

Quebec Heritage News

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History, Football and Tears

Commemorating Ray Baillie

The Wright Stuff

Sandra Stock Explores Her African Heritage

Manses, Barns and Barracks

Heritage Success and Failure around the Province

Quebec Heritage News

EDITOR

RODERICK MACLEOD

PRODUCTION

DAN PINESE; MATTHEW FARFAN

PUBLISHER

QUEBEC ANGLOPHONE
HERITAGE NETWORK
400-257 QUEEN STREET
SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC
J1M 1K7

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

PROJECT DIRECTORS

DWANE WILKIN
HEATHER DARCH
RODERICK MACLEOD

BOOKKEEPER

MARION GREENLAY

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Cover: Graffiti on Sainte-Famille Street. Photo: Sandra Stock.

EDITOR'S DESK

Losing Our Marbles

by Rod MacLeod

Long before James Bruce (perhaps Canada's historically most important governor general) was born, his father Thomas had already made a name for himself by ripping a great number of the pediment statues off the Parthenon in Athens and shipping them home to be part of his private art collection in Scotland. Fortunately for both London and Canada, Thomas Bruce's first marriage ended in a messy divorce, which had the effect of both enabling him to marry the lady who would become James' mother and obliging him to sell the ancient statuary to the crown in order to pay his debts. In 1816, these treasures were donated to the fledgling British Museum, which in an effort to store them began the construction of the building in Bloomsbury that we know today. Debate ensued almost immediately over whether the "Elgin Marbles" (Thomas was the seventh Earl of Elgin) had been legally acquired and whether they should be returned to Greece in the name of cultural heritage restitution.

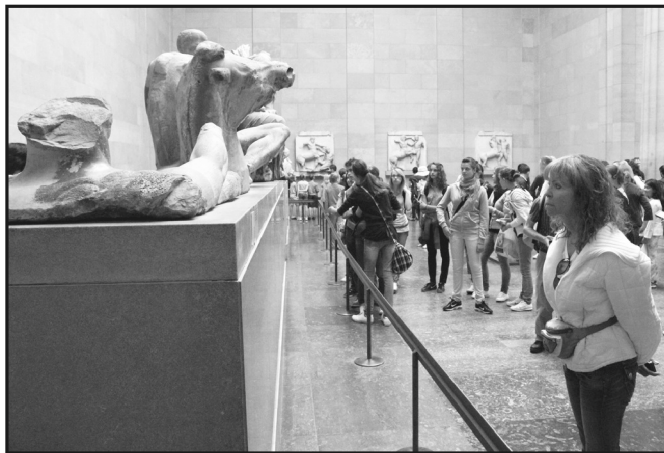
Flash forward two centuries and a number of Canadian museums were provoking a home-grown debate over cultural heritage: specifically, what do we see as "our" cultural heritage and what are we willing to do without in order to keep it. At stake is an issue no less important than the fate of the Elgin Marbles.

Much ink has already been spilled (metaphorically, of course) making some fairly idiotic claims, but I will add to it. I'm not saying I agree with the idiocy, but I do think many who are spouting it are essentially right.

It all started in early April (well, let's say that's when the ink hit the fan) with the announcement by the National Gallery of Canada that they were going to sell a work by a foreign artist so they

could afford to purchase a work of Canadian art.

Many commenters applauded this decision on the reasonable grounds that Canada's national art museum ought to prioritize the acquisition of Canadian art, since clearly it barely figures on the radars of other national collections. (Not many Arthur Lisners in the Louvre or the Rijksmuseum, I don't think.) Indeed, the National Gallery's mandate emphasizes its role as a promoter of Canadian art – not to the exclusion of other art, but with a clear focus on this country's cul-



tural production in order to "reveal the past, celebrate the present, and probe the future." This lofty aim should be pursued, some argued, even if it means dispensing with foreign works.

Many in this camp softened their stance a little when they learned that the particular foreign work on the block was by Marc Chagall, the much-beloved painter of pogrom-era Russian shtetl life who went on to have a long career as an émigré in France, culminating in the commission to cover the ceiling of the nineteenth-century Opéra with his trademark whimsical figures. Canada's National Gallery downplayed the significance of selling this particular Chagall (*The Eiffel Tower*) by pointing out that it had been in storage for many years, and so never would be missed. Of course,

this observation had the unintended effect of making people annoyed that they hadn't had the opportunity of viewing the painting before. And, as anyone with treasures in the attic knows, it isn't necessarily what you have out that you value most.

The Gallery's sloughing-off of *The Eiffel Tower* was also undermined by the glowing language used by Christie's auction house to stir up interest in its upcoming sale (a "luminous canvas") and to underscore the Gallery's wisdom in selling it ("an ideal time in the market, when singular examples by Chagall are more in demand than ever"). Well, one might ask the Gallery, if it was so darned luminous why did you keep it out of sight for so long? If anything, Christie's typically purple prose upped the value of *The Eiffel Tower* as something worth holding onto, and reinforced the growing argument that we shouldn't be ridding ourselves of something fine, just because it happened to be foreign, in order to acquire something that just happened to be Canadian. Moreover, did this

have to be a zero-sum situation? Some wondered if maybe we don't have to sell the farm just to buy milk. Granted, the Chagall was expected to raise anywhere from \$6 million to \$11 million – amounts that trump a good deal of sentimentality. But aren't there other ways to raise money?

The plot thickened, and the rules of debate changed, when it was revealed what Canadian work the National Gallery intended purchasing with their windfall: Jacques-Louis David's *St. Jerome Hearing the Trumpet at the Last Judgement*, whose owners were apparently thinking of selling it to foreign buyers. Quebec City's Musée de la Civilisation, which had right of first refusal, could not afford it but was trying to partner with the Montreal

Museum of Fine Arts to share the costs. This plan was effectively being undermined by the National Gallery's own efforts to purchase the painting. Some in Quebec protested that *St. Jerome's* acquisition by the National Gallery would amount to Quebec patrimony leaving the province – an argument that infuriated the heads of the Gallery, who saw their plan to purchase the painting as a means of keeping it in the country. The debate over whether *St. Jerome* was part of Quebec or Canadian heritage completely obscured the larger question of why anyone should think it was either.

Far from being a Canadian artist, David not only spent his entire life (1748-1825) in France, but was France's defacto official state painter under both the republic and the empire, covering key events from the Tennis Court Oath through the Death of Marat to the Coronation of Napoleon. If you wander through the vast halls of the Louvre (searching in vain, perhaps, for Arthur Lisper) you will inevitably find yourself dwarfed by these gigantic figures in endless murals. *St. Jerome* is atypical of David's oeuvre, an early work whose religious theme was hardly consistent with the artist who would later celebrate the Festival of the Supreme Being. Indeed, the bulk of David's output would have been anathema to most of Quebec's political leadership and Catholic population for the entire nineteenth century and much of the twentieth.

So here is what makes *St. Jerome* part of "our" heritage, according to many intelligent adults. Painted in Rome, it was acquired by a cardinal after the Restoration, and in 1845 was purchased from his estate by art collector Nicolas Henri Gustave Mailand and brought to France. In 1906, Mailand's daughter Marie-Julie took it to the southern United States when she married, and it was only installed in Quebec City when Marie-Julie's daughters Geneviève and Henriette Cramail settled there in 1917. The Cramail sisters gave it to the fabrique of Quebec City's cathedral in 1938, who placed it in the care of the City's Musée de la Civilisation. The Musée added to the stew by letting the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts display the painting on an apparently open-ended basis. It is no wonder that so many

parties feel they have a claim to this well-travelled work.

In short, David's *St. Jerome* is considered part of Canadian (and Quebec) heritage because it has spent over a century of its life here – far longer than Chagall's *Eiffel Tower*. And that is rather like saying that someone whose great-great-grandfather came to this country is more Canadian than someone who recently acquired citizenship. Uh huh.

Perhaps sensing the potential crudeness of the heritage argument, some within Quebec art circles have opted to emphasize *St. Jerome's* aesthetic qualities. One opinion had it that David was one of the most influential painters in the early nineteenth century and was himself influenced by Caravaggio. The first of these claims is questionable: although a huge political force in the art world of his day, David had relatively minimal impact on the nineteenth century's great trend towards Realism and Impressionism. As for who influenced David – well, this is the first I've heard that being influenced by great art makes one great; personally, I have found that my drawings still look like scratches no matter how much I think of Caravaggio. In any event, we are not talking about a work that is in any way reflective of David at his rare but genuine best. Moreover, although *St. Jerome* is slightly interesting as an unusual David, it hardly stands out amid the rows of dark eighteenth-century religious painting found in most museums of any size. In a contest with *The Eiffel Tower*, Chagall wins hands down – in my opinion, at least. It is kind of luminous, and exudes a heartfelt joie de vie.

But whatever my personal feelings are about art and art critics, I am a firm believer in letting the experts in public institutions decide how best to fill the collections they were hired to manage. Many of you will recall the fuss some decades ago when the same National Gallery spent \$1.8 million on a Barnett Newman colourfield painting (*Voice of Fire*) that arguably could have been executed by a five year old – assuming that five year old could work a paint roller and a very long ruler. That spurious chestnut aside, many people seemed to feel that museum acquisitions were best determined by popular referenda, rather than by the experts "we" (via taxes)

employ to do this work. The outrage seemed misguided then; today, with so much seasoned expertise dismissed as elitism, we should be more wary than ever of the urge to undermine the artistic freedom of public professionals who are operating within a given mandate. I am distressed to see nationalism and other questionable claims colour discussions of museum collections, particularly when some of this comes from professionals themselves. But whatever reason you have for wanting to acquire a painting like *St. Jerome*, if it's consistent with your mandate, go for it.

OK, but that's only part of the issue. The part about acquisitions. By the same argument, we should give museum curators the right to sell what they have, if they argue (as was the case with *The Eiffel Tower*) it is in the museum's, and therefore the public's, best interest. Now, in some cases this practice may be justified, even inevitable; no doubt many small museums regularly opt to deaccession odd items that someone picked up somewhere, and that nobody seems to like, in order to buy something new – or maybe just to stay open. But is this the sort of mandate we wish to extend to our large public collections?

I would argue that, just as each addition to the public domain – be it *St. Jerome*, *The Eiffel Tower*, *Voice of Fire*, or pretty much any work from any of the world's cultures – enriches us, so the loss of any of these diminishes us. Just as any person of whatever origin becomes one of us when they settle here, so does any work of art when it finds itself part of our public collections. Private owners (including the fabrique of Notre-Dame Parish) can do what they like, of course, although it is sad if fine works that might have been made available to the public pass out of circulation – particularly to that stereotypical wealthy purchaser bidding anonymously over the phone. But if a work is in a public museum it should not be discarded – certainly not on a whim, such as the idea it isn't Canadian enough. As one contributor to an on-line discussion about the National Gallery's plan sagely put it, "My Canada includes Chagall." Indeed.

Do I mean that public works should never be sold? Well, I hate to be dogmatic, and I'm sure there will always

be exceptions, but the rule should be: no, don't sell. There is a sacred quality to being held in trust for the public, and it has nothing to do with whether or not I know anything about art, or know what I like, or believe passionately that Canadian museums should be in the vanguard when it comes to collecting Canadian art. If it's in a Canadian public collection, it forms part of Canadian heritage. Any loss from a public collection is a loss for Canadian heritage. (Replace "Canadian" with "Quebec" as political persuasion requires.)

This view has ramifications, of course. Deaccession is not always about money: more often, and more controversially, it is about righting past wrongs and being respectful. Our public collections are well-stocked with objects that were acquired under questionable circumstances – the Elgin Marbles, where I began, is a case in point. A sensitive subset of this category consists of wartime loot, particularly what was stolen by Nazis from Jews. Public museums should not be exempt from the obligation to prove they acquired works legally, and if there is any question of a museum's having taken advantage of an unscrupulous sale, even generations back, they are morally bound to return the work, without compensation, to whomever can justifiably represent the victim's family. Equally, works that by virtue of being put on public display violate a culture's religious taboos are good candidates for being restored to the care of that culture – assuming the objects in question still have meaning for them (in the case of the Mi'kmaq, arguably yes; for the ancient Sumerians, not so much). Whether a person or group receiving a restored work of art is capable of taking care of it is an important factor in the process, but it does not take away from the moral imperative to right wrongs and be respectful.

And yet, it's complicated. Surrendering a work of art to a private individual or group, however morally justified, means a loss for the rest of us. Cases of restitution push so many emotional buttons we tend to forget that if we return something we can't see it again, or at the very least not in the same context. A noteworthy example is Gustave Klimt's *Portrait of Adele Bloch-Bauer*, whose story (the subject of the very annoying

2015 Hollywood movie, *Woman in Gold*) involved the rightful heir of a classic Viennese Secession painting successfully suing the Austrian government for ownership and then selling it at a huge profit, effectively depriving the Belvedere Gallery in Vienna of a key part of its celebrated Klimt collection. In this case, the *Portrait* is now being shown in a private museum, open to the public, in New York City – arguably



more convenient for most of us than Vienna. Even so, Austrian heritage has suffered; what Nazis and their collaborators did does not take away from the genius of Klimt and the Belvedere's contribution (now diminished) to understanding and enjoying that genius.

We need to factor this sort of contribution into our discussions and decisions about deaccessioning and, yes, restitution. Righting a wrong and being respectful is very important, but should be an exception to the rule that objects in public museums belong to all of us. That we can see them, and moreover how we see them, is part of our heritage. There is a sound moral argument that Britain should return Thomas Bruce's ill-gotten Parthenon statues to Athens, but there is also the solid argument that they are doing just fine where they are and that Londoners and visitors from the world over should continue to enjoy them in the very user-friendly British Museum. They are, in effect, part of British heritage.

If one of our local public collections

manages to acquire David's *St. Jerome*, I will be pleased to acknowledge its permanent place within our heritage. If the directors of the National Gallery refrain from selling *The Eiffel Tower*, then we may continue to call it part of our heritage. The Gallery's recent decision, under pressure, not to hand the Chagall painting over to the auctioneers comes as considerable relief. For a while there, I really thought we'd lost our marbles.

Letters

The Caldwell theme

Thanks so much for putting my note and Caldwell House photo in your magazine. The Municipality is taking it over and moving it behind the Kempffer Cultural Centre. It will only be moved sometime this summer. I will let you know how it goes when it is put in its new place.

Thanks again. I was very pleased!!

Katherine Smollet
New Carlisle, Qc.

Down in the village

I wish this area was interested in heritage.

I have lived here on our farm since 1967, when we bought 200 acres of Quebec, as we had become citizens. I grew up on a farm in Suffolk, U.K.

The only success I've had (I started Heritage Hemmingford in 1975) was when the Church said it was going to destroy the lovely Queen Anne convent and build a metal and concrete bank on the site. I was told to call Michael Fish, and he helped me to save it.

The other important building was Julius Scriver's "The Hotel," a beautiful Italianate big important structure in brick. Vandals burnt it down. What can I say? The two large barns in the village were demolished a month ago.

By the way, the village is called Hemmingford.

Susan Heller
St. Bernard-de-Lacolle, Qc.

QAHN News

by Matthew Farfan

Heritage Talks

In February, QAHN inaugurated its first “Heritage Talks” lecture series. Coordinated by Dwane Wilkin, talks in this series varied widely in theme. For example, one Montreal presentation (by historian André Cousineau) focused on a tragic school fire that occurred in the city in 1907, claiming 17 lives, including a young teacher (Sarah Maxwell) who perished helping her pupils to safety and for whom a local park has been named. Our talk in Knowlton, given by Caitlin Bailey of the Canadian Centre for the Great War, examined corporate profiteering during the First World War. In Stanbridge East, we learned about the history and ecosystem of the Pike River in southern Quebec. A talk by QAHN vice-president Grant Myers explored the deadly outbreak of spotted fever that devastated local communities and families in southern Quebec in the nineteenth century.

Two of our presentations spotlighted Aboriginal heritage. In Wakefield, for example, guest speaker Chief Roger Fleury gave



an impassioned talk on archaeological findings from, and the controversy surrounding, an Anishinabe (Algonquin) cultural site near the confluence of the Gatineau and Ottawa rivers. This event was packed, and one attendee reported that “from my perspective, it was a game-changer... Canadians are interested in learning and engaging more with respect to Indigenous issues.”

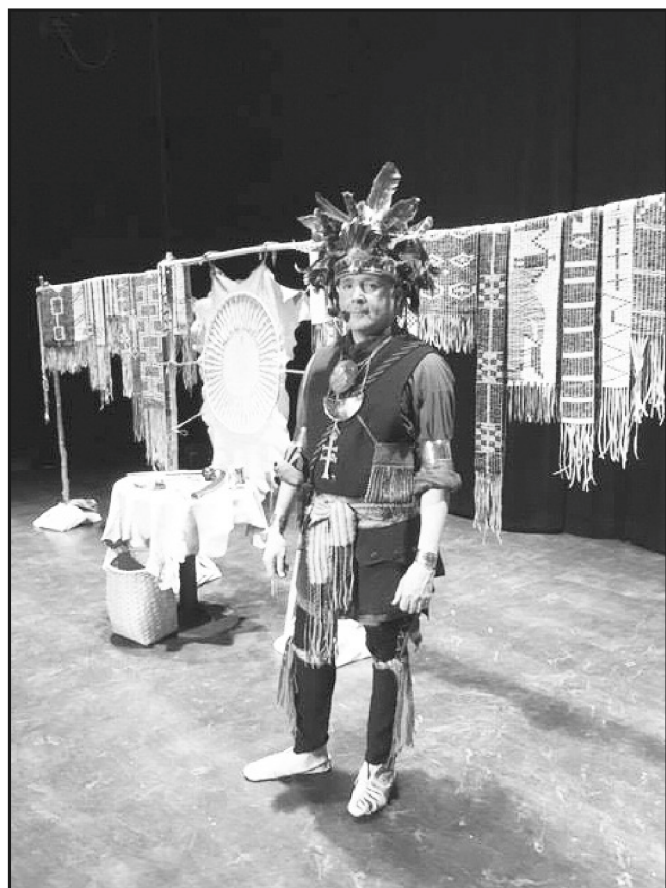
We continued our exploration of Canada’s First Nations heritage in Ormstown, where Mohawk storyteller Darren Bonaparte enthralled over 200 students and staff at Chateauguay Valley Regional High with a presentation on Haudenosaunee (Iroquois) culture and diplomacy, as recorded through the

medium of wampum. Hundreds of people took part in these talks, and it is QAHN's plan to hold a second series beginning this coming fall.

5th Annual Montreal Wine & Cheese

QAHN’s 5th annual Montreal Wine & Cheese took place on April 26 at the Château Dufresene in the city’s East End. Over 100 people were in attendance from all over the island and beyond, representing some three dozen heritage and cultural organizations. Billed as a chance for members of Montreal’s heritage community, both English- and French-speaking, to network in an informal setting, this yearly event, which is organized by QAHN’s Montreal Committee, has become an important one on Montreal’s heritage calendar.

QAHN’s president, Simon Jacobs, who was celebrating his



Top: Grant Myers at the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society. Photo: M. Farfan.

Bottom left: Darren Bonaparte in Ormstown. Photo: N. Saunders. Bottom right: Volunteer waiter (and QAHN director) Fergus Keyes at the Montreal Wine & Cheese. Photo: M. Farfan.

birthday for the occasion, welcomed the visitors. Guest speaker André Cousineau gave a brief presentation of the history of the Hochelaga district, the Château Dufresne, and the Italian-Canadian artist Guido Nincheri, whose work adorns the house's interiors. Cousineau also spoke of the château's restoration in the 1970s and its subsequent life as the Musée Dufresne-Nincheri.

Feedback after the event, as usual, was enthusiastic. "Beautiful venue; nice turnout; spoke with many interesting people," said one attendee. Another commented simply that, "QAHN gives the best parties!"

Roots 2018 Family History Convention

QAHN had an information booth at this year's Roots Family History Convention, which was organized by the Quebec Family History Society and held in Montreal at McGill University. The event was well-attended and many conference-goers took the opportunity to get better acquainted with the heritage network.

"The 'English Boss' and Company Towns"

This spring, QAHN partnered with Concordia University's QUESCREN to organize a 2-day event called "The 'English Boss' and Company Towns," held in Saguenay on May 9-10 as part of the 86th annual ACFAS convention. QAHN Director Terry Loucks, an Arvida native, served on QUESCREN's planning committee, providing advice and logistical assistance. He also participated in a panel discussion and led a walking tour of Arvida. The event was organized to address questions related to the role of Quebec's English-speakers in the industrial economy, and to examine myths and realities surrounding Quebec's company towns, the present-day legacy of this heritage, how this heritage continues to shape ethno-linguistic relations in Quebec, and current realities in former company towns.

Bloomsday Festival, Montreal

In June, QAHN played a key role in this year's Bloomsday Festival. Our involvement included co-sponsoring both "The Irish in Canada: Before, During and After the Famine," a

standing-room-only talk held at the Atwater Library by historian Sam Allison, and an exhibit at Victoria Hall Community Centre in Westmount.



Heritage, Culture and Communication

QAHN is pleased to announce that its project "Heritage, Culture and Communication: Balancing Traditional and Digital Media in a Changing World" has received funding from the Department of Canadian Heritage.

Against the backdrop of an ever-shifting digital landscape, organizations are being challenged to come up with creative ways to communicate their mission, message and programming. Coping with the reality of technology that seems to evolve at a dizzying pace is a daunting task for many historical societies, museums and other community-based organizations.

Within that context, the activities associated with this exciting project, including a series of one-day regional conferences, will explore a range of questions relating to modern communications. What are the most effective (and cost-effective) ways for non-profits to communicate? What are appropriate technologies to use? What skills are needed to navigate the range of media available? How can traditional media, such as print publishing, best be integrated with web-based publishing, social media, mobile apps, online marketing, and other digital communication tools? Can non-profits afford to use them all? If not, how do they build a strategy that works?

QAHN Executive Director Matthew Farfan is delighted that the value of this initiative has been recognized. "QAHN has a long track record of managing innovative projects that provide real value to the heritage and cultural sectors of English-speaking Quebec," he said. "This project will enable us to build on other recent successes, such as initiatives that have focused on volunteerism in the heritage and cultural sectors, and funding diversification for non-profits."

QAHN President Simon Jacobs echoed these sentiments. "Heritage, Culture and Communication," he said, "will enable us to continue working to strengthen the institutions and the individuals that keep our community vibrant – and relevant – in this century."



Diversity and Achievement in Anglophone Quebec

By its nature, English-speaking Quebec is a heterogeneous community. Although it is linked by language and by certain historic, social and political characteristics, in reality the community is a patchwork of distinct ethnic and regional groups – some with surprisingly unique histories, cultures and outlooks, but all of them linked by their identification with Anglophone Quebec.

QAHN is pleased to report that its project “Diversity and Achievement in Anglophone Quebec” has been funded by the Department of Canadian Heritage. This 15-month initiative will explore the historic and ever-evolving make-up of Quebec’s English-speaking communities: the cultural, ethnic, and geographic diversity that is such a hallmark of English-speaking Quebec.

How have these groups evolved over time? Why do they identify with the Anglophone community? How do English-speakers across Quebec differ from one another? What are their greatest achievements? And how have they contributed to the

heritage and culture of contemporary Quebec and Canada? These are just some of the questions to be explored over the course of this exciting project.

“Diversity and Achievement in Anglophone Quebec,” which will be realized in partnership with a number of heritage and cultural partners, will include a traveling exhibition, conferences, a heritage fair, heritage tours, school visits, and a teaching resource for Quebec high schools.

In the words of one project partner, “QAHN’s activities have always supported the historical and contemporary presence of English-speaking Quebecers... This project will undoubtedly highlight, connect and support the many voices of English-speaking Quebecers.”

Chawkers Foundation

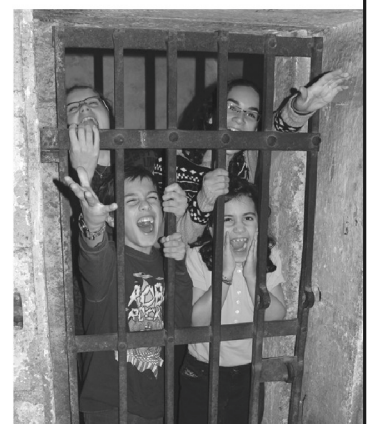
QAHN has just received a generous grant from the Chawkers Foundation. These funds will help us to undertake a second edition of our popular “Heritage Talks” lecture series. Planning for the new series will get under way in the fall, with lectures taking place over the coming winter and spring.



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VOLUNTEERING MATTERS ON THE SAFE SIDE

Managing Risk in Your Volunteer Program

by Heather Darch

This is the seventh in a series of articles by Heather Darch exploring the issue of volunteers and volunteering. It was inspired by her work on the QAHN project, FOREVER.

Many years ago, my museum ran purely on volunteer power. Most volunteers were dedicated and honest people who loved history and believed in making a museum that could represent the community and the region's past. I'm impressed by what they accomplished. Every now and again, however, when I try to locate a particular object in the collection, an object that was carefully accessioned and catalogued by a volunteer, I unfortunately discover that the object is missing. It's just gone from the collection. I hesitate to say it, but the objects that are missing were likely taken by unsupervised volunteers who had complete access to the storage areas. While it was probably only a few bad apples over the many years the museum has operated, it does support the fact that the more responsibility a volunteer has, the more risk is involved for an organization.

Risk, however, is not inherently bad, and risk-taking is an essential part of volunteering. In *Transforming Museum Volunteering*, Ellen Hirzy says that volunteers are assuming substantial responsibility, and across the board, they are asking for and receiving positions that require greater experience and skill. Whenever a museum or heritage organization gives superficial attention to recruiting, screening, training, supervising and evaluating volunteers, the risk multiplies. For many of us working in heritage organizations, overseeing income-producing activities, running school programs or handling delicate museum collections all involve the vital participation of volunteers – and all have elements of risk. When it comes to involving volunteers, things can and do go wrong, so it's important to take care of risk so that organizations can focus on the opportunities and benefits of having a volunteer program.

The *Canadian Code for Volunteer Involvement* states that volunteers have responsibilities and are accountable to the organization in which they volunteer; they must act with respect for the cause, the stakeholders, the organization, and the community, and must act responsibly and with integrity. In return,

organizations must recognize that volunteers are a vital human resource and commit to the appropriate infrastructure to support volunteer engagement. They must ensure effective volunteer involvement and commit to providing a safe and supportive environment for volunteers.

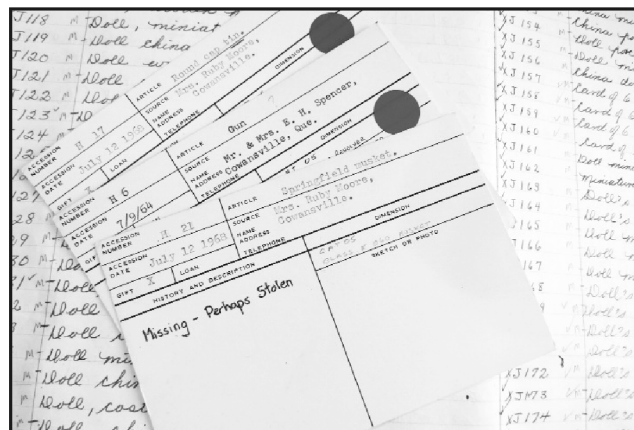
Risk management has come to the forefront in the twenty-first century because of the increasing role of volunteers in non-profit community organizations, the introduction of legislation and regulations which accompanied this shift, and the adoption of more professional practices by organizations. A growing awareness of legal liability and insurance costs have also been influential.

Alison Stevens, the former director of the Volunteer Bureau of Montreal, says that organizations have what is called the "Duty of Care" – that is, the obligation to exercise reasonable care, including protection from harm. It's a legal as well as a moral obligation.

Risk management involves asking and answering three simple questions. What can go wrong? What will we do to prevent harm and address an incident if something happens? And how will we respond to the issue and pay for it? In heritage organizations people (including staff, board members, museum visitors and volunteers), collections and buildings, income, and the organizations' reputations, all present the types of assets at risk.

Risks specifically related to volunteer involvement include: accidents, injury or death; substandard performance by volunteers resulting in harm to the public; harassment or abuse (physical, emotional, financial); volunteers exceeding role descriptions; underdeveloped skills; overstepping boundaries or authority; misleading or wrong advice and information given to the public; breach of confidentiality; inappropriately speaking for or misrepresenting the organization; loss or damage to property; theft, misappropriation of funds; fraud; governance-related risks; and damage to organizational credibility and reputation. As Alison Stevens has said, "Clearly, these are all things that any voluntary organization would want to avoid."

Managing risk is about keeping things safe so that everyone and everything that organizations are dedicated to supporting – whether it's heritage sites and collections, the environment or community groups – can flourish. Whenever you hear the term



Accession cards from the Missisquoi Museum collection with no corresponding artefacts that likely were removed by light-fingered volunteers.

“risk management,” think safe-keeping. As Ellen Hirzy emphasizes, it must become part of your volunteer program management mindset.

There are four basic steps you can take that can build risk management into every administrative function. One: establish principles, rules, expectations and courses of action for problem situations that provide overall guidance and direction. Two: write volunteer position descriptions to describe skills, knowledge and other abilities needed. Three: screen potential volunteers based on risk factors and develop a list of qualifications that volunteers must have to fill specific roles. Four: train your volunteers to identify and be aware of risks.

Managing the risk to our valuable volunteer resources and to our collections, buildings and the reputation of our organizations is an integral part of volunteer program management. Risk management needs to be part of our volunteer program mindset. “If risk management isn’t part of your vocabulary, it should be.”



HERITAGE IN BRIEF

Quebec Heritage News continues with its series of short articles dealing with topical issues or providing updates to issues raised in recent articles. We welcome contributions from members to this ongoing section.

Building a homestead at Fairbairn House, Wakefield

by Michael Cooper
President, Fairbairn House Heritage Centre

On August 30, 2005, the old Fairbairn farmhouse was relocated to Hendrick Park in Wakefield, beside the village's rebuilt covered bridge. It has been a story of steady progress ever since.

First, the 1861 Fairbairn house was saved from demolition. Then, effective lobbying on the part of the Gatineau Valley Historical Society saw the house moved and settled onto a new foundation in a small municipal park, with the message, “there you are, now turn it into a museum for the Gatineau Valley.”



So we did.

By 2010, we had raised enough money to restore the exterior of the house; by 2012, the interior. In 2013, we opened our doors as the Fairbairn House Heritage Centre. As space was limited, the generous Hendrick family donated extra acres, where we found a natural amphitheatre. So, with plans by a local timber framer and 40 volunteers, we built a large timber-frame stage, a focus for community activities. Then, the National Capital Commission asked us if we would like a 100-year-old round-log cabin, like the kind built by early local settlers. It was disassembled, moved and rebuilt on our property.

Our heritage centre was beginning to attract attention. We had also become the municipal tourist office, with 3,200 visitors in 2017 alone. So what were we missing? Having the cabin as first home, and the 3,200-square-foot farmhouse as second home, we were missing a barn. A great suggestion of “crowd funding” helped us to raise \$10,000. So now to find a barn! We were given two timber-frame barns from the late nineteenth century in fine condition. We took them apart and, in May 2017, started to build an 80-square-metre (864-square-foot) barn using

Photos: courtesy of the Fairbairn House.

the salvaged timbers. After 2,000 volunteer hours, and some financing from Economic Development Canada, the barn was complete just as the snow began to fall.

Earlier this summer, we held a “barn opening party.” We also launched our new farming exhibit “Where Does Our Food Come From?” showcasing the story of food from farm to table, both then and now.

To learn more about the Fairbairn House Heritage Centre, visit us at www.Fairbairn.ca.

Restoration work at Richmond County Museum

by Matthew Farfan

The Richmond County Museum in the Eastern Townships recently received funding from the federal government to cover the costs of much-needed upgrades to the museum's newly-acquired heritage building known as “the Manse,” located in Melbourne Township. For most of its history, the 170-year-old brick building served as the manse for ministers serving nearby St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church

A contribution of just over \$76,000 was received two years ago to renovate and restore the heritage building which today houses the Richmond County Historical Society's museum and archives. The work, which has now largely been completed, included a new and period-appropriate metallic roof, a new heating and cooling system, an exhibition space, reconstruction and stabilization of a porch and verandah, restoration of original floors, electrical upgrades, insulation, and installation of emergency lights.

Marie-Claude Bibeau, MP for Compton-Stanstead and Minister of International Development, attended the museum's season opener in May. “The Richmond County Historical Society,” she said, “has been very active over the past few years in relocating its museum in a more adequate space. This help, given by the Government of Canada, will allow the organization to continue its mission of preserving the community's history and transmitting it to future generations.”

Museum president Léo Gaudet expressed the museum's gratitude for the funding. “I would like to recognize the





Hon. Marie-Claude
Bibeau
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175, rue Queen, bureau 204
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marie-claude.bibeau@parl.gc.ca

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courteous and timely fashion in which the advisors at the Sherbrooke office of Canada Economic Development for Quebec Regions dealt with the requests for funding after each phase was completed,” he said. “Through the funding of this project, a new life has been given to the museum.”

Historic troops quarters in Old Quebec face uncertain fate

by Dwane Wilkin

On a derelict street behind Old Quebec City's north-western ramparts, time is running out to save a crumbling remnant of Canada's early military past.

Abandoned for more than half a century, the 266-year-old New Barracks complex is the largest surviving structure of its kind dating to the French Regime. It is also a magnet for vandals, who have defaced all of the exposed stone walls of the buildings in graffiti.

It is not the kind of place visitors would expect to find in Old Quebec, which is designated by UNESCO as a World Heritage Site.

In striking contrast to well-preserved fortifications found in nearby Artillery Park – a national historic site operated by Parks Canada – the New Barracks property is reaching advanced and possibly irreversible stages of dilapidation. The Commission de la Capitale Nationale, the public body that has owned the property since 2013, has no long-term redevelopment plan, and only recently began work to shore up the most unstable portions of its 160-metre length.

Built from stone between 1749 and 1752 to house soldiers of the Compagnies franches de la Marine and the Troupes de Terres, the New Barracks, or Nouvelle Casernes, were used after Quebec's 1759 capture to lodge British infantry companies and, later, those of the Royal Artillery Regiment.

British troops departed in 1871, but the New Barracks' military vocation continued from 1879 onward, after its conversion to a munitions factory supplying the Canadian Army.

Dominion Arsenal, as the factory at Artillery Park came to be named in 1901, would go on to play a major role in both world wars, employing thousands of people until slipping into decline following the end of World War II.

Critics blame past provincial governments for failing to recognize the property's considerable historic value, but the

story of the New Barracks may also be read as an example of how challenging it remains to protect built public heritage in Quebec, even with the province's revamped Cultural Property Act.

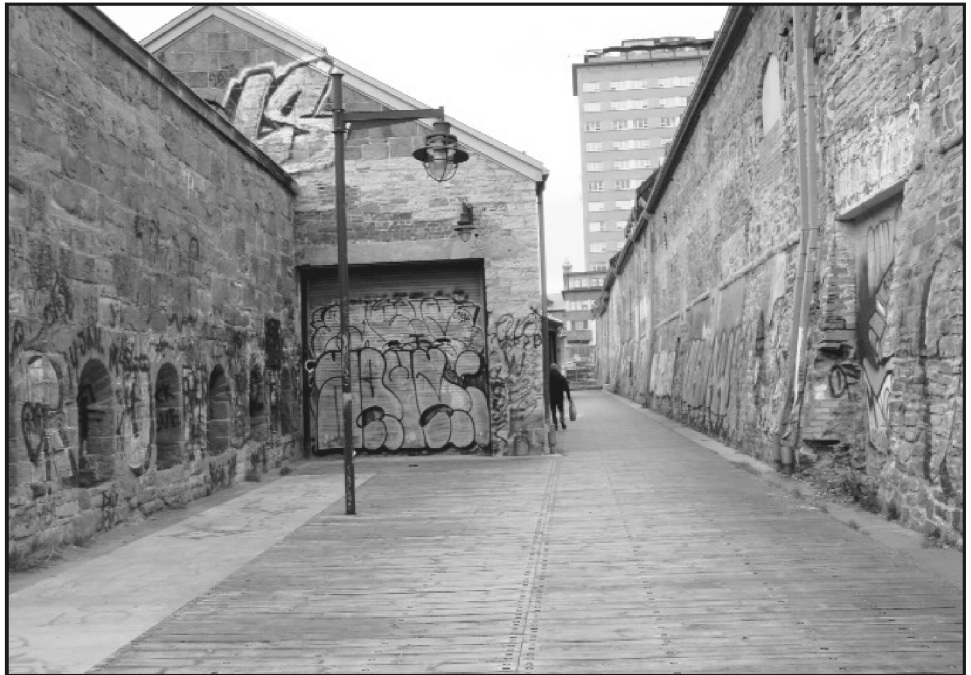
The site was classified as a registered heritage property in 2012, part of an agreement that saw the Capital Commission take possession of the buildings from their previous owner, the Centre hospitalier universitaire (CHU), itself an offshoot of Quebec's historic Augustines de l'Hôtel-Dieu religious order, which bought the New Barracks complex in 1966.

According to local press reports, public consultations begun by the Capital Commission in 2014 have failed to produce a viable proposal for restoring and repurposing the New Barracks that ensures that the property will remain functional and occupied over the long-term. Another round of consultations is now contemplated.

Five years have elapsed since the province confirmed it would spend \$20 million to save the buildings from further deterioration, but actual work did not start until January of this year. Billboard-sized banners bearing stylized drawings of French and British soldiers were recently draped across a mesh of steel wire that girds the loose end of one of the buildings where it meets a busy sidewalk

Time may yet turn the New Barracks into a pile of rubble.

In May, two construction workers narrowly escaped death when a stone wall collapsed during emergency repairs. The accident is a reminder that political apathy still poses the greatest threat to Canada's historic places.



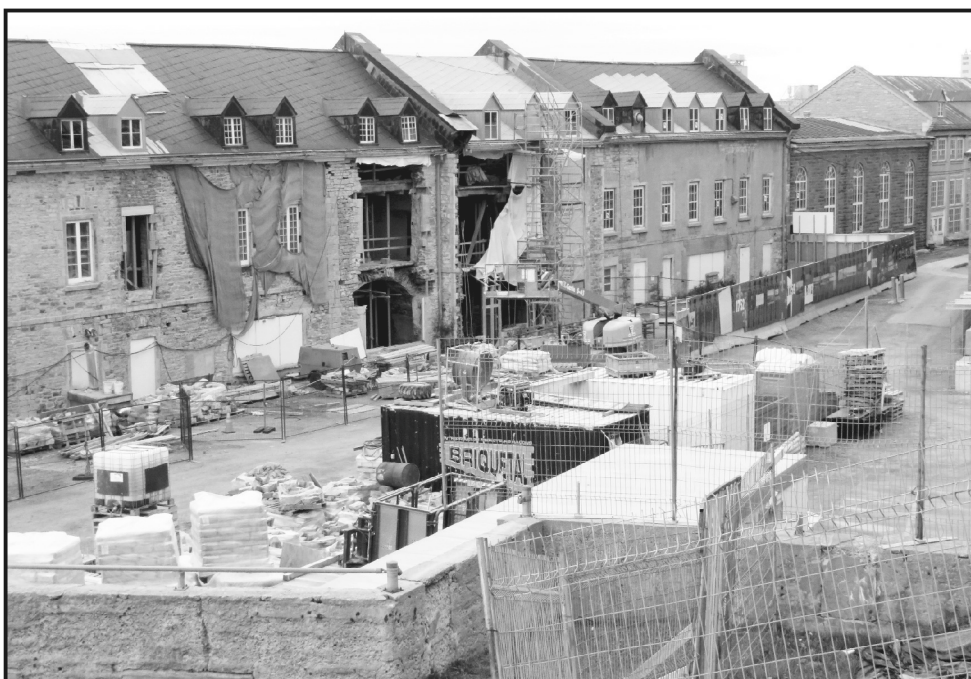
New Google Maps application for history teachers

MPO Educational Enterprises, a small Canadian business, has created an innovative application that helps teach history and geography using Google Maps. It is called GeoHistory Map. This application features hundreds of Canadian historical events, each of which contains images or videos, animations, descriptive text and links to historical websites such as Parks Canada and the Canadian Museum of History.

With this innovative tool, we are now able to geographically contextualize historical events in time and space. This permits us to easily compare historical events to one another and link them together, enabling us to learn history in an interactive way instead of trying to remember events independently one by one.

With a free demo available at www.educationalmaps.ca, users can see for themselves how easy it is to learn history! Children intuitively pick up how to search the timeline and map, allowing them to learn history at their fingertips.

MPO is working on adding more events and its goal is to eventually add thousands of historical events about world history. This means that GeoHistory Map would become the place to go to with the largest amount of educational historical events displayed on an interactive map. This increases potential users up to 400 million worldwide.



Top: The alley between the city ramparts (left) and the back wall of the New Barracks (right).

Bottom: Current conditions at Quebec's 266-year-old New Barracks. Photos: Renee Arshinoff.



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QAHN'S 19TH ANNUAL CONVENTION, QUEBEC CITY, JUNE 9-10

by Matthew Farfan

Despite lingering fears that QAHN's 19th annual convention, held this year at the historic *Domaine Cataraqui* in Quebec City over the June 9-10 weekend, would be disrupted by protests connected to the G7 meeting taking place in the city at the same time, the event went off without a hitch. Several dozen members attended, including delegates from museums and historical societies in Montreal, Quebec City, the Eastern Townships and the Laurentians.



The Saturday program commenced with the annual general meeting. Business included a report from outgoing President Simon Jacobs who summarized some of the work that the organization had been doing. The president also mentioned the recently announced increase in operating funding from the Department of Canadian Heritage, noting that QAHN's funders had recognized "the solid and dependable work we have exhibited over the years which we should see as a mark of confidence and excellence."

The president noted that one of his "proudest accomplishments was having been able to give the support as well as the space needed" for our staff, "to accomplish the excellent work they have done putting together the myriad of programs we have offered."



Executive Director Matthew Farfan then outlined two major projects that QAHN would be embarking upon in the coming months. These include: "Diversity and Achievement in Anglophone Quebec," (which will include conferences,

school visits, a new resource for high schools, and a traveling exhibition); and "Heritage, Culture and Communications: Balancing Traditional and Digital Media in a Changing World" (conferences on best practices for communications at heritage and cultural organizations).

Both initiatives are being funded by Canadian Heritage -- a recognition, the executive director said, of "the excellent work this organization is doing." He also mentioned that QAHN had recently received additional funding from the Chawkers Foundation to help undertake a second "Heritage Talks" lecture series in 2018-2019, and a contribution (announced the previous week) from Quebec Cabinet Minister Kathleen Weil.

The financial report was presented by (outgoing) Treasurer Richard Evans, who said that he "was pleased to say that QAHN was in excellent financial health."



Project director Dwane Wilkin summarized the past year's highly successful "Heritage Talks" series. Hundreds of Quebecers, he explained, took part in the series -- "the fruit of ongoing investments in public outreach and educational activities that have been pursued with great success in many regions of the province."

Research director Heather Darch outlined the recently completed "DREAM" project and the successful Fall Heritage Fair held in the Eastern Townships. "For many of the non-profit groups who participated," she said, DREAM was "the first time that they had ever been able to access professional-development training of this type in English... Everyone came away with renewed confidence in their ability to plan and practice effective private fundraising."

Director Glenn Patterson put forward a resolution pertaining to "Anglophone heritage in the time of Reconciliation." Among other things, this resolution, which passed unanimously, states that QAHN "affirms its commitment to the reconciliation process" and establishes a committee to make recommendations pertaining to reconciliation between Indigenous and non-Indigenous Canadians.

Vice president Grant Myers presented a resolution pertaining to toponymy in the province of Quebec. This resolution, which also passed unanimously, "urges the Commission de toponymie du Québec to at all times respect the historic contributions of Quebec's English-speaking community

builders.”

QAHN’s new board of directors was announced. Returning for two-year terms are: Richard Evans, Carol Meindl, Grant Myers, Sandra Stock and Dorothy Williams. Directors whose seats were not up for election this year are: Simon Jacobs, Fergus Keyes, Terry Loucks, Ann Montgomery, JoAnn Oberg-Muller, Glenn Patterson and Jody Robinson. The only change to the board’s make-up is that long-time director Derek Hopkins has retired. A new executive was also announced: Grant Myers (president); Jody Robinson (vice-president); JoAnn Oberg-Muller (treasurer); and Carol Meindl (secretary).



On Saturday afternoon, attendees enjoyed an excellent banquet, courtesy of local caterer “Deux Gourmands.” This was followed by a presentation by historian Frédéric Bonin who spoke about the Breakey family, who were major wood barons during the nineteenth century in Quebec City and the Beauce.

In appreciation of his five years as president, Simon Jacobs was presented by Grant Myers with an original framed watercolour by noted Townships artist Denis Palmer. QAHN’s executive director then recited a poem in his honour, which concluded with, “Think about us now and then Simon, ‘cause we might just ask you to put more time in.”

During QAHN’s annual awards ceremony, the coveted Marion Phelps Award was presented to Don Stewart of the Morin Heights Historical Association, in honour of his many years working to preserve the heritage and history of the Laurentians. Director Sandra Stock summarized Stewart’s achievements, including his recent “great big doorstopper of a book,” *The History of Morin Heights and Surrounding Regions*. For his part, Stewart said that he “truly appreciated the honour he was receiving.”



Top left: Director Glenn Patterson. Bottom left: Before the AGM. Photos: Renee Arshinoff.



The Richard Evans Award went to the Morrin Centre of Quebec City in recognition of that institution’s contributions to the promotion of the history of Quebec City. On hand for the presentation was nominator Lorraine O’Donnell who outlined the importance of the Morrin Centre as a “hub of local Anglophone heritage and culture” in the provincial capital. Accepting the award on behalf of the Morrin Centre was Executive Director Barry McCullough who said that his organization “had evolved a great deal over the past ten years,” and was “pleased and grateful for the recognition.”

Following the awards ceremony, the Saturday program concluded with a guided tour of the superb wooded grounds of the nineteenth century Cataraqui estate. In the evening, participants congregated at the Bistro Évolution in Lévis.

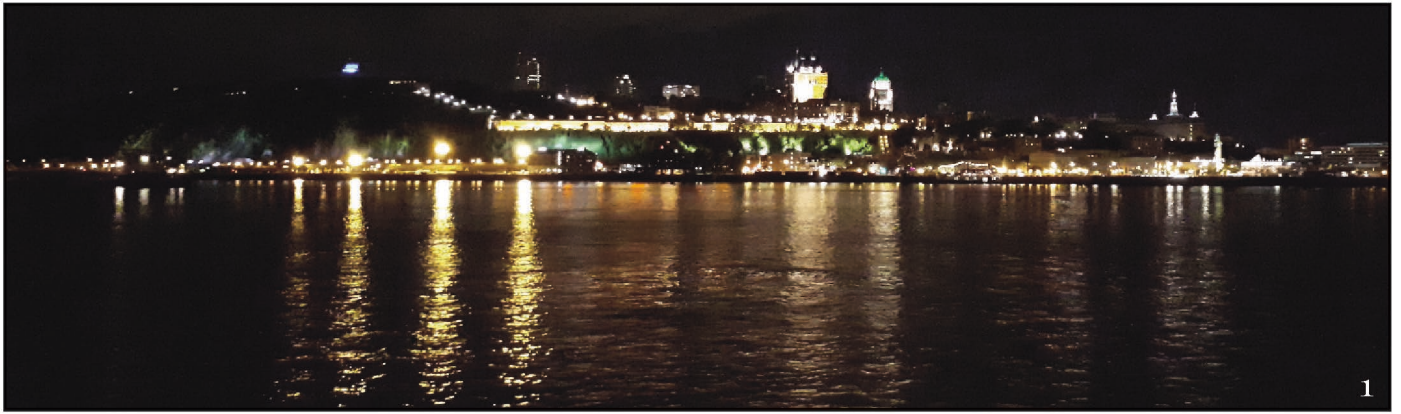
The following morning, attendees gathered at the Citadelle in Old Quebec where they received a guided tour of the grounds and museum of the Royal 22nd Regiment. Some of the finest views of Quebec are to be had from this fortress. After the tour, lunch was provided by local caterer Paillard.

On Sunday afternoon, local tour guides Simon Jacobs (“Simon the Guide”) and Michel Sirois led the group on two separate, highly animated, tours of Old Quebec.

Highlights included a visit to the Fortifications National Historic Site of Canada (which houses the famous model of Quebec City built from 1806 to 1808 by Jean-Baptiste Duberger and John By); the Morrin Centre (a must for any visitors to the city); the Augustine Convent; the Château Frontenac; Dufferin Terrace; and, of course, picturesque Lower Town.



Top right: Simon Jacobs and newly elected president Grant Myers. Photo: Rod MacLeod. Bottom right: the new Board of Directors. Photo: Simon Jacobs.

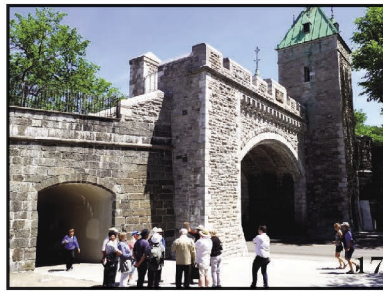


Scenes from
QAHN's 2018
Convention in
Quebec City





Scenes from QAHN's 2018 Convention in Quebec City



DONORS & DREAMERS

GIVE THEM JELLYBEANS

Telling Donors Your Story

by Heather Darch

This is the second in a series of articles by Heather Darch addressing the perennial question of Fundraising. It was inspired by her work on the recent QAHN project, DREAM.

How many of you have had to ask for money for your non-profit organization? How many of you enjoyed it? I bet not many of us actually find pleasure in asking for money and most, in fact, find the task daunting.

When you work in a non-profit community group or if you are a board member for one, you may even feel like a professional beggar at times. The popular term is a “Chugger” or a charity mugger – a person who hits people over the head with bland information and makes a grab for their wallet.

That's a problem for many of us. We become so neck-deep in the financial concerns of our organizations that we can't clearly, and with enthusiasm, answer the question: *Why should someone donate to your organization?*

We equate fundraising with the need to memorize facts. Our pitches tend to be rambling and boring, with statistics and financial breakdowns thrown in for good measure. A bad pitch just becomes a list of vague thoughts thrown together as we talk about the nuts and bolts instead of the vision and the results.

One of the biggest mistakes we make is undervaluing our personal experience with our organization. We think we need to know the specifics before we talk to people. We don't. We have made a decision to invest our limited time and hard-earned money in a non-profit community group. All we have to do is tell our story. People will be interested in that. More than you realize.

Kira Page, communications and membership engagement coordinator for the Centre for Community Organizations (CO-Co) says that we have to take the mission statement and “tell people how it is being lived.” Telling a story of how the mission is working keeps it alive and keeps it at the core of what we do.

Organizations have to develop their own story. This the most persuasive thing you can do when it comes to making the

fundraising ask. But it's also important that the person appealing for funds is in the story. As Kira Page said at QAHN's DREAM conference at the Colby-Curtis Museum, “It's your story, your organization's mission and your personal story of involvement.” You won't forget your own story of why you're involved with your organization and you will be authentic in its telling.

If you feel comfortable in your pitch, the person will feel comfortable listening. Giving a potential donor enough of a story will allow them to care about your organization.

The pitch itself is less a presentation than a back-and-forth conversation between you and the potential donor. It's important to know when you can add in the details though. Going from an “elevator pitch” to a discussion takes patience and skill.

Page provides the analogy of a layered dessert when asking for money. At the base is the rich chocolate cake representing the in-depth information about your organization. In the middle is the

cupcake: lighter on the details but the place where you can talk about your mission at work and where you can ask the potential donor what they would like to see happening. The top is the bite-sized jellybean, the sweet but brief, persuasive pitch to spark their interest, the place to say why you are involved and why you believe in the work. The key to a good pitch is understanding that you don't serve the heavy cake layer first!

Asking for funding means aligning the core values of the organization with the donor's interests. This takes time. The donor has to see how they can be part of the solution first. Only then can you make the all-important ask and make it without dread.

The number one reason people give money is that they're asked. That's a fact. Being asked by a volunteer, a person who isn't paid by the non-profit, is usually more compelling. Being asked by someone who can bring passion to the cause and convey the most important message about your organization in a “jellybean” format is essential. Connecting to donors through their own deep commitment to a cause means that they will connect to your organization from the start.



Telling the story of how the mission of your organization is working and how you are engaged, keeps it animated and engages potential donors.

A GENEALOGICAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE WIRELESS AGE

by Mark W. Gallop

I caught the family history bug at a tender age. I trace my beginnings to CBC's first attempt at a period mini-series: "The Whiteoaks of Jalna," broadcast in 1972. To promote it, *The Gazette's* weekly insert *The TV Times* included a Whiteoaks family tree, which I cut out (and still have). I then presented my own family connections in a similar format, using Magic Markers to replicate the colour coding. I was ten at the time.

Back in the 1970s, genealogy was a roll-up-your-sleeves affair involving visits to cemeteries and archives and interviews with older relations. It benefited from a ready supply of postage stamps and money orders to pay for certificates and photocopying. Technological skills only came into play when trying to operate the micro-film reader at the local library.

After such an early start, in my twenties and thirties my own research went into the doldrums as I headed away to university and then focused on building a financial career. It was only after the turn of the millennium that I dusted off my old paper files and discovered how dramatically the Internet has changed the hobby. In my time away, not only had genealogy become North America's second most popular pastime (after gardening) but also the second most visited category of websites (after pornography), at least according to a 2014 *Time Magazine* article.

The past few decades have also seen genealogists coming together to form groups to share resources and knowledge. The *Fédération québécoise des sociétés de généalogie* now lists 70 groups across the province. Until recently, only the Quebec Family History Society (QFHS), based in Pointe Claire, catered specifically to the English-speaking community. It was founded in 1977, the year the mini-series "Roots" was so avidly viewed across North America.

I have been a long-time QFHS member and participant. Membership offers three big advantages: a library of books, documents and computer resources; lively lectures and seminars; and a thrice yearly journal. The library and lectures are a great resource for residents of, and visitors to, Montreal's West Island, but more of a challenge for family historians living further afield.

Government and private archives (most notably the Mormon Church) have been at the forefront of the dramatic expansion of online research resources. For-profit companies have developed as well, acquiring and transcribing records which are available only behind pay-walls. But as great as it is to undertake research from the

comfort of one's own home, the internet has fewer forums for replicating the sharing community of the like-minded that QFHS offers for those in the Montreal area.

A newly launched virtual (Internet only) society aims to provide that sense of community, particularly for English-speaking family historians who don't have easy access to QFHS or a similar group. The Québec Genealogical eSociety (QGeS at www.genquebec.com) provides an on-line environment enabling members to:

- participate and share in their genealogical research;
- network with other genealogists;
- pursue growth as genealogists, either by coaching others or by being coached;
- conduct continuous improvement and development of best practices in the discipline of genealogy.

The idea for a virtual society was the brainchild of Johanne Gervais, a professional genealogist, who would visit archives and brick-and-mortar genealogical societies to access information, give lectures, and participate in seminars. But distance and scheduling sometimes got in

the way. In true genealogical fashion, this "brick wall" prompted her to consider different approaches to solve a problem that no doubt plagued many. From her day-to-day use of social media tools that enable her to communicate with clients and run a business from her home, the idea of a virtual society was born.

A key offering of the new society will be webinars. Short for "web-based seminar," these are presentations that are transmitted online using video conferencing software. Presenters can show themselves speaking, switch to their computer screens for slideshows or demonstrations, and even invite guests from other locations to co-host the lecture. They also include interactive features that allow viewers to ask questions or chat with the host. Webinars can be recorded and stored on the QGeS website for viewing at a later date.

Both QFHS and QGeS are institutional members of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network. If family history is your passion, or might be when the bug bites, why not join both for the community benefits, in person or online.

Mark Gallop spent three decades in the investment and financial services sector, and now devotes his time to historical research and writing. He is a Trustee of the Mount Royal Cemetery and a past President of the Atwater Library. He is also a Director of the Québec Genealogical eSociety.





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AN AFRICAN INHERITANCE

Rev. Dr. William Wright, 1827-1908

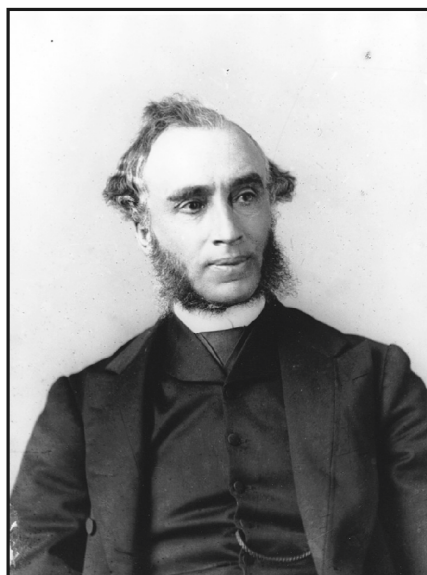
by Sandra Stock

In the summer of 2017, I found myself on Sainte-Famille Street hoping that no one would question me about taking photos of the elegant row houses that line the west side. Although the street is only three blocks long from Sherbrooke to Pine, it has preserved most of its Victorian (c. 1870s) domestic architecture and definitely maintains an aura of yesteryear. These were originally homes for the professional and upper middle class of Montreal in that era, and many have kept, or have been recently restored with, their period features. In 1873, number 84 (now 3566) Sainte-Famille was a double house occupied by the Rev. Dr. William Wright and his large, extended family and household.

Dr. Wright was my great grand uncle; his sister Sarah (15 years younger) was my great grandmother. Ours is a very complicated family history, and, to my very great surprise, contained an interesting element that had been hidden – kept secret either deliberately or through twists of fate – from my generation and possibly from my mother’s generation, as well. This is that the Wright family was of partly African origin. According to my DNA results (4% African), this stemmed from the Saharan and then Atlantic coastal kingdom of Mali.

In the Middle Ages, peaking in the fourteenth century, Mali had been a wealthy Islamic empire, rich from trade in gold, salt and, on the negative side, slaves. Mali controlled the great caravan routes across the Sahara, reaching to the Middle East and the Mediterranean coast. The cities of Timbuktu and Djenné were sophisticated centres of learning and the arts that still preserve remnants of extraordinary architecture from that period. The impact of the European colonial expansion and intensified slave trade resulted in the decline

of African societies and a collective forgetting of their history for those displaced. It is highly unlikely that even the very learned Dr. Wright knew any



specific details about his African background.

However, between historical research about Dr. Wright (done initially by Frank Mackey for St. John the Evangelist Church) and DNA analysis of my ethnicity, there is the proof that Dr. Wright was correct in listing himself in the census as “Creole” – mixed race. His grandfather, Joseph Wright, was a Black drummer in the British army. Joseph Wright was possibly among a group of Black musicians (drummers) that originated on the Caribbean island of Guadeloupe. In the many wars of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries among European colonial powers, the Caribbean islands changed hands many times. This group of drummers from Guadeloupe started off as French. Whether Joseph Wright was born there, we don’t know. His original last name was probably not Wright. He may have been fostered by an English family (one

hopes for a positive tale here) as he had escaped servitude (or slavery) in the Caribbean by drumming for the British army. It is also possible that Joseph was born in London, but no record of his birth there was found and the earliest references to him were as a young adult in the British army.

Further support for my theories about Joseph’s origins is that Mackey, an excellent researcher, could not find a birth record or anything else about Joseph the Drummer – until he found him listed in 1794 among members of the Worcestershire Regiment, which took part in the North Atlantic naval battle between the British and the French called “the Glorious First of June.” Joseph also saw service in Grenada in the West Indies, and then the regiment was sent back to England. In 1797, it was stationed at Bideford, Devon, which is where Joseph Wright met and soon married Elizabeth Blake, a white Englishwoman. After forays into Ireland, and then Holland, this regiment finally left England in 1802 for Nova Scotia. Elizabeth (Blake) Wright came along, of course; military families travelled with the forces, although at this time probably not in a particularly organized official way.

The Family

William Wright was born in 1827 in Quebec City.

His father, William Wright Sr., had been born in Halifax in 1804, one of only two of Joseph and Elizabeth’s six children to survive to adulthood. After Joseph’s death, sometime between 1814 and 1817, Elizabeth Blake Wright married her second husband, John Mansfield. Although younger than Elizabeth (he was 25; she said she was 36 but was really 41), he died in 1820 – after a rather chequered career, first as a soldier,

*Notman & Sandham, “Rev. Dr. Wright, Montreal,” 1882.
Photo: McCord Museum, II-63408.1.*

then a grocer, then a tavern keeper. The couple had two children. The amazing Elizabeth carried on, living with various of her offspring in Quebec City and later in Montreal, finally dying in 1862 in her 89th year – a very long life span for the time.

William Wright Sr. also had an unusual life. Obviously a boy of great intelligence, at the age of 13, he went to work as a clerk in the office of the Deputy Adjutant General – a civilian branch of the British army that was, at that time, mainly responsible for obtaining foodstuffs and other materials for the army.

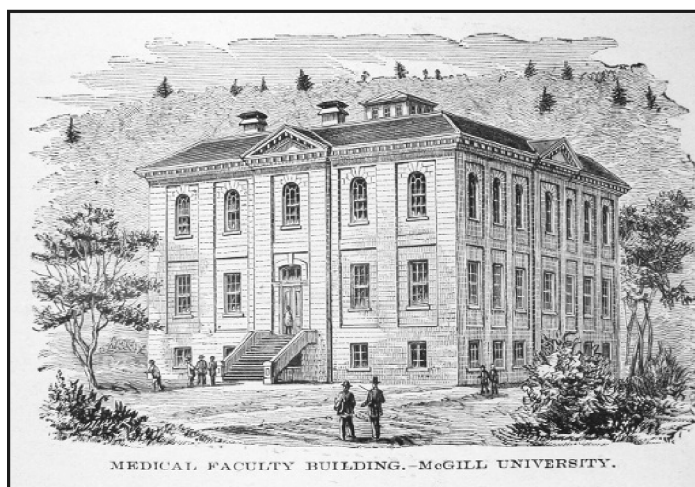
William was spotted as a comer by several of his superiors; Mackey found many examples of letters from ranking officers recommending William for advancement and pay increases. His mixed racial background never appears to have been a handicap to his quasi-military career, nor to his later social success in the then very active and influential Quebec City Masonic lodges.

However, William Sr. made quite a stir with his early marriage to his first cousin, Mary Blake of Bideford, Devon, Elizabeth's niece. While William was in England for a visit, he (at 19) and Mary (at 18) fell in love and insisted upon being married. Although, of course, there was some opposition to this, once again the unconventional Elizabeth (mother and aunt) appears to have intervened and pushed along the marriage. We can only speculate why. William Sr. and Mary had eleven children in all, of whom four lived to older adulthood: Rev. Doctor William Wright (1827-1908), Henrietta (1831-1916), and Henry (1839-1903), all born at Quebec, and Sarah (1841-1918), born at Montreal. The other children died in infancy, except for Susan Caroline (1850-1880), who died at 29. The family moved to Montreal in 1839, and lived on St. Urbain Street in the St. Lawrence Ward. William Sr. was at times rowed back and forth to the British Army garrison on St. Helen's Island, as he continued his work with the Adjutant General's department, now being First Clerk. This must have been a challenging commute

indeed and was probably done along those terrifying looking ice roads by sleigh in the winters. He also had an office on Craig Street (now St. Antoine) near St. Denis, much closer to home.

Medical Career

William Jr. (later the Reverend Doctor) began his medical studies at McGill at the age of 15. By the time he was 20, he had qualified as a physician. He was considered a brilliant student, gifted both in the medical sciences and in what was called "the classics" – the Greek and Latin languages and literature. During



the typhus epidemic of 1847, in which 6,000 Irish immigrants died along with many Montreal residents who had volunteered to assist them, William Wright served as the hospital clerk to Dr. Francis C. T. Arnoldi of the Montreal General Hospital. Arnoldi, who was also the founding president of the *École de Médecine et Chirurgie / Montreal School of Medicine*, described young William as having "more than ordinary professional capacity and assiduity." William Wright was of course totally fluent in French, and as a physician in Montreal practiced in both languages.

William Wright won many prizes during his student years at McGill and was also a curator of the medical museum. After graduating, he went to Europe for a year, visiting Dublin, London and Paris, and eventually took a further medical certificate at the University of Edinburgh.

Upon his return to Montreal, in 1849, he was appointed to the medical staff of

McGill and became the demonstrator of anatomy, holder of the chair of medical jurisprudence, and most notably, professor of *materia medica* (pharmacology). He held onto this pharmacology post until his retirement in 1883. He had several student apprentices and also a private practice.

One of Dr. Wright's students was Sir William Osler, who became a renowned physician and innovator of modern medicine. Osler had admired Dr. Wright, and much later was one of the benefactors for the memorial stained glass window for Wright at St. John the Evangelist Church in Montreal.

Along with Dr. Duncan McCallum, Dr. Wright launched and edited *The Medical Chronicle or Montreal Monthly Journal of Medicine & Surgery*. Dr. Wright also contributed articles, one of which, in 1858, was a study of the possible medicinal uses of marijuana. Many "new" ideas like this have been around for a long time.

Dr. Wright lived with his parents and siblings in a house he had purchased himself in 1857. It was on the corner of Craig (St. Antoine) and St. Dominique streets. In the 1861 census of Canada East, William's father is listed as "Coloured" and he and his siblings as "Creole."

William Sr. was either half, or at least one quarter, Black, and, after two generations of intermingling with pale-complexioned English women, William Jr.'s generation probably looked more or less European. The terms "Coloured" and "Creole" have never been precise; however, they were and are to some extent used to denote mixed race. The term "race" is also questionable, knowing what we do now about human genetics.

Today, "Creole" is used mainly to denote the French language of Haiti and other West Indian islands. Seeing Dr. Wright's use of this term has therefore led me to suspect a West Indian origin for his grandfather, Joseph the Drummer.

Dr. Wright never denied his origins and, as far as we can tell, his mixed background was never an issue professionally or socially. When in middle age, he began to suffer difficulties that affected his teaching, his partly Black origin was nev-

er mentioned or used against him.



The Family (next installment)

In 1864, Dr. William Wright married Margaret Mason Harbeson (1830-1900) of Quebec City. For the time, this was not a young marriage, but the families had known each other in Quebec City and William and Margaret had probably enjoyed a lengthy Victorian courtship. Margaret had attended the Ursuline Convent in Quebec, which offered girls one of the best educations available at this time. William's three sisters – Susan Caroline, Henrietta and Sarah – had also gone to the Ursuline Convent as boarders from Montreal; Henrietta, the eldest, would have been in the same class as Margaret Harbeson. (When Frank Mackey had done his exhaustive research into the Wright family, he could not find any school records for the Wright girls in Montreal; this is why.) The Ursulines were an active teaching order, emphasizing language skills, household management, and the arts: French and English literature, watercolour painting, fancy work – the wide spectrum of that period's suitable offerings for middle-class young ladies. A surviving example, now framed and on my wall, is a large sampler done by Susan Caroline at the age of 13.

The Wright and Harbeson families would also have known each other through the Masonic lodges of Quebec City and through St. Matthew's Anglican Church in Upper Town. Margaret's father, Matthew Harbeson (1788-1873), originally from Ballymena, Ulster, Ireland, had emigrated to Quebec in 1817, and had done very well in business – as far as I

know, something connected to the booming lumber trade. The Harbesons had a home on Grande Allée and another at Cap-Rouge. Matthew had married Sarah Clements (1799-1879), who had been born in either Halifax or Quebec, and who was also of Ulster Irish descent with the family name Clement(s), indicating some French Huguenot origin. Her death record from Mount Hermon Cemetery says Halifax, but another record – baptismal – says she was born in Quebec. Margaret was a “good match” for William Wright; not only did she have an education suitable for a doctor's wife, but she also had inherited economic resources, as well.

William and Margaret had a new house built for them on St. Dominique Street by the architect Arthur Footner, who also was the architect of the large double house they later occupied on Saine-Famille after 1873. Dr. William and Margaret had all of the Wright family, plus some live-in staff, living with them in these residences. One census lists 14 people living with William and Margaret – hence the double house! This arrangement was not unusual for the time: elderly parents, unmarried female relatives and unmarried sons and daughters did not normally move out on their own. Dr. Wright had with him not only his parents, but also, until her death at 89, Grandmother Elizabeth Blake Wright.

William and Margaret had three children: a girl who died in infancy; Robert

(born in 1867), and Clement (born in 1871). Both boys became Anglican priests: Robert was Rector of St. George's Church in Lennoxville, and Clement served as chaplain to the Episcopal bishop of Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Adding to this already large and intermingled cast of characters, William's youngest sister, Sarah (1841-1918) married Margaret's brother, Edward Harbeson (1837-1915) in 1868. This couple were my mother's grandparents, my great grandparents. They lived at the Harbeson house at Cap-Rouge and later at 12 Rue Saint-Flavian in Upper Town, Quebec – one in a line of still extant French-style town houses. By 1893, Edward, Sarah and their children had moved to Montreal and lived in several different residences very close to, but not with, Dr. Wright and Margaret. The Harbeson family fortunes had dwindled in Quebec City from both the general decline of the lumber trade and Edward's lack of management skills.

The issue of racial background, again, on the family level, never appears to have been seen as anything negative or even considered exceptional. In the various Canadian census records, Dr. Wright went on listing himself and his surviving siblings as “Creole” or even Black. Margaret appears as Irish a few times, once as Scots, and once as English – language and ethnicity being fluid and easily confused. Sometimes



her name is Marguerite (French). (As a historical researcher, I have found that early census records can be confusing: often the recorder had difficulties with languages that were not his first – and never mind people who lied about their age, the complicated spellings for many names, and other possible areas for error.)

The Church

Around the same time as his marriage, Dr. Wright began religious studies and was eventually ordained as an Anglican priest. He had always had what we might call a strong social conscience, but he also developed a more spiritual bent.

We now live in such a secular society in Quebec that it is hard for us to imagine how important and all-pervasive religious life and church affiliation was before the Quiet Revolution of the 1960s, never mind in the Victorian era. This was true of all denominations, not just the Roman Catholic. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, the Anglican Church went through what can only be called an identity crisis on the level of both liturgy and mission. What was known as the Ritualist movement within the church attracted Dr. Wright and his wife, Margaret, as well as his sister and brother-in-law, Sarah and Edward Harbeson, and their families. This movement is better known to us as Anglo-Catholic or High Church. Many elements of worship that had been banned in the Protestant Reformation were returned to



some Anglican churches, such as candles, crosses on the altar, incense, sung services, individual confession, and a generally more ornate church interior. Under the leadership of Father Edmond Wood, this movement caught on in Montreal in spite of initial opposition from the Anglican hierarchy. Many of the laity attracted to the Anglo-Catholic revival were among the well-educated and even the social elite. Along with a harkening back to a kind of Medievalism – much like the Arts and Crafts and the Pre-Raphaelite movements in architecture and Fine Arts of the same time – there was also a strong socially progressive mentality among the “Ritualists.”

By 1864, Dr. Wright was a deacon, and by 1871 a priest, working with Father Wood at St. John the Evangelist Church, where he was to serve for over 40 years. The now Reverend Doctor Wright was active in establishing the outreach services to the poor and the unfortunate.

(Montreal had dreadful poverty in Victorian times.) This work continues today as St. Michael’s Mission, located on the street level of St. John the Evangelist Church at the corner of St. Urbain Street and President Kennedy Avenue, near the Place des Arts metro. St. John the Evangelist maintains its “High Church” Anglican services, complete with the incense.

Although Dr. Wright had started off as an excellent teacher, around 1872, when his ecclesiastical career was beginning, his professorial-medical one was in decline. In 1883, at the age of 53, it was agreed that he should resign from teaching, although he would retain the title of Professor Emeritus. Something appears to have gone amiss in his life and perhaps with his health. Neither Mackey’s meticulous research nor my knowledge of family history can account for what happened. Dr. Wright did live on to 1908 and, although he became more withdrawn with age, he was still functioning well in most ways. In 1900, his wife Margaret died and he had an elaborate red sandstone tombstone with Celtic designs erected for her in Mount Royal Cemetery. At some point, he had also organized the reburial of his parents (William Sr. and Mary) and his grandparents (Joseph and Elizabeth) at Mount Royal from the old burial grounds in what is now downtown Montreal. Susan Caroline and eventually Henrietta are also buried in the Mount Royal plot. Last summer, after an exhaustive search among the older tombstones of Mount Royal – a very attractive garden-like place, but poorly marked and confusing – I managed to locate Dr. Wright’s final resting spot.

Some years before his death, the Rev. Dr. Wright came out of his semi-retirement and surprised the congregation of



Top: Wright family plot, Mount Royal Cemetery. Photo: Sandra Stock.

Bottom: St. John the Evangelist Church, Montreal. Photo: Rod MacLeod.

St. John the Evangelist Church with a sermon against the Boer War. Rev. Dr. Wright said that warfare, and this war in particular, was neither a Christian nor a moral activity and he was opposed to Canada's participation and Britain's actions. This was at the height of the British Empire and the majority of people – and churches – were strongly pro-war. Just as he had fearlessly promoted advances in medicine, especially in the field of pharmacology, and just as he had been truthful on the census with the African connections of his family, and just as he supported what many considered a rather radical kind of Anglicanism, he now, at the age of 72, spoke out against this very imperialist war. This unusual opposition to the mentality of the period was ignored (purposely, probably) by the local newspapers, but was recorded by Amy Redpath (later, Roddick) in her diary and thus passed along to posterity.

Africa Vanishes

In the 1921 Canadian census, Rev. Dr. Wright's niece, Edith Wright Trigg, was 50 years old and living in Halifax with her family. Edith, and everyone else, was listed under "Racial or Tribal Origin" as English and nothing else. Edith was the daughter of Dr. Wright's younger brother, Henry Blake Wright, a notary who had practiced in Montreal for over 40 years. Henry had been born in Quebec, the son of William Wright Sr. and Mary Blake, in 1839. In 1868, he married Maria Pope, from a prominent Quebec City family, and Edith was their only child, born 1870. Maria died and Henry remarried. Edith attended the Ursuline Convent as had her aunts. Before her own marriage to Alfred Trigg, she had assisted her father in his notarial office. She was active and intelligent and in a future age certainly would have had a professional career of some sort. This was not an option for her generation of women, however.

Edith must have been aware of her family history – of Joseph the Drummer, her great grandfather, and certainly of her uncle, Rev. Dr. William Wright who never hid his mixed background. Her aunt, Henrietta, lived until 1916, and was very much a presence in the family. However, by now everyone looked European and being "mixed" certainly would not have been to anyone's advantage. The late

nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were much more racist than either the eighteenth (the time of Elizabeth Blake and Joseph Wright) or our present era. Edith could easily have just said nothing, told anyone who asked that her family was English and that was the end of it. The Sarah Wright and Edward Harbeson branch had also said nothing about anything African. Their son, my grandfather Herbert, had married Brigid Enright (of Irish and Scots parentage) and both died quite young leaving five children. My mother, Gertrude, was the youngest and was adopted by Edith Wright Trigg, her father's cousin. This family moved to Halifax, where Mr. Trigg was involved in the newspaper business, and then returned to Montreal in the 1930s. Nobody in my mother's generation appeared to know anything about any African ancestry; they always assumed the Wright-Blakes were English. As being a middle-class professional Black or Mixed person in the nineteenth century in Montreal wasn't something that the stereotypical mindsets of most people could imagine, the story of Rev. Dr. William Wright was never relayed completely.

Sandra Stock, a frequent contributor to Quebec Heritage News, is a walking reminder that we don't know as much about ourselves as we think we do.

Sources:

Edgar Andrew Collard, "Father Wood of St. John the Evangelist," in *Montreal Yesterdays*, 1962.

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Canadian Census, Halifax, 1921, discovered by my cousin, Erik Norenus.

"The Empire of Mali (1230-1600)," South African History Online: www.sahistory.org.

Mount Royal Cemetery:
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A MAN WHO MADE HIS MARK

Ray Baillie: Inspirational Pedagogue and Coach

by Myra Shuster

It was a solemn walk up the pathway to the Mount Royal Funeral Complex. The fan-like leaves of the ginkgo tree provided a canopy from the sun, and the fountain babbled its welcome to hundreds of guests making their way in to pay their respects.

I tried to slow my breath. Ray Baillie, my beloved high school history teacher was gone, and this was the final farewell. I'd been asked by Ray's family to say a few words on behalf of students he'd taught over the years. I'm a notoriously poor public speaker, known to friends and family as the person most likely to lose my composure when speaking about someone close to my heart. How would I do justice to a man who'd meant so much to me?

He'd been an unassuming but powerful force in my high school years. It had been almost 40 years since he was my history teacher at Chomedey Polyvalent High School, yet I could still hear his voice – deep, calm and reassuring. I still had a visceral memory of what it felt like to come under his no-nonsense, but expectant gaze. He believed in our potential, expected the world from us, and wouldn't let us get away with half-baked efforts. The combination made us strive to do our best. My choice of career as a mediator and immigration lawyer I owe, in large part, to lessons I learned from him.

The request to speak had come from Ray's wife Diana, and though I knew I might do a poor job of it, there was no way I could say no. If there was an unforgettable message Ray had instilled in us, it was to step up. Succeed or fail, but never decline a challenge.

When word of his death made it onto online sites, it spread like wildfire, and the alumni of Chomedey High began to share memories and tributes. In

the days leading up to the funeral, I networked and assembled several of them for the eulogy. Accolades poured in from teachers, students, and, to my surprise, football players. I soon realized that, although his legacy to our high school social science community was as



a leading-edge pedagogue, someone would have to pay homage to him as coach of our highly-acclaimed football team – the Chomedey Chiefs. I tried to find a Chief to deliver that part of the eulogy, but although they'd been models of bravado on the field, none of the players was willing.

I didn't know the first thing about football. I remembered seeing Ray don his green and white Chiefs jacket at the end of the school day over the years, and knew he was heading out to practices on the field. I knew the Chiefs were record-breaking city champions, and a highly-celebrated part of our extracurricular

life. But until these accolades rolled in, I didn't know much about Ray as an acclaimed football player and our team's coach. Yet he'd been a six-foot, 270-pound offensive and defensive lineman, he played nine seasons (1954-1965) in the Canadian Football League with the Calgary Stampeders, Montreal Alouettes, Hamilton Tiger-Cats and Edmonton Eskimos. He also played junior football for Montreal's NDG Maple Leafs and the Sarnia Imperials. His twin brother Charles coached the McGill Redmen for 29 years, with Ray coaching alongside him as defensive coordinator from 1972-1978. Ray coached our Chomedey Chiefs for several years, including in 1970, the year they won the city Championships.

I hadn't seen Ray in the years prior to his death, but I was aware that in his retirement he and his wife Diana travelled throughout Quebec to discover the impact of English speakers on the province. This led to the three-volume series, *Imprints: Discovering the Historic Face of English Quebec*. In 2010, Ray followed up with *Scottish Imprints in Quebec*. This book was the result of six years of travel and research that produced more than 300 pictures and text chronicling the important role of the Scots and their descendants, particularly in nineteenth-century Quebec. As the son of Donald Baillie, a real estate man of Scottish heritage, and having been a student of Commonwealth law and Scottish history at Edinburgh University, Ray had a real affinity for the subject.

True to this Scottish heritage, Ray's funeral began with the chilling strains of a piper entering the hall. If there is any sound more resonant than the mournful wail of the bagpipes to capture the sense of loss that weighed heavily in the room, I've never heard it. It sent shivers up my

spine. Shivers – forearm shivers – were to be the focus of my eulogy.

In addition to the piper's dirge, Ray's wishes for his funeral were few, and truly reflected the man. He wanted it to be kept simple. As a staunch atheist, he asked that there be no religious expression. The urn holding his ashes was to be the most ordinary and least expensive possible.

Two of us would be speaking about Ray's legacy at Chomedey High. History teacher and long-time friend Richard Waite spoke first. He explained that the social sciences department Ray oversaw, came to be known to teachers graduating from the McGill education program in the sixties and seventies as the go-to place to see innovative pedagogy in action. He highlighted the interplay of Ray's two worlds: his "ability to set goals and find ways to achieve them betrayed strong will, confidence, and competence second to none... I cannot help imagining that the game of football was formative of Ray's methods of attack and execution in everything he set out to do, whether it was teaching, raising his family, or writing books."

When it was my turn, I looked out at an intimidating sea of familiar and unfamiliar faces. Predictably, I did not manage to hold back tears as I described how Ray taught us the skills to do our own learning, and to trust our own answers. He also taught students not to be satisfied with first answers, but to delve deeper, to ask more questions. No questions were too naive or uninformed. Questions would lead you to answers and then to more questions. To be in a perpetual state of curiosity and challenging the status quo, to look at all sides of every issue was the stance he wanted us to adopt towards our world. He imparted to us that this was how to live a worthwhile, examined life. He didn't have to say any of this explicitly. He modelled it in his classes, and created an unforgettable physical and psychological environment for these things to happen.

He created a two-room cozy space that we called the History



Resource Centre. Imagine what Google would have looked like long before 'to google' entered our vocabulary as a verb. Two rooms brimming with filing cabinets filled with press clippings Ray cut himself, course materials from other teachers, studies, slides, magazines, audio-visual materials, maps and stencils about hot zones around the world, showing all sides of the conflict. North America, Africa, Asia, Europe, the Middle East all came to life there. These materials were available for borrowing, reading and creating multimedia projects. This was Ray's workshop, his laboratory. For questioning, curious social science students, it was like being kids in a candy store. This was the google of social sciences, circa 1977.

The Resource Centre had enough space around large wooden tables for students and our social science teachers to sit and talk casually together during spare periods, in the early morning, at lunchtime or after school. We talked about things on our course curriculum, and about things having nothing to do with curriculum – about our everyday lives. Ray and the social science teachers were our friends, confidants and



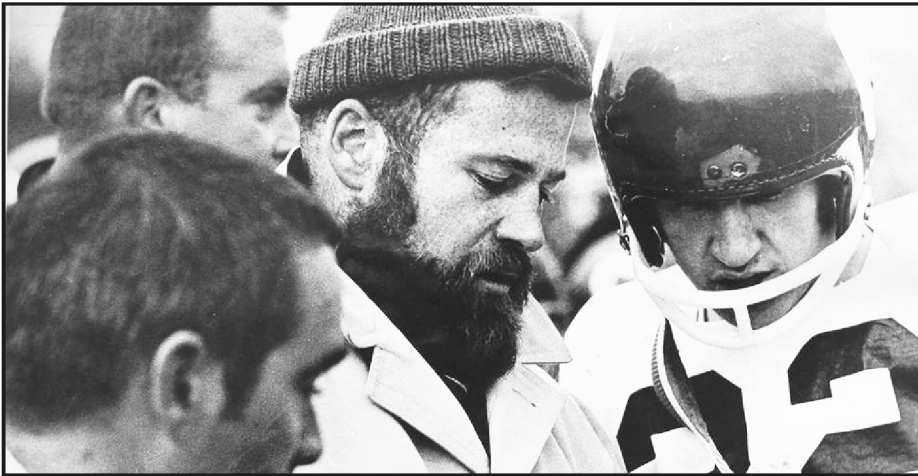
mentors.

The aroma of Ray's Borkum Riff cherry-vanilla pipe tobacco welcomed you into this oasis every day. He was often seated at his desk at the entrance, offering a welcoming smile, adding or crossing off things to do, on the trademark index card he kept in his front shirt pocket. This famous to-do list, fondly remembered by many, was surely the key to his success. Ray got things done. The History Resource Centre was a place you wanted to be, whether you had academic reasons for being there, or you just wanted to hang out. Several of us awkward adolescents, who were definitely not morning people, would manage to get to school early, before the first bell, just to be able to partake in a few moments of this relaxed and welcoming coffee-house atmosphere. It was a place to get our dose of the message "you're unconditionally okay" from Ray and the other teachers, a level of reassurance and a sense of well-being you badly need in high school, when life is a floating opera of insecurities. In this unique, education-centred atmosphere Ray created, his team of teachers was always available and receptive to us. There was never the sense anyone was working overtime. It felt as if they wanted to be there just as much as we did.

Testimonials other history students sent in spoke to the same sense of Ray's History Resource Centre being like a second home.

"Mr. Baillie & his team made the History Resource Centre an oasis for me," wrote Stephen Hertzog. "A place where I always felt really loved, valued and accepted... a place where I 'belonged'... and where adults who actually cared, spoke encouragement and hope into my life. It was my 'Cheers'... a place where everybody knew your name, and they were always glad you came... a beacon of light in what was otherwise a very dark space."

Dawn Upfold wrote: "1980-81 was a fantastic time to be studying World History. Huge movements were rocking the geopolitical scene: Pierre Trudeau was back in power; Ronald Reagan was elected. Margaret Thatcher ruled the UK



with her Iron Lady fist – her policies effectively making her the midwife of Punk Rock. There was the Iran Crisis, and Canada's part in smuggling out American hostages; Mount St. Helens explodes; Terry Fox runs his Marathon of Hope; the Solidarity general strike and movement in Poland; the NHL expansion; Bobby Sands of the IRA stages a hunger strike. That and so many more events were shaping our young lives before we even graduated and had the right to vote. Of course, we had no idea at the time how vital this education would be, but Ray Baillie knew. He constantly challenged us with materials like newsreels, images and videos from conflicts in the 20th Century, and of our day. We debated those conflicts in class. In looking back, all these were a brilliant approach in how to reach classes of first- and second-generation multi-ethnic Canadian kids who had little sense of what their country and its sacrifices were about, or who our leaders had been. Ahead of his time, he created a winning formula by using available technology to bring history alive to a generation raised on television... I can still recall photos he showed of soldiers in the trenches of World War I; the horror of the dead and wounded, the young faces of the soldiers and other victims of war not so different from the faces of my classmates surrounding me. He brought in special guests like Montrealer Flin Flanagan, the 'Red Dentist,' who survived Passchendaele, and then, post-war, created a two-tier dental practice – he charged Westmounters the big bucks so he could provide sliding scale or free services to the poor."

Then came the uneasy segue to Ray's legacy as football coach. Just be-

fore the funeral began, I'd looked for someone to read the words pro football star Gerry Dattilio had sent in. Having a football player's presence and voice up on the podium seemed fitting for this portion of the eulogy. The only willing recruit from a group of onetime Chiefs football players I approached was a fellow who introduced himself as Lloyd Johns. He stood by as I began with the following testimonials by alumni who had played on the Chomedey Chiefs with Ray as their coach.

Gerry Ebata wrote: "On top of his legacy as a teacher and historian, he taught us teamwork, responsibility, discipline and commitment as our coach. He created a dynasty along with the other coaches by leading a bunch of kids who, for the most part, were no more talented than our competition but were better prepared and mentally tough. He had a lasting effect on me and many others."

From Russell Johnson: "Ray Baillie used every possible means to impart his own unshakable prime point to others..."

be it on the football field or in the classroom. Warmly enveloped in Mr. Baillie's wit, his listeners would forget for a while all the hardships of growing up as a teen and concentrate on the task at hand. Mr. Baillie's message was based on dignity and respect and I felt it every time I was around him. There were a good number of rascals who played football for Mr. Baillie. A lot of very talented individuals too. Mr. Baillie played everyone... and was able to awaken in us the spirit of being a 'Chief' and earning the good fortune that went with it!"

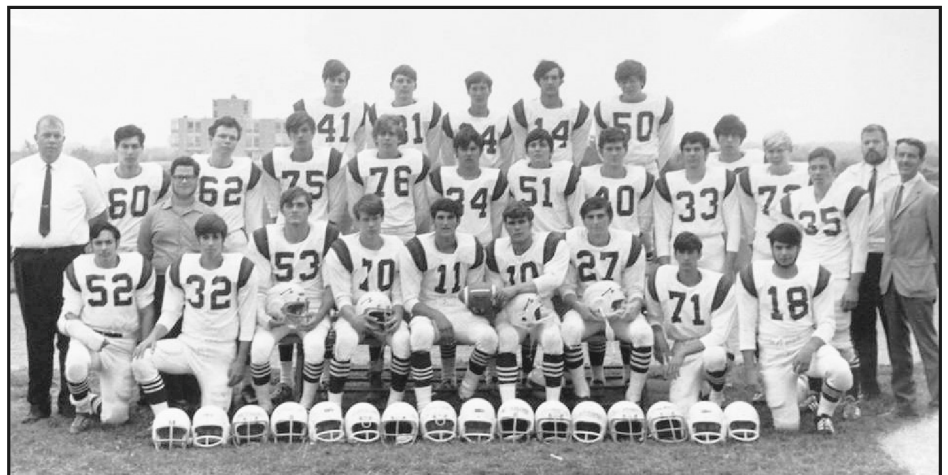
Finally, there was the perplexing quote by onetime Chief, Rick Kiraly: "There was this aura to him, a mammoth bearded gentle soul who hit you as hard with his warmth, empathy, and intelligence as he could with a forearm shiver. His presence could bowl you over... I'll never forget his wisdom. [He showed] you didn't need to carry a big stick to be powerful."

I'd puzzled over these words before the funeral:

Hit you as hard?

What did that mean? And what was a forearm shiver? When I read it at the funeral, I explained that I wasn't versed in football vocabulary, and had had to look up the term. "It means *butting your opponent with your forearm*," I said. Suddenly, there were snickers in the crowd, and then a wave of hushed laughter swept through the room. The football players found this definition funny.

A forearm shiver, I later found out, is a violent thrust leveled to one's opponent, to stop him in his tracks. My description had been clinical, technical, and devoid of any sense of the true aggression the gesture required.



Ray Baillie and the Chomedey Chiefs. Photos: Baillie Family Collection.

Gerry Ebata later explained: “It’s a technique, in either blocking, shedding a block or shedding a tackle where you use your forearm to strike your opponent. The rules of football or at least the interpretation of the rules have changed to allow players to use their hands more than when I played as then any time you used an open hand, you were in danger of being called for holding. To avoid this, you used your forearm almost as if you were making a punching motion. For a blocker, you would engage the defensive player and throw both arms up towards his chest. As a defensive player, you would typically use only one arm as you were trying to go around the blocker, and similarly as a ball carrier, you would throw out the arm not carrying the ball to avoid or shed a tackler. You ‘strike,’ or ‘throw your arm out at your opponent,’ ‘in a punching motion.’”

I would never understand the intricacies of football, but it was hard to imagine Ray on the field executing these decidedly rough moves, and demonstrating them as coach.

Yet they were an integral part of the sport he so loved. Football was a huge part of his life. I’d never grasped that before. How could I reconcile the curious duality of the man who stood for non-violence as our history teacher, with the athlete who played and coached an unequivocally rough and aggressive game? He’d overseen a slide show presentation I created to the words of “Imagine,” by John Lennon. It was a utopic vision of a conflict-free world filled with peace and understanding. He had so encouraged me in this project. Yet there was a whole other dynamic and set of rules out on the field. Football could be so violent.

It was troubling for me. But as I thought about it, I realized that although the divide between Ray’s two worlds may at first have seemed enormous, a singular credo was at play in both spheres.

There were two poignant anecdotes which drove this point home.

The first was an anecdote from football player Gerry Dattilio, who credits Ray with his professional football career. After playing under Ray for the Chomedey Chiefs, Dattilio played for the Montreal Alouettes, the Toronto Argonauts and the Calgary Stampeders.

Lloyd Johns took over from me at that point, reading what pro-football player Gerry Dattilio wrote:

“I remember a game we played against Rosemere High School. We were beating them by a score of 82-10 and a few of us went over to Coach Baillie with about five minutes to go and said to him, “Let’s try and score 100 points.” I remember Coach Baillie’s response: he said that would not be the ethical thing to do. The few of us that asked him felt disappointed at the time but in hindsight I realize it really was not the thing to do. Coach Baillie was truly a class act. He not only was the best coach I ever played for, but he was even a better man, and I am a better person for having known Coach Baillie... He was truly a great mentor to me, I will never forget him.”

The same message came through in the second anecdote, from history student Stephen Hertzog, who credits Ray’s role model for his own choice of teaching as a career.

Hertzog refers to an incident in history class: “Near the end of the spring term, a girl who hadn’t said anything in class all year actually put her hand up and asked a question. Even though it wasn’t the most intelligent question in the world, you could tell that Ray was thrilled she had finally mustered the courage to say something publicly and take an interest in an issue we were discussing.

“However, immediately after her question a fellow classmate and I chimed in, something to the effect that it was the stupidest question we had ever heard, one that barely deserved a response. I remember well the look of humiliation on her face as she sunk back into her chair, never to make another peep in class again. I also remember well the look on Ray’s face...

he was livid. (I actually never saw him like that before or since). Right after class, he took the other student and me aside to let us know. He was polite but obviously quite angry: in our smugness about being ‘right’ and making ourselves feel intellectually superior by making her look stupid, we didn’t care that we had deeply hurt her feelings and had completely crushed the spirit of inquiry that was at last blossoming within her, and that Ray had spent the whole year carefully cultivating.

“In my immaturity and insecurity, I had never even thought about that before. I remember feeling ashamed, not only at what I did to her but also at letting Ray down. But that was a good thing as it was a very teachable moment for me. I learned a valuable lesson that day, that being ‘right’ was not nearly as important as being considerate of the feelings and growth of others, and that one doesn’t need to put anyone else down to lift themselves up.”

Respect, humility, decency. You don’t need to put others down to build yourself up. Don’t defeat a losing team by crushing them to sheer humiliation. Don’t prove your own intelligence by diminishing someone else’s. In both the rough and physical game of football as well as in the classroom, the legacy Ray left as teacher and coach were the same.

When the funeral was over, we all moved towards an adjoining room to fulfil one of Ray’s last wishes – to share in a drink of Scotch. A tall spry fellow approached me and introduced himself as a retired pro football player.

“Doug Daigneault,” he said, offering his hand. Impish grin, twinkling eyes, deep brown tan.



Megan Baillie, Patrick Baillie and Diana Baillie at the Ray Baillie display case. Photo: Photo: courtesy of the Remembering Ray Baillie Facebook group.

“Nice to meet you,” I replied.

“What do I have to do to get you to write a eulogy like that for me,” he quipped. Funny fellow, but the comic relief was appreciated.

“Well firstly I’d have to have known you for forty years, you would have had to have left me and fellow students with an enduring legacy like Ray’s, and finally, I’m afraid, you’d have to die.”

He laughed, and so did I. Then we headed over to where the scotch was being handed out, and joined the guests milling around, exchanging memories of Ray.

Myra Shuster is a Montreal mediator, immigration lawyer and freelance writer of creative non-fiction. She has published articles in Quebec Heritage News, the Montreal Gazette, The Montrealer and the Canadian Jewish News. Recipient of two Quebec Writers' Federation mentorships and a writers' residency at the Banff Centre for the Arts, she is currently working on a memoir concerning the mysterious death of her sister as a convert to a religious cult. Her most acclaimed creative works are her son Jesse (23) and daughter Sierra (20).


To perpetuate Ray’s legacy, his colleague the late Gary Thomas and I created the Ray Baillie award, an honour to be awarded each year at the old Chomedey Polyvalent High (now Laval Senior Academy) to a student who meets the following criteria:


- A student who demonstrates an appreciation of the values Ray Baillie embraced and transmitted to his students: social and political awareness, responsibility, discipline, integrity, respect for others, commitment and organization.
- A student who shows a profound interest in and active involvement in national and world affairs; particularly as it concerns peacemaking, conflict resolution, tolerance, challenging the status quo by looking at all sides of every issue, and concern for the underprivileged and overlooked.
- A student who has seized or made the most of an opportunity to do a good deed, or one who took initiatives of benefit to his / her immediate or larger community.


Mr. Baillie was known for eliciting the best in all his students, celebrating unsung heroes and encouraging students who might not have shone without his encouragement. Accordingly, recognition in his name should be bestowed to the student(s) whose demonstration of character and values exemplify the spirit of this great man, rather than his or her academic achievement (although one does not preclude the other).


Likewise, Gary Thomas and I organized a tribute ceremony for Ray Baillie that was held on May 8, 2017. We collected items to put together a display case at the former Chomedey Polyvalent High School. We placed photos, articles about the Chomedey Chiefs’ achievements, medals and trophies on the left side of the display case, devoted to his football legacy. On the right side we placed all the testimonials people sent in, as well as newspaper articles covering special events that had taken place in the History department and been covered by the press. In the middle, we placed a bronze bust of Ray Baillie created by an artist from a photograph.








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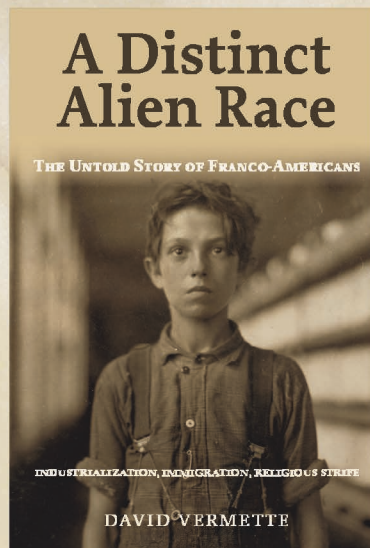
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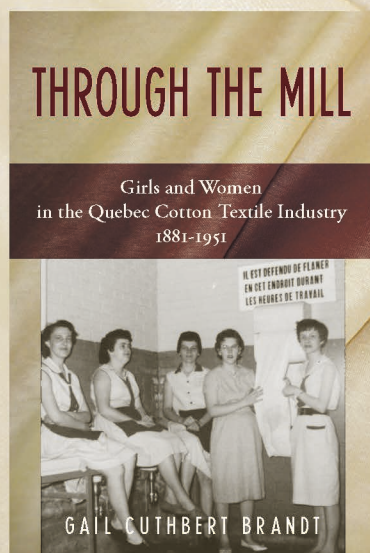
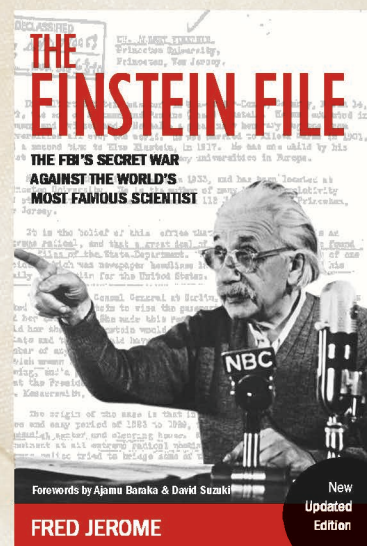
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