported by (or, in the notorious case of Slovakia, led by) the Catholic Church.

Admittedly, to condemn the Church in such blanket terms is to overlook the considerable heroism shown by Catholic clergy in the face of other forms of tyranny, from the ultrarational forced conformity of communist regimes to the obscene cults of power imposed by the Nazis. More significantly, it sidesteps the tremendous dedication of Catholic religious orders whose efforts have saved lives, fed the hungry, comforted the sick, and taught – in particular, taught girls. But the good work of so many members of religious orders, to say nothing of the affability and wisdom shown by those whom I have counted among my friends and colleagues, has a darker counterpart: on the other side of the coin, bad deeds can be erased, their victims silenced. Until quite recently, the Church has proceeded with impunity, thanks to a web of secrecy that is protected by oaths and to a sense of reverence that can make calumny of any accusation. Christendom has produced a long line of no-nonsense religious orders, from military crusaders to the Dominican “Hounds of God,” aggressively bent on defeating (often hidden) enemies and advancing churchly agendas, but some of the quieter organizations have proven equally brutal in their way. In the wake of the Reformation, with the saving of souls at stake, European missionaries launched campaigns of conversion in the far corners of the world. Much of this effort was well-intended, in that the missionaries genuinely believed they were rendering a service to the “heathen,” bringing education and health care as well as the word of God. But the toll of acculturation would have devastating consequences on Indigenous peoples, consequences that most missionaries would neither understand nor care about. And for some, the importance of this charitable enterprise justified the use of physical and emotional cruelty – and even where there was no possible justification, that web of secrecy could hide all

manner of sins.

So here is a curious development in Canadian history, one that we are only beginning to understand. Back when the Canadian federal state was taking shape, back when it was eyeing the great western plains as potential space for yet more settlers, and working out what to do with this space’s existing residents whose culture was so very different from that of its own citizens, it turned to a handful of Catholic religious orders to carry out its ambitious plan of mass acculturation. It also turned to Protestant groups, who applied their own prim form of coercion to “kill the Indian” within the children transported to those residential schools that fell under their jurisdiction. But primarily it turned to the likes of the Catholic Missionary Oblates of Mary



Immaculate, an order created in France in 1816, at the dawn of the royalist restoration, whose mandate was to win back the masses lost to the distractions of liberty, equality and fraternity. In Canada, the Oblates followed in the footsteps of earlier educating orders, but they brought a new zeal to the equation, borne of the culture wars that would haunt liberal democracy well into the twentieth century. Christian missionaries of all religious stripes came forward to bring light to the imagined darkness, but the Oblates and their ilk represented a higher level of efficiency. They may well have seemed to be latter-day Hounds of God, who would do the job, no questions asked. Spain’s victorious Fascists would make use of similar hounds to kill the “red” in another cohort of children in the 1940s.

That comparison may seem unkind: our fathers of confederation equated with a brutal military dictatorship. But the stories from residential school survivors are horrifying – in some ways even more so than those from Spain. In Spanish

schools for “orphans,” the stick was cruelly used but the carrot also. Some children, including my bright and well-read mother-in-law (the library of the *ateneo* had been at her disposal as a child), were deliberately treated well and given special privileges in an effort to prove how effective the indoctrination could be; most likely such children were also being groomed for adoption by leading Fascist families. (In my mother-in-law’s case, they failed, at both the indoctrination and the grooming.) There was no such favouritism at Canada’s residential schools. Acculturating Indigenous children may have been the stated aim of the program, but acculturation seems epiphenomenal next to the larger goal of removing the obstacle to European settlement. Letting hundreds of children die from disease, neglect, or violence is not a way to show off how effective an institution is – unless its true purpose is something darker than indoctrination. And it was certainly not the goal of acculturation to supply childless European settlers with adoptees; that practice would only really take off in the 1960s.

There is another glaring difference between the two sets of experiences. Interviews with the survivors of Spain’s schools (especially the boys) reveal a dismal picture of physical abuse – but rarely sexual abuse. By contrast, it is mindboggling how consistently those who survived Canada’s schools report having been sexually abused – mindboggling, that is, until one thinks of all the scandals surfacing within the Catholic Church in recent years. It is possible that cultural factors may play a part in the underreporting of sexual abuse within the Spanish cohort, but another factor is surely more relevant: race. Whatever scruples may have lurked within the hearts of the religious leaders of residential schools, they could be dispelled by remembering that these children were, at the end of the day, Indians.

Placing blame on contracted disciplinarians does not let the federal government off the hook, of course, nor does it excuse anyone associated with this program. Confronting the legacy of residential schools is one of the great challenges ahead for all of us. So far, Quebec has escaped most of the flak from the

discovery of Indigenous children’s bodies, much in the way that it has escaped the intense hot dry summer heat. Quebec also feels comfortable deflecting the blame onto the federal government and, up to a point, onto its Catholic past, which has been ostensibly superseded thanks to its own Revolution. Quebec did it *quietly*, of course, but it overcame the power of a reactionary Church by transferring control of education, health care, and social welfare to the state, and it did so with a level of bureaucratic

rationalism that would have impressed the French back in 1789. As in much of Catholic Europe since the French Revolution, the Church in Quebec resisted democratic reform and non-denominational education, dabbled in anti-semitism and was decidedly soft on Fascist regimes. Whether Quebec has effectively rejected this aspect of its past is an open question – one that is unlikely to be addressed any time soon, given our current preoccupation with hijabs and what language is used to greet shoppers.

We are also likely to continue putting off addressing the burning question of Indigenous rights, given that in Quebec the official discourse around colonialism and colonization focuses almost exclusively on what happened at the Conquest. Of course, we may be forced to address this question if more churches burn – churches that Quebec continues to see as part of its heritage even as it insists that it is laicity that defines it as a nation.

And it’s only going to get hotter.

Letters

What’s in a Name?

In a recent presentation, Joseph Graham, who publishes regularly in *Quebec Heritage News* had a suggestion when you have a research question that remains unanswered: publish it as is, and the answer will come in the next day. This is the case for my article, “Hidden Behind a Name: The Challenge of Indigenous Genealogy” (*QHN*, Summer 2021).

A woman, from what is today north-west Ontario, named Okaquajibut, was the wife and partner of the fur trader John Dugald Cameron. I mentioned that none of my Anishinabe-speaking friends could figure out the meaning of the name. Well, a week after publication, a well-known Innu psychologist, Jacques Kak^{wa} Kurtness, was able to decode it.

The name is in three parts: the “O” or a “U” in Innu is an indicator of location; “Kaqua” or Kak^{wa} in most Algonkian languages means Porcupine;

and “jibut” or “shipu” in Innu means River. Thus her name translates as “Person from the Porcupine River.” And there is in fact a Porcupine River near Timmins, Ontario.

Thank you, Jacques.

Wes Darou
Cantley, Qc.

Bogus Claims

In his otherwise amusing account of tracking down a long-ago Anishinabe ancestor, Wes Darou misidentifies Sylvain Rivard as “an Abenaki genealogist, historian and poet from Odanak” (*QHN*, Summer 2021). Researching Indigenous family history presents a number of interesting challenges, not least of which is finding credible sources.

Rivard’s claims to Indigenous ancestry have largely been exposed as fiction, and denounced publicly not only by Odanak First Nation authorities, but also by Éric

Pouliot-Thisdale, whose work on Indigenous marriage records Darou also mentions in his article. In 2020, an Odanak band councillor went so far as to accuse Rivard of “cultural appropriation,” although, as one might expect in such a case, opinions in the community differ.

Membership in an Indigenous community is not a prerequisite for learning about Indigenous history and heritage, and Rivard’s particular expertise and knowledge of W8banakiak culture is not in question. The objection here is that he has falsely passed himself off as Abenaki and inhabited this invented persona for profit (he makes Indigenous-themed art and crafts).

In his 2019 study, *Distorted Descent: White Claims to Indigenous Identity*, University of Manitoba scholar Darryl Leroux Recent traces the rise, in the last two decades, of “race shifting” and “self-indigenization” in Canada. He shows that decades of Québécois and French-Canadian historical narratives “set the stage for these emerging claims by arguing for the

Editor’s note

A vigilant reader of *QHN* Spring 2021 issue noted two errors in the article “Alexander Stevenson: The Colonel with the Cannons,” by Susan McGuire.

The last sentence in the paragraph at the top of the right-hand column on page 22 should have read:

“Stevenson was president of the Caledonia Curling Club in 1880; he is reputed to have taught the game to Prince Arthur, who presided at the opening of the Club’s new indoor rink that year.”



James Inglis, “Opening of the Caledonia Curling Club, Montreal, 1869. McCord Museum, M2000.38.11.

benevolence of French settler colonialism, often using the trope of ‘métissage’ to do so.” Leroux notes the slim historical evidence for French-Indigenous unions: just thirteen Indigenous women are recorded in church registries as marrying colonists in the eight decades following Champlain’s settlement at Quebec. The small degree of Indigenous ancestry (typically less than one per cent) that persists today in a majority of Quebecers is better explained as the product of the early colony’s tiny population and generations of marriage between distant relatives.

Non-Indigenous Canadians worry very little about who they are or how they fit into society. One of the freedoms that inheritors of European settler culture enjoy is the right to fashion and proclaim their own identities. Kinship and social relations are much more consequential in First Nations communities. Indigenous people contend daily with the results of colonial practices and policies enacted in the past to destroy their ancestral cultures. Questions of belonging and identity directly influence critical contemporary issues, such as employment and access to housing, education and health-and-social services. Not to mention how and to whom any future benefits arising from ongoing land-claims negotiations may be shared.

Having survived theft of their homelands, the Indian Act, the horrors of residential schools, systemic racism, and a slew of other micro-aggressions, Indigenous communities ironically must now guard their identity against imposters enabled by a harmless hobby: genealogy. Online ancestry forums, especially those catering to the descendants of French colonists, evidently attract a fair share of would-be race shifters as well as the merely curious. In one forum thread Leroux studied, discussion centred on how to use their shared ancestry with a seventeenth-century Abenaki woman named Marie Sylvestre in order to obtain Métis status. Clearly, the genealogical approach to identity lacks any cultural or historical legitimacy. Sylvestre has an estimated 800,000 descendants, out of which only a handful would be able to tell you what the Abenaki word for bullshit is.

Dwane Wilkin
Trenholm, Qc.

The Halifax Connection

I was very pleased to read the review of my book (*The PS Royal William of Quebec: The First True Atlantic Steamer*) and thank you for publishing it (*QHN*, Spring 2021).

I would appreciate it if you would make a small but important correction to the third paragraph. The *Royal William* began her career as a small carrier operating between Quebec and Halifax and not Quebec and Montreal.

I very much enjoy your magazine and you will appreciate my feeling strongly, as a historian, that this error should not be perpetrated.

Eileen Reid Marcil
Quebec City, Qc.

Sad Ending in Eaton Corner

Upon receipt of the Summer 2021 issue I was drawn to the article “New Uses for Old Buildings.” Bethany Rothney’s article on the Foss House is well written. Unfortunately, there is a very sad ending to the story.

Due to the ever-increasing pressure by the Caisse Desjardins in regard to the Museum’s loan, the museum board has had no choice but to sell both the Alger and the Foss properties in order to clear the loan which until 2019 the Compton County (Eaton Corner) Historical Museum was only ever able to pay the interest on. The Museum has been existing

month to month for almost the past year, just managing to pay the operating costs excluding the interest payments for 2020 and 2021. The Town of Cookshire-Eaton has paid them to keep the Caisse from seizing the two properties and we will probably have to repay the Town. All of our board members found it a very difficult decision but there was no other solution. Actually, this all began in mid-March when Marc Nault proposed purchasing both properties as he had been in communication with the Town and the Caisse.

The Alger property is being sold back to the previous owner and the Foss Property is being sold to Marc Nault’s daughter and will eventually become a private home. The Museum will end up with \$20,000 in its account once all the loan and interest payments are made. So, it’s like Eaton Corner Museum is becoming what it was before the (infamous) Homestead Project got under way. The original loan has been a very heavy burden for our current board to shoulder and we have known the writing was on the wall for some time. It is sad to realize the volunteer time and labour that has gone into the Foss House, which, by the way, still needed more work on the electrical wiring for the upstairs, and scraping and painting on one more side of the exterior, but there is just no way the Museum can keep the Foss House.

The only criticism I have of the article is the statement that the Foss House is climate-controlled. It should have said low heat could be maintained year-round.



The Museum is not open to the public again this summer but our board is still hopeful we can start to plan some fundraising activities perhaps as soon as this fall and then look forward to 2022. What we desperately need is new board members. In our area, it's like looking for a needle in a haystack!

