THE HOUSE AT EATON CORNER: CHANGES AND CHALLENGES

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Quebec Heritage News

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SPRING 2015

Radio Days

Exploring the History of English-language Radio

Black History

Ernest DuPorte, Rosie Douglas, and Ray Brown

Industrial Landscapes

Drawing Cantley's Iron Mine

Quebec Heritage News

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Cover photo: Watercolour by Denis Palmer, The Village of Eaton Corner. Photo: courtesy of the Eaton Corner Museum.

EDITOR's DESK

Drawing the line

by Rod MacLeod

After considerable hesitation, I will admit that I am Charlie. Hesitation? Let me explain by saying that over the past few weeks I've been musing rather obsessively over strip searches, offensive humour, and Western Civilization. More than I usually do, I mean. And I never quite seem able to draw a conclusion I feel comfortable with and end up envying those people who pronounce on recent events with table-thumping certainty.

What a season it has been! Quite apart from the murderous insanity in the Middle East and Africa (but inevitably connected to it), we've had two assaults on Canadian soldiers on their native soil, one of which involved an attack on Parliament, a hostage taking in downtown Sydney, and the infamous bloody commando raid on a satirical magazine in Paris followed by a massacre of shoppers at a nearby kosher supermarket. On December 6, we marked a quarter-century since the "Montreal Massacre" of 14 women at the Polytechnique. In February, a fifteen-year-old girl was forced to take her clothes off by a school principal in a manner that the education minister declared was "respectful.

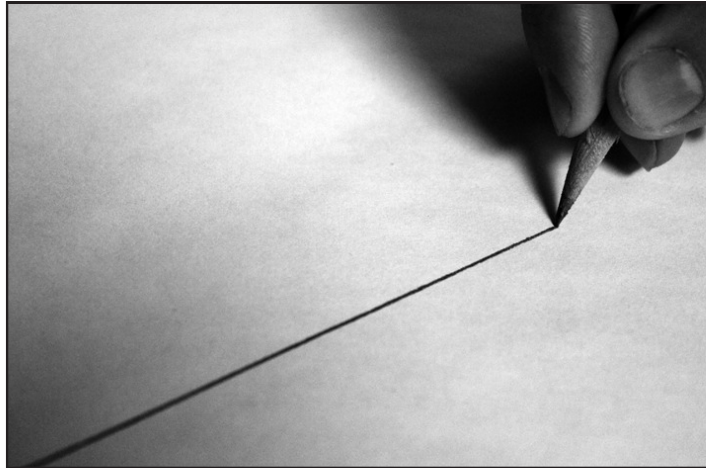


Photo: Rod MacLeod.

Government is also thinking of obliging women who do not wish to reveal their faces at a citizenship swearing-in to do so, while a local judge refuses to hear a woman's case because she was wearing a hijab. We have legislation to crack down on terrorism and renewed calls for a charter of values. An outspoken Muslim preacher has been refused permission to build a mosque in east-end Montreal. A year-end review show features a white actor in blackface, which many find acceptable. Vandals spray swastikas on cars in NDG. And that's just as of the time of writing. No wonder I'm awake at night!

It's true that I've lumped a lot of issues together here, but they are all connected in my mind – even though it's deucedly hard to take a stand on some of them without being contradictory on others. But the process has been rewarding.

Let's start with the Montreal Massacre. The reminiscences from that shocking day, along with the discourse on the current state of feminism, made for good if heart-wrenching reading that took me back to a seminal period in my own intellectual development. A grad student in December 1989, I was already on a fascinating learning curve regarding women's history and the importance of gender in history – notions which, until then, hadn't played much of a part in my training and which ran somewhat contrary to my liberal outlook. By that I mean that liberalism accords everyone an equal chance and does not censor – beliefs that feminism challenges when it points out that the experience of women in most societies is significantly different from that of men, and that on a so-called level playing field men very often have a huge advantage because of cultural expectations and physical presence. Equally often, men tell dirty stories and make lewd remarks and do other things that can poison a working environment for women. To see the situation from a female perspective was (and is) to acknowledge the damage that traditional complacent attitudes can do. Some of my fellow students were campaigning to create a "safe space" for women on campus, and I had to wrestle with my instinctive hostility at being seen as a threat – until I came to realize the enormity of the male world we live in. In the days following December 6, a debate raged over whether the massacre had been just the work of a disturbed nut (my view, initially), or whether it reflected a broader hostility towards the achievements of women (a view I came round to, after listening to the fears and frustrations many women expressed). I realized that, as a man, I took an awful lot for granted.

