

MANY MILESTONES AND TOO MANY ANNIVERSARIES

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Quebec Heritage

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News



Dorchester House

Half-century home of a Montreal family

The Re-enactors

History's role players plot rebellions replay

More from the Quebec Family History Society

The Heritage Centre

Quebec Heritage News

EDITOR

ROD MACLEOD

PRODUCTION

DAN PINESE

PUBLISHER

THE QUEBEC ANGLOPHONE
HERITAGE NETWORK
400-257 QUEEN STREET
SHERBROOKE (LENNOXVILLE)
QUEBEC
J1M 1K7

PHONE

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

FAX

(819) 564-6872

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR@QAHN.ORG

WEBSITE

WWW.QAHN.ORG

PRESIDENT

KEVIN O'DONNELL

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

DWANE WILKIN

HERITAGE PORTAL COORDINATOR

MATTHEW FARFAN

OFFICE MANAGER

KATHY TEASDALE

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Cover: "Lawn at the back of Dorchester House, Dorchester Street, Montreal" Anonymous, 1907. McCord Museum of Canadian History: MP-1987.2.2 (Note the spires of St Paul's church, which is visible on the plan on p.17.)

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

Did you forget our anniversary?

by Rod MacLeod

It was a staple of sit-coms when I was growing up. Ralph Kramden did it all the time (well, once a year, anyway) and then had to go to great lengths to make it up to his wife or even try lamely to convince her that he hadn't actually forgotten. Fred Flintstone, Kramden's 2D Saturday morning alter ego, was also a perpetual anniversary forgetter – although on one, er, memorable occasion he was actually on the ball and had a big surprise lined up, gleefully feigning ignorance despite his wife's broadest hints about the upcoming event. “Aw, honey, of course I haven't forgotten what Tuesday is. It's Trash Day!” Something goes wrong, of course, and Fred finds it even harder to convince her that he hasn't than when he has – if you follow me. Boy, have I been there.

Not with anniversaries, however. A bizarre passion for dates and milestones has always made me conscious of significant days, including the candies & flowers variety. (Though my spouse and I have never done anything so conventional as to exchange candies or flowers; in fact, we always refer to the day of our nuptials as “Trash Day” – in cheerful tribute.)

One of the challenges of a heritage magazine is to keep up to date with anniversaries, especially significant ones that deserve special mention. It ain't easy: One hundred years of flight in Canada. One hundred years of the Montreal Canadiens. One hundred years of Lower Canada College and Miss Edgar's & Miss Cramp's. Seventy years since the stock market crashed (that other time, I mean). Sixty years since the start of the Second World War. Forty years since the passing of the Official Languages Act. How does one keep up?

The great granddaddy of recent significant anniversaries was, of course, the Battle of the Plains of Abraham. You have to admire it: two hundred and fifty, and just as fresh as the day it was fought. Be-

lieve me, the QAHN board of directors thought long and hard about whether to acknowledge this milestone or not (and if so, how) and in the end decided to go the Flintstone route. (“Aw, honey, of course I haven't forgotten what September 13th was!”) There is much agreement that the legacy of the battle is considerably more interesting than the fight itself. Above all, we should acknowledge and commemorate the creation of the Plains of Abraham Park a century ago (thanks to both the Quebec Literary and Historical Society



and the St Jean Baptiste Society) along with the Battlefields Commission and the Historic Sites and Monuments Board. It is to them that we owe our current appreciation for heritage, even if it took them a few years to get beyond simply putting markers on battle sites.

Recently, I found myself involved in a project to commemorate another sort of battle, namely the one against tuberculosis.

The Montreal Chest Institute celebrated its centenary on October 21st, 100 years since the day that King Edward VII pressed a button in London and sent an electric current shooting across the Atlantic Ocean to light up the new hospital in Montreal.

This high-tech stunt symbolized the state-of-the-art ambitions of the medical profession with regard to the 12,000 people who were dying every year from TB

in Montreal alone, and to the third or more of the children (depending on various studies around the world) who were infected. It was hoped that the new institute would not only treat patients more effectively than before, but lead the world in research so that the disease could be eradicated. Over the next hundred years the Royal Edward Institute, as it was named, after the guy who pushed that button, did fulfill expectations.

The term “high tech” does not spring to mind today when contemplating the institute's original facilities. Belmont House was donated for this purpose by Lieutenant Colonel Jeffrey Burland, a trained scientist and promoter of medical reform whose father's death in 1907 left him a fortune he was ready to spend on improving the health of Montrealers.

The house lay on Belmont Park (no relation to the Cartierville fun fair of later fame) which was how one segment of Belmont Street was known at the time, as it had been laid out over the grounds of a villa that had once belonged to an old farm on the mountainside. Belmont House

was a good-sized structure that could accommodate the necessary tuberculosis facilities. (For more on Belmont House's neighbours and a plan of the area, see Anne Joseph's article in this issue.) Dr Robert Philip, an Edinburgh doctor and pioneer in tuberculosis research, re-designed the building as a hospital and teaching centre. Thanks to the King, the place had plenty of electricity.

In 1909, the Royal Edward Institute was convenient to the centre of the city, yet on high enough ground for it to profit from the cleaner air. By the 1920s, however, Belmont Street was in a rapidly developing part of downtown and in danger of expropriation for the new railway. (It is now an alley behind Central Station.) In 1930, the Institute found new quarters on quieter St Urbain Street, just south of Hôtel Dieu Hospital. Ten years later it merged with the sanatorium in Ste

Agathe, with which it had collaborated since the beginning. In 1971 its name was changed to the Montreal Chest Hospital, and by 1994, after being absorbed by McGill, it became known as the Montreal Chest Institute. Like the rest of the McGill University Health Centre, it is slated to be relocated to the Glen Yards superhospital site in – well, let's say soon.

Appropriately, the organizers of the centenary commemoration decided that the October 21, 2009 celebrations should be held as close as possible to the Glen Yards site, namely the Air Canada building on Maisonneuve Boulevard near the border with Westmount. They also decided to produce a short video relating the institute's history, and began to look around for period costumes and actors both of which could come very cheap. Connections being what they often are, MCI Foundation president Susan Curry found herself talking to Dael Foster of the Montreal West Operatic Society, which was itself celebrating its 70th birthday. Dael not only offered costumes and actors at no cost but a delegation of singers to perform at the centenary party. Curry and her colleagues were apparently delighted, even though the costumes were Edwardian only by a stretch of the imagination and the actors were strictly amateur. MWOS's Andrew Macdougall, a retired engineer, played the king, while Dael, an accountant, and Joanna Wrona, a charity organizer, were the Burland sisters, decked out in best bib and tucker.

And that left someone to be Dr Philip from Edinburgh...

I'd heard about this project some weeks before and then nothing; I'd assumed it had been dropped. But at 10am on the Thanksgiving weekend Saturday, the phone rang and Laura Cohen from the MUHC technical crew was asking me if I could be at the Royal Victoria Hospital in an hour to begin filming. Only half awake, for reasons I need not go into, I agreed, after begging an extension to 11:30. I made it on time and was escorted up through the maze of the Royal Vic to the dark upper reaches of the Ross Pavilion, where Laura and her colleague David Bitton were all set up in a dingy room that did sort of suggest 1909.

They'd added some old medical books, surgical instruments and steel receptacles for authenticity, which looked

fairly convincing, although I was less impressed that they gave me a standard lab coat and stethoscope plus green rubber gloves from Home Depot which raised the spectre of anachronism somewhat.

They also hadn't asked me to wear a tie, which clashed with my vision of how a respectable doctor from the early twentieth century would have dressed. That aside, I was very impressed by their technological savvy and professionalism, walking me through the script and making helpful suggestions as to tone of voice and pace of delivery.



What I had to do was walk about eight feet alongside a counter talking with gravitas about the deplorable cost of TB, then stare into the camera and speak enthusiastically about the new institute. Although there was a teleprompter rigged with the camera, without my glasses I couldn't read it and so had to memorize the speech, which certainly cost us a few extra takes. In another segment, I had to declaim my line about eradicating tuberculosis while staring through a glass slide at some unidentified blob; between me getting the lines right and David filming me from countless angles (including through the glass slide) I must have growled "tuberculosis" two dozen times. Or rather "tew-bair-que-loh-sis" in the accent of my forefathers, the ability to sound passably like an Edinburgher being part of my so-called qualifications. Then, in another dingy room I had to say it was a rainy afternoon in Montreal while gazing glumly out a window. The difficulty was, it was a gorgeous day, and the sun streamed in, its force diminished only occasionally by passing clouds which we waited for breathlessly before springing into action for 15 seconds, praying for no

flubs.

The irony, of course, was that we had all spent this past summer doing the opposite: staring at dark clouds and willing them to pass so the sun could provide some warmth. All in all, cinema takes time, and it was 3pm before they released me.

On October 21st, the MWOS gang assembled at the Air Canada building in our pseudo-Edwardian finery and provided a colourful visual backdrop to an hour's cocktail conversation – I mean, we were singing our hearts out, but I don't think it carried all that well. Then they showed the film. Once I'd unclenched my fingers and teeth I could admit it wasn't half bad – although the Burland sisters looked as if they were standing c.1860 and Dr Philip looked like he'd walked in from about 1952. The whole thing was appropriately black & white, and through the magic of FX the rainy afternoon in Montreal turned out to be just that: quite a downpour in fact.

When screen Andrew pushed the electric button in "London" we all broke into a chorus of Happy Birthday, which won us more applause than the earlier numbers.

Later, we also received a nice letter from Susan Curry thanking us profusely and praising our talents. (Hey, you need diplomacy to manage a foundation.) I think they will be more than happy to have us back for the 200th anniversary of the Chest Institute.

For my part, however, I think I'll give candy and flowers a try.

Sources

Annemarie Adams, Kevin Schwartzman, and David Theodore, "Collapse and Expand: Architecture and Tuberculosis Therapy in Montreal, 1909, 1933, 1954." Society for the History of Technology, 2008.

Peter Keating, "Jeffrey Hale Burland," Dictionary of Canadian Biography, Vol.XIV.

"Sir Robert W Philip (1857-1939), Pioneer of Tuberculosis Control. American Journal of Public Health, 1959.

http://www.muhcfoundation.com/chest_institute

TIMELINES

Lifetime achievers

Call for 2010 volunteer heritage award nominees goes out



The Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network (QAHN) is seeking nominations for its 2010 Marion Phelps Award, recognizing outstanding volunteer contributions towards the protection and preservation of Quebec's anglophone heritage.

Past recipients have included volunteer archivists, a businessman, a storyteller and several dedicated chroniclers of local history. Is there a worthy candidate in your organization? Someone who has consistently worked towards the promotion and preservation of Quebec's heritage?

Nomination forms and additional information about the award can be downloaded from the QAHN website at www.qahn.org. Just select the Marion Phelps Award webpage from the menu. Forms can also be requested directly from the QAHN office.

Nominations must concisely describe the scope and significance of the nominee's work in the heritage field, using specific examples. And all submissions must be received by the QAHN of-

office no later than by March 30, 2010.

The annual award is named for Marion Phelps who was recognized in 2001 for the five decades she spent as a volunteer archivist with the Brome-Missisquoi Historical Society in Knowlton, in the Eastern Townships. In subsequent years the award was given to Joan Bisson Dow, co-founder of the British Gaspesian Heritage Village in New Richmond; the late historian Kenneth Annett; authors Norma Geggie of Wakefield and Byron Clark of the Magdalen Islands; the Irish-Quebec scholar Marianna O'Gallagher; Harry Isbrucker of the Stanstead Historical Society; Hudson raconteur Rod Hodgson; and Richmond County Historical Society archivist Esther Healy.

For more information or to order nomination forms, please contact Kathy Teasdale at (819) 564-9595 or, toll-free in Quebec, (877) 964-0409.

The 2010 Marion Phelps Award will be awarded during QAHN's annual general meeting in June 2010.

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Culture, Communications et Condition féminine



Vital Signs

Marking 40 years of the official languages act

by Robert Donnelly



From a brief presented by Robert Donnelly, leader of the Quebec Community Groups Network (QCGN) before the Parliamentary standing committee on Official Languages, March 23, 2009. The committee is studying the Roadmap for Canada's Linguistic Duality, the federal government's five-year action plan outlining \$1.1 billion in program spending intended to support francophone communities in nine provinces and three territories where French has official minority status, and in Quebec where English speakers account for around 11 per cent of the population.

Over the past 40 years, English institutions have weakened and access to services in our own language has diminished. Education provisions of the Charter of the French Language have had a significant impact on the province's English-language public education system, causing a decline in enrolment that threatens the future of many schools, especially in rural and isolated regions. And in spite of legislative guarantees, access to English-language health and social services depends largely on the type of service and access varies widely from region to region.

English-speaking Quebecers, especially our unilingual elderly and our less fortunate, require access to services in their own language. Our community also needs access to job skills that will allow English Quebecers to integrate into the job market and allow the community to retain its youth and young families and keep its communities alive and vital.

The departure of highly educated bilingual anglophones is a loss of human capital for both the English-speaking community of Quebec and for Quebec society as a whole. It also points to a glaring need for a policy for French-language training that recognizes the French language as an essential job skill. A successful human resources development strategy in cooperation and with support from key provincial and federal partners is of paramount importance to the survival of our community. That includes not only access to jobs in the federal and provincial public services where the diversity of Canada and Quebec must be reflected, but in all sectors.

The QCGN is working hard to help develop and implement policies that support and nurture the community's place in Quebec and Canadian society. Among our greatest challenges has been getting recognition of Quebec's English-

speaking community as a minority both in Quebec and in Canada. That's why we are pleased that the Commissioner of Official Languages Graham Fraser underlined our "national" standing because we consider the standing of the English-speaking community of Quebec has been ignored by many federal departments.

In his last Annual Report, the Office of the Commissioner of Official Languages noted that Quebec's anglophone community is one of the two official language minorities, and stressed that federal institutions and key stakeholders interested in official languages should acknowledge our community's contributions to national policy-making in Canada.

By the same token, the English-speaking community requires the support of our brothers and sisters in the francophone majority if we are to successfully influence the policies required to develop vital and viable English-speaking minority communities which will continue to contribute to Quebec society.

English-speaking Quebec faces the particular challenge of being a minority within a minority which, let's face it, is not always recognized as such by key decision-makers and opinion-leaders. After years of working through our challenges and issues in Quebec, we believe there are signs that the English-speaking community of Quebec is finally accepting its minority status.

English-speaking Quebecers have a role in helping the majority community feel secure enough to assume the role of supporting its minority community. It's a question of respect for each other and recognition of our intersecting contributions to society. And to achieve mutual respect, we have to ensure that both communities understand that support for each other does not diminish the space or place the other occupies in Quebec. It's not a zero-sum game!

Marking 40 years of the Official Languages Act

The Quebec Community Groups Network holds a major convention and launches new award

by Roseline Joyal



On September 11th and 12th, 2009, the QCGN held its Members' Convention and Annual General Meeting in conjunction with the festivities surrounding the 40th anniversary of the Official Languages Act, which coincided with the launch of the 15th anniversary year of the Network.

The two-day convention was attended by some 200 members, community partners and government stakeholders. On hand for the opening ceremony were the Commissioner of Official Languages Graham Fraser; the Honourable Maria Chaput, Chair of the Senate Standing Committee on Official Languages; Richard Nadeau, MP for Gatineau and member of the Parliamentary Standing Committee on Official Languages; Marcel Proulx, MP for Hull-Aylmer; Charlotte L'Écuyer, MP for Pontiac and representing Norman MacMillan, Minister responsible for the Outaouais region and MP for Papineau; and Noel Burke, Dean of Concordia's School of Extended Learning.

A Premiere! Of course the crowning event of the weekend was the QCGN's Community Celebration Evening and the ceremony to hand out the first-ever Sheila and Victor Goldbloom Distinguished Community Service Awards. The evening, emceed by CBC Radio's Bernard St-Laurent, included kudos for Dr and Mrs Goldbloom as well as this year's laureates of the award: Language activist Casper Bloom (award handed out by Mr. Nicholas Kasirer), Eastern Townships

health-care advocate Marjorie Goodfellow (award presented by James Carter), and Jack Jedwab, researcher and Executive Director of the Association of Canadian Studies (award presented by Herbert Marx).

Thanks go to our Blue Ribbon Panel of judges, which included this year John Parisella, BCP Communications President and Quebec's newly appointed delegate-general to New York City; former McGill Chancellor Gretta Chambers; Senator David Angus; and former editor of *The Gazette*, Norman Webster. We were glad that Mr Parisella and Mr Webster were able to acknowledge the winners with us that night.

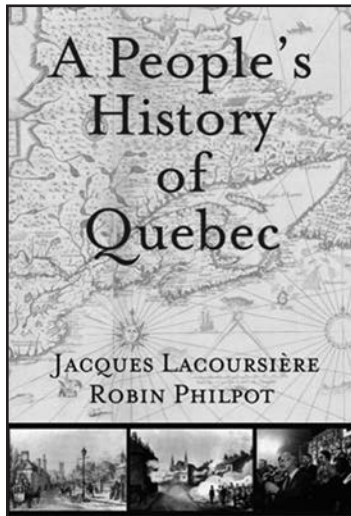
Throughout the convention and awards banquet, the contributions of English-speaking Quebec to Quebec and Canadian society were celebrated by a number of special guests, including provincial Justice Minister Kathleen Weil, who was there to represent Premier Jean Charest and the government of Quebec; Glengarry-Prescott-Russell MP Pierre Lemieux, who was on hand to represent Prime Minister Stephen Harper and Official Languages Minister James Moore; former Liberal leader Stéphane Dion, who spoke on behalf of Michael Ignatieff and the Liberal Party; former Commissioner of Official Languages Maxwell Yalden (1977-1984); and Vice-Chair of the House of Commons Standing Committee on Official Languages, Yvon Godin.

Roseline Joyal is Communications Officer for the Quebec Community Groups Network



Above: Herbert Marx, Robert Donnelly and Jack Jedwab. Below: Sheila and Victor Goldbloom

REVIEW



Of Fishy Beaver and Jos Montferrand

A People's History of Quebec

by Jacques Lacoursière and Robin Philpot

Baraka Books, 2009

Reviewed by Nick Fonda

A People's History of Quebec by Jacques Lacoursière and Robin Philpot is a new book from a new, Quebec-based, English language publishing house, Baraka Books. (Baraka is a word which exists in several languages—none of them indigenous but including Hebrew and Arabic—and which has several meanings. It refers to a blessing in Hebrew and to spiritual wisdom in Arabic; in French slang it means luck.) At a trim 208 pages (including a tidy timeline of Quebec history and a useful index) and in a soft cover, it's the kind of book that's easy to carry on a trip and easy to bring to bed. It's also a good read which offers lots of room for reflection.

At the book's official launch at Paragraph Books at the end of September, Jacques Lacoursière referred to the book as an adaptation rather than a translation of his recently published *Une histoire du Québec racontée par Jacques Lacoursière*. Perhaps little known to English readers, Jacques Lacoursière is arguably as close as any historian has ever come to being a household name in Quebec. The author of numerous titles (including the five-volume *Histoire Populaire du Québec*) Lacoursière has also used radio and television to tell the story of Quebec.

"A People's History is an adaptation," explains Robin Philpot. "There were additions made to *Une histoire du Québec* to make it more accessible to the English reader." Robin Philpot, besides co-authoring the book, is also the publisher and driving force behind Baraka Books. The author of titles on both the Rwandan genocide and the Oka crisis, Philpot is unusual in that, like Samuel Beckett, he most often writes in his adopted language of French, and is consequently better known among Francophone bibliophiles than Anglophone readers. All three of the titles he has published so far under the Baraka banner are translations or adaptations that bridge our linguistic divide.

As its title suggests, *A People's History* offers more than the familiar names and exploits of Cartier and Champlain, of Duplessis and Parizeau; it provides

us with an occasional glimpse behind the scenes, with a hint of what life might have been like for Monsieur et Madame Tout le Monde. For the armchair historian, the book is salted with little surprises.

For example, how many of us knew that on Cartier's third trip to Canada in 1541, he was "...second in command to Jean-François de La Roque, sieur de Roberval, and they [brought] hundreds of settlers with them, many of whom came straight from prison?" (p.11) In the half dozen pages accorded to him, the sea captain from St. Malo cuts a less heroic figure than he's normally accustomed to, and not just because he was fooled by fool's gold. And how things change! Teenage pregnancy has a very specific connotation today, one which is diametrically opposite to that of seventeenth-century Quebec when hospitals had the power to fine fathers "...who failed to marry their male children by the age of 20 and their female children by the age of 16." Nor did parents prolific in the procreation of progeny go unrewarded. Louis XIV of France proclaimed in 1669 that those "who have up to 10 living children born in wedlock, among whom none was a priest, a nun or in a religious order will be paid...a pension of 300 pounds a year each, and those who have 12 children will receive 400 pounds." (p.23)

It's easy to imagine that the most quoted story from *A People's History* will be that of the classification of the beaver. The new settlers, who came in the hundreds and then the thousands from France, were all Catholic, as the new colony was closed to both Protestants and Jews. Religion bound them to abstain from eating meat for 140 days of the year. Beavers were trapped for their fur, but they carried a good deal of edible flesh, weighing up to 50 pounds and over. The question arose: is the beaver an animal and therefore forbidden on days of abstinence, or is it a fish, in which case it can be eaten on any day of the religious calendar?

The question was weighty enough that Laval, the first Bishop of Quebec, referred it back to the theologians of the Sorbonne and the doctors of Hotel Dieu in Paris.

Image courtesy of Baraka Books



“The experts earnestly discussed the issue at length and consulted other illustrious scientists and came down with the conclusion that the beaver was a fish because of its tail. The decision brought joy to the colony.” (p.37)

If many names in *A People’s History* are familiar, some are much less so, like that of Joseph “Jos” Montferrand, “...who made a name for himself working the Ottawa River Valley and who became an early incarnation of Maurice Richard.” (p.87) Unfortunately, squeezing 400 years into 200 pages inevitably leaves casualties on the editing room floor. *A People’s History* says nothing more about Montferrand although he’s as heroic as marvellous a folk hero as you can hope to meet. He was a logger during the era of the English lumber barons, when felled trees supplanted furs as Canada’s major export. He was larger than life: at a boxing exhibition in Montreal’s Champ de Mars, the 6’4” sixteen-year old knocked out the just-crowned boxing champion of Canada. In 1829, on a bridge spanning the Ottawa River between Hull and Bytown, he is supposed to have defeated a crowd of 150 bullying Irishmen.

Quite recently the Prime Minister of Canada declared Quebec to be a distinct society, but who knew that there was something different about Quebec from the very beginning? We read: “Champlain and his mentor François Gravé, sieur du Pont, had a dream of harmony with the peoples he met whom he treated as equals, never doubting their humanity as others did.” (pg 14) Champlain actively promoted intermarriage with the First Nations (although a cynic might point out that it took six and a half decades after the found-

ing of Quebec for the small colony to achieve gender equality). His dream was of “a new world as a place where people of different cultures could live together in amity and concord.” (p.14)

This sentiment was shared by Louis XIV of France who wanted the colony to “try to civilize the



Above: Jos Montferrand’s battle on the Bytown bridge (From B Sulte, *Histoire de Jos Montferrand, l’athlete canadien*, 1899) Below: Algonquin couple, 18thC (image courtesy of City of Montreal Archives)

Algonquins, the Hurons and the other Savages who have embraced Christianity to prepare them to come to live as a community with the French and to live with them and according to their customs.” (p.24) As often happens, there was a considerable gap between the theory and the practice. What the French court imagined was one thing; what was actually happening was another. A nun stationed in the colony wrote: “It is easier to make a Savage out of a Frenchman than to do the opposite.” (p.24)

Among the big three of the European colonizers, the French were different. Nineteenth-century American historian Francis Parkman wrote: “Spanish civilization crushed the Indian; English civilization scorned and neglected him; French civilization embraced and cherished him.” (p.25) Another American, philosopher Henry David Thoreau, visited Quebec in 1850 and noted: “The French, to their credit be it said, to a certain extent respected the Indians as a separate and independent people, and spoke of them and contrasted themselves with them as the English have never done.” (p.25)

It’s a century and a half since Thoreau wrote. We no longer use the word Indian, let alone Savage. The term First Nations might assuage our guilt, but the illegal cigarette trade, the Oka crisis and the residential school revelations leave little doubt the descendants of the original inhabitants are today at the very bottom of our social hierarchy.

The restrictions against Protestants and Jews of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Quebec did not survive the Plains of Abraham. Despite prejudices against the latter group, it was in Quebec, in 1832, for the first time in the British Empire, that “persons professing the Jewish religion [became] entitled to all the rights and privileges of the other subjects.” (p.97) Perhaps even more surprising is the story of Ezekiel Hart, a Jew who in 1807 was elected to the Legislative Assembly. His constituents in Three Rivers re-elected him a year later despite the fact that in 1807 he had refused to take the Christian oath of office and was denied the right to sit in the chamber of deputies.

A People’s History does a good job of exposing the roots of some of the attitudes that prevail today. Practicing Catholics declined precipitously in number following the Quiet Revolution, but anti-clerical sentiments might well be traced back to the time of the conquest when the clergy reasoned that since all authority stems from God, revolting against a duly established authority was equivalent to revolting against God. Hence, whatever their parishioners may have felt, the clergy stood for the government and during the Patriote uprising in 1837, the Church sided with the British military. The Church’s most potent weapon was the threat of withholding sacraments and refusing the fallen a Christian burial in consecrated ground.

Similarly, the tensions between French and English (compounded by the Catholic-Protestant division) have a lot to do with the arrival of Loyalists after the War of American Independence. Most of the Loyalists

were given lands to settle in Upper Canada, away from the French settlements in Lower Canada. This separation was probably wise because the Loyalists were resentful of the French who, in the century and a half prior to the War of Independence, during various European conflicts, had launched attacks upon them. As Loyalists they were coming to Canada to live under the British flag. They were leaving often very well established homes in order to be English rather than American and certainly not French.

This eighteenth-century animosity, which is still not entirely dissipated, bubbled to the surface on the eve of World War I when the Orange Order argued that “the use of French in public schools in Ontario represented a serious threat to the integrity of the province as an English-speaking community.” (p.137) A few years later, in the Quebec Legislative Assembly, a motion was tabled that read: “That this House is of the opinion that the Province of Quebec would be disposed to accept the breakdown of the federal pact of 1867, if, in the other provinces, it is believe that this province is an obstacle to the union, progress and development of Canada.” (p.143)

A People’s History begins and ends on precise dates: Cartier’s landing on July 24, 1534 and the Referendum of October 30, 1995. Between those two dates, the authors’ account is lively and informative, brisk and articulate. For some it will no doubt be an appetizer, possibly for Lacoursière’s full five-volume set. Of course we’re all curious about what comes next, but history has to be sifted through the sieve of time, or, as Jacques Lacoursière and Robin Philpot write, “the history of the referendum and the period that followed is still being written.” (p.192)

On the same evening that it launched A People’s History of Quebec, Baraka Books also launched two other promising titles: America’s Gift: What the World Owes to America and its First Inhabitants by Kathë Roth and Denis Vaugeois, and William Barr’s translation of Joseph Elzear Bernier, 1852-1934: Champion of Canadian Sovereignty by Marjolaine Saint-Pierre. Baraka Books will be specializing in creative and political non-fiction, history and historical fiction and fiction. If future titles meet the standard set by this first volume, we can look forward to some good reading.

New English-language publishers in Quebec are rare. That alone would be enough to make me wish baraka—in all its many meanings—to Baraka Books.

Nick Fonda is the current president of the Richmond County Historical Society.



Image courtesy of Baraka Books

HERITAGE FOOTBALL

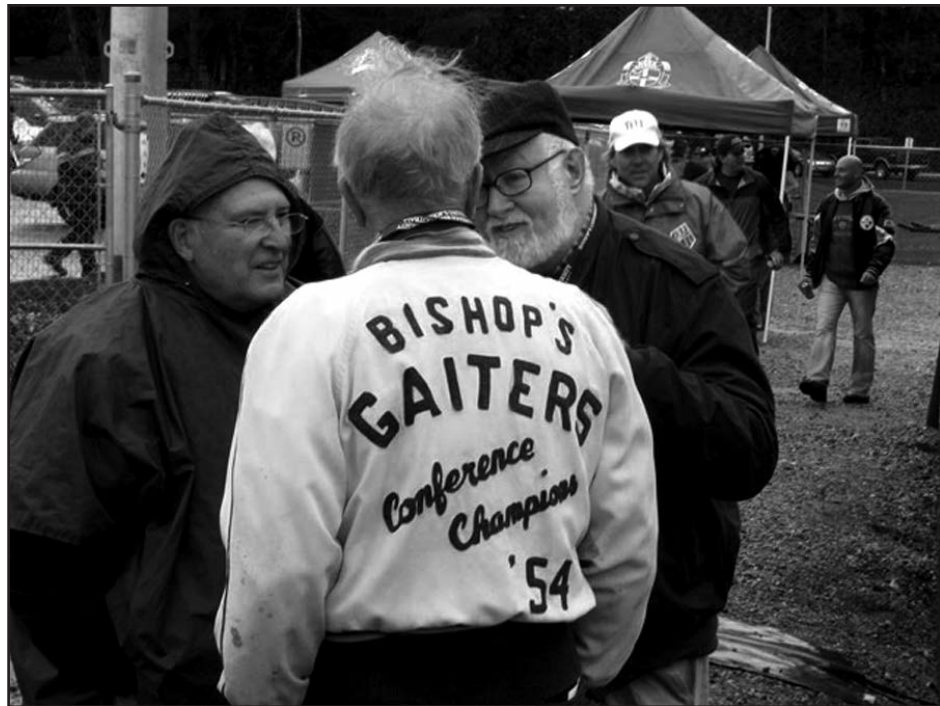
Bishop's Gaiters Celebrate Then and Now

by Sue Pilson McGuire

The magnetic pull of the Eastern Townships could nowhere be more evident than on the weekend of October 23, 2009, when about 50 Bishop's University alumni plus their families and friends gathered to celebrate the Gaiters football teams of 1953-54, 1954-55 and 1955-56. The teams were undefeated in their league for the three years except for one game—an unequalled record.

Photos of the three teams were unveiled on the university's RBC Wall of Distinction, located in the J. H. Price Sports Centre, during a ceremony presided over by Tony Adona, director of athletics. Guest of honour was the beloved coach for all three teams, Gordon "Beef" Ross, now 86 years old and living in Sherbrooke.

A dinner for the teams was held on Saturday night by the university, and presiding was Eddie Pomykala, a long-time member of the university's athletic department. Grace before



dinner was said by the Rev. Canon Dave Lethbridge from Combermere, Ontario, who was associated with all three winning teams as player or

manager—or both, and whose throwing arm and football hand were legendary. In a preface to the grace, he lamented the closure some years ago of the divinity faculty, saying that being in the centre of a small university, its venue had contributed significantly to preparing clergy for community life.

Many of the football Gaiters of those years, and their wives, hailed from the Eastern Townships, and returning was a nostalgia trip, not only for university days, but for some to where their families and forebears lived. Among the 1950s alumni attending who have roots in the Townships were Cairine Gilmour, whose late husband William Warren Lynch, from Sherbrooke, was a Gaiters star in the backfield; Sam Poaps, who hailed from Stanstead; John Matthews, whose father was Bishop of Quebec, based in Lennoxville; team manager Ray Ball who was from Granby; Brad Mitchell from Massawippi; Ralph Burt, Bob Burt and Sylvia Burt Smith from



Above: Guard Laurie Hart (left), running back John Pratt, and centre Brad Mitchell with his back to the camera (photo: Perry Beaton) Below: Players from the three winningest Gaiters teams on the field at half time, with the newest Gaiters in the background (photo: Perry Beaton)

Lennoxville; Alison Perry Edwards who grew up in Drummondville; Nancy Shepard Douglas from Sutton; and Jim Fullerton, who has discovered one of his ancestors founded the village of Knowlton.

John Pratt, star running back on the teams and now a resident of Hatley, served as liaison with the university; he was the genial and hard-working “face” of the event. He was assisted through numerous emails by Hugh MacDonald, one of the team captains and now a North Bay resident. Among the far-away team members who attended were Andy WW Davis (Powell River, BC), Glyn Edwards (Edmonton), Dick Fletcher (Halifax), John Matthews and Jim Fullerton (Toronto), and Laurie Hart (Markham). Closer to home were Toby Rochester (Montreal & Georgeville), Dave Moore (Ste Catherine de Hatley), and Ian Warnock (Brome).

The attendance of members of the winningest teams in Bishop’s football history evidently spurred the current home team to victory on Saturday afternoon, October 24. Declared earlier in the day to be the “underdogs” by Pat Hickey in *The Gazette*, the 2009 Gaiters were pitted against the Université de Montréal’s Les Carabins. Bishop’s dominated the first half, with the score 21-0. The Carabins came on strong in the



second half, but the wily tactics of (Bishop’s alumnus and) Gaiters coach Leroy Blugh in the fourth quarter resulted in his team’s victory 21-16.

Sue Pilson McGuire was Senior Lady, Class of '58. She lives part-time in Knowlton.

New scholarships

The 1954-56 Championship Team Awards will help annually with recruitment and retention of one or more outstanding student-athletes for the Bishop’s football teams. Funds were contributed entirely by members of the three 1950s Gaiters teams, under the stewardship of Glyn Edwards.

The Rider Family Award will assist annually a deserving student-athlete playing football or basketball (men or women). It was developed by Tim Rider and family to honour their father John, who was a 3-year member of the winningest Gaiters —as well as the long association of the Rider family with Bishop’s: Hamilton Rider (who grew up in Fitch Bay where his family had lived since the 1800s) and his wife Peggy Fuller Rider were both athletes and Bishop’s graduates in the late 1920s. Their children Fred, John and Lillian are all Bishop’s graduates, as is John’s wife Sandra Currie. (Lillian is president of the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical Society.)



Above: Beef Ross (age 86) and Hugh MacDonald at the Wall of Distinction (photo: Perry Beaton) Below: Gaiters from the 1950s at the Wall of Distinction (photo: Perry Beaton)

The "Gaiters" Story



In 1947 a competition was sponsored by the Committee on Athletics and The Campus newspaper to find a nickname for the University's Football team that would fire up the enthusiasm of the fans. The contest was won by George B. McClintock, '49, who

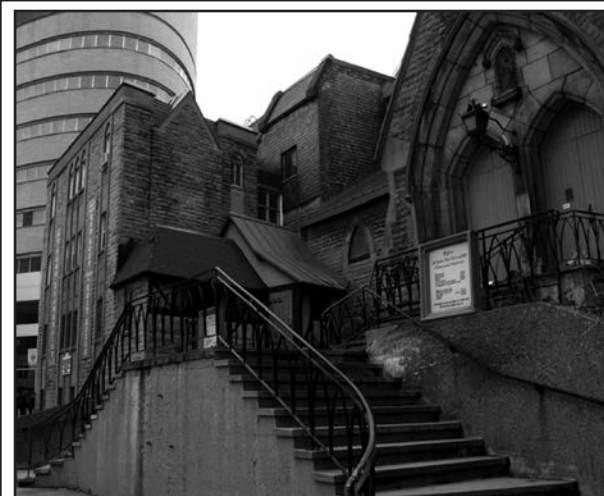
originally suggested "Gators" after the alligator which is a "tough and formidable foe when aroused, capable of swift and decisive action in an emergency." However, by using a play on words, the name spelled "Gaiters" seemed more appropriate for an Anglican College. Gaiters were an article of ecclesiastical clothing which covered part of the wearer's shoes and lower legs. These were worn by Bishops Deans and Archdeacons as part of the clerical dress when not robed.



The official University Badge was presented by the Governor General together with the Coat of Arms in 1993. In the tradition of the heraldic pun, the 'gator is wearing his "gaiters".



Above left: Gaiters' Badge and Coat of Arms (image courtesy of Bishops University. Above right: Church of St John the Evangelist, Montreal (photo: Rod MacLeod) Below: Jane Fletcher, Class of 2029, with granddad Dick Fletcher (photo: Perry Beaton)



Before there was LCC...

Edmund Wood, an ambitious 28-year-old Anglican deacon arrived in Montreal in late 1858 eager to work among the city's poor, and was allowed to use the mortuary chapel in the middle of the old Protestant Burial Ground, north of Lagauchetière Street. His preaching there proved so successful in drawing crowds that in 1860 a site was found just to the east of the cemetery on St-Urbain Street for a new church, to be known as St John the Evangelist. The following year, Wood, now an Anglican priest, opened a school in his home where he taught both boys and girls from the neighbourhood. After several moves, "St John's School" found a permanent home adjacent to the new, larger St John the Evangelist Church, built 1878 on the corner of St-Urbain and Ontario streets. By this time it had become a school for boys, and although the fees were often waived for charitable reasons, it began to advertise itself as a school for the "sons of gentlemen," many of whom came from out of town and boarded.

The photograph shows the present day church hall, which contains many of the features (notably the windows and the columns) found in the 1880s school room. By the early twentieth century the school had outgrown its available space and in 1909 it moved to more extensive quarters in the developing western community of Notre-Dame-de-Grace. In this location it took on a more secular character and was renamed Lower Canada College – which a century later remains one of the city's most prestigious private schools.

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DORCHESTER HOUSE

Home of a Montreal Family for Over Half a Century

by Anne Joseph

Dorchester House was built in the late 1850s to the personal specifications of a Montreal businessman, Jacob Henry Joseph, for use as his family home. By 1860, Jacob and his family were in residence. Jacob himself died there in 1907, after which his elder son continued to live there with his family until 1913, at which time the house was torn down to accommodate development of the railway into downtown Montreal.

Jacob Henry Joseph: his background and early life

Jacob's father, Henry, arrived in Quebec in 1790 as an adventurous teenager. He and his two older brothers, Judah and Abraham, crossed the Atlantic from England at the behest of their mother's brother, Aaron Hart, who had arrived in 1760 and fully recognized the potential for bright young men to make interesting and successful lives for themselves in the rapidly developing territory. Aaron Hart rightly concluded that his nephews would do well.

Henry Joseph married Rachel Solomons in 1803, by which time he had established his business and residential centre in Berthier on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River about half way between Montreal and Three Rivers. Henry's brother Judah was already married to Catherine Lazare, and his brother Abraham had married Hannah Lipman. All four of them signed Henry and Rachel's wedding certificate as witnesses.

Jacob was born in Berthier on 14 September 1814, the eighth child of Henry and Rachel. As the years went by five more children joined the family.

While it is true that the paternal grandparents of the Berthier Joseph children were in England, and there is no record of them ever meeting, this in no way meant that they were lacking local

relatives. Their maternal grandparents, Levy and Rebekah (Franks) Solomons, were Montrealers, as was Rebekah's own father, Abraham Franks. Grandmother Rebekah Solomons was still alive for the births of the first six of her grandchildren through Henry and Rachel. There were also a lot of Solomons and Franks relatives within reasonable distance of Berthier, mainly in Montreal, and there is ample evidence of Rachel (Solomons) Joseph keeping in close touch with those of her ten siblings who lived to maturity.

Being both financially secure and well placed socially, the Joseph family lived in style in a very nice house in Berthier. Jacob was about 11 when his father embarked on further expansion of his property ownership in the mid 1820s in Montreal. Henry started to hand over more responsibility for the business in Berthier to his eldest son, Samuel, and spent more time himself in a home he had bought in Montreal on Près-de-Ville, Lagauchetière Street. With the exception of eldest son, Samuel, the entire family was primarily resident in Montreal by 1830.

An earth-shattering summer: the family grows up in a hurry

In June 1832, both Henry Joseph and his eldest son, Samuel, died in the cholera epidemic. This, on top of the earliest deaths of three other older brothers – and a sister – of Jacob, meant that this fifth son of his now dead father became the eldest surviving son. Just seventeen years old, Jacob declared that from then on, he wished to be known as Jacob Henry Joseph. To his family, though, he remained Jacob.

The Joseph siblings grew up in a hurry. Each of the surviving brothers – Jacob, Abraham, Jesse and Gershom – became a powerhouse in his chosen business, professional, philanthropic and

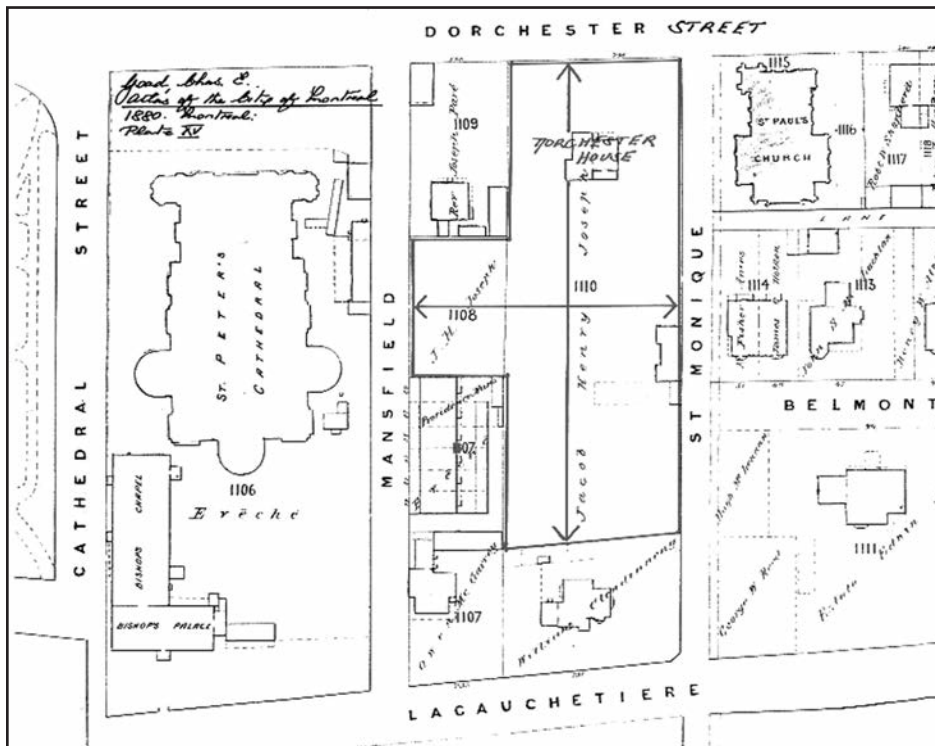
personal life. In the fullness of time, Jacob gained prominence as a businessman, soldier and back-room politician, as well as being one of the largest land owners in Quebec.

In April 1848, Jacob Henry Joseph married Sara Gratz Moses in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The mother figure in Sara's life was her maternal aunt, Rebecca Gratz, who had raised her after the death of her mother when Sara was only five years old. In the years before his marriage, Jacob had been living at No.8 Près-de-Ville with his mother and siblings. However, when he returned to Montreal with his bride, the newly-weds needed a home of their own, and while they waited for No.7 Près-de-Ville to be made ready for them, they lived in private apartments in a Montreal Hotel. They moved in to No.7 around the time their first child was born early in 1849. As more children arrived and Jacob's business enterprises continued to flourish, they knew it was time to consider more suitable housing.

The move to Dorchester House

Jacob had bought a large tract of land encompassing most of the district bounded on the north by Cathcart, on the east by St Monique, on the south by Lagauchetière, and on the west by Mansfield, with Dorchester intersecting east to west, for a reported £4,800. Thinking of that in today's terms is truly mind-boggling. St Monique Street has disappeared, and been replaced – roughly – by University Street. Jacob then selectively sold about half of this land to various people for the Bath Hotel, the Thistle Curling Club and for residential purposes. Then, on a huge chunk of the large plot south of Dorchester, Jacob had Dorchester House built for them. (1) (2) (3)

In 1860, or possibly a few months earlier in 1859, the family moved into their new home, which was set in beauti-



fully landscaped gardens. By now Jacob and Sara had two sons, four daughters and a suitably large household to care for them all. And now there was plenty of room for the animals, both cats and dogs. The irregularly shaped house stood, for the most part, three stories high over a basement, with a wing two stories high jutting out westward. Set back from Dorchester Street, the front garden was bordered by a grilled iron fence set in stone, with two impressive stone pillars on either side of the front gates.

The elegant grounds must have been a joy for the family, and their love of animals is further emphasized by their pet cemetery sheltered amidst shrubs and small bushes.

Kathleen Moore, daughter of Henry Bennett and Matilda (Joseph) Moore, was Jacob and Sara's granddaughter. Kathleen was just 29 days old when her mother died in 1886, and her father, although he remained an integral part of her life, felt it would be better for her to be raised in her grandparents' home. And so it happened that Dorchester House became Kathleen's home for the first 27 years of her life. In her own words, she described some fine trees and two flower beds close to the house that could be seen from Dorchester Street through the railings.

But most of the garden, more than

three-quarters of it, was secluded behind the house. Scattered throughout were many majestic trees, as well as fruit trees, including apple, pear and plum. But that was not all. There was a vinery, a vegetable garden with every known and many then unknown vegetables, a paddock for a cow, a tennis court and plenty of flowers to pick and to give away. And one of Kathleen's aunts, Carrie Serra, remembered riding on the wagons when the hay was cut in their fields. There were croquet parties in the early years, and then tennis, all of which made this garden a most enjoyable place in which to spend summer.

Kathleen remembered that Sara called her husband Harry, and that he was generally known in public as JH Joseph. Nonetheless, his original name of Jacob also remained in use throughout his life.

Interior photographs of Dorchester House show the kind of cluttered furnishings that were typical of the era. There are some obviously magnificent pieces of furniture, a lot of them from the Gratz family and some probably from the Moses family. After the family moved out, much of the furniture went with them, including Rebecca Gratz's wardrobe from Philadelphia

which was used by Kathleen Moore in her sewing room, and then sent back to Philadelphia by Kathleen in 1973. In what they called the little parlour, family portraits filled the wall space. Some are unfamiliar, but included among them are well-known portraits of Solomon Moses and Rachel Gratz Moses, Rebecca Gratz, Miriam Simon Gratz, Joseph Gratz and others.

Kathleen Moore remained alert throughout her life, speaking often of Dorchester House and her many relatives right up to the time of her death in 1976.

Dorchester House: the end of an era, the end of a home

It is possible to look upon the timing of Jacob Henry Joseph's death at Dorchester House on 28 February 1907, after the death of his wife in that same home three years earlier on 26 February 1904, as something bordering on lucky. Lucky only insofar as it was soon after his death that the gigantic real estate deal that culminated in the destruction of his beloved home took place.

There were probably rumbles in the grapevine before the news got out, particularly among those well-placed in the business and social communities. And remembering that both of Jacob's sons were well-entrenched in the real estate business community, they must have caught a sense of what was to follow. By 1911, the Canadian Northern Railway was planning to bring its tracks into the very heart of the city. The idea was to



Above: Section of Charles Goad's 1880 Atlas of Montreal. Below: Dorchester House hole in the ground (image courtesy of Anne Joseph)



bring railway tracks into Montreal from the north, through a tunnel under Mount Royal, emerging into a terminal at the heart of the downtown district. The plan was feasible from an engineering viewpoint, but acquisition of the necessary properties was another matter. Explosion of news of the venture would lead to a comparable explosion of costs. Property prices would skyrocket.

The acquisition of land north of Mount Royal was completed before the developers turned their attention to the matter of buying property in the heart of the city. Initially the plan was to buy the block just north of Ste Catherine Street, but news leaked out with the inevitable result that speculators drove property prices sky high.

This glitch led the planners at the Canadian Northern Railway to turn their attention towards another site extending southward from Cathcart Street down to Lagauchetière Street between Mansfield and St Monique Streets. A number of real estate agents had been handed the task of buying up the requisite property, without being told either who their client really was or why the acquisition was desired.

The first big deal was the Joseph property, Dorchester House, by then the home of Jacob's elder son, Henry. He sold the property to the Mackenzie and Mann syndicate. There are two reports of the selling price, one at \$2.60 per square foot, and another at a total of \$300,000. Melding these two reports, and assuming they are both accurate, would put the size of the plot – maybe -

at 115,385 square feet. The uncertainty surrounding this estimate is that the reports do not specify how the value of the house entered the picture. Remember, the house itself was scheduled for demolition. (3) (4)

A handwritten note headed "True copy - Sale Dorchester St. Property" reads:

"Price \$300,000.00 on account of which \$50,000.00 has been paid. The balance of \$25,000.00 (hole in paper) to be paid as follows.

\$25,000.00 July 8th 1912,
\$25,000.00 March 8th 1913. Balance \$200,000.00 within five years, with the

right of payments at any time the whole balance of price or any portion, not less than in sums of \$25,000.00, as given the vendor at least 30 days previous notice in writing with interest on the said balance at 5 ½ pc per annum – payable half yearly."

The family moved out of Dorchester House in 1913. It is worth thinking about whether Henry Joseph would have been, on some level, content to sell. The bustle of the city around Dorchester House in 1911 was vastly different from the relatively serene atmosphere of half a century earlier, and moving to an elegant house further up the mountain may have held quite an appeal. But these comments are speculative.

A postscript to this story is that the grandiose plans of the Canadian Northern sank into insolvency. In time the railroad company disappeared into Canadian National Railways. The site



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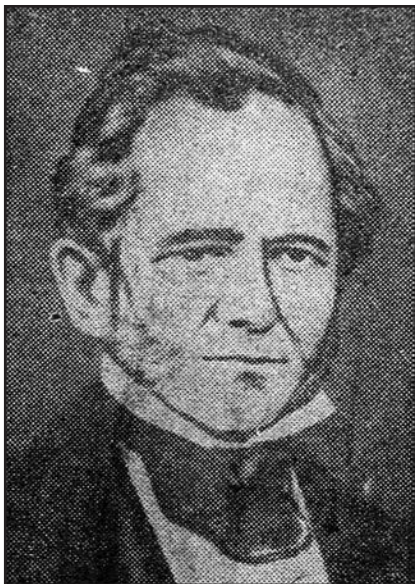
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filled with a variety of volunteer projects, and for the last dozen or so years most of her spare time has been focused on researching and writing about the earliest Canadian Jewish families who arrived in Quebec in the 18th and 19th centuries.

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1. Borthwick, Rev. J. Douglas, LL.D., History and Biographical Gazetteer of Montreal to the Year 1892. Montreal: John Lovell & Son, 1892.
2. Goad, Chas. E., Atlas of the City of Montreal from Special Survey and Official Plans showing all buildings and names of owners. Montreal, 1881.
3. Montreal Star, 11 November 1911.
4. Collard, Edgar Andrew. Montreal Yesterdays. Toronto: Longman's Canada, 1962.
5. Montreal Star. 8 October 1977.

Plus general, ongoing sources:

Joseph, Anne. Data binders of papers of family interest culled from family members, libraries and archives.

Joseph, Anne. Heritage of a Patriarch. 1995. Quebec: Editions du Septentrion.

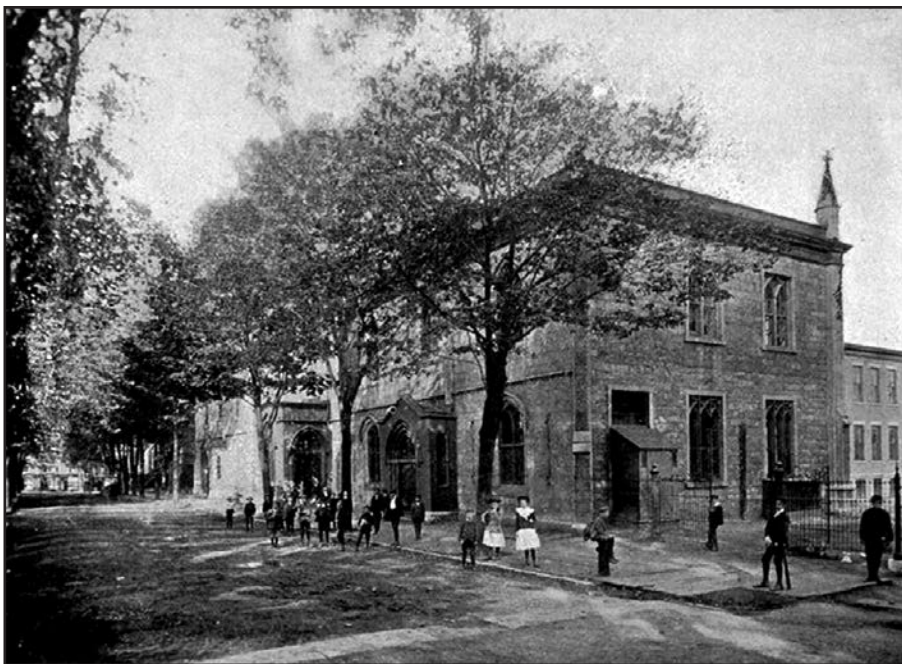
known locally as “the big hole” remained throughout the Depression, crossed by the Dorchester Street bridge. Decades passed before a revision of the initial project took shape. Work on the Central Station complex began in 1943, and in time the Queen Elizabeth Hotel was added in 1958, and the central building of Place Ville Marie was first occupied in 1961. (4) (5)

Anne Joseph was born in England in 1935, arrived in Montreal in February 1959, settled here and married William K. Joseph, a 7th generation Quebecer, in 1974. Her 30-year working life always seemed to include research and writing. Retirement years have been

Two of the Josephs’ neighbours on Belmont Street

Belair Villa was the home of John Easton Mills, his wife Hannah Lyman, and their many children – at least, until things began to go wrong. At the beginning of May, 1841, sons George (5 years old), Edwin (nearly 3), and Albert (10 months) contracted scarlet fever and died within a week. Five years later Mills, a banker, was elected Mayor of Montreal on a reformist ticket, and within months his populist sympathies were put to the test as ships began to arrive crowded with immigrants suffering from typhus. Mills set up relief camps in Point St-Charles, protected the sufferers from hysterical mobs, and – an action that must surely have been influenced by the recent loss of three children to disease – rolled up his sleeves and nursed the sick. Before the end of the year, the “martyr mayor” was dead of “ship fever.” Hannah’s two elder daughters married and moved away, but she continued to live in Belair Villa until the late 1860s when the estate was subdivided and both Ada and Alice found husbands – both gentlemen being Redpaths. Hannah went to live her last years with Alice in England. Ada, who married John James Redpath, was murdered in a bizarre double shooting, never properly explained, in 1901. Belair Villa was acquired by potash inspector Edwin Atwater, and was eventually bought by lawyer HO Andrews who donated it to the Anglican Diocese as the Andrews Home for destitute immigrants.

The Normal School just east of Belair Villa had been built in 1846 as the High School of Montreal, but within a few years the school was taken over by McGill College and was relocated further up the hill (to a building some may remember as the original home of the Fraser Institute Library). When McGill established Normal School in 1856, the abandoned school on Belmont Street was an obvious place to install it. For half a century, the McGill Normal School operated out of the Belmont Street building until the new Macdonald College campus provided more feasible facilities for the training of teachers. Montreal’s Protestant school board leased the building in 1907 and opened Belmont School, which served the inner city non-Catholic population until it was closed in 1932.

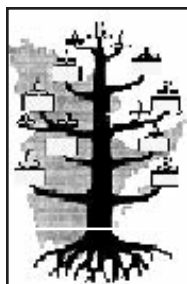


Above: John Easton Mills (image: Ville de Montreal archives, VM6, S10, DO26.5). Below: McGill Normal School on Belmont Street (image: BNQ, Massicotte collection)

QUEBEC FAMILY HISTORY SOCIETY

Quebec's Anglophone Genealogy Society, Part Two: Heritage Centre

by Robert Dunn



Our Heritage Centre is where researchers have at their disposal virtually all the tools necessary for finding answers to who your ancestors were, where they lived and worked, where they came from and when they arrived in Canada .

Our Heritage Centre is located at 173 Cartier Avenue, Pointe Claire, Quebec.

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Over the years QFHS has been the beneficiary or several very interesting collections. Of note is the David McDougal collection of ships, shipbuilding and people of the Atlantic Provinces, particularly the Gaspé, involved in the ship building industry, or ship transportation in the 19th century.

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Microfilms of a large number of registers for Que-

bec non-Catholic churches and synagogues, some Montreal Irish Catholic parishes and the 1851 Canadian census are available to view. Scanning and printing of records is possible. Similarly, microfiche of early IGI records, British BMD records, Quebec Loiselle records and many others are available.

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Robert Dunn is an active member of the Quebec Family History Society, manages the QFHS bookstore, has written or co-authored several church repertoires and is part of the team working to make all QFHS databases available on the QFHS website.

Quebec Family History Society

173 Cartier Avenue
Pointe Claire, Quebec

www.qfhs.ca

514-695-1502

email: admin@qfhs.ca



OF REDCAOTS AND PATRIOTES

History's role players plot rebellions replay

by Tyler Wood

At first glance they appear to be like any other large group in the trendy brewpub, enjoying each other's company one evening in Old Montreal. Except they're taking notes, and they seem less interested in the beer and grub than with the balmoral one of them has started passing around. Then another member whips out a 19th century drill manual and then the pieces come together. These seemingly normal people are part of that strange breed: the historical re-enactor.

It is a tough time to be a re-enactor in Québec. Last January, threats of violence derailed plans to commemorate the 250th anniversary of the Battle of the Plains of Abraham in Québec City, the centrepiece of which was a recreation of the battle itself. For re-enactors, some of whom had spent years organising the event, this negative reaction was baffling.

In recent years, scores of new books, museum exhibits and even movies have all cropped up, taking advantage of a renewed interest in the 250th anniversary of the Seven Years' War. Some re-enactment groups note that curious history buffs are joining their ranks in unprecedented numbers. In the United States, other commemorative battles of the Seven Years' War have been held to the enjoyment of fascinated crowds. These enthusiasts often seem too serious about history and warfare to want to make light of it, too politically heterogeneous to want to convey any partisan interpretation of it. If they have one common goal, it is to make history

come alive, to share a visceral appreciation of what life was like for our ancestors.

Yet, in Québec, re-enacting is virtually unknown, and is often grouped in with LARPing (Live-Action Role-Playing). In *L'âge des ténèbres*, Denys Arcand's 2007 film, the protagonist finds escape in a world of fantasy, where one can pretend to be a troll or a knight. Even when a film grasps the fundamental difference between the two pastimes

discussed openly because most people think they already know what happened. Unconsciously, they are afraid that, in taking a serious look at our past, they might find out they are wrong in their beliefs. When a commemoration threatens to disrupt the rhetorical cease-fire, to promote remembrance and debate, and perhaps to encourage a meeting of minds, then the tension smouldering for years can flare up, unleashing a staggering diversity of passionate opinion.

Thus, during the Plains debates early in 2009, when a re-enactment was attached to what some in the media interpreted as a federally organized "celebration" of the English triumphing of the French, people were uneasy and distrustful of the plans, and, at best, confused about the participants' motivations. Some newspaper columnists made half-informed assumptions about the hobby, comparing them, in one case, to drag queens. The politically radical promised to forcefully

disrupt the event. It was cancelled, labelled a bad idea, and soon the whole notion of re-enacting seemed equally as foolish.

Back in Old Montreal, as the men and women chat about uniforms and battles, it becomes clear that they aren't new to the hobby. They have all been active for years, most with experience in more than one era. They all were saddened by the cancellation of the Plains event, and worry about the public perception of re-enactment in Québec. But



– a serious regard for historical authenticity – re-enactors come across as dangerously delusional about what century they live in: *Demain dès l'aube*, a 2009 French film, portrays re-enactors as secretive about their double lives, ready to fight real duels over matters of honour. In the media, re-enactment's role in public education is completely disregarded.

At the same time, the Seven Years' War takes on more significance here. Jacques Godbout's 1996 faux-documentary *Le sort de l'Amérique* raises an interesting paradox: in Québec, "the Conquest" – what many consider to be the linchpin in our collective history – isn't

while others hesitate to organise new events here, the resolve of this group has not waned. In fact, if anything, they are more committed to their hobby than ever, more convinced of the need for public education. Undeterred, they now talk of portraying an even more unsettling chapter of our past: the Rebellions of 1837-38.

If the Conquest is an uncomfortable subject, then the rebellions are nearly taboo. While Victoria Day is celebrated in Quebec as Journée nationale des patriotes since 2003, only the most radical seem comfortable waving the green, white and red flag of that 19th century political party. There still is an uncomfortable dissonance here over the meaning of it all. While museums and governments like to gloss over the exact events of 1837-38, emphasising the importance of the Patriotes in fighting for democratic ideals like responsible government, few delve into the dirty details of what essentially was a civil war. Unlike the Seven Years' War, which had its share of cruelty and destruction, the enemies weren't just an unwelcome imperial power; they lived next door, and were often blood relations. This was a conflict between social classes, motivated largely by political self-interest and providing an excuse to settle long-standing grudges. It was a war of libel, of street brawls between gangs of Tories and Reformers, of partisan bands intimidating families and burning down villages. While the Conquest can sometimes be viewed as an outcome of superpowers vying for empire, one cannot as easily dissociate what happened in St Denis and St Eustache from the individual actions of our ancestors. It is, in a word, messy.

And yet this is part of the appeal for this band of re-enactors, gathered at the pub; here is an important, neglected and misunderstood chapter of our heritage, too often co-opted for political arguments, begging to be brought once more to life, to encourage new understanding. Academics have done incredibly little analysing of the Rebellions (the most recent English books on the topic are more than twenty years old), and many primary sources have never seriously been looked at, but the challenge of researching in a vacuum is part of the fun. Trying to figure out what the Patriotes wore is already yielding new finds. One of the

men around the table reads a diary that notes their tuques were usually blue, not the red one tends to see in later images. The excitement is palpable. And yet, there is a moment of caution: "We have to be prepared for the public reaction. And we can't spout gibberish," one of the leaders states. There is agreement; more than a year will go by before any activities are organised for the public. This gives the party time to research, to be sure of what, and whom, they are portraying. There are those at the meeting who will be donning the redcoat of the 24th Regiment, while others are passionately committed to the Patriote side. The division loosely reflects the members' modern political leanings, so even among friends, differences in their interpretations of events could create friction. One member suggests creating a pamphlet, to be eventually distributed to the public, stating why they are re-enacting the period. That way, before the group tries to bring a sober, even-handed view of the conflict to others, they will have at least settled one potentially contentious issue among themselves. The motion is approved. The meeting is adjourned and the members head back to their homes across the province.

These are only the beginnings of a new re-enactment group, and the participants are still wary of creating a premature stir, so they wish to remain anonymous. Still, a sympathetic observer cannot help admire their ambition, willing to spend thousands of dollars and hours to potentially get heckled by crowds. During the meeting, the man who suggested the pamphlet notes that many of the Patriote leaders, including Wolfred Nelson, had their headquarters only a few buildings away. "What would they think of us here tonight, a bunch of their descendants, organising a group to re-enact their deeds?" Separated by 170-odd years, the circumstances surrounding historic combatants and their contemporary interpreters stand in sharp contrast to each other. And yet, it seems, the re-enactors, too, are bound to struggle for what they believe in.

Tyler Wood is a recent graduate from Queen's University's School of Urban and Regional Planning. He is passionate about heritage preservation and has been a historical re-enactor for more than ten years.

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GATINEAU PRISON HOLDS SECRETS

New insight into internment

by Michael Martin

The provincial prison in Gatineau on St-François Street in the Val-Tétreau neighbourhood hides a story unknown to most, including historians in the region. The prison served as an internment camp during World War II for Canadian communists and German POWs.

Constructed in 1938 by the first Duplessis government, the original Hull prison was a white elephant that didn't meet provincial standards. In 1941, however, the federal government asked Quebec if it could use the prison. Since March 1938, the Liberal government of Mackenzie King had developed internal security measures called "Regulations for the Defence of Canada" in anticipation of the brewing world conflict. There was, however, a peculiarity: these measures were aimed at controlling Canada's communists. At the beginning of the war, Canadian communists opposed Canada's participation, arguing that it was an imperialist war similar in nature to World War I. This stance provided a convenient cover for interning leaders of the Canadian left in Kananaskis, Alberta, near Banff, and in Petawawa, Ontario, in the Ottawa Valley. After the prisoners revolted in Petawawa, they were transferred to the Hull prison on August 20, 1941, where 89 communists, sympathizers, and trade unionists were held for fifteen months.

In June of 1941, Nazi Germany invaded the Soviet Union, and Canadian communists began wholeheartedly to support the war effort. The Hull prisoners were not released, however, making Canada the only allied country to pursue a policy of repressing communists – a policy in effect in the fascist countries against whom Canada was at war.

Why were these people interned? In spite of official explanations at the time for the internment, in actuality communists were imprisoned because they presented a real danger to the capitalist system and the Canadian ruling class. Nor was this a new policy; the practice had started at the end of the 19th century during the period of the great European immigration to Canada, immigration encouraged as part of the National Policy of development espoused by Macdonald and later confirmed by the Laurier Liberals. Among the Jewish, Ukrainian, Finnish, German, Russian and other

immigrants from Europe were many radical anarcho-syndicalists who did not appreciate the oppressive conditions and racism in Canada. In 1914, in reaction to their militancy, the Borden government adopted the War Measures Act (the same one used by Pierre Trudeau during the FLQ crisis in Quebec in 1970) to install social discipline among workers. The legislation became extremely useful to the government after the Russian Revolution of 1917.

A severe recession occurred early in the 1920s, during which a small communist party formed called the Workers' Party of Canada. It was eventually renamed the Communist Party of Canada and was at once recognized by Moscow. During the depression of the 1930s, the Party grew in strength, partly owing to the severe social repression organized by Canadian Prime Minister R.B. Bennett – who was the former owner of the EB Eddy Company in Hull. During the 1930s, the government arrested about 10,000 workers and deported another 30,000 to Europe at a time when the Party had, at most, 5000 members in all of Canada. The Bennett repression backfired as support for the Party increased, also owing to the growing threat of fascism in Canada and elsewhere.

The Gatineau internees did win their freedom after a broad national campaign which had the effect, once again, of increasing support for the communists, especially in English-speaking Canada. The whole episode provoked considerable class division but also national division, as the French-Canadian ruling class in Quebec insisted that the communists be repressed. This took place at the same time that about 180,000 young French-Canadians from across Canada volunteered to fight the forces of fascism during WWII.

German POWs

Even as the Canadians were being freed from Hull prison, a new type of prisoner entered. Canada played the role of jailer for Great Britain during WWII. The British did not want to maintain all the Axis prisoners it held at home since it would have presented security risks, and would have demanded a considerable expenditure of manpower. In total, including Canada's own POWs,



The door of the Montreal communist newspaper La Clarté, padlocked under the Duplessis government's infamous law. (Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec, P48 SI, P1536)

34,000 men were held captive in Canada, among them the 300 assigned to the Gatineau prison – by then known as camp '32' or 'H'.

Many of the German POWs in Gatineau were themselves leftists, communists or trade unionists. The Canadian army used a simple system to organize and observe prisoners, who were interrogated and classified according to their political views. “Black” prisoners were Nazis or Nazi sympathizers. “Grey” prisoners were neutral, soldiers or sailors simply doing their patriotic duty. “White” prisoners supported the Allied cause.

These prisoners renounced the support of the 'protecting' power, Switzerland, which supervised the Allies' treatment of Axis prisoners. (Portugal played a similar role vis-à-vis Allied prisoners held by the Axis powers.)

After the German invasion of the Soviet Union, tensions grew between “white” and “black” POWs. The former asked for the protection of Canadian authorities, and even agreed to work for the Allied cause. So, as the Canadian leftists were being freed, German “white” prisoners were transferred to Gatineau, where only 100 inmates could sleep. The rest were assigned

to farmers in the Outaouais and in Carleton County in Ontario, south of Ottawa, and only report to the prison for medical or administrative purposes. This farming out of prisoners was done over the objections of the RCMP, who were still fighting communists in spite of the change in the war.

Working conditions on the farms were often difficult, as farmers extracted their pound of flesh from the prisoners. There were many racist incidents and injuries among the German POWs, who were often city people not used to the hard work on a farm. Hardly surprisingly, there were about 20 escapes from these farms. Normally, the POWs would report to the prison or would be quickly captured; however, in five cases the records are incomplete, and we can't say for certain that the POWs were recaptured. Might they have escaped to melt away into the country? Or are there simply holes in the records? The answer is not clear.

Michael Martin is a freelance journalist and historian in Gatineau. His book about the Gatineau internment, The Red Patch, is available free-of-charge at his website: <http://web.ncf.ca/jn871/>.

MILESTONES

Wallace Lambert (1922-2009)

Father of French Immersion passes away at 86

by Kevin Erskine-Henry

Wallace Lambert was one of Canada's quiet heroes. The former McGill University Psychology professor died 23 August 2009 at St Mary's Hospital in Montreal, of complications from pneumonia. He was 86.

Walter Lambert was known as the Father of second-language immersion instruction.

In 1965, Wallace Lambert helped a group of parents dissatisfied with their kids' French instruction at a South Shore elementary school in St Lambert launch the first French immersion program in Canada. Over thirty years later, French immersion is the most popular educational program in English schools across Quebec.

Lambert's groundbreaking studies on identity and language fuelled the wave of reforms that took place during the Quiet Revolution in Quebec and, under Former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, led to the passing of the Official Languages Act and the institution of French immersion programs in every province and territory in Canada.



"He was really ahead of his time. These were really landmark studies. People still cite them all the time," said Fred Genesee, a McGill psychologist mentored by Lambert in the 1970s. Lambert later consulted on Mohawk, Cree, Hebrew and Spanish immersion programs in Canada and the United States, beginning a process that would see the "Canadian model" of immersion schooling exported to places like Japan and Estonia.

The French immersion program that had its roots on Montreal's South Shore at St Lambert Elementary is now taught in schools across Canada and around the world. As the father of second-language immersion, Wallace Lambert's gentle influence changed the lives of countless young people and shaped the bilingual Canada we know today.

Merci and Thank You, Wallace Lambert!

Kevin Erskine-Henry is chair of the South Shore Community Partners Network

Muriel Duckworth (1908-2009)

and the Outremont School Question

An overlooked moment in the history of human rights in Quebec

by Rod MacLeod

Muriel Duckworth, who died on August 22, 2009, at the age of one hundred, is well-known nationally and internationally as a crusader for peace and women's rights. Despite having spent most of her career in Nova Scotia, she hailed from the Eastern Townships (Austin) and returned there at the end of her life. One of her most interesting accomplishments, which has unfortunately gone under the radar of accounts of her life, is to have spearheaded a critique of the inherent injustices of Quebec's educational system, which provided no place for religious minorities. Duckworth's activism in the years immediately following World War II helped set the tone for the fledgling Quebec Federation of Home and School Associations' long-standing commitment to human rights.

Duckworth (nee Muriel Ball) received a BA and a teaching diploma at McGill University in 1929, followed by a year at the Union Theological Seminary in New York City with her husband Jack Duckworth, who was training to be a United Church minister.

The couple settled in Montreal and became involved in the Student Christian Movement, an organization dedicated to the Social Gospel and the more humanitarian and activist aspects of the Christian message; in the 1930s there was much overlap with the fledgling League for Social Reconstruction and the new left-wing political party, the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (whose successor, the NDP, would later have Muriel Duckworth as a candidate). Although an overtly Protestant group, the SCM believed in crossing religious boundaries for the sake of philosophical inquiry and improving social justice, and worked particularly with Jewish groups to overcome anti-semitism at McGill and elsewhere.

The Duckworths raised three children in Notre-Dame-de-Grace and Muriel became active in the Home and School association at Kensington School. Muriel took an interest in the formation of the provincial Que-

bec Federation of Home and School Associations in 1944 and became active in its leadership. Because of her background in education and religious issues she was asked to chair a special QFHSA committee struck in May 1946 to inquire into the so-called Outremont School Question.

A controversy had arisen within the Montreal municipality of Outremont over the decision by its Protestant board of School Trustees to cease accepting Jewish students from outside the municipality, or at the very least to segregate them into a separate school. As a result of an agreement signed before the war – Montreal's Protestant board had signed a similar agreement – a large number of Jewish families from the upper part of The Main sent their children to nearby Outremont's three Protestant elementary schools and the secondary Strathcona Academy. Strapped for cash in the last years of the war, however, the Outremont trustees felt they could no longer afford to accommodate "outsiders" – non-property owners who paid no school taxes. Trustees also expressed concern that the "Christian" character of Protestant education was suffering in the midst of so many students of a different faith.

Their decision left Jewish parents outraged and their children distressed. One parent declared that the trustees' action was reprehensible in the light of "the present conflict" (the war). Another, a woman whose husband was fighting overseas, asked the Board what they would suggest she say to her daughter when the teacher informed her she and the other Jewish children would not be able to return the following September. The trustees believed they were acting in the best interests of Outremont's Protestant parents and pupils who shared their "displeasure" at the great numbers of Jews in their schools. However, a great number of parents felt no such concern and decided the appropriate course of action was to form a Home and School association. The new Outremont association, composed of both Protestant and Jewish parents, sought the help of the



QFHSA to resolve the issue.

Muriel Duckworth and her committee, also made up of both Jews and Protestants, set out to review the education laws, examine the terms of the agreements between the trustees and the Jewish community, assess public opinion, and consider the potential costs of the Outremont situation both to the community and to the psychological well-being of its children. In this they received no help from the trustees, who argued that the matter was a local one and that the Federation had no business interfering.

Duckworth presented the committee's findings to the QFHSA directors in March 1947. While it did not outright accuse the trustees of anti-semitism, the Report argued that their actions were inconsistent with the post-war world and its climate of cooperation and breaking down old prejudices. The Report was especially critical of the religious segregation that was going on within Outremont Protestant schools, a policy implemented with the excuse that the Protestant children's work would otherwise be interrupted because of Jewish holidays. Duckworth had interviewed teachers who felt the trustees' argument was entirely unjustified, especially in a world that had seen the kind of horror the war had provoked. At least 80% of Outremont's Protestant parents shared this view, and had no fear their schools were losing their "Christian" character. Moreover, two leading Protestant ministers assured Duckworth that moral and religious education, including Bible study, could be taught to both Protestant and Jewish pupils by both Protestant and Jewish teachers in a way that was mutually beneficial. The QFHSA report called for the immediate admission of Jewish students into regular classrooms, but in the longer term sweeping reforms were necessary to the school board structure: trustees, they argued, should be elected by universal adult franchise rather than by property holders of one faith, and that the concept of "Protestant" education should be broadened to make it suitable to all denominations. Faced with this evidence and a rising tide of opposition from within the wider Anglo-Protestant community – the Canadian Legion even stepped in to criticize the board's actions – the trustees finally acquiesced in the summer of 1947 and agreed to sign a 5-year contract with the Jewish community allowing its children into Outremont schools.

The wide circulation of the Outremont School committee's Report caused much embarrassment to the Outremont trustees and was a particular source of annoyance for the provincial government. On one rather sinister occasion the Report's impact came back to haunt the committee. In May 1947, Muriel Duckworth was nominated as Executive Vice-President of the QFHSA, and

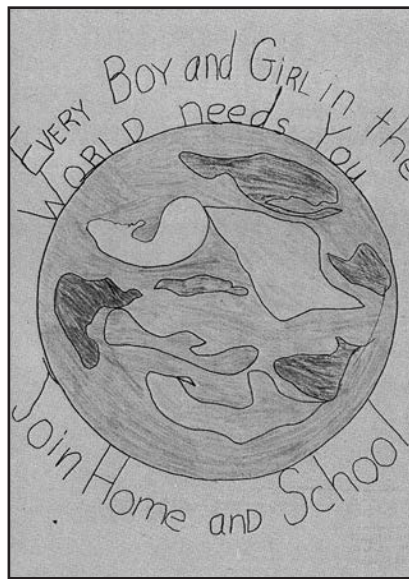
subsequently a newspaper article appeared alleging that the Report's insistence on democracy and equality constituted a form of communist infiltration of the Home and School movement. It seemed obvious to many that the Union Nationale government, which was not in the slightest degree interested in school reform, resented the committee's somewhat radical stance and was taking a kind of revenge by calling for police screening of prospective candidates for executive office within the Federation. Although some argued that the call should be heeded, the prevailing view was that the government's tactics were reprehensible: "If we have to accept a screening as to our thoughts, our politics, our morals, our attitudes," one member argued, "we are defeating one of the main purposes of Home & School."

Later in 1947 Muriel Duckworth moved to Halifax where her husband had been appointed executive director of the city's YMCA. Muriel became an advisor to the provincial Department of Education, a founding member of the local branch of the Canadian Mental Health Association (an issue that had been of great concern to the QFHSA), and by 1954 President of the Nova Scotia Federation of Home and School Associations. By the end of the decade she was one of the founders of the Voice of Women in Halifax and became a tireless champion of women's rights for the rest of her long life. Equally crucial was her commitment to peace, which sprang naturally from her belief in religious tolerance and the Student Christian Movement's dedication to pacifism. Many of these values were shared by the QFHSA, which became an advocate for peace, tolerance, and an end to ethnic divisions. An organization whose rank and file – and eventually whose management – was composed principally of women, the Home and School movement followed in the remarkable footsteps of Muriel Duckworth.

Rod MacLeod is co-author of Meeting of the People: School Boards and Protestant Communities in Quebec, 1801-1998 (McGill-Queen's Press, 2004)

Sources:

- Marion Douglas Kerans, Muriel Duckworth: A Very Active Pacifist (Halifax: Fernwood Publishing, 1996): 185.
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- EMSBA, Minute Books of the Outremont School Trustees
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Poster, 1978 (image: Quebec Federation of Home and School News)

*Hindsight***MY REVOLUTIONARY ROAD TO BOUILLABAISSE**

by Rod MacLeod

I finally got around to renting the DVD of *Revolutionary Road*, the belated cinematic take on Richard Yates' seminal 1961 novel highlighting post-war suburban conformity. I thought the film was brilliant on many levels, though probably least so as a searing indictment of said suburbs, a theme that is by now pretty old hat. What struck me most was the film's presentation of the tremendous yearning that ordinary people have to become something exciting, preferably in an inspiring locale (in the case of Kate & Leo, it was Paris), before the rocking chair gets them. At the same time, it shows the deadening pull that rocking chair has on all of us.

It took me back to a moment in my own life when my family found itself flirting with the kind of project the couple in the film flirted with – with much happier results. And yes, this is one of those coming-of-age stories, but before your eyes glaze over let me emphasize that it contains political corruption, sexual harassment and French cuisine. Much of this I didn't understand at the time, but looking back from a third of a century on I recognize a watershed.

The summer of 1976 was one of discontent in a lot of places, but especially in my world. I was ploughing through my adolescence, frustrated to have missed the turning-on and dropping-out of the late 60s which had made my older cousins and parents' friends' children seem so cool and which had been replaced by post-Watergate disillusionment, wide-collar shirts, and Abba. I tried to grow my hair long, but it just poofed out. To make matters worse, I found I needed glasses and my first pair were strictly Robert Bourassa. Like most people's parents, mine hadn't a clue – indeed, they had less of a clue than most because they were older than average and operated from a Depression-era conviction that saving a buck was as much of a fashion statement as you needed.

Grade Nine at Montreal West High had been a so-so year, and the prospect of two more long so-so years before anything new would happen was not exhilarating. I had spent a great deal of time failing to get up the nerve to ask out the older girl who played the tuba with me at the back of the band. Over the months we had worked out a somewhat zany banter, as two people will do who are forced to sit side by side for long periods with large pieces of plumbing in their laps, but it was platonic. My efforts to put a double meaning into conversations about valves and embouchures came to predictable naught.

The summer promised the Olympics and my first real job – Day Camp councillor, of course. One morning of "training" and then the full charge of a dozen eight-year-olds who wanted to hurl balls when it was time for arts & crafts and dig in the ground when it was time to try out the fun games that all children love, according to the library book I'd taken out on the subject. Nearly as disillusioning were the promises made by our politicians regarding the profits to be made from holding the Games. My father bought tickets to two events, which proved disappointing. We missed the Rowing on Ile Notre Dame after taking too long finding a place to park. The Athletics event in the "Big O" seemed more promising – in point of fact, I'd been vaguely looking forward to it, having developed something of a crush on Diane Jones, a leggy pentathlete who was occasionally seen dancing with the Prime Minister – but our seats were so far up the side of the stadium that it was hard to tell if it was steeplechase or high jump unfolding before us.

On the fringe of my vision, my parents had been going through crises of their own. My mother's I was familiar with, since she talked about it openly. The clinic where she worked was being mismanaged by its director, to the point where accusations of corruption and even embezzlement were being flung.

My mother and a handful of co-workers (all women, a couple of whom I still see on occasion though they are close to ninety) were determined to bring this guy down. Unfortunately, efforts to blow the whistle came to naught. According to one of their contacts, the director was a political appointee and had friends high up in the provincial Liberal party – a claim that seemed to be borne out by the reluctance of any government person they approached to listen to them. Finally, my mother and one of her colleagues arranged a meeting with The Enemy: the Parti Québécois House Leader, Robert Burns. This meeting proved to be one of my mother's great triumphs in life – even simply that it happened at all, that this man agreed to meet with two unilingual Anglo ladies, listened to them, and promised to do what he could. As they parted, Burns made sure he had my mother's name down correctly: "MacLeod." "It's Scottish," she coyly added to this souverainiste. "Just like yours!"

Some months later, after a famous change of government, the clinic director was transferred to somewhere in the United States. My mother became a devoted PQ supporter for at least a decade, although she remained unilingual and hated the idea of Quebec independence. She did not vote in the November 1976 election at all, however – thanks to my father's actions that summer.

I only heard his story years later, and not from him. The most private of people, my father tossed and turned at night with worry without letting on to his family that anything was wrong – although he did eventually tell my mother. Like her, he had a boss that was giving him trouble, someone whose actions were clearly immoral although not necessarily illegal. In this case, it was a woman, a career administrator in an age that still did not look kindly on female executives. Unfortunately, she fit the worst stereotype. My father was not the sort to be intimidated by having a female

supervisor, but he was completely taken aback by one who got her way through what we now call harassment, including sexual overtures. My mother was the most secure of marriage partners, but could offer him no solution to his uncomfortable situation other than flight.

My father's exit strategy took the form of a scheme to improve his working French – which was of course a growing source of anxiety for many West-End Anglos. He discovered that the school board where he worked offered a year's leave of absence – without pay but with a job guaranteed at the other end – to any employee who would undertake to devote the time to learning French, ideally away from the usual sources of linguistic apostasy. My mother, in the midst of her own professional frustrations, really liked the idea. They calculated that if they could rent our house for more than what our new lodgings would cost, there was enough in the savings account to keep us in clothes and food for the winter.

The question remained: where? Chicoutimi seemed the obvious choice, but my mother quickly ruled that out. Too cold. OK, then, how about Martinique? Upper Volta? The South of France?

I imagine the crazy idea settling quietly over their late-night kitchen table conversation. Before I was born – before they were actually married, I later realized – my parents had spent several summers tootling around Europe in my father's VW Beetle, camping much of the time and on occasion staying at those \$2 hotels Frommer used to brag about. On one memorable occasion they had enjoyed a romantic dinner in Villefranche-sur-Mer just east of Nice – although my father's jaundiced view of seafood might qualify the notion of enjoyment; he described Bouillabaisse as the result of dredging a shovelful of the muck at the bottom of the sea and heat-

ing it up. But spend a year in Bouillabaisse country? In a flash.

My parents did have friends with sabbatical experience, but still I marvel at their success in getting my father enrolled at the University of Nice in a French-for-foreigners program and a house rented for nine months in the resort town of Juan-les-Pins. It cost us about \$350 per month, \$150 less than what the people who moved into our



home would pay us. From this location my father drove our leased Renault 5 along the shore of the Mediterranean into Nice every day, about 20 minutes each way. The house was also a convenient distance from the local Lycée to which I'd been admitted shortly after our arrival – a ten minute walk, but almost all the other students arrived by mo-ped. They seemed quite a sophisticated bunch and took great interest in me, constantly asking if I lived above the Arctic Circle and whether I preferred handball or "le footing." Hadn't it been terribly exciting to have the Olympics in your own city? Well, I supposed so – but it was also bankrupting, I pointed out to their dismay.

For the first time since I'd been little my mother enjoyed simply keeping a home: shopping at the local supermarché (her lack of French was no obstacle), cooking unusual food and taking daily walks down to the beach where she

would converse in sign language with the elderly nudists. An even more bizarre task she undertook was to collect bagfuls of the enormous pine cones that fell in the nearby park which we would burn in our fireplace. Alas, the house was not centrally heated, and although outdoor temperatures rarely went below 10° it was often not much more inside and my mother was probably colder for more of the time than she would have been in Chicoutimi.

"Ma femme était froide pendant tout l'hiver," my father famously remarked in his French conversation class – much to the teacher's (and later my mother's) amusement.

But the whole experience blew our minds. It was an adventure that brought the three of us closer together, and although I had always felt tremendous affection for both my parents I knew now that they were the coolest people around. I'm not sure how much French my father picked up in Nice, but the next summer he went back to work in a

new office far away from the school board which brought him into closer contact with the students he enjoyed helping. My mother took a job teaching Social Work at Dawson College, a highlight of which was the proud day one student told her: "You're head's where it's at!"

I wish I could say that I was a much more sophisticated young gentleman after my time among the French, but no: indeed, I probably made some of my life's greatest... let's call them social faux pas...during the year following our return, but at least I had the confidence to make them. I had to take extra classes to make up for the credits I hadn't received the previous year, so there was no time for tuba or for the drama club I had dearly wanted to join. Never mind the road not taken; it is the ones we take that count.

Oh, and I changed my glasses.

EVENTS LISTINGS

Eastern Townships

Société d'histoire de Sherbrooke
275 Dufferin, Sherbrooke
Info: 819-821-5406
Email : info@socetehistoire.com
Website :
www.shs.ville.sherbrooke.qc.ca

Permanent Exhibition
Sherbrooke 1802-2002, Two centuries
of history

Uplands Cultural & Heritage Center
9 Speid St.(Lennoxville)
Info: 819-564-0409

Wednesday to Sunday, 1 a.m. to 4:30
p.m.
Fall opening hours

Saturdays and Sundays 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.
Weekend Afternoon Tea
Reservations are preferred

Till December 19, Wednesday-Sunday
from 1 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.
Exhibition: Bonheur d'hiver
Artists: Jean Charvin Dumas, Denis
Courche, Josée Desjardins, Lucy Dohe-
ny, Debbie Everett, Anne Johnston, Car-
olyn Jones, Lucie Levasseur and Gil

Stanstead Historical Society/Colby-Cur-
tis Museum
535 Dufferin, Stanstead
Info: 819-876-7322
Email: info@colbycurtis.ca

Till December 19, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Exhibition
Shipping Families on Lake Memphrem-
agog

Till December 19, 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.
Exhibition

Murray & Williams: Steam Navigation
Steam navigation ventures by
Georgeville summer residents

Montreal

Quebec Family History Society
Info: 514-695-1502
Website: www.qfhs.ca

December 12, 10:30 a.m.
St. Andrew's United Church, 75-15th
Ave., Lachine
Lectures Series
Speaker: Heather McNabb
Tartan Weave: Patterns of Scottish Im-
migration and Settlement in Quebec be-
fore the 20th Century.

McCord Museum
Info: 514-398-7100
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Westmount Historical Association
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brooke St. West
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Email: info@westmounthistorical.org

December 17, 2009, 7 p.m. to 9 p.m.
Lecture Series
The Robert Harvie Photographic Album
Harvie's family album photographs
from the 1800's that were reproduced
and donated by Henrietta Harvie to
Westmount Historical Association will
be the subject of this informative lecture
explaining how contact prints were
made from glass plate negatives.
Speaker: Doreen Lindsay, WHA re-

searcher and photographer

Exporail, Canadian Railway Museum
110, rue Saint-Pierre, Saint-Constant
General Information: 450-632-2410

Till: January 10
Railway Christmas
Tea room, craft and storytelling for chil-
dren, model train layout and rides on
miniature train

Permanent Collection
160 Unique railway vehicles on display

Outaouais

Gatineau Valley Historical Society
80 ch Summer, Cantley
Info: 819-827-3164
Email: Phillips.margaret@gmail.com

December 14, 7:30 p.m.
Christmas Traditions at La Grange de la
Gatineau
Members of the Gatineau Valley Histor-
ical Society and Family and friends are
invited to an evening of carol singing,
music in the historic ambience of The
Grange in Cantley all ages welcome.

Quebec City

Morrin Center
44, Chaussée des Écossais Quebec
Info: 418-694-9147 or 0754
Email: info@morrin.org
Website: www.morrin.org

December 12, 10 a.m. to 11 a.m.
Literary Groups
Free Kids Readings
Specially selected books, based on an
interesting theme, will be read out loud
in English followed by a fun craft

CULTURAL CALENDAR

A New Highly Visual Exhibition About the Children of the Outaouais in the 20th Century



Bibliothèque et Archives nationales du Québec (BAnQ), the Centre régional d'archives de l'Outaouais and the City of Gatineau have joined forces to present the exhibition Images d'enfants. This exhibition offers visitors a glimpse of the children of the Outaouais. It will bring back memories for older people and, for the young, the childhood of their elders. A selection of photographs, personal letters, toys, books and clothing left as testimony by the families of the Outaouais will immediately transport visitors to memories of childhood.

In the Vitrines du Centre d'archives, de généalogie et d'histoire

Ground floor of the Maison de la culture de Gatineau

October 5, 2009 to April 25, 2010

Free admission

Exhibition Le braille, c'est normal!



To celebrate the bicentennial of Louis Braille's birth, BAnQ is presenting a new exhibition, Le braille c'est normal!, from November 10, 2009 to November 7, 2010, at the Espace Jeunes of the Grande Bibliothèque. The exhibition will give young people and adults alike the opportunity to learn about Louis Braille, the man who invented the code made up of raised dots that carries his name. His code would revolutionize the lives of millions of blind people by giving them the chance to read and write.

To complement the exhibition, you are invited to attend Contes de l'aveugle, a family-friendly performance presented at the Auditorium of the Grande Bibliothèque on Sunday, November 22, from 1:30 pm to 2:30 pm.

Guided Tour of the Exhibition Les éditeurs québécois et l'effort de guerre, 1940-1948



Jacques Michon, the exhibition's curator, leads a guided tour of the fascinating editorial adventure of Québec writers and publishers during World War II. Mr. Michon, a professor at Sherbrooke University, was director of the Groupe de recherche sur l'édition littéraire au Québec (GRELQ) from 1982 to 2006 and held the Canada Research Chair in Book and Publishing History 2002 to 2008.

The tour leaves from: room M.465, level M of the Grande Bibliothèque

Thursday, November 26, 7 to 8:30 pm

Limited number of places: 20

Reservations required. By phone, 514 873-1100, option 2, or in various BAnQ buildings:

- Grande Bibliothèque: information and orientation desk (ground floor)
- Montréal archives centre: reading room
- Preservation centre (Centre de conservation): reading room