And so, the saga of Charlie Bury and Richard Nolet's Homestead Project has come to a sad end. I might add that a letter was sent to the membership letting them know what the museum board was faced with along with the offers made to purchase the two properties. Those that did send us comments strongly urged us to get rid of the debt. We have had some donations during the past year which has been a help to pay the usual monthly bills and our president was able to get a \$5,000 grant, which covered the insurance bill with about \$250 left over for other expenses.

Sharon Moore
Vice-President, Compton County
(Eaton Corner) Historical Museum

UPDATE

The Fulford Residence

by Sandra Stock

On June 7, we learned through Global TV News, that all the women of the Fulford Residence had been vacated from the building and placed in various public care facilities in the Montreal area. This was not the outcome that their families and supporters in the community had hoped for, but at least it was done comparatively quickly. Unfortunately, the Fulford board had refused to budge on their plan to close down the residence. The Anglican Diocese of Montreal (who operated the Fulford) has yet to announce any plans for the future of the building and have not been willing to meet with the media.

This building, located at 1221 Guy Street, just below St. Catherine, is now listed by Heritage Montreal as a potential "heritage at risk" structure and site. Built in 1859 in a simplified Italianate



style, the old house has only had two owners and has maintained its original Victorian appearance.

See "The Fulford Residence: A Dilemma for Both Elder Care and Heritage," QHN, Summer 2021.

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FROM THE OUTSIDE IN

Musical Heritage and Community in Valcartier

by Sara Seward

This is the first instalment in a series inspired by QAHN's 2019-2020 project "A Different Tune: Musical Heritage in English-speaking Quebec" funded by Canadian Heritage. Featuring community voices, this series will showcase the vibrant musical heritage of English speakers across the province.

In the late 1980s, I was a contra dance musician playing in the Boston area. I played with musicians who toured around the New England states and beyond, playing to dancers who loved the traditional music and dances of the early United States. These dances were done to music with influences from Ireland, England, Scotland, and Quebec, with Quebec-style dance music being “all the rage.” In 1988, I was given a small grant from the Boston Dance Musicians Association to visit Quebec for two weeks to “study” Quebec traditional music guitar styles. I stayed with Lisa Ornstein, an American ethnomusicologist, who graciously opened her home to me, and introduced me to aspects of the traditional music scene of Quebec. As an aspiring dance musician, I had been bitten by the Quebec music bug and was anxious to observe and experience the scene at its source. My life would never be the same!

One of the most eye-opening and surprising discoveries that Lisa led me to was the Irish/Scottish/English communities of Shannon, St. Gabriel-de-Valcartier (Valcartier), Stoneham, Tewksbury, and surrounding small villages just north of Quebec City. These small towns were settled by English speakers before the nineteenth century.

Scots arrived as soldiers during the Conquest of Quebec in 1759, and in the 1820s by Irish immigrants who received land grants before the great Irish Famines of 1833 and 1849. The hilly, rocky terrain became home to thriving communities made up of Murphys, Corrigans, Kellys, Smiths, McCoubreys,

The “Palace” needs to be explained. It was once the home of the Smith family but had been abandoned as a residence in the mid-1940s. For a time, it was used as a chicken coop but was rescued by Leonard Thompson, who bought the building and made it fit for human use again. He had the rooms cleaned, decorated the walls with an amazing array of images and kitsch (some in questionable taste), and brought in a huge old kitchen-sized wood stove and, most importantly, a beat-up upright piano. In the beginning, there were no facilities, the outhouse having been razed years before. This led someone with a sense of humour to comment, “This place is a real palace” – hence it was forever known as Caesar’s Palace. In its heyday as a party house, it also hosted many internationally-known traditional musicians such as Ti-Jean Carrigan and the Verret family from nearby Lac Saint-Charles.

It was at that “do” that I began to perceive the historical depth of these rural English-speaking communities north of Quebec City. There were about twenty people at this little party and I noticed several spoke with Irish accents – this after more than 150 years and several generations of settlement of the area. They sang songs. Keith Corrigan played his accordion while his cousin, Eric Corrigan, played the fiddle, and people rose to dance their version of “the Set,” a traditional uncalled dance consisting of six parts resembling the moves of square dances. They also danced a local variant of the “Lancers,” a quadrille that was imported from England in the nineteenth century.

I met my first husband, Blair Kack, at that party. The old saying, “Qui prend



Hamiltons, Mahers, Paynes and dozens of other families.

Electricity didn’t find its way to outlying parts of Valcartier until 1952. The main road going towards Stoneham and Tewksbury was not paved until later than that. In the first half of the twentieth century, the roads weren’t even plowed. Instead, teams of horses hauling huge heavy barrel-type arrangements packed down the snow to allow for horses and sleighs as transportation. As a result, the English community was strong and a bit insular, but preserved a very strong and unique culture.

Fast forward to my visit in 1988. Lisa Ornstein took me to an impromptu “do” at the infamous Caesar’s Palace.



mari prend pays” (Who takes a husband takes his country) was true for me, so I married smack dab into the heart of the community. Blair’s father, Harold, who had passed on several years before, had been an accordion player, a singer and a step dancer. His mom, Rita, was a good singer. His uncle Majella had collected hundreds of songs sung over the years by community members. His brother-in-law Jimmy Kelly was (and is) a much-beloved singer of both comical songs and narrative ballads passed down through the years. And his cousin Keith Corrigan was an accordion player of note.

That party at Caesar’s was typical of house parties in the area. And, my God, did these people know how to party! They continued long into the night, fueled by mountains of food and ample choice of drink. Enthusiastic players sat down to epic card games, primarily Euchre, where trumps were played on the table with a resounding slam, while in other rooms people sang or danced. At midnight, or one o’clock, the “lunch” would be served. More sandwiches and sweet dessert squares were brought out. People would often drift off home well after three. Old timers told me that, back in the day, such parties would even be held in the middle of the week; everyone was a farmer and had no time clock to punch the next day. After leaving a party and returning to their homes, they just milked the cows in the morning before going to bed!

With time, and hours of conversations with family members and friends,

my appreciation of the incredibly strong sense of community and interconnectedness grew. Someone wisely said, “We write things down to forget them.” Oral history in this community has always been primordial and the story of every person in the community is, and always has been, important and entertaining. Before the onset of widely available radio and television, neighbours entertained themselves by visiting each other and reminiscing about who had married whom, when, where, where the couple had moved to, and how many children they had. If someone in Valcartier sneezed, they would know about in Shannon shortly!

I loved hearing about fiddler Eric Corrigan going to elementary school in Valcartier village and staying at the convent during the week in the winter,

and then cross-country skiing six miles down Redmond Road to his house for the weekend. And the Kack family of ten children and their parents, living in a house with no electricity or hot water other than the big kitchen stove; in the summer, the children were ordered out to pick wild strawberries, blueberries and raspberries so their mother could can their harvest. They said this summer labour was no pleasure, but without it there would have been no fruit preserves for the winter. And Rosemary Corrigan (née Payne) who talked about her mother making homemade soap out of pig fat and lye.

The music and song also reflect the isolation and the intimacy of the community. At parties, singers had their personal repertoires that were respected by those present. If a song was known to be yours, no one else would take the lead to sing it. “Hey Jimmy (King), give us a song!” someone would yell, and Jimmy would sing one of the songs he knew well, with everyone joining in on the chorus. For instrumental tunes used for dancing, their original names were dropped and they were renamed to reference either the musician who played a particular tune or the person who requested it most often. The classic “Soldier’s Joy” became “Barbara’s Tune” because Barbara liked it and always requested it.

Many of the instrumental tunes people played, mostly on fiddle or accordion, trace their roots back to Ireland or Scotland. Like a Xerox machine making multiple copies from copies, the tunes’



Top: Caesar's Palace, Redmond Road, Valcartier, 1988.

Bottom: Dancers at Caesar's Palace, 1982. Photos courtesy of Saint-Gabriel-de-Valcartier Historical Committee.

original melodies morphed into a highly unique repertoire. French tunes were added into the mix, in part due to the closeness of the Irish and the French settlers; both these Catholic populations rubbed elbows at marriages and other church events where musicians from both communities played together, exchanged tunes, and experienced each respective playing styles. In the 1940s, 50s and 60s, tunes were lifted from the likes of the “Montagnards” radio show and later “Don Messer’s Jubilee” on TV. In their original form, dance tunes that came directly from Ireland and Scotland are mostly musically “square.” This means they are composed of two distinct sections (conveniently named the “A” and “B” parts), each of eight bars’ (sixteen beats) duration. Each part, A and B, is repeated once before moving on to the next section. This AABB structure means that the melody of each tune lasts 32 bars (64 beats). However, with the French influence, and maybe with no small amount of whiskey and the passage of time, many of Valcartier’s tunes became “crooked” (a beat or two magically added or subtracted from this normally square structure). While these crooked melodies are perfectly natural for local musicians and dancers in the area, those from outside the tradition are usually mystified and stumped.

One of my favourite tunes evolved from an argument between two camps of musicians. The tune had an A part that everyone agreed on. The B part was the problem. One group thought the B part should go one way; the other group insisted it go another way. The tune is now played as a three-part tune with an “A” a “B” and a “C” part. Unfortunately, when Majella Murphy heard the tune played that way, he couldn’t let go. He was heard to mutter, “Doesn’t go like that.”

When I first arrived in the area thirty years ago, the people I met were mostly in their fifties and sixties. Many of their children had moved away to other parts, and the unique character of their culture was well on its way to disappearing. Shannon, which at one point was 90% English-speaking, is now down to about 40%, including posted military personnel from the nearby army base (CFB Valcartier).

The people who shared their stories

with me have grown older or passed away. Thankfully, some people have documented the culture for future generations. Fiddler Eric Corrigan has extensive notes on many families and occurrences in the communities. Both Bernard Monaghan and Majella Murphy collected notebooks of old ballad lyrics but did not write out the accompanying music. Majella did record himself singing some of them, so not all the music is lost. Most of this material has been passed down to family members. In



addition, American traditional musicians and researchers Lisa Ornstein and Nick Hawes together collected and documented a lot of songs, stories and instrumental tunes from the area.

In fact, Lisa, Nick and other musicians recorded an award-winning disc called *Ireland in Québec* (2008). On it, Jimmy Kelly sings a few songs, including “White and Murphy,” a ballad that recounts the tragedy of local men working in lumber camps in the winter. On accordion, Keith Corrigan plays several tunes, including some passed down from his father, Pat, who played the violin. Included on this disc is a PDF booklet with the music written out plus the precise directions of how to dance the Valcartier version of the “Lancers” and the “Set.”

Eddie Whelan and Eric Corrigan, two fiddlers in their seventies, recorded a disc entitled *Simply for the Pleasure* a few years back featuring a selection of their favorite jigs, reels and waltzes. Eddie has since passed away, but his music remains as a precious souvenir.

Other well-known Québécois traditional music groups such as the “La bottine souriante” have been introduced to tunes from the repertoire and gone on to release them on commercial recordings. A fine example of this is “Sheepskin and Beeswax.” The tune title

was printed on the Bouttine’s album as “Beeswax and Skinsheep” – which explains the folk process very well indeed.

There aren’t many of the old-timers left to share their stories of a simpler time and way of life. With the continual drain of younger people, and the juggernaut of television and social media, the closeness of a community where generations lived out their lives together is becoming a thing of the past. But to have witnessed it as it was has been a precious gift that I will always treasure.

Thanks to Allison Kirkwood and the Saint-Gabriel-de-Valcartier Historical Committee for the extra photographs, as well as to Steve Kack. Thanks also to Eric and Rosemary Corrigan and Debby Chakour for helping me verify a couple of facts that my old memory wasn’t sure of. And finally to my Kack family in-laws for years of memories.

Originally from Massachusetts, Sara Seward is a guitarist, English teacher, and animal lover who has lived in the Jacques-Cartier area north of Québec City since the late 1980s. She has a deep knowledge of the fiddle music of New England and Québec and is respected in traditional music circles as a subtle and inventive accompanist.

Additional Listening and Reading

Keith Corrigan and Jimmy Kelly. *Ireland in Québec: Traditional Music and Songs from Keith Corrigan and Jimmy Kelly* [CD/Booklet], 2008.

Eddy Whalen and Eric Corrigan. *Pour le plaisir... Simply for the Pleasure.*

valcartiergenealogy.com.

stillhereqc.weebly.com.

www.valcartier1816.com.

shannon.ca.

St. Patrick’s in September: Livestream produced by QAHN’s *A Different Tune Project*, September 2020.

facebook.com/101281071341264/videos/366604044369883.

WAVES OF CHANGE

A New Film Project Puts a Face to a Community

by Guy Rex Rodgers

The Secretariat

In 2018, the recently created Secretariat for Relations with English-Speaking Quebecers consulted its constituency and found – to no one’s surprise – that English-speakers do not have a strong sense of identity or belonging in Quebec. After additional consultation, the Secretariat decided to fund six community organizations to create projects addressing issues of identity and belonging in Quebec’s English-Speaking community. The first meeting of six community partners went madly off in multiple directions seeking consensus on definitions. Who is Anglo-Québécois? Is Anglo identity determined by mother tongue or by participation in community activities? Which activities? What does it mean to belong? Belong to what?

The English Language Arts Network (ELAN) initially approached the project through the filter of works of art that have stimulated a sense of community, but upon reflection we realized that expecting people to read a library of books or see a festival of films before engaging in a community conversation was unrealistic. After jettisoning the plan to stimulate a community conversation around works of art, we made the pragmatic decision simply to conduct interviews about identity and belonging with a variety of people.

Whose Story?

Given the small number of people who can be interviewed for a documentary project, how could we construct a meaningful portrait of an entire community? The narrow definition of mother tongue constitutes a community of more than 600,000 English-speaking Quebecers. “Language spoken at home” or “First official language spoken” definitions expand the group to almost a million.

What representative sample should we choose to interview, and based on what criteria?

Because Quebec’s English-speaking community includes immigrants from many different parts of the world, we considered selecting interviewees based on country of origin to achieve maximum diversity. We were confident we could find people from 50 different countries but most of them would be relatively recent immigrants. What special emphasis should be given to Quebec’s “historic”



Anglo community? Should interviewees be given extra marks for the number of years their family has lived in Quebec?

We considered the option of interviewing only mother-tongue English-speakers, but would groups like Italians, Greeks and Portuguese be excluded, although educated in English, if they did not consider English their mother tongue? How should we evaluate French-language skills? Would a child from a bilingual family with an Anglo father and a Franco mother be able to claim English as “mother tongue”? Are people more representative of Quebec’s Anglos if they are unilingual or fluently bilingual? As we considered methodologies for the project, it became clear that Quebec’s English-speaking “community” is a multiplicity of communities, in which diversity is more

characteristic than any unifying commonality.

Josée Legault ruffled feathers back in 1992 when she published *Les Anglo-Québécois: L’invention d’une minorité*. Legault’s thesis about Anglos was based on her understanding that French Quebecers share the same language, religion (even in post-religious times, Catholic atheists disbelieve different things than Protestant atheists) and roots in New France. Most Anglos in Quebec cannot trace their roots back to colonial times.

Many do not correspond to the stereotype of Anglo-Saxons, and some leaders of the English-speaking community are Allophones whose mother tongue (or ancestral language) is not English. Ergo the Anglo-Quebec “community” can be compared to flotsam and jetsam randomly washed up onto a beach where it does not belong. It was a harsh assessment, but it is not entirely false that Quebec’s English-speaking community is a recently “invented” minority.

Anglos are regularly stigmatized as invaders in a land where they do not belong. Legault trotted out these tropes in her book, along with the stereotype of a WASPy elite that prefers to live at a safe remove from the real Québécois: the French-speaking natural heirs of the land that was New France until stolen during the Conquest. These stereotypes are mostly fiction but it is true that English speakers arrived in an inhabited land. (That the “New World” was taken by force from its pre-colonial inhabitants is not yet adequately addressed in the official history of Quebec.)

As ELAN considered the context of the English-speaking communities in Quebec, two things became clear. The first was that Anglo-Quebec history is a tale of immigration. Every English speaker knows when his or her ancestors arrived in Quebec and where they came

from. Most English speakers know why their family chose to leave their homeland, and the challenges they faced in establishing a new home here. The other point that became clear is that although many Indigenous peoples in Quebec speak English, theirs is a dramatically different story, far too important to shoe-horn into the already complex tale of immigration defined by language.

Methodology

Once we hit upon the idea of Quebec's English-speaking community being the product of immigration, the methodology for the project began to take shape. In our day-to-day lives, each of us shares communities with co-workers, comrades in special interest groups, neighbours, and schoolmates who share our demographics and cultural references. However, our relationship to Quebec is inextricably linked to our family's arrival in this land. From the Irish famines and the Scottish highland clearances to subsequent revolutions, persecutions, catastrophes and wars, groups of immigrants have arrived in Quebec sharing a culture, history, religion and language. Their relationship to Quebec is defined by how their immigrant group was received by the Francophone majority and by the English-speaking minorities. The relationship is also affected by the period of arrival and the socio-political climate of the time. We tested this concept of waves of immigration with friends and colleagues and found a strong correlation between identity as a Quebecer and the family tale of immigration.

Next we began to examine periods of immigration to determine which groups would be most representative of the larger English-speaking community. The first arrivals were from the British Isles, and three of the groups florally represented on Montreal's coat of arms – the English, Irish and Scottish – were the starting point for the story. We began to seek out the oldest families we could locate. One of the interviewees traced her family's Quebec connections back to 1820, which gave our oral history a 200-year narrative arc from 1820 to 2020. The year of filming the first episodes coincided with the fiftieth anniversary of the October Crisis, so the project also contained an important historical element by interviewing senior members of the community who were

eyewitnesses to the turbulent political and social changes beginning in the 1960s.

A Puzzling Anomaly

During the project we discovered a number of anomalies that contradicted our expectations. We knew that not everyone in the English-speaking community was Anglo-Saxon and/or Protestant but we expected that some, if not most, of the older families would correspond to the deeply entrenched archetype. Despite casting our net widely we found very few Anglo-Saxons – Celts from Scotland and Ireland were much more prevalent – and we found far more Catholics than Protestants. Self-identifying Anglo-Saxon Protestants were surprisingly rare. A possible explanation for this anomaly is that WASPs felt most directly under attack in the turbulent years and left Quebec at a higher rate during the "Exodus" period. This could be an interesting research project for a curious historian.

The First Wave of Immigration

We knew when Anglo immigration began, but when should the first wave of immigration end? Are there significant differences in the experiences of families that arrived in 1800 compared to those that arrived in 1900? Do their descendants have significantly different stories to tell? Another way of asking the question was: when did the first major change in the Anglo-Quebec story occur? From the year of the Conquest, through to the incorporation of Montreal in the 1840s (when English speaking communities were so prominent, and distinct, that they merited three of the four flowers on Montreal's coat-of-arms), to the 1860s (when English speakers briefly constituted the majority in Montreal), and on to 1945 (when Hugh MacLennan's *Two Solitudes* depicted a Quebec divided between a French-speaking, mostly Catholic, majority and an English-speaking, mostly Protestant, minority). The first major change in that dynamic occurred after the Second World War, when large numbers of so-called Allophones began to arrive in Quebec. We settled upon the year 1945 to divide the first wave of immigration from the second.

What other groups were an integral part of Quebec's English-speaking com-

munity in the first wave that arrived prior to 1945? The Black presence in New France was mostly tied to African slavery. After the Conquest, the British permitted slavery until it was abolished by the Emancipation Act. Black Loyalists came to Quebec before and after the American Civil War, and then large numbers of Black English speakers arrived in the 1880s, when Canada's new national railroads recruited employees from the United States and the West Indies. Many made their homes in the area now known as Little Burgundy. During the Prohibition years, Americans flooded into Montreal for alcohol and jazz. Some of the hottest nightclubs, like Rockhead's Paradise, were in Little Burgundy, where hometown legend Oscar Peterson was born.

The first Jewish synagogue in Montreal was established in 1768. At the end of the nineteenth century, a large group of Jews fled Eastern Europe, increasing Montreal's Jewish population to 60,000, centered on streets around St. Laurent Boulevard and east into the Plateau area. These new immigrants made Yiddish the third most prevalent language in Montreal, and in many ways, they constituted a third solitude, adding a new language and religion to the mix. The Provincial Education Act of 1903 legitimized enrollment of Jewish students in the Protestant school system. Jewish immigrants often inhabited different areas of Montreal than Anglo Protestants, so their children attended different schools. Baron Byng High School on St. Urbain Street was 99% Jewish when Mordecai Richler was a student there in the 1940s.

The first Chinese immigrants who arrived in Montreal in 1877 formed yet another distinct community. By 1902, the area officially known as "Chinatown" became home to Chinese-owned businesses, notably specialty grocers, laundries and restaurants that catered to the Chinese community and the rest of Montreal. Chinese immigrants were also excluded from the Catholic school system and permitted to enroll in Protestant schools.

Immigration Waves 2 through 5

The Allophone population of Montreal rose from 1% in 1860 to 22% in 1970 as the Anglo population fell from 51% to 14%. Many of these post-war immigrants

did not have French or English as their mother tongue and they were not Catholic or French. The story of the second wave of immigration would start in 1945 and end in 1970.

Our project looked beyond the patterns of immigration as defined by demographers and statisticians. We wanted to capture the shared experiences of people immigrating to Quebec, and so our third wave of immigration became the quarter-century of turbulence, beginning in 1970 with the FLQ crisis, encompassing Bill 22, the election of a Parti Québécois government, Bill 101, the 1980 referendum, the Meech Lake and Charlottetown Accords, the Oka crisis, and ending with the referendum of 1995. The second and third waves each covered a quarter-century period.

A final 25-year period would have taken the fourth wave from 1995 to 2020, the year we began filming the interviews. There was a certain elegance to constructing a story based on quarter-century periods, generational time spans. But Quebec has changed dramatically since 1995, and a quarter-century ago is already ancient history for young people and recent immigrants. We decided to define the fourth wave as the period from 1995 to 2010 and add a fifth wave of very recent immigrants (2010-2020), suspecting that they would have a markedly different relationship to Quebec history and politics, and a different story to tell. Our intuition was strongly validated in the interviews.

Regions

One of the prevalent myths in Quebec is that Anglos live only in Westmount and the West Island of Montreal. Large populations of English speakers have inhabited regions all around Quebec, working as farmers, fishers, lumberjacks, miners and merchants. If we were to return to the Victorian era, when many parts of Quebec were still in their pioneer phase, the English presence was remarkably strong.

The Ottawa Valley region was 60% English-speaking at the time of the 1861 census. A sizeable Anglo population still inhabits the region but it has fallen to about 15%. English speakers once constituted 58% of the population of the Eastern Townships. Megantic County was home to large numbers of Scots who had lost



their land in the Highland Clearances. Until 1920, the region had the second highest number of Gaelic speakers in Canada and church services were still conducted in Gaelic until the 1970s. Back in the Victorian era, the English-speaking population of Quebec City was about 40%. Like other populations in the province, the Quebec City community was divided between Catholics and Protestants; the English-speaking Chinese and Jewish communities also lived independently. The Gaspé region was 25% English-speaking in the late nineteenth century. The population has fallen to about 6% but continues to maintain schools and churches. The regional Anglo story, unknown to many Quebecers, including most English-speaking Montrealers, became the focus of a special sixth episode of Waves of Change.

Recruiting and Filming

After settling upon five waves of immigration and a sixth group to present the regional story, we wanted to orchestrate group discussions, with 8-10 people per group, rather than conduct individual interviews. We had two reasons for this. The first is that a group discussion provokes depth and variety. Individually, people may give an obvious answer to the same question, but in a group discussion each subsequent interviewee feels compelled to go a little deeper or enrich the conversation by adding complimentary information. An equally important reason for group discussion was validation. An individual looking back several decades may question his or her memories, particularly about events that are contro-

versial. Other people who lived the same experience can validate that controversial issues were not isolated incidents – for example, Allophones being denied access to Catholic schools – but systemic practices, whether or not they were official policy.

The most crucial challenge was to recruit knowledgeable, articulate and telegenic interviewees who represented the main groups of immigrants within each wave of immigrations. We reached out to dozens of networks and pre-screened hundreds of potential candidates before finally recruiting sixty people for the six group discussions that we recorded for the Waves of Change project. Did I mention that the filming took place between December 2019 and February 2021, in the darkest days of the Covid-19 pandemic? Despite all our health and safety precautions, a few interviewees backed out at the last minute and five had to be filmed individually against black screens to create the illusion that they were filmed at the same time and in the same space as the rest of the group.

From initial brainstorming until the day we filmed the final discussion group, the project was an odyssey, but the quality of the results more than justified the efforts. In the next edition of *Quebec Heritage News* I will share some stories about the people we interviewed for Waves of Change and the surprises they revealed.

Guy Rex Rodgers is a writer and director who was Executive Director of ELAN from its foundation in 2004 until 2021. ELAN's six Waves of Change videos can be seen at <https://wavesofchangequebec.ca/Documentaries>.

FROM 1739 TO 1967

Architecture in Westmount

by Doreen Lindsay

While researching and writing about the various families, businesses and architecture for the Westmount Historical Association, I became aware of the amazing variety of historical architectural styles that have been constructed within Westmount over the years. From a stone farmhouse to glass towers, they are all within walking distance of each other within our small community.

A selection of fourteen from the hundreds of photographs that I have taken over the past fifteen years for the Westmount Historical Association now form a permanent exhibition in the Recreation Room of Manoir Westmount. Managed by the Rotary Club of Westmount, the Manoir is a retirement home connected to the Flower Conservatory and the Westmount Public Library situated in Westmount Park on Sherbrooke Street West.



Hurtubise Family House (1739)

Westmount's oldest building dates from 1739, when Jean Hurtubise, the owner of the land, signed a contract with master mason Jacques Bertrand to construct a stone house 34 feet long and 32 feet wide. The contract stated that Bertrand would supply four masons for fifteen days and Hurtubise would supply stone from the land and six windows that he would buy in town. There were to be ventilation openings in the front and rear stone walls so that vegetables stored there would not rot. Dr. Leopold Hurtubise, the last of the Hurtubise family to live in the house, died in 1955, and the family sold the property to Colin Molson, Mable Molson and James Beattie. In 1961, these three formed the Canadian Heritage of Quebec, which still owns the house and land. In 2004, the house was declared a historical monument and the land was declared a historic site by the Ministère de la culture et des communications du Québec. Open by appointment.

This photographic exhibition celebrating the architectural history of buildings within the City of Westmount was initiated by the Art for Healing Foundation, a non-profit organization whose mission is to bring the healing power of art to hospitals and wellness facilities, transforming otherwise sterile public and patient areas into inspiring environments that encourage a sense of serenity and hope for patients, their families, and healthcare providers.

The Art for Healing Foundation was founded by Earl Pinchuk and Gary Blair in 2002 and has since installed over 13,000 works of art in 87 healthcare institutions across Canada and in Paris, France. All of the artwork has been donated by artists, art collectors and universities.

- Earl Pinchuk



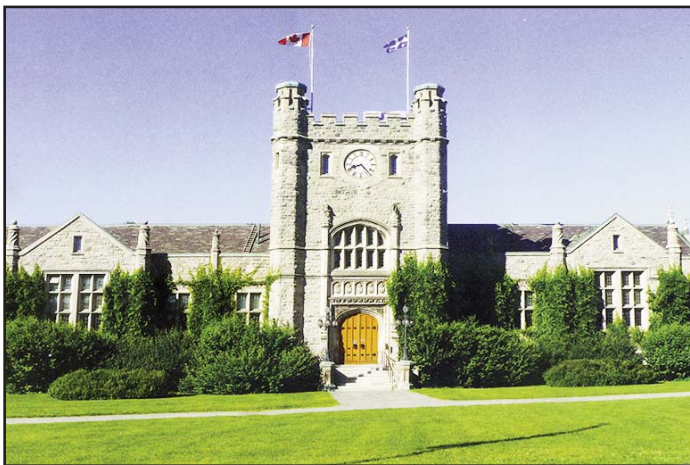
The Goode House (1840s)

The Goode House, in its original condition, at 178 Côte-Saint Antoine Road, and its renovated neighbour at 168, are the second oldest houses in Westmount. They are two of four identical houses built by Moses Judah Hayes in the 1840s and named Metcalfe Terrace in honour of the governor general of Canada at the time. The corner pilasters and window moldings with scrolls reflect the Regency architecture popular in Britain. The flared roof and wide eaves help to combine landscape and architecture in a picturesque manner. Three generations of the Goode family lived in this house as of 1884, when J. B. Goode bought the property after emigrating here from England. His grandson, Larry Goode, who died in 2019, donated his grandfather's photographs of the surrounding area to the Westmount Historical Association.



Westmount Public Library (1898)

Westmount’s beloved and treasured Public Library was designed by the well-known local architect Robert Findlay in 1898 in honour of Queen Victoria’s Diamond Jubilee the previous year. It was the first free public library in Quebec. The red brick structure, built in the Richardsonian Romanesque style (named after the architect Henry Richardson), has a prominent tower and a sloping slate roof. There is a large archway over the original front door entrance from Westmount Park. The stone relief above this entrance was carved by the sculptor George Hill (1861-1934), who also designed the War Memorial in Westmount and the George-Etienne Cartier Monument (1919) on Mount Royal. In 1924, Findlay designed an extension to the left of the library’s entrance to provide a second reading room. In 1912, he added a children’s library with a separate entrance on the west side. By 1995, the Library was suffering from neglect, so a complete renovation / restauration was undertaken by the architectural firm of Fournier, Gersovitz and Moss. The library is classified by Westmount as Exceptional.



Westmount City Hall (1922)

Robert Findlay designed many homes for private citizens. In 1922, he and his son Frank, who partnered with him, were invited to design a new Westmount City Hall. They chose the Neo-Tudor style, using Montreal limestone for the basic construction and Indiana limestone for the trim. It is a symmetrical building with a

central square tower topped by four octagonal turrets united by crenellations that remind us of Medieval Scottish castles. In 1965, the interior was renovated to include a wood-paneled council chamber containing portraits of Westmount mayors and additional office space for city councillors and municipal departments. The City Hall occupies a point of land between Côte St. Antoine Road and Sherbrooke Street.



Victoria Hall Community Centre (1925)

This is Westmount’s community centre today and second Victoria Hall. The building was designed by architects Hutchison & Wood in 1925, one year after the first Victoria Hall designed by Robert Findlay burned. It is constructed of stone in the Neo-Tudor style to match Westmount City Hall and also has a square crenellated tower with four corner turrets. The Interior encompasses a large hall with a stage and balcony used by the City of Westmount for meetings, concerts, and social events. There are rooms on the second floor for classes or meetings. The basement level is now part of Manoir Westmount, a seniors’ residence, built next door by the Westmount Rotary Club. In 1998, a complete renovation / restoration was done by Fournier, Gersovitz and Moss architects.



Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue (1922 and 1967)

In 1922, the original building, combining domes of Middle East-

ern character and classical details in the Byzantine style, was designed by Melville Miller (1875-1948). The cornerstone was laid by Shaar president Lyon Cohen, grandfather of poet/singer Leonard Cohen. In 1967, the architect Saul Berkowitz was hired to extend the building to the north and west to include a museum and library. Since then, the Akiva School has been added and an underground gymnasium and outside stairwell. The Shaar Hashomayim is the oldest and largest traditional Ashkenazi Orthodox congregation in Canada. Its name means “Gates of Heaven”

Westmount Square (1967)

Westmount Square was designed by the celebrated German / American architect, Ludwig Mies van der Rohe (1886-1969) to open in 1967, Montreal’s Expo year. Construction was carried out by Greenspoon, Freedlander, Dunne, Plachta and Krylon. The complex consists of two luxury residential apartment buildings of twenty-one floors each, one office building of twenty-two floors, and one two-storey commercial building. The exterior walls are smoked glass windows set in curtain walls of industrial steel. Residents have convenient underground parking and direct access to the Montreal metro system as well as to shops and restaurants and a medical centre. This design is based on the Lake



Shore Drive Apartments in Chicago designed by Mies van der Rohe in 1949.

Doreen Lindsay was president of the Westmount Historical Association from 2003 to 2016 and editor of The Westmount Historian from 2004 to 2017.



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2021 QAHN HERITAGE PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS



SECOND PRIZE

Laurianne Matte
Grade 7, West Island College,
Dollard-des-Ormeaux, Qc.
Title: "Cookies and Tea"

These may look like normal tea cups and you are probably thinking that there's nothing special about them, but they actually have a story. My great-great-grandmother bought them decades ago in 1920. She used them every Saturday afternoon when the family came. She made delicious cookies and tea for the adults. She would take the cups out of the shelves, where they were stored, and put them on fancy silver



trays for each member of the family. After using them for years, she decided to give them to her daughter. Her daughter did the same thing a few years later and this is how these tea cups have been passed down from generation to generation.

And now, whenever we use them with our family, we remember those Saturdays afternoons, where everyone would meet in a house to spend time together, to laugh, smile and cry to create memories and important moments they would never forget.

FIRST PRIZE

Noa Reinblatt
Grade 7, West Island College,
Dollard-des-Ormeaux, Qc.
Title: "I will remember"

When we cleaned up my grandparents' house before selling it, my family and I found an old dusty black box tucked away in the basement. In opening it, we found out it contained things from my great grandparents' life such as tickets and visas from Man and His World (Expo 67) as well as two photo albums that date back over one hundred years. For example, these pictures were taken during the winter of 1913 at Lafontaine Park.

I would have loved to hear stories about these pictures from life in Quebec back then. Unfortunately, this is a part of my heritage that I will never be able to discover because my grandfather suffered from Alzheimer's and lost his ability to speak. Moreover, this past December, we lost him to Covid.

Although I will never get to know the real stories behind these pictures, it brings me joy and comfort to imagine the kind of Quebec my grandfather and his parents and grandparents lived in. In the future, to keep my family heritage alive, I will continue to record my stories to pass them on. I will remember my grandfather!



THIRD PRIZE

Devin Hubbard
Grade 7, Beurling Academy,
Verdun, Qc.

This is a drawing of the bear clan that my uncle drew. Uncle Kyle is a Native American artist from Kahnawake. In 2017, there were Native American artefacts that were dug up in downtown Montreal (Peel project). He was asked to draw the three Mohawk clans as part of an exhibition on Peel Street this winter.

The Mohawk tribe consists of three clans. They are the bear clan, the wolf clan and the turtle clan. When a child of Mohawk



blood was born they would be given the clan that their mother had.

I chose to do the heritage project on the bear clan for two reasons. First of all, it is my father's clan. The second reason is that my middle name is Okwari, which means bear. It was given to me by my great grandmother. My uncle Kyle gave me a copy of the bear drawing in honour of my Mohawk name.

of several different cultures. Since my family is Middle Eastern, we enjoy using a wide range of spices in our cooking. Due to the massive diverse variety of Middle Eastern stores, my family enjoys visiting St. Laurent. Cinnamon, cumin, coriander, ginger, cardamom, and black pepper are among some of the spices used in Middle Eastern cooking. The cuisine varies from country to country in the Middle East, but the amount of spices does not. Spices aren't the only thing that represents our food. Olive oil is a staple of Middle Eastern cuisine. It improves the flavour of Middle Eastern dishes while also providing a significant amount of nutritional value.



Many traditions and civilizations have inspired Middle Eastern cuisine. When it came to cuisine, the Byzantine, Persian, Arab, and Ottoman civilizations were among the most dominant. After all, it is the people that make our food extraordinary. Without a question, Middle Eastern cuisine is one of the most beautiful and exclusive cuisines today.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Noorelhuda Elgnemi
Grade 7, Beurling Academy
Verdun, Qc.
Title: "Spices of the Middle East"

I took this photo of the spices at the Lebanese store because spices have a lot to say about my heritage. Spices make food special and unique.

From the time of the eighth century, spices have been a part

2021 QAHN HERITAGE ESSAY CONTEST WINNERS

FIRST PRIZE

Rosalie Paquin
Grade 6, Harmony Elementary School
Châteauguay, Qc.
Title: "Corey Crawford, NHL
Hockey Goaltender"

In June 1993, millions of hockey fans were sitting excitedly in front of their TV, waiting for the game to start. It was the NHL finals, Canadiens against the Los Angeles Kings. The Canadiens won! After seeing Patrick Roy lifting the Stanley Cup, a 9-year-old kid started dreaming of doing the same.

That boy was named Corey Crawford. He was born on December 31, 1984, in Châteauguay, Quebec. Like many children, hockey was his biggest passion. Corey played most of the time with his friends. His childhood was all about eat, breathe and



play hockey!

After a lot of hard work, he got drafted in 2003 to be part of the Chicago Blackhawks. Save after save, game after game, he tried his best to help his team get as many wins as possible to get closer to the Stanley Cup. Crawford led his teammates to the Stanley Cup twice (in 2013 and 2015). Corey made Châteauguay immensely proud. He even brought the cup in his hometown to show it to a crowd of people gathered to applaud him. Among those, many kids who also dream to hold the Stanley Cup in their own hands one day. It can happen but we must work really hard!

Corey played for 10 seasons in the NHL. He retired in January 2021. He will continue bringing a great feeling of proudness and will remain one of the best role model Châteauguay has ever known.

SECOND PRIZE

James Macdougall
 Grade 6, Gardenview Elementary School
 St. Laurent, Qc.
 Title: "My Hero"

Hello, my name is James Macdougall and today I will be talking about my grandma - or Yiayia in Greek. I had many ideas of amazing people in my family or heroic people I've met who changed me, but I think my grandmother, Garifalia (see if you can pronounce it!) or also Litsa for short, has had a huge impact on me and my life. I can name many incredible things about her but it's going to take up a hundred pages and many hours, but the main reason is her cooking. First of all she spends a lot of time cooking and she is very hard working, able to prepare any meal, like desserts, main courses, snacks, obviously Greek food like Souvlaki, and even fast food like pizza and fries! In fact, she had a fast food restaurant when my mom was young. She makes a variety of meals but most importantly, it makes her happy and she enjoys it, even though she's not getting paid to do it. I like how we don't have to ask her to do the little things she does for us like: getting us chocolates, always cooking our favorite meals and sewing the holes in my socks. I chose her not only because she is the Greek "Gordon Ramsay" but because she deserves it, as she's one of the most hard working and caring people I know. I wish everyone could sample some of her delicious food but also meet my grandma.

THIRD PRIZE

Keira Eve Gabriel
 Grade 6, Gardenview Elementary School
 St. Laurent, Qc.
 Title: "Favorite Traditions"

Easter is a very special time for me. It's a time when I eat delicious foods, to remember my Armenian heritage, the struggles my ancestors had to go through in the past, and to celebrate parts of my culture.

Generations of Armenians have been celebrating Easter by making my favorite traditional Easter bread, called "choreg." This amazing food can be just bread to some, but my family sees it as a memory of my great-grandmother. That's because it's not an ordinary recipe you can find on Google, it's my great-grandmother Alice's very own recipe.

Every Easter, we gather around the kitchen counter with my family, excited to start our little adventure... Will the yeast rise this time around? What makes the Armenian choreg so distinctive is a special ingredient called "mahleb." It fills the room with a sweet aroma that makes you want more and more.

We have a tradition of secretly slipping a coin inside the dough as we're braiding it. Whoever gets the piece with the coin gets to keep it for good luck.

At Easter, we also remember an event very important to my family. During World War I, the Armenians were facing a genocide. The survivors such as my great-grandmother had to emigrate, and eventually, made their way to Montreal, to find a safe home.

I follow these traditions today and keep my great-grandmother's memory alive, along with others affected by the genocide, by making and eating choreg cheerfully together as a family. This is the bread called Choreg.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Eva Rizzo
 Grade 5, Gardenview Elementary School
 St. Laurent, Qc.
 Title: "A Professional Painter"

I want to talk about my grandfather: Luigi Rizzo. He immigrated from Italy to Canada after World War II and began a painting career. In the 1960s, he and his team of painters painted the United States pavilion, now known as the Montreal Biosphere, and the Montreal Aquarium, both built for Expo 67. I saw that there were quite a few escalators in the pavilion to show you around – maybe he painted one of them! I know painting sounds like fun, but it probably took a lot of time, maybe even a couple of years as I'm sure they had to do more than one coat! My grandfather also painted the water filtration pipes in the Montreal Aquarium, which closed in 1991. He painted many other places including police stations, hospitals, gas stations, and restaurants like McDonald's and Pacini. He even went to Abitibi-Temiscamingue to paint humongous oil refinery tanks, some of the biggest structures he ever painted! Another interesting structure he painted was the Mercier Bridge. That was probably a very difficult job! He also painted boutiques, for example the Simon Chang boutique, in Montreal's once famous Ogilvy's. My grandpa worked extremely hard his whole life. I hope he was very happy painting and felt like painting a rainbow!

<p><i>Second Virtual Eastern Townships</i> HERITAGE Fair</p>	<p><i>Deuxième Foire virtuelle du</i> PATRIMOINE des Cantons de l'Est</p>	
<p>Show and Tell in the Eastern Townships</p>	<p>Présenter et raconter dans les Cantons de l'Est</p>	
<p><i>Live on our Facebook page En direct sur notre page Facebook</i> www.facebook.com/QAHNCANADA</p>		
<p>Sunday Oct. 24, 2021 1 pm to 3 pm</p>	<p>Dimanche le 24 oct., 2021 de 13h à 15h</p>	

THE NUTTINGS OF WATERLOO

One Family Changes in the World

by Susan McGuire

If you lived in the northern United States in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and you were adventurous, you might have thought that the Eastern Townships could be a better place to live.

The actual crossing of the border from the United States into Canada was not a big deal: you could just walk, with your belongings, from one country into the other. Then, you might have had to promise to cultivate the land you chose or were assigned, take an oath of fealty to the British Crown, and pay some fees. You might have had to buy land at probably less than \$3 an acre.

If you wanted to go back to visit relatives or go to school in the United States, you just went. No visa applications, no border security, no fines, no jail time.

Such was the world into which, separately, the Peasley and Nutting families left the United States and arrived in Bolton Township close to the Vermont border. The Peasleys were from a farming family in Ware (Ware), New Hampshire; the Nuttings came from a family of cobblers in Lowell and Groton, in Massachusetts.

So it was that Vespasian Nutting was born in Potton in 1816. He was perhaps the grandson of Captain David Nutting, who had settled near Mansonville. At the age of 16, Vespasian went to Groton, Massachusetts, to learn the family trade of cobbling (shoemaking). In 1845, when he was 29 and she was 21, he married Harriet Sophia Peasley, whose grandparents Jonathan Peasley and Sarah Carr had moved from the United States to Bolton in 1801.

In 1854, with small children, the Nuttings moved twenty miles from their first home in Bolton to Frost Village, which had been founded about 1808 by three Frost brothers from New Hampshire. By the 1850s, Frost Village was a

farming community that could boast at least one school (Shefford Academy), churches, and a Mechanics' Institute and Library Association. Among those who lived for a time in the village were the family of Dr. Stephen Sewell Foster,



originally from Vermont, and founder of the Shefford Academy, and the Huntingdon family, who would derive success from mining, railways and politics.

The Nuttings lived in Frost Village for six or seven years. Vespasian was a skilled cobbler but his trade was becoming redundant as people began buying factory-made shoes. He was known as an easy-going man who had a fine singing voice and loved gardening, but he had trouble making a living to support his family. He turned more and more to alcohol, which was devastating to Nutting family life.

Harriet was beautiful and talented, and wanted a better life for her five children than she was having. She

believed education was the key, and so the Nuttings moved again: three miles away to Waterloo, on the Yamaska River, where industry was beginning to expand and where Shefford Academy and the Mechanics Institute had already relocated.

The year of the move, Vespasian received a government appointment as a clerk of the Shefford County circuit court. He did not earn enough to support the family, even though the duties of the court were such that he could also engage in harness making and shoemaking. Harriet, however, was determined that her sons and daughters would be educated, and her daughters would have elocution, music and drawing lessons and learn the social graces; she, their mother, would earn the money to make it happen. Harriet became a dressmaker and milliner, but on Sundays she would stop working and immerse herself in Shakespeare, Byron or Carlyle.

By 1868, eldest son Charles was eighteen and headed for McGill University to study law; he would become a lawyer and raise a family in Waterloo. Arthur, at sixteen, was less ambitious and would hold a variety of jobs before heading to western Canada. In that year, James was eleven, daughter Adelaide was nine and Armine was six.

Both Addie and Minnie, as they were known in the family, were good students at Shefford Academy. When she was fourteen or fifteen, Adelaide spent a year studying French and music at a convent near Waterloo. Then, for a year, she attended Bute House, a private boarding and day school in Montreal, where she continued with voice and piano lessons. She spent a summer with her Nutting relatives in Lowell, Massachusetts, where she went to art school and took piano lessons.

By 1877, Charles was established in his Waterloo law practice. James, possibly with the help of then-Postmaster General Seth Huntington, secured a job as a clerk in the Postal Department in Ottawa. Adelaide wanted to pursue a career in music. Armine wanted to become a teacher.

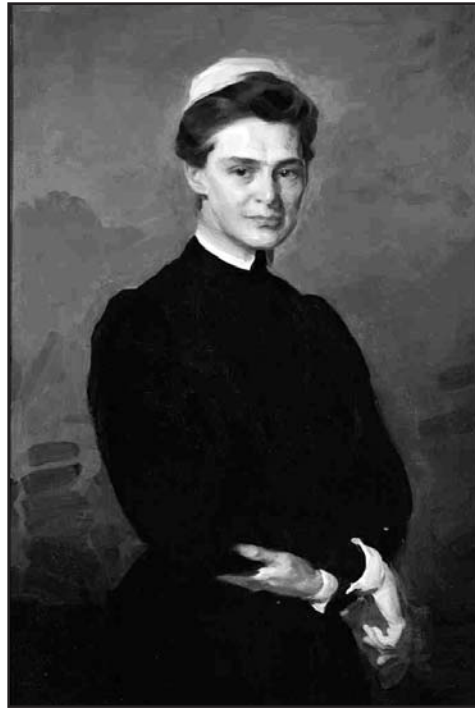
Their mother, Harriet, believed that Ottawa would be better for her children than Waterloo. It was decided in 1881 that Vespasian, then 64, would stay in Waterloo and live with son Charlie and his wife. Harriet, then 56, would rent a flat in Ottawa and keep house for Jim, Addie and Minnie. There, the three Nutting children would be able to pursue their interests and careers.

Short term, the plans worked. But then, after six months in Ottawa, Armine applied for a job in far-away Newfoundland, and was accepted. Harriet, long ailing, died in 1884. In 1885, Jim got married in Ottawa. In 1886, Armine announced her engagement to Gilbert Gosling in Newfoundland. Adelaide, somewhat on her own, did not want to live in Waterloo, where her memories were sad and bitter.

Adelaide's Brilliant Career

Believing she had largely fulfilled her immediate family responsibilities in Waterloo and Ottawa, Adelaide Nutting needed to make some decisions about her future. In the late 1880s, she was approaching thirty. She had been engaged twice, but each time had changed her mind. She visited her father's relatives in Maryland, and there talked about nursing and how she might have been able to help her sick mother if only she had known how.

Back in Canada, she read an article about a new hospital and training school being opened in Baltimore in connection with Johns Hopkins University. According to the article, three outstanding Canadians had been appointed to the staff: Dr. William Osler, Dr. Henri Lafleur, and Isabel Hampton. Adelaide decided her future. On September 6, 1889, she sent a letter of application to Isabel Hampton. She was accepted, and she arrived at the Baltimore hospital on November 1. An ardent suitor accompanied her to Baltimore, but she left him at the door when she passed into the



Canadians at Johns Hopkins

William Osler, physician in chief, earned an MD degree from McGill University in 1872 (the same year Adelaide's brother Charlie graduated in law) and taught at McGill and at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1905, he became Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. He willed his library to McGill where it forms the nucleus of the Osler Library of the History of Medicine.

Henri Lafleur, chief resident in charge of the medical wards, clinical laboratories and post-graduate interns, was also a McGill graduate in medicine. Lafleur stayed in Baltimore for two years before returning to McGill, where he taught for 27 years. Osler said he was "the possessor of the finest medical mind of any man on the continent."

Isabel Hampton, principal of the training school for nurses, came from Welland, Ontario, and had trained as a nurse at Bellevue Hospital in New York City. After she left Johns Hopkins to be married, she was involved in forming the first national and international nurses' organizations. She was killed at age 50 in a tramcar accident.

hospital.

The next day, Adelaide met most of the other thirteen probationers. She also met Dr. Osler and the hospital's first superintendent, Dr. Henry Mills Hurd.

Very soon, Adelaide was recognized as one of the star nurses at Johns Hopkins. She graduated in 1891, and the next year became assistant superintendent of nurses. She was invited to meet the internationally active English nurse Mrs. Bedford Fenwick when she came to Baltimore in connection with a nursing exhibit for the 1893 Chicago World's Fair. Adelaide was put in charge of the Johns Hopkins nursing staff while Isabel Hampton and colleague Lavinia Dock attended the fair in Chicago.

In 1894, when Isabel Hampton left the hospital to marry former staff doctor Hunter Robb, Adelaide succeeded her as superintendent and principal of the Johns Hopkins School of Nursing. Before starting her new job, Adelaide took a leave of absence and was temporarily replaced by Helena Barnard, an 1892 Johns Hopkins graduate, who was granted leave from the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal.

In February 1896, Adelaide was elected president of the American Society of Superintendents of Training Schools for Nurses of the United States and Canada. At that meeting, only a few years after her own graduation, she made the case that training schools needed be educational institutions, not service adjuncts to hospitals.

Adelaide Nutting and Isabel Hampton Robb continued to collaborate in planning graduate courses for nursing positions in hospitals and training schools. Among their proposals was a "Possible Course at Teachers College for a Training Class for Administrative Positions in Nursing." It was approved.

In 1898, plans were announced for an international congress of nurses to be held in London. The International Council of Nurses (ICN) was emerging. Adelaide Nutting would be actively involved in the new organization, and would later serve as chair of the first ICN Education Committee, serving from 1912 to 1925.

Adelaide's father, Vespasian, died on February 17, 1899. Just three years later, in 1902, when Adelaide was in

Europe at meetings, she learned that her brother Jim in Ottawa had died, at age 45. Back in Canada, she headed for the family home in Waterloo. In a letter to her sister, she wrote: “an unfathomable irresistible gloom always settles on me on the moment I come to the place where we spent so many horrible years, where mother worked and suffered, where we lived out our sordid and miserable days of childhood and youth. It is all alike hideous, yet I find myself being pulled back here year after year, family affection becoming too strong a tie to resist” (Marshall).

By 1906, Adelaide had been at Johns Hopkins for fifteen years. As director, she had changed the nursing course from two years to three, instituted an eight-hour day, changed the policy of charging student nurses for their course, and substituted scholarships for needy and worthy students. With veteran Johns Hopkins nurse Lavinia Dock, she was completing the first two volumes of *A History of Nursing*.

The following year, 1907, she was invited to become chair of institutional management at Teachers College, Columbia University. A part-time position, it included a full professorship to allow for investigating and instructing in the administration and management of institutions such as hospitals and asylums.

Three years later, a Department of Nursing and Health was created at Teachers College, the first university program for nursing in the world. Adelaide became the first person in the world to hold a professorship in nursing. During this period, she wrote the paper “Status of Nursing,” the first comprehensive study of the education of nurses in the United States, and probably the world.

During the first years of World War I, the United States was neutral. Canada was in the war, but Adelaide kept silent publicly. Two of Jim’s sons were in the Canadian Expeditionary Force; her nephew Ambrose Gosling soon joined, and niece Armine Gosling drove an ambulance in France. Dr. and Mrs. Osler in England cared for Adelaide’s nephew Keith Nutting after he was wounded.

When the United States joined the war in 1917, Adelaide was appointed by President Woodrow Wilson to be chair

of the Committee on Nursing of the Council of National Defence, tasked to secure enough nursing resources to support the war effort. When influenza struck in 1918, Adelaide switched gears again, to help deal with the new emergency.



Adelaide kept in touch with happenings in the Canadian nursing world. In 1918, she gave an address before a joint session in Toronto of the Canadian Association of Nurse Education and the Canadian National Association of Trained Nurses in which she cited the growing number of American universities offering affiliation to nurses and hoped that similar opportunities would open up in Canadian universities. Classes started for graduate nurses at McGill University in 1920.

In 1922, Yale University conferred on her the honorary degree of Master of Arts, in recognition of her thirty years of service to nursing. Ten years later, at a special ceremony, Dr. Eugene Smith of Teachers College presented Adelaide with her portrait by Polish artist Stanislaw Rembaki. At the ceremony, Smith said: “Adelaide Nutting arrived at the doors of the University with her four talents of the spirit, a great idea, high and inspiring ideals, successful experience, personality and culture... broad culture such as her colleague Sir William Osler possessed, the love of books and the appreciation of the value of history and poetry and modern science.”

Adelaide Nutting died at 89 in 1948 in New York, and was buried beside her mother and other family members in

Waterloo. The first endowed chair at the Johns Hopkins School of Nursing continues as the M. Adelaide Nutting Professorship. Her collection of nursing texts, denoted the Mary Adelaide Nutting Collection, is at the Medical Archives of the Johns Hopkins Medical Institutions. A prize she set up at McGill University in memory of her brother Charlie, who died in 1930, is awarded annually to the law student writing the best essay on some phase of jurisprudence.

Armine and the Right to Vote

In St. John’s, Newfoundland, a ceremony has been planned for 2022 to unveil a statue honouring Harriet Armine Nutting Gosling for the work she did a hundred years ago in pursuing women’s right to vote.

Born in 1861 in Waterloo, Quebec, Armine had lived in Newfoundland for nearly forty years by the time the first phase of the women’s suffrage was successfully launched. In 1921, legislation was passed allowing women to vote in municipal elections. At the time, Newfoundland was still a British colony, only becoming a province of Canada in 1949.

Armine had arrived in Newfoundland in 1882 when she was about twenty years old. From Ottawa, she had applied for the job of headmistress at the Church of England Girls School in St. John’s, and was accepted; the salary was \$600 a year.

Living at the same guest house in St. John’s was William Gilbert Gosling, from Bermuda. He was a junior bookkeeper with Harvey & Company, a long-established Bermuda-based company which made its money in the fish export business and the import of staples needed in Newfoundland.

By 1886, Armine and Gilbert Gosling were engaged. They married in 1888, and would have six children, four of whom survived to adulthood. The first years of their marriage were financially challenging, but gradually things improved. They counted among their friends Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who travelled the Newfoundland coasts to bring medical help to isolated communities, and the Newfoundland historian and judge Daniel Woodley Prowse.

Armine and Gilbert shared a life-long interest in history, books and book collecting. In 1910, Gilbert published *Labrador: Its Discovery, Exploration and Development*, which later was useful to lawyers in the 1920s in preparing Newfoundland's case in a Labrador boundary dispute with Canada. A year later, he published *The Life of Sir Humphrey Gilbert: England's First Empire Builder*.

Armine was unusual. She was not only a book lover and active in community affairs, but also a curler, golfer and bridge player – not common accomplishments for women at the time. When she travelled to England in 1908 to accompany her daughter to boarding school, she met Lavinia Dock, her sister's American friend and colleague, and from her gained an understanding of the suffrage movement and the struggle to gain equal rights for women.

Upon her return to Newfoundland, Armine found that women had been expelled from a public lecture in a men's club in St. John's. She reacted by collaborating with others in setting up a club for women, the Ladies Reading Room, which soon had 125 members. Armine was secretary-treasurer, and so could ensure that British and American newspapers were available for the ladies to read. She coordinated a Current Events Club and its lecture series, an important vehicle driving the suffrage movement in St. John's. Her efforts, and those of others, led to the passing of the St. John's Municipal Act of 1921, which gave women the right to vote in civic elections.

Part of her effort to achieve greater recognition of women's contribution to society, and to reverse the low value traditionally placed on women's work, appears to have arisen from the sacrifices she knew her mother had made so that her children would have an opportunity to succeed. "There was one good element in our home life," she declared. "We had a wonderful mother. She was good, she was brilliantly clever, and she was beautiful" (Browne).

Gilbert Gosling served as mayor of St. John's from 1916 to 1921. During those years, his sister-in-law Adelaide Nutting guided him towards promoting a public health system, including the establishment of a post for a full-time

welfare nurse to visit the needy and the inauguration of a health program in the schools.

Armine was active in a number of charitable organizations. At the Girls Friendly Society, a Church of England organization that focused on young women working as household help, she lectured on English literature and health. She headed the Girls' Department of the George V Institute, which had been established by the Grenfell Association for visiting merchant and naval seamen; the top floor of the Grenfell building was devoted to safe lodging for twenty-four women, who were offered reading and writing classes. When World War I broke out, a group of women, led by Armine, took over management of the Church of England orphanage and upgraded its curriculum and sports program.

Armine's love of animals translated into charitable work for the Newfoundland Society for the Protection of Animals, which she helped revive in 1910. Goals included drinking fountains for horses and the prevention of cruelty to animals. A school program taught children the humane treatment of animals.

Armine became president of the Women's Party, which ran two candidates in the 1925 St. John's municipal election, the first in which Newfoundland women could vote. Information in the Archives Special Collection at Memorial University indicates she played a central role in winning women's right to vote in the 1928 Newfoundland general election.

Gilbert Gosling died in Bermuda in 1930. In her husband's honour, Armine wrote a book entitled *William Gilbert Gosling: A Tribute*; it was published in New York about 1935. Before leaving Newfoundland permanently for Bermuda, she donated the family's collection of some 4,000 books to the people of St. John's. These books formed the basis of the city's first public library, the Gosling Memorial Public Library, which opened in 1936. A portion of that collection is now at Memorial University in St. John's.

Susan McGuire is a historian at the Atwater Library and Computer Centre.

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BATTLE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

German U-Boats in Canadian Territory

by Sam Allison and Jon Bradley

A Dolorous Fall

That fall season of 1942 was a gloomy and dismal time in Quebec.

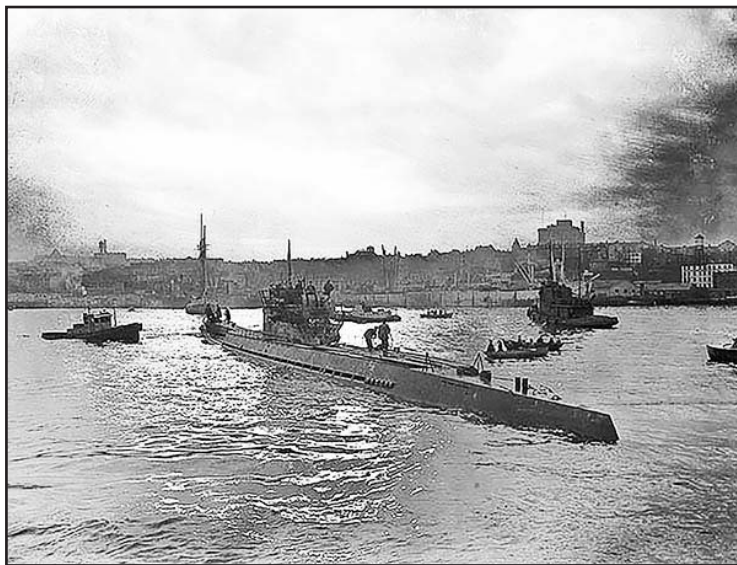
The war in Europe had been raging for three years with a seemingly unbroken string of Axis successes and Allied failures. Yes, the Germans had not invaded England, but the country was teetering and in dire need of supplies simply in order to survive. The Wehrmacht was still fighting deep in Russia, General Rommel was attacking ports and trade routes along the Mediterranean coast, and the disastrous results of Operation Jubilee, (the Dieppe Raid) with its heavy Quebec and Canadian losses, was being felt in every corner of the country. The raid had been a disaster: just over 900 killed, approximately 2,500 captured, and another 2,000 wounded.

In Quebec, the aftereffects of the raid were staggering. The 600 soldiers of the Fusiliers Mont-Royal, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Dollard Ménard, hit the beach in a second wave emerging from landing craft onto a battlefield obscured by smoke. A few hours later, a multi-wounded Ménard with approximately 125 surviving men – including twenty five wounded – were evacuated back to England. The Fusiliers Mont-Royal left in France 120 killed and 350 captured.

To make matters worse, the internal Canadian political landscape was anything but unified. Quebecers had rejected the plebiscite held on April 27, 1942, asking Canadians to release the federal government from its commitment not to introduce conscription for war service.

Reaction in the rest of Canada was anger and disappointment.

Unfortunately, the situation in Asia was equally disastrous. The country was still mourning the 1,500 members of the Royal Rifles of Canada (based in



Quebec City) who had been lost in the heroic but futile Battle of Hong Kong over Christmas 1941. While the Battle of Midway (June 1942) had been a resounding American success and, with the Battle of Guadalcanal, the United States had begun its land invasion of the Solomon Islands, the overall military situation in the Far East was tenuous.

And, to bring this world war even closer to home, German U-boats stalked the Atlantic sea lanes. Canada's Gulf and Atlantic Regions had become critical centres for increasing numbers of convoys to supply Great Britain with the necessary personnel and equipment to continue the war. The St. Lawrence River was a direct water route from the American and Canadian manufacturing heartlands for the delivery of all manner of equipment and food stuffs into the Atlantic ports for transshipment to England.

Indeed, in the fall of 1942, the internal Canadian political situation was tense and the overall international war news grim!

The St. Lawrence: A Geological Oddity and Supply Chain

The St. Lawrence River flows approximately 1,200 kilometers from Lake Ontario into the world's largest estuary: the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The river significantly widens as the gulf is reached. Festooned with many natural underwater reefs, bars, small islands, and shoals, the St. Lawrence also varies greatly in depth and presents navigational challenges.

The natural safe shipping channel generally runs down the middle of the river where, in odd places, the depth can reach seventy five metres. Especially in places where tributaries enter the water system, and where underwater obstructions impede flow, tides and currents make navigation tricky.

Political and military planners had recognized early on that the St. Lawrence River and the Gulf were critical highways for moving goods and people to Europe. The ports of Montreal, Three Rivers, and Quebec City were vital staging areas, while the Nova Scotia ports of Halifax and Sydney were key convoy assembling areas. As the war progressed, ports on the coast of Newfoundland became secondary staging regions.

Convoys could be safely arranged in the several deep-water ports in the Atlantic regions and American goods could easily ship from their own eastern ports to Canadian ones. Therefore, from a military organizational point of view,

the entirety of the St. Lawrence River system was a key element in the overall war effort and especially so for the continued survival of England.

The SS *Carolus*

The small ship convoy NL-9 was returning from Goose Bay, Newfoundland, to Rimouski after delivering materials. The SS *Carolus*, a merchant ship of 2,400 tons, was being used as a much-needed transport vessel under the authority of the Canadian Merchant Navy. With a cargo of empty storage barrels, the crew were anticipating some minimal shore leave as the ship and its companions were resupplied for another voyage.

As the vessels navigated that dark night, encountering pockets of squalls and fog, the lighthouse at Metis Beach continued its monotonous blinking. Suddenly, just before midnight on October 9, 1942, the first of two torpedoes struck. Alerted by the loud explosions and fiery blasts, the residents along the shore rushed to their windows to scan the waters. The *Carolus* had been mortally wounded. As sailors attempted to abandon the doomed ship, the *Carolus* slipped beneath the dark waters of the St. Lawrence River a scant four minutes after being torpedoed.

Lost on that October night almost eighty years ago, along with ten of his shipmates, was John Milmine who was sailing on his first ship. On the books as a “galley boy,” John hailed from Second Avenue in Verdun. Until he had recently joined the Merchant Marine, John lived with his parents, James (a “forgeron,” according to the census) and Mary, along with his siblings. Joining the merchant service at a mere sixteen years of age, John would not live to see Verdun again. The Battle of the St. Lawrence had claimed another victim.

Not to be the last, the largest cost of human lives in the Gulf of St. Lawrence occurred when the ferry to Newfoundland was torpedoed:

A Battle on Canadian Territory

German U-boats had begun a concerted effort to sink and disrupt Allied shipping in the St. Lawrence River and Gulf regions as early as the summer of 1942.



The first ship to be sunk was the SS *Nicoya*, which was destroyed on May 11, 1942, while travelling from Montreal to Halifax. Over many months, U-boats carried out operations in the totality of the St. Lawrence River system as well as around Anticosti Island, and in both the Cabot and Belle Isle Straits.

Considered within the grand landscape of World War Two, the on-again/off-again Battle of the St. Lawrence was not a major circumstance. Canada also had existing rail and road networks that could be pressed into service. However, the river offered the easiest way to transfer vast amounts of material to waiting Atlantic ports. Nonetheless, the morale of all citizens was surely tested with the knowledge that U-boats were operating with apparent impunity in the heart of Quebec with much of the destruction viewed by resi-

dents from their own front yards.

Yet, in an “odd” attitude, despite U-boat activity, the St. Lawrence River was considered a “safe” waterway. After all, it was in the heartland of Canada. For Quebecers, this was the first time since the War of 1812 that foreign armed conflicts took place on Canadian waters.

For a six-month period of roughly May to October 1942, and again for a brief two-month span in the fall of 1944, German U-boats patrolled Canadian internal waters attempting to sink ships and disrupt shipping. In addition, as more and more Canadian resources were diverted to the St. Lawrence areas, they could not be allocated to other war needs. Hence, the U-boats not only sank and disabled ships but tied up key military resources.

In total, German U-boats – without the loss of even one of their own boats – sank twenty three merchant ships and four Canadian naval vessels with the loss of approximately 350 seamen and sailors (and in some cases, civilian passengers).

Although Canada was never directly attacked, German military operations were conducted on Canadian territory. Furthermore, the Germans landed at least two spies in Canada, set up an automated weather station, and even attempted to rescue a German officer

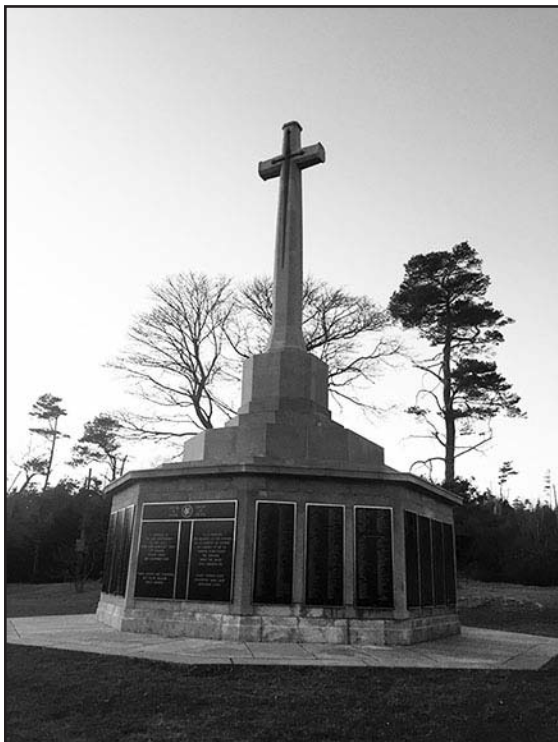


who had escaped from a Canadian prisoner of war camp. Ironically, weather station “WFL-KURT” was (re)discovered in 1981 on the northern coast of Labrador where it had been established in October 1943. It was carefully dismantled and is now on display at the Canadian War Museum in Ottawa.

The landscape of the Lower St. Lawrence was quickly changed by the establishment of military facilities to provide coastal defence and surveillance, to escort convoys, and to train and drill soldiers. More specifically, the military presence led to the development of a naval base in Gaspé, the construction of coastal batteries all along the shores of the St. Lawrence, a military airport at Mont-Joli, and coastal surveillance stations along the Gaspé Peninsula and the lower St. Lawrence River, not to mention many other facilities on the North Shore and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The remains of these defences can still be found today and are interesting but not well known.

History Lost

Unfortunately, of all the battles fought by Canadians in World War Two, the Battle of the St. Lawrence is scarcely remembered. Ships were destroyed, lives lost, and action raged on the mighty St. Lawrence River. This was not a fight



fought in distant lands or on foreign soil; it was, rather, a series of desperate clashes witnessed by Quebecers from their homes. Through the sacrifice of many, such as sixteen-year-old John Milmine of Verdun, Canada was victorious. However, it was a trying time and one that must be pondered and remembered.

The name “John Milmine” is inscribed on Panel 21 of the Halifax Memorial in Nova Scotia at Point Pleasant Park. Unlike large memorials and tributes dotting the Canadian and even foreign landscapes, this is one of the few tangible reminders to those who died at sea and, for the most part, whose graves are unknown.

The Parliament of Canada designated September 3 as the official day for remembering all who were lost while serving in our wartime navies. There are twenty three bronze panels inscribed with the names of the over 3,000 Canadian men and women who died. They sacrificed for all Canadians in dire times.

In a continuing mark of honour, all Canadian naval ships as well as all visiting foreign navy vessels dip their flags in tribute and memory when sailing past the Halifax Memorial.

John is indeed in valiant company.

Sam Allison recently retired after 35 years teaching in the secondary classroom. His most recent book, Driv’n by Fortune: The Scots’ March to Modernity in North America, 1745-1812, was published in 2015 by Dundrun Press.

Jon G. Bradley, former professor with the Faculty of Education at McGill University, is a co-author of the second edition of Making Sense in Education: A Student’s Guide to Research and Writing, published in 2017 by Oxford University.

Further Reading:

Nathan Greenfield, *The Battle of the St. Lawrence*, 2005.

Roger Sarty, *War in the St. Lawrence*. Allen Lane, 2012.

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INSATIABLE HUNGER

by Joseph Graham

Readers may have observed over the years that I am preparing a new book. It has taken more than a dozen years and the research has inspired some of my contributions to Quebec Heritage News.

Insatiable Hunger is now finished, published and distributed through Black Rose Books of Montreal, and should be available at your favourite bookstore by the time you read this issue of QHN.

You, the readers of Quebec Heritage News, have been of great assistance to me in this work simply by reading and continuing to support the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network.

The fundamental concept that has driven this book is an attempt to grasp who the colonists were who arrived in the Atlantic Northeast, what was happening in Europe to drive them away, and how they perceived and were perceived by the people who inhabited and stewarded this land.

Below is a short excerpt from the introduction to the book. Most of this history is not what we have been taught to believe. I hope you find it informative.

After over a thousand years of slowly steeping itself in the dogma of Catholicism, Europe began to fragment during the Reformation. All of the players, deeply Christianized, sharing unshakeable tenets, struggled over the sharing of power. New religious ideals shook the establishments, leading to wars. Driven by these religious priorities, they sought new homes. The French and the English both found those homes in northeastern North America. The French attempted to expand Christendom while the English found a home for the reformists, the Protestants. Both discovered that the space they sought was already inhabited and that the people here had no tradition of or need for Christianity.

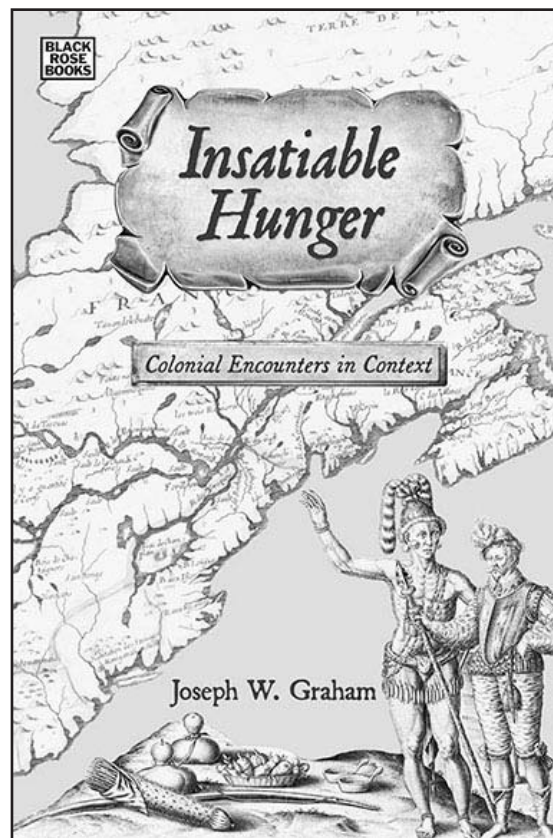
From the beginning, the people who were here maintained a totally different belief system in the face of an onslaught of disease and masses of newcomers. One of the first agreements between the two different civilizations was called the Two Row

Wampum. It consisted of a belt of white beads with two parallel lines of purple running on opposite sides of the centre. It commemorated an understanding that these two purple lines represented the two very different civilizations, travelling together, respectful of each other and not interfering in each other's jurisdiction. The agreement, between the Dutch and the Mohawk of the Five Nations, established how they could share and co-exist.

Over time, one of those purple lines has become thinner, while the other has become much thicker. Somehow, though, both have continued, mostly running parallel, but the values do not overlap. One is a sustaining culture, while the other is a consuming culture. One belongs to the world. The other presumes to own the world.

Our conceit in Western society is that we have progressed through time, that modern civilization is the result of an evolutionary process bringing us an ever more technological and perfect world, a culture determined to reconstruct "nature." But civilizations, including ours, come and go. Rather than having evolved, I see our civilization as analogous to the growth of a plant, starting small and growing at first geometrically and then exponentially to enormous size and impact. There are many ways of organizing societies, but all must conform to the basic rules of our modern market economy. If they don't, they are conveniently dismissed through classifications such as Indigenous. Looking holistically, from that Indigenous side and from modern thinkers like James Lovelock, we see that our world is a

symbiotic system in which we play an important role, a role of stewardship. The market economy perceives the whole world as potential products. Spaced in time between the "great" civilizations of history with their expansionist ways, people lived within their means, in a symbiotic way. Today, we are sure of our superior status as a civilization and when we look back, we are blind to earlier sustaining communities that lived lightly on the land for countless thousands of years. Even when we do glimpse these communities, we dismiss them as "primitive" or "savage," failing to see that ancient anomalous structures like Stonehenge or other unexplained abandoned artefacts would



have been preceded and succeeded by long periods of the sustaining form of human social organization. I have come to understand that these sustaining communities are as thoroughly modern as any other and achieve the highest standard of social order by being able to share as a community even onto death. By contrast, something happened, perhaps during the evolution of the herding-based cultures of Eurasia, that began a spiral of power through consumption, reaching into our times as an endgame that threatens our continued existence. It is thanks to this way of living that the first Europeans who came to our northeastern region of North America found the Anishinaabe and Iroquoian communities, found rivers teeming with fish, skies blackened with clouds of birds, and found a sustaining forest from the Atlantic Coast to the Great Lakes with interspersed farming communities. Belittling nature as something over which an omnipotent personal god had given them dominion, they dismissed the humans they encountered as simply a part of nature. This was somehow seen as a primitive rather than as an equally modern form of society.

One must view the world from where one is, and I live happily in the Laurentian hills north of Montreal. I am not of Indigenous descent but from the European stock that are called settlers in the context of the people who were already here. Like many before me, I seek to understand who I am, how I belong here, and what my responsibilities for “here” entail. Acknowledging my Catholic upbringing, the strong Sephardi-Jewish influence in my married life, and my life-long passion for written history, I have come to appreciate the shortcomings of this mixed heritage and to appreciate history whether written in a European script, presented through Oral Tradition, or registered in the physical world, the rocks, the running water, the soil, and the vegetation. In this work, which has taken me well

over twelve years to think through and express, I try always to see the world from here, from the Laurentian hills where I live, because without a “here” it is hard to maintain a perspective. It is necessary, not just to give more space to understanding sustaining Indigenous communities, but also to look objectively at the deeply troubled history of the people who first came from Europe. The European Wars of Religion led in large part to the European settlement of America, and looking at those currents will, I hope, explain the foundation upon which our modern society and economy sits.

How different the Laurentian hills were for the first European-descended colonists who explored and settled here. Our immediate geographical predecessors, the Anishinaabe, have lived in the surrounding forests for millennia, although today they have been segregated onto reserves or barely tolerated in cities and large unceded regions. There is no sure way of knowing whether the Anishinaabe or some other original people lived here in Biblical times, but one or another did. They used the rivers as we today use roads and they developed trails through the woods, set up homesteads, fished, hunted — including monitoring and culling — harvested fruit, fabricated clothing, canoes, and preserved food and other products to contribute to the greater communities of their gift economy. They lived in what settlers dismiss as a ruthless harmony with nature, but settler society dwells on the “ruthless” element and does not see the harmony. In the sustaining communities, there is respect for the other creatures as elder siblings, each with similar rights and powers, each with a specialty, sharing the natural environment. In many such communities, their role, which could be called stewardship, even extends a sense of being, of personhood, to some of what is classified scientifically as inanimate. Their fundamental values have not changed.

Reviews

ATOMIC CONCERNS

Montreal and the Bomb

by Gilles Sabourin, Translated from French by Katherine Hastings

Baraka Books, 2021

Scientific history doesn't seem to have very much presence lately, particularly in the context of the twentieth century history of Quebec and Montreal. Politics, social movements and the arts definitely predominate both among academic historians and popular media sources. Our hesitation to engage with areas seen as intellectually challenging, even obscure, is partly the cause of this. It doesn't help that the realm of science is often self-isolating and even secretive to outsiders.

However, one recent publication from Baraka Books, *Montreal and the Bomb*, is an interesting and enlightening in-depth study of the very important role that Montreal played,

during the Second World War and into the decades after, in the development of nuclear science: initially in the arms race with Germany to create the atomic bomb, and later, in the progress towards benign use of nuclear energy.



The author, Gilles Sabourin, works in the nuclear sector as an engineer specializing in power plant safety. He also has done extensive research into the times and lives of those first scientists, mainly from Europe but also some local experts, who set up this facility in Montreal that ultimately employed around 400 people. It was called the Tube Alloys project of the Montreal Laboratory – hardly an enticing name compared to its larger, complimentary equivalent in New York, the Manhattan Project,

which still conjures up images of the atomic blasts at Hiroshima and Nagasaki that most likely ended World War Two and ushered in the Cold War of atomic rivalry with the USSR. This postwar atomic concern dominated world and domestic politics from the 1940s to the years following the fall of the Soviet Union.

Canada's participation in the development of atomic research has always been somewhat underplayed. The Montreal Laboratory was chosen as a safe haven for European research scientists – safe compared to Britain, where many had fled from the Continent after the Nazi invasion of the Netherlands, Belgium and France. Both McGill and the Université de Montréal had basic facilities and at least some highly regarded physicists. Montreal itself was seen as the most “European” of Canadian cities, and Canada was seen as an accommodating go-between for the United States and Britain.

In *Montreal and the Bomb*, we meet many of the scientists who worked at the Tube Alloys project and learn about their very diverse backgrounds, families and personal issues. At least

one of these individuals, possibly more, was found to be a spy for other powers. Several went on after the end of the war to assist with developing nuclear programs in other countries. Nuclear power was always initially declared to be for peaceful purposes, but it usually resulted in the proliferation of nuclear arms across the world.

In Canada, the control and aim of the nuclear development project was always civilian and definitely aimed at peaceful domestic use. One example is the production of electric power from the reactors at Chalk River. However, other countries tended to see the atom as a military concern. This was the case for the United States all along and for most other countries in the Atomic Club. Sabourin, although not an essentially political writer, does explore issues like this, along with other relevant information about the war and the years that followed.

This is a really good read about a little known aspect of Montreal's twentieth century history.

-Reviewed by Sandra Stock

LINE OF INQUIRY

Murder on the Orford Mountain Railway

by Nick Fonda

Baraka Books, 2021

Nick Fonda's *Murder on the Orford Mountain Railway* is a hybrid of historical semi-fiction and a very plausible conjecture about the cause of the tragic murder of a young boy, Ralph Andosca, the 12-year-old son of Italian immigrant Frank Andosca, who ran the food services at a railway construction camp outside of Richmond, Quebec. Ralph was shot from a distance while riding a horse. The perpetrator of this senseless crime was never caught. However, Fonda has blended fact and imagination, and presents us with a satisfactory theory for this event.

The Orford Mountain Railway was an offshoot of the Grand Trunk Railway (now the CNR) and was constructed in 1905 to run between Richmond and the forestry industry around Mount Orford. For at least a century, railway building, and the railway business in general, was one of the top employers and top industrial successes in Canada and throughout North America. The nineteenth-century belief in “opening up the country” and creating access to all parts of it, usually for natural resource exploitation but later for an increasing leisure trade, motivated this flurry of rail construction. The labour costs were kept as low as possible to heighten profits for the investors and owners. The majority of the labour force was always immigrants: Irish, then Chinese, then Italian – people who came with little or nothing to North America or were indentured workers, usually hired in large groups. There was a great deal of unthinking prejudice and anti-immigrant attitudes at this time, much of it overtly reflected in the local newspapers that reported on the murder of Ralph Andosca.

The tragic killing of young Ralph takes place in this rough environment, made even worse by another shooting of an adolescent boy a few days previously, also murdered on a railway in the area. Eventually – at the conclusion of the book –

we learn the cause and outcome of this other unrelated crime.

Fonda is a strongly visual and conversational writer who has created a very believable setting for this work. However, we often aren't quite sure which of the many characters are fictional and which are historically real figures. Some, like Judge Foster, the Andosca family, and (we assume) the local coroner and police, were living people of the time. Many, however, are Fonda's creations, including the anonymous teenage girl diarist; Colleen, the home child; and Ashenden, the foreman. The many digressions, into nineteenth and early twentieth century social and economic life in the Eastern Townships actually add to the atmosphere and give backstories to the characters.

My final impression of *Murder on the Orford Mountain Railway* is that it is an entertaining read and also that it might make an engaging Young Adult semi-novel-mystery-love story for older high school students, especially with its local flavour of last century small town Quebec. From me, a former high school English teacher, this is a very positive suggestion!

-Reviewed by Sandra Stock



Italian Construction Gang, Orford Mountain Railway, c.1905. Matthew Farfan Collection



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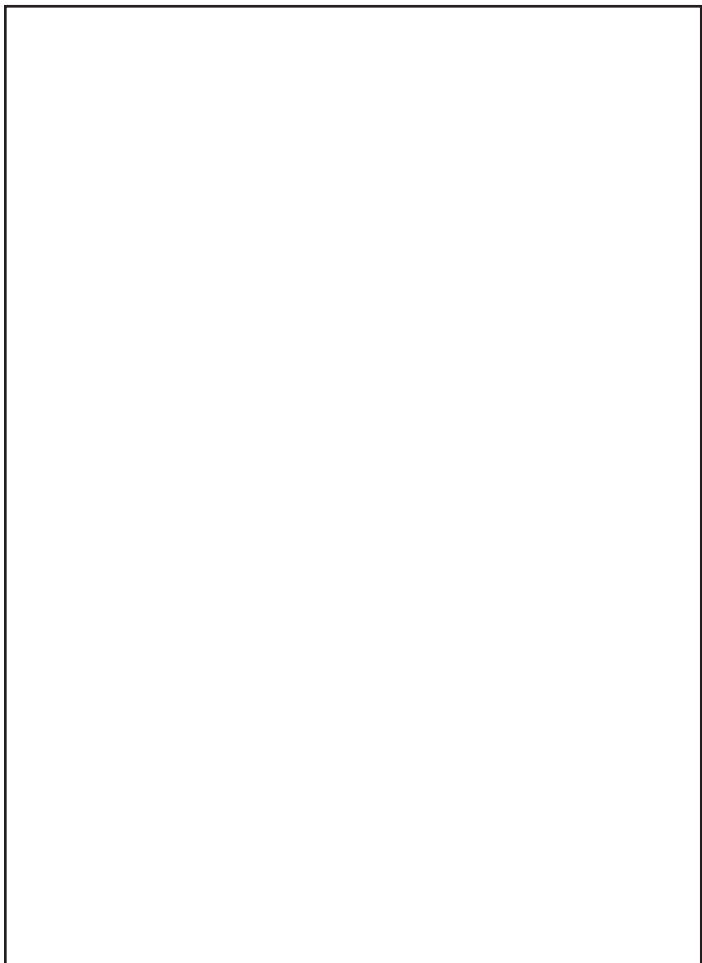
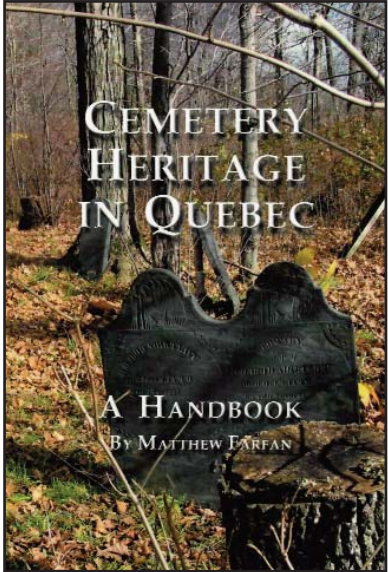
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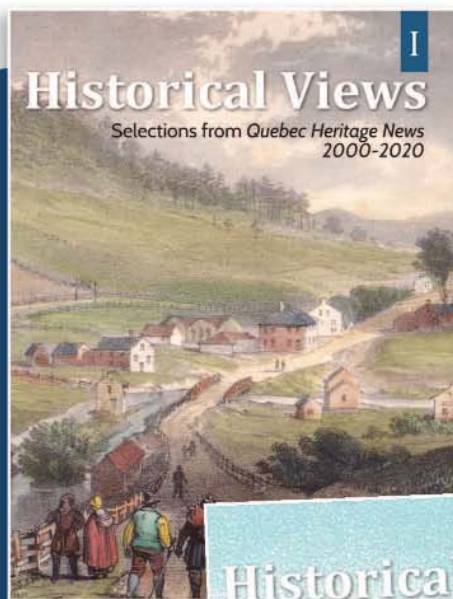
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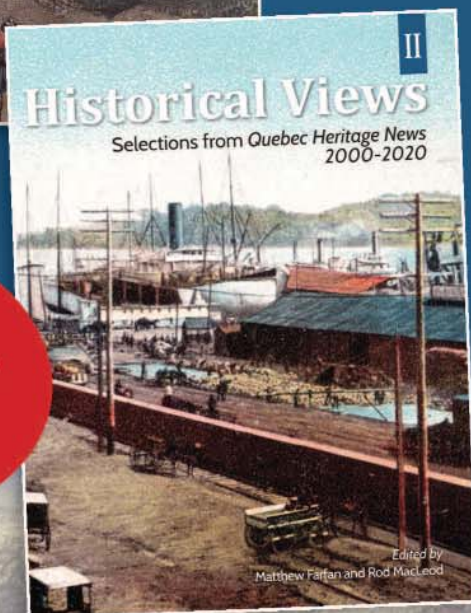
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