Flash forward a quarter-century and I listen as my 17-year-old daughter articulates, with at least as much passion as my former fellow grad students, the vital importance of feminism in today's world. I see her despair for people, especially women, who dismiss the term as outdated, even intolerant. I cringe at her accounts of trying to establish productive working relationships with young men that do not involve inappropriate contact, and of what men say to her in the street or out of the windows of passing cars. I read, dutifully but with much interest, the book my daughter has given me: Sally Armstrong's Ascent of Women, full of horrific accounts of the brutal oppression and degradation of women around the world, though also of heroic efforts by women to overcome these crimes condoned (and sometimes committed) in the name of religion, culture, or, that most slimy residue of the two, honour. Attitudes towards rape alone underscore how much of a man's world it is, in much of the world.

Of course, we like to think that we've made progress in our part of the world. Surely we have. Surely the cases of #BeenRapedNeverReported and similar ordeals, however much they may undermine complacency regarding women's rights and freedoms, do point to a kind of progress: we can talk about it now. The fact that women are speaking out, that it would

seem to be harder to get away with abusive behavior, suggests that things are better than they were a quarter-century ago, let alone three or four centuries ago. At any rate, we're miles better than large parts of the world where people value their own honour above the safety, let alone the happiness, of their children. When you'd rather see your daughter dead than bring shame on your family, you have a serious problem. You also have a serious problem if you condone the death of someone who insults your faith. Several times now in recent years, we've witnessed the spectacle of violent protests leading to dozens of deaths over depictions in Western media of Muhammad. In itself, such violence can be attributed to mass hysteria, akin to whatever motivates soccer hooligans to riot when their team has been disgraced. Until, that is, armed thugs deliberately break into a magazine office and murder the authors of some of these depictions.

The right to express oneself, in word or image, is obviously nowhere on the radar of those who cannot tolerate offense. In response to the massacre at the *Charlie Hebdo* offices, political leaders from around the world gathered in Paris to denounce fanaticism and support freedom of speech. It was a moving spectacle, even though some of those leaders condoned all kinds of repression in their own countries, including many Western nations where one can be arrested for saying certain things. Also moving was the determination of people everywhere to purchase the next copy of *Charlie Hebdo*, to the point where tens of thousands were quickly sold out. Not only did I intend to buy my own copy on principle (much as I rushed to purchase *The Satanic Verses* in 1989) but I seriously considered reproducing the offending image in the *Quebec Heritage News*. "Editors of the world unite! You have nothing to lose but…" Well, I guess you could get gunned down, but that's a small price to pay for intellectual freedom, isn't it? Publications that opted not to reproduce these images were often jeered at by the courageous ones that did.

Yes. Well. Maybe. Actually, hang on a moment.

As the discourse went on, a familiar debate emerged over whether the perpetrators of the massacre were isolated fanatics or whether they represented a deeper malaise, in this case "Islamism," with its inherent antisemitism and oppression of women. To me it was clearly no coincidence that the criminals' fall-back attack was on a kosher grocery and that the victims were Jews, any more than it was a coincidence that all the victims at the Polytechnique were women. Curiously, though, the 1989 voices denying that the massacre was partly the result of broader social problems were mainstream liberals uncomfortable with putting the blame on anyone but the lone gunman. Today, it is typically the people defending freedom of speech to the hilt (a classic liberal position) who are the readiest to identify a social problem, namely Islamic fundamentalism. Or, if you push many of them, Islam. There is a growing tendency in the West to paint Islam as the enemy, denigrating a religion that 1,000 years ago (during the "Caliphate" ISIS seems so perversely bent on recreating) was a whole lot more open and tolerant than any corner of Christianity, and that is still embraced by millions of decent and accepting people today. All kinds of political forces are lining up behind freedom of speech (the ultimate good) as a bulwark against Islam, which supposedly denies it. It has been a long time since freedom of speech has been held in such esteem – although, ironically, its strongest proponents are often willing to sacrifice freedoms for greater security. Even more ironically, feminism is now being used in the battle against Islam, which supposedly denies it as well. Anything to paint our current dilemma as a clash of civilizations.

Thinking about all of this set off alarm bells as I contemplated my endorsement of intellectual freedom in the wake of the Paris attacks. Did I want to side with those who seemed to be invoking freedom of speech in order to speak ill of our fellow citizens? If you were to translate much of the anti-Islamic invective floating about into sexist or racist terms, it would shock. Feminism has shown that words and images can hurt: offensive jokes and inappropriate behaviour can inhibit women from functioning in public and in the workplace, while pornography impedes rational social and sexual interaction. It isn't a crime to tell an off-colour joke, but somehow we've managed to train ourselves not to put up with it. The problem certainly hasn't gone away, but when did you last hear a sexist joke uttered in polite, mixed company? For that matter, when did you last see racially offensive material? Oh, right: on the stage in Montreal, and on local television. Sigh. The producers of the show with the actor in blackface refuse to accept repeated complaints from Black (and other) Montrealers that such material is deeply offensive. They invoke freedom of speech: art is supposed to make you uncomfortable, they say, although the argument sounds like an excuse when it is uttered in defence of actions that seem wilfully insensitive.

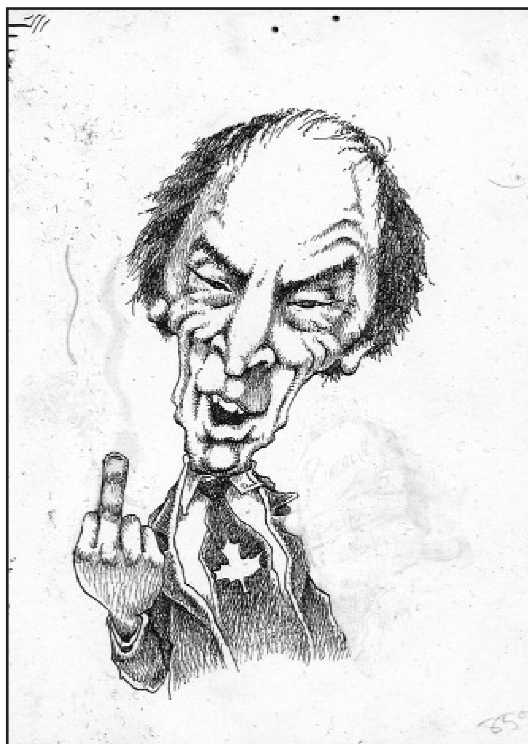
The same is true, alas, for *Charlie Hebdo*. When I got around to looking at their typical output (if you haven't yet, I'd advise against doing so), I was taken aback by how crude and tasteless it was, something I'd expect to find on the men's room wall or on the pages of high school boys' notebooks. *Charlie*, apparently, loves to offend. Muhammad is a frequent target, as the offence quotient is invariably high, but all kinds of ethnic groups are also lampooned, mercilessly. It is difficult to see what great social benefit comes out of the lines they draw, unless it is to test our tolerance for the noxious. Unfortunately, the fanatics who gunned down much of the *Charlie Hebdo* staff had no tolerance at all. Since then, a great many people have expressed, if not sympathy for the gunmen, at least an understanding of what provoked them. Such an attitude is unconscionable if it accompanies a conviction that *Charlie* somehow "asked for it," the way that rape victims apparently "ask for it." However, the suggestion that the artists of *Charlie Hebdo* should have respected repeated requests by Muslims not to depict the prophet, and especially not so vulgarly, is a valid one – except that in the current climate one cannot suggest this without being branded a friend of terrorism. But if we're going to criticise theatrical and television producers for not "getting it" when Blacks say that blackface is offensive, should we not criticise *Charlie Hebdo* and other cartoonists for not "getting it" when Muslims say that the depiction of Muhammad is offensive? Aren't we at least trying to get along?

If the only option is absolute freedom of speech, then we are obliged to put up with a heck of a lot. People denying the Holocaust. People claiming that certain races are inherently superior to others. People arguing that homosexuality is against God's law. People writing songs about raping women. Do we want that? If we agree that everyone can be as obnoxious as they like without legal ramifica-

tions, are we not undoing several decades of progressive achievements in gender and race relations? If we abandon standards of conduct, are we not effectively giving the floor to whomever talks the loudest? Perhaps I'm being unfair by assuming that people only do good when the law compels them to. It's nicer to think that most of us refrain from murder because we value human life, not because there is a commandment to that effect and a police force ready to apprehend us. It may be that we don't need any kind of hate crime legislation because the vast majority of us will not get up on soapboxes and spout racist inanities nor listen to those who do. Or maybe we can just get around the problem by forcing the fanatics to move along or to zone them out of the way as we did to that firebrand imam wanting to build a mosque in an east-end Montreal neighbourhood. Or maybe if there is no legal way to silence someone whose views we dislike we'd be justified in using violence… Oh dear.

I think a helpful way to approach this problem is to ask ourselves whether we can live with a particular offence. It used to be that all kinds of words were illegal, meaning that you could be arrested for saying or writing them – but now the worst that will happen is that your words may get bleeped on television or your film will receive an R rating. Not so long ago, homosexuality was a crime; now we tend to be open about it, at least to a degree that would have been shocking even a generation ago. Now we're inclined to say, if you don't like to hear coarse language don't watch certain shows or movies, if you're offended by homosexuality, or by breastfeeding in public, or by women in short dresses, perhaps you should just look the other way. It may be a tall order, but perhaps Muslims who are offended by cartoonists depicting Muhammad should just ignore what they don't like; if you believe something is blasphemous, then leave the blasphemers to their fate. Or engage them in respectful debate, the way opponents of the use of blackface do. Indeed, the more discussion the better; information and education have a wonderful way of dispelling prejudice based on unquestioned tradition or moral indignation. No doubt we could all benefit from a greater appreciation for why we react to what we hear the way we do and how what we say is perceived by others. If none of that works and we are left feeling offended, so be it.

Take for example the image I chose in the end to accompany this article. Some of you will recognize it as "Pierre Elliott Trudeau's Famous Finger," by Serge Chapleau, drawn in about 1980 in reference to the prime minister's petulant response to some anti-French hecklers. Maybe you found it offensive when he did this. Maybe you approved of the gesture but found the caricature grotesque and disrespectful of our nation's leader. Maybe you are feeling a degree of outrage now, even though the gesture is a part of our history and the image is part of a prestigious museum collection. Maybe you think the *Quebec Heritage News* should be above depicting this sort of thing. You might write a letter to the editor (please do) or cancel your subscription (please don't). But whatever your reaction, I'd put money down that you aren't about to go on a murderous rampage in protest. OK, I'm not saying that Trudeau is up there with Muhammad when it comes to a sacred figure whose slander can be expected to cause offense – but as an exercise in assessing one's capacity for offensiveness Chapleau's image is telling, I think. In recent decades, most of us have gotten quite good at recognizing moral outrage for what it is, and dismissing it – maybe after a valium.



But when it comes to distinguishing mere moral outrage from serious concern for the status of women and minority rights, where does one draw the line? I'd be inclined to say incitement to violence: to hold a prejudiced view of an individual or group is a personal matter, but to stand up and call for that person's or group's persecution is criminal. But what exactly constitutes a call to violence is often unclear. If a group has suffered unspeakable violence in the past accompanied by slurs and insults, then the reiteration of said slurs and insults may likely imply a resumption of the violence, even if a call to violence was not overtly stated. In 1913, several Montreal Jews brought a lawsuit against notary Jacques-Édouard Plamondon, who had given a whacko speech about Jews and the blood libel that had led to riots and the smashing of Jewish shop fronts, although Plamondon had not specifically advocated this. Could one argue that the actions of *Charlie Hebdo* were not so far removed from this sort of indirect incitement to violence? That is to say, they knew from past experience that publishing drawings of the prophet typically leads to protest and often death, yet they continued to draw. It would, of course, be ridiculous to blame the *Charlie* artists for the deaths of rioters, any more than soccer players should be blamed for losing games when there is precedent for fans rioting. Still, something about those drawings smacks so much of willful provocation that it is hard not to consider the connection. Evidently, drawing that line is a complicated business.

At the end of the day, the bottom line is that the *Charlie Hebdo* artists did not deserve to be gunned down. It doesn't matter a whit if I find their work obnoxious and juvenile, or even if millions were offended; the answer to something you don't agree with is not murder. Anyone who writes or draws or composes, or values the work of those that do, should be horrified and outraged by this attack. We are all vulnerable – and if the clash of civilizations continues, as I fear that it will, and moderation provokes suspicion on both sides, the range of targets will only increase. Today, *Charlie Hebdo*. Tomorrow…?

Maybe it would be safer if I pulled this column. Oops, too late.

Serge Chapleau, "Pierre Elliott Trudeau's Famous Finger," 1980. McCord Museum M998.51.1.

Letters

Mystery solved, at long last

In the Winter 2012 edition of *Quebec Heritage News*, there is a mystery photo which you may already have identified.

I am told by Stan Smaill, that the station appears to be at Richford, Vermont. The building was reduced to one story when the location ceased to be an office for the local railroad.

David Gawley
Westmount, Qc.

Our thanks to David Gawley for shedding light on this mystery photo. No, we hadn't a clue.

Finding a friend: another mystery

Here is a short follow–up to my story Skiing to Grandma's (*Quebec Heritage News, Winter* 2015).

In her February 13 diary entry, Clair had written that at noon hour, "a friend of mine died" and that his funeral would be on Saturday. Her actual wording was a little puzzling and I assumed that she was referring to the death of a child. However, I could not find anything in the Drouin Index about a death at Waterville or area on that date.

Jim Knutson, who has been responsible for Greenwood Cemetery at Waterville for many years, was curious about this reference to Clair's "friend" and checked the *Sherbrooke Record* micro file. In the February 14, 1936, issue, it was reported that James Riches Moy, age 81, had died on February 13. He is buried in Greenwood with his wife, Cynthia Gilkerson.

At first, I was puzzled that a little girl would refer to an elderly man as "my friend." I began to think about what I knew about Mr. Moy. He had been a foreman at the Dominion Snath Factory in Waterville and his son-in-law Bert Ryder was a cabinet maker there. Both men were friends of my (and Clair's) Aunt Bertha Parkinson; she was the office manager and treasurer at "the Snath."

As I write this note, I am seated at a small desk and I remember being told that it was made for Aunt Bertha by Mr. Moy.

In a recent phone chat with Clair, she remembered Mr. Moy as a kind, older gentleman. So the mystery is solved. James Moy was a family friend and one who was appreciated by eleven-year-old Clair. His death and funeral were of import to her and she included this in her daily journal.

Daniel B. Parkinson
Toronto, On.

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Mystery object

Jim Caputo found this item in the Gaspé last summer. He had never seen one before.

Any ideas? Send them to editor@qahn.org.

President's Message

Knowing what we need to know

Recently, we seem to have been running from one emergency to another, like heritage firemen, trying to save yet another piece of Quebec's past from the wrecking ball, and these emergencies seem to be increasing at an alarming rate.

QAHN has written letters of support for the people and organizations on the front line of preservation, but we need to be proactive when it comes to tracking heritage issues. This preparatory work should be undertaken now. If we are able to identify buildings and intangible heritage now, then maybe we can respond to changes before it is too late.

In the past, different inventories of historic buildings and places have been undertaken, but they have not been centralized. One of the first things to undertake would be to create an inventory of inventories and locate the gaps in our knowledge. It would be crucial to have input from our members, identifying local work that may have been undertaken but that is not widely known outside the area. These inventories may already be available on the web, or on a local hard drive, or on paper, but not easily accessible, with information stored in different formats and databases.

We shall soon be sending our members a questionnaire to find out where you stand on this issue and how you can help contribute to any potential project. It will initially be sent out by email, so please do fill it out and send it back when you receive it.

I hope to see you all at QAHN's annual convention, to be held this year on June 5 and 6 in St. Andrew's East / Carillon / Cushing / Sainte-Marthe. Please don't forget to return the registration forms as soon as possible.

All the best,

Simon Jacobs
President, QAHN

INVITATION

SECOND ANNUAL
MONTREAL WINE & CHEESE
April 23, 2015

The Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network (QAHN) cordially invites you to its 2nd Annual Montreal Wine & Cheese!

Hosted by QAHN's Montreal Committee, this informal get-together will be a wonderful chance to exchange ideas about the challenges currently facing the heritage community in Quebec, to explore one of our city's great gems – the Centre d'histoire de Montréal, and to help QAHN celebrate an important milestone – its 15th anniversary!

We look forward to seeing you!

SPECIAL GUEST SPEAKER:
Dinu Bumbaru of Heritage Montreal.

WHEN: Thursday, April 23, 2015, from 5:00 to 7:00 p.m.
WHERE: Centre d'histoire de Montréal, 335 Place d'Youville, Montreal, Qc.
RSVP (before April 15): home@qahn.org, or call toll free 1-877-964-0409.

WHA turns 70

Doreen Lindsay welcomes WHA birthday guests at Victoria Hall, December 11, 2014. Photo: courtesy of the Westmount Historical Association.

I love birthday parties. On December 11, I had the pleasure of attending the Westmount Historical Association's 70th, held in the Art Gallery at Victoria Hall. The WHA is one of the province's oldest historical societies, and has the distinction of having helped launch Canadian Heritage of Quebec, which owns the Hurtubise house in Westmount and now many other key heritage properties.

I enjoyed sharing birthday cake with local MNA Jacques Chagnon, city councillor Theodora Samiotis, and many other new acquaintances. Best of all was reuniting with old friends, including former QAHN board members Betty Lemaistre, David Freeman, Mark Bounty, and, of course, Doreen Lindsay, current WHA president (pictured, at right).

I also touched base with Gary Aitken, whom I had first heard speak on the history of the Grace Dart Extended Care Centre in January 2013, and who agreed to let the *Quebec Heritage News* publish a condensed version of his history of this prestigious institution. Last week, I was shocked to hear of Gary's sudden death. I make no claims to have known him well, but I enjoyed all of our conversations, appreciating his engaging and self-effacing manner. I had been looking forward to our next chat. The *QHN* has lost a writer, and Quebec has lost a dedicated researcher into an important corner of our history.

– Rod MacLeod

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Curator's Handbook

No Cats or Cakes

The importance of collections management policies

by Heather Darch

When a desiccated cat was set on my desk as a potential donation to augment the Loyalist collection (it was, after all, found between the walls of a Loyalist house, thereby making it a "Loyalist cat"), a fine piece of paperwork called the "collections management policy" allowed me to respectfully decline said cat in the box.

What should a history museum collect? If you work in a small museum you are likely faced with this question almost every day. Sometimes just saying no to a potential donor seems impossible, so objects can come into the collection that really shouldn't be there at all. If you have trouble deciding what to accept or reject it could be because you haven't set down on paper the list of limitations and guiding rules for your museum.

All museums and archives need a comprehensive and clear collections management policy and it must be the core document to support the mission and purpose of each organization. Not to have one is a serious mistake.

The formal definition states that a collections management policy is a set of rules that document t

he standards and practices necessary to develop, care for, and make available for use, the artefacts within an institution's care. In other words, it's a document that defines the scope of the museum's collection and explains the management roles of those responsible for its security and conservation.

Anyone working with a museum collection should know about the policy and must have a clear understanding of what ought to be collected. You don't have to memorize it, but keep it handy. In QAHN's Security for Heritage workshops held throughout Quebec last year, experts in the museum field stressed repeatedly the importance of having a working collections management policy fully supported by the museum's board.

Make reference to the policy in other projects, use it often and keep it updated.

A good policy will set guidelines for record keeping and documentation too, and it will help you define the regulations regarding loans both incoming and outgoing. Not only that, this "museum bible" will say who can gain access to collections while ensuring their safety.

Back in the 1970s, when this decayed and undocumented wedding cake was accepted into the permanent collection of the Missisquoi Museum, the museum had not yet adopted a working collections management policy.

In a sense, a collections management policy states what your museum will do and what it won't do when it comes to its objects.

The policy upholds ethical behaviour and it guarantees that the museum will acquire artefacts only if it has adequate resources – human and financial resources, as well as procedures to document, store, research, exhibit and interpret the items being considered.

The mode of acquisition is an essential element to a policy. Determining if artefacts will be purchased, or accepted as temporary loans, or obtained through a "donations only" rule, and determining who in fact will be making the decisions regarding acquisitions, are necessary for good stewardship.

In the same manner, the criteria for deaccessioning an object (that is, eliminating an object from your collection in an ethical manner) must also be specified.

Historical collecting is hard. Understanding your local and regional history will help define your collecting area as well as its time frame. Being mindful of an object's relevance to a collection and how it represents significant events, noteworthy individuals, or the community as a whole, will serve to define it.

Our collections are held in public trust and so we are obliged to uphold ethical, legal and professional standards. A collections management policy will help a museum fulfill its responsibilities of maintaining a well-managed and organized collection.

Remember that even if you write a policy it's worthless if it's ignored.

The "Loyalist cat" (Rest in Peace) was not accepted as an object. The "ick" factor aside, it would have no use in the education program, its historical relevance was thin at best, and its conservation and condition requirements and exhibition capabilities were not supported by our collections management policy.

Heather Darch *is curator of the Missisquoi Museum, a past director of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network (QAHN) and a heritage consultant whose recent assignments include co-managing QAHN's Security for Heritage, Outreach and Workshop Initiative (SHOWI).*

Wedding Cake. Missisquoi Museum Collections, C597. Photo: Heather Darch.

Restoring Historic Paul Holland Knowlton House

by Kathryn Lexow

The Knowltons of Newfane, Vermont, played a significant role in the history of the early Townships. Architecturally, as one of the oldest log buildings in the Eastern Townships, the 200-year old house of the founder of the village of Knowlton is undergoing restoration. It will showcase pioneer living of the early nineteenth century and the life of Paul Holland Knowlton, who purchased the cabin for his home in 1815.

Regarding the questions of when the log cabin was built, and who actually built it, the report by Cyrus Thomas, published in 1866 in *Contributions to the History of the Eastern Townships*, states: "About 1809, a man named Mills commenced clearing on the lot now owned by Mr. (Christopher) Dunkin. In the same year Captain Ezekiel Knowlton settled on the lot now owned in part by Captain James Ball. In the following year, he purchased the land and improvements [usually means buildings] of Mills, and was proprietor of the lot till 1815, when he sold it to P. H. [Paul Holland] Knowlton, afterward colonel."

In October 2014, the house was moved 1.5 kilometres from its original site to the grounds of the Brome County Historical Society Museum (BCHS), in Knowlton. The first phase of the project included the excavation and construction of a new foundation, made possible mostly through pledges from local contractors. Once the house was installed on the foundation, a restored roof was constructed using old rafters, planks of the period and cedar shingles. The gable ends include windows of red cedar which were fabricated locally according to the original design.

According to the available funds, the restoration is being handled in phases and in keeping with the log home's old charm and character. The building boasts original sixteen inch logs, timbers and flooring, which have been evaluated by a Restoration Committee of the BCHS. The next phases of restoration will be carefully executed with the appropriate materials and techniques.

The original construction methods, which can be found on the house, include mortise and tenon joints for the roof rafters, dowels to secure the roof to the second floor beams, marks characteristic of a system of joinery for hewn timbers known as 'scribe rule,' marks of an adze on hand-hewn beams, and marks of an upright saw or sash saw.

It has been heartwarming to see the care with which this phase of the project has been executed by the community. In February 2015, the Town of Brome Lake generously awarded $25,000 towards materials and labour for the restoration.

We are most appreciative of all the contractors, suppliers and donors who have kept the project going. In the spring, more financial help is needed to continue the successful restoration of the original log walls, the floors, the stairs to the second floor (the sleeping loft), the chimney, hearth and cooking area, and the external stonework on the foundation walls.

The goal is to complete the restoration for July 2015, in order to celebrate 200 years since the arrival of Paul Holland Knowlton to the shores of Brome Lake.

To contribute to this project, please make cheques payable to the Brome County Historical Society, indicating "PHK House'" on the memo line. Tax receipts are issued for donations of $25 or more. Please include your full name, address, telephone number and email, and send donation to BCHS, 130 Chemin Lakeside, Knowlton, QC J0E 1V0.

***Kathryn Lexow** is a member of the Paul Holland Knowlton House Committee, a director of the Brome County Historical Society, and a member of QAHN's Communications Committee. For more information, contact kathryn.lexow@gmail.com. Or visit the BCHS's website at: bromemuseum.com.*

Top: PHK house's new foundations on the BCHS site.

Bottom: Lowering the PHK house onto the new foundations at the BCHS site. Photos: Kathryn Lexow.

Eaton Corner Museum

Changes and challenges in 2015

by Kevin Armstrong

Last year was an eventful one for the Eaton Corner Museum. The museum installed its new permanent exhibit, "A Tale of the Townships," which tells the history of the Townships through various artefacts from its collections. On display are arrowheads and other tools used by the native peoples in the region prior to European settlement, as well as tools used by early settlers, such as a haystack cap (to keep hay dry) from 1889. Photographs of railway workers capture a time when trains sparked the region's economic and cultural life, and family bibles show how heirlooms passed down through the generations connected family members across time and space. To accompany this interesting new exhibit, the museum hosted a wide range of events, fundraisers, and workshops, and launched a new website: www.EatonCorner.ca.

Symmes Haystack Cap, 1889. Eaton Corner Museum. Photo: Charles Bury.

2015 promises to be just as busy. Renovations to the Foss House will continue, transforming it into a reception area and a multipurpose display and meeting place. The Foss House, constructed in the 1820s by Joshua Foss, an early settler from New England, is one of the oldest homes in the area. It is as an excellent example of a colonial Cape Cod-style home. Acquired by the museum in 2012, it will be used to host temporary exhibits, the first of which will be of original artworks by local artist Denis Palmer, renowned for his skill at capturing rural lifestyles and homes in his paintings (see cover). Palmer's work will be available for purchase. Other temporary exhibitions will follow throughout the year. Other projects at the museum are tentative, and will be contingent on funding. Pending a grant from the *Bibliothèque et Archives nationales du Québec* (BAnQ), the digitization of existing collections will continue, making photographs readily available to the public for display and research – an increasingly important resource in the digital age. Pending funding from Canada Economic Development, the refurbishing of the Alger House will also begin in 2015, in partnership with the town of Cookshire-Eaton. The plan is to transform the space into a cultural and heritage space for the community. The Alger House is another example of Cape Cod-style architecture. It was constructed around 1855 by Asa Alger, whose family was among the first in the region. It was acquired by the museum in 2008.

A number of challenges are anticipated this year, several of which are common to groups operating heritage sites. Since the Eaton Corner Museum does not receive regular operational funding, securing adequate funding is a challenge addressed largely through fundraising and sponsorship. Storage space and the proper treatment of artefacts are also concerns.

"Since the development of our new permanent exhibit, which relegated many objects to our reserve collection, we need more space for the museum's collections with access for research and the creation of temporary exhibits," says Jacqueline Hyman, one of the museum's directors. "We also have some large agricultural equipment which will deteriorate significantly if we don't find better storage facilities. In fact, we are not encouraging the donation of artefacts this year, until we have the space and means to care for them properly."

Presently, the organization is comprised mainly of volunteers, including its board of directors, and the amount of work that has to be done by a relatively small group of people can be overwhelming. Attracting younger people has become a priority, both in terms of clientele and in regard to practical involvement at the museum itself.

Of particular note is the museum's commitment to connecting to the Francophone community. Over its 50-year history, it has been largely an Anglophone organization. Today, several Francophones hold positions on the board of directors.

"We believe the future of the museum and its mission to preserve and tell the story of the history of our area will depend on gaining the interest and support of the entire community," Hyman says. "There is definitely an interest in local history, which belongs to everyone. That being said, it is still a challenge to connect with the Francophone community. We still have a long way to go even with practical issues of translation and communication, and of creating ties with Francophone institutions."

Kevin Armstrong, *a student in public history at Bishop's University, interned with QAHN in 2014.*

The Story Behind the Portrait

Further F. S. Coburn intrigue

by Nick Fonda

"You must drop by," said the dapperly dressed gentleman, whose most noticeable characteristics were a ready laugh and a twinkle in his eyes that, in a young boy, might have suggested a penchant for mischief.

He was one of a dozen or more people who'd turned out on a winter afternoon for a reading and book signing at Black Cat Books in Lennoxville. He'd appeared, introduced himself, announced that he couldn't stay but did want a signed copy of *Hanging Fred and a Few Others*, and disappeared almost as quickly as he'd appeared, though not before eliciting a promise from me to drop by the next time I was in Sherbrooke.

"I have a painting I know you'll want to see," he said, winked, and was gone.

A month later, curious, but also anxious to acquit myself of a promise made, I knocked at his door and was ushered into a comfortable, spacious room, lined with bookshelves and – both discrete and elegant; not so much commanding the room as gracing it – a portrait.

For a fleeting second, I thought it was of Frederick Simpson Coburn (1871 – 1960), because there was a vague resemblance between the young man in the portrait and a photo of an equally young Fred Coburn familiar to anyone who has seen Evelyn Coburn's *F. S. Coburn, Beyond the Landscape*.

"Meet Francis," said my host.

Of course, the portrait was by Frederick Coburn and not of the Melbourne artist. It was a portrait that drew me in, and that, when I finally turned away, somehow called me back for another, closer look. It was a relatively large canvas, approximately 30 by 40 inches and hung vertically. The portrait, not very much smaller than life size, was a sympathetic rendering of a young man of maybe 16, or maybe 20, who looked out with a steady, self-confident gaze and a half-smile on his lips that somehow conveyed seriousness and serenity while simultaneously suggesting an adventurous, carefree spirit.

It was an interesting painting, not in the least because it had been signed by Coburn not once but twice. The signature in the bottom left corner is followed by the date, 1913, and is so close in tone to its background that it has to be looked for to be found. The signature on the top right corner is not dated and is rendered in bright red.

The second signature was added in 1946 when the painting had gone to Gale's heir and there was question of the painting being reduced in size. Coburn was asked to re-sign it, but placed his second signature as close to the edge of the painting as the first, so that the painting was no easier to alter in size without losing the signature and therefore considerable monetary value. Did Coburn do this intentionally? Was he asked to re-sign the painting without being told why, leading him to assume that the request came because the first signature is so hard to notice? Bright red would solve that problem.

Portrait of Francis Gilbert Gale Jr. Photo: Nick Fonda.

The painting's history is as interesting as the painting itself, which, remarkably, was done after the subject's death. It's a well-documented painting – an itemized bill and a handwritten letter from the artist exist, along with carbon copies of letters to Coburn about the painting – but the documentation leaves a perplexing question in its wake.

The subject of the painting, Francis Gilbert Gale Junior (1894–1912) was the second and favoured son of a prominent Townships family who died very suddenly of spinal meningitis at the age of 17.

The Gales could trace their family's presence in North America back to 1640, and in the Townships back to the late 1820s when George Gale, the grandfather of the young man in the painting, as an infant, moved from Williamstown, Vermont, to Stanstead, Quebec. George Gale would train as a millwright in Vermont, and rush to California in 1849 to search for gold, but eventually he settled in Stanstead, where he farmed but also worked as a contractor and became noted as a bridge builder.

George Gale fathered two surviving children: Adelbert in 1854 and, the following year, Francis Gilbert Gale (1855–1927), the father of the young man in the portrait. Francis Gilbert Gale grew up on the family farm in Stanstead, later attended school in East Hatley, and went on to graduate from Dartmouth College in New Hampshire. By the time he was 25, he had invented a new bed spring (he would go on to patent at least two designs) and had joined with his brother and his father in moving a small bed manufacturing shop from Stanstead to Waterville. George Gale and Sons grew into a company that employed some 300 souls, made bedsprings, mattresses and brass bed frames, and operated internationally with a branch office in Birmingham, England. Francis Gilbert was chairman of the Protestant School Board, of the board of trustees of the United Church, and mayor of Waterville.

Francis Gilbert Gale was 16 years older than Frederick Coburn, and would have heard of the young artist while

Coburn was still a student at St. Francis College in Richmond. Gale was related by marriage to the Wakefield family of Melbourne Ridge, and the train ride from Waterville to Richmond was a matter of little more than an hour or so. Coburn's name was already known, specifically for having won a prize for calligraphy. The portrait's documentation includes a prime example of that calligraphy: a letter from Coburn (then in New York) to Gale asking for $10 for "a portrait of a little child" dated July 13, 1893. Although he was not an art collector, Francis Gilbert Gale had four canvasses by Coburn in his manorial house in Waterville, Loch Gael. It's worth noting as well that both Francis Gale and Frederick Coburn were the grandsons of men who'd come to the Townships from the New England states in the early nineteenth century. Gale's grandson (my host) remembers them as friends.

Francis Gilbert Gale was 57 when his second son, Francis Gilbert Gale Junior, suddenly died of spinal meningitis. Gale was devastated by the loss. Francis Junior had been an up-and-coming young man of exceptional potential. He was 17 years old, about to enter McGill, already being primed to eventually take over the family business. His death was mourned by a wide community. The *Montreal Herald*, the *Sherbrooke Record*, and the *Coaticook Observer* reported on the funeral. In the words of the *Observer*, it was "one of the largest and most beautiful recorded in the history of Waterville." The same newspaper noted, "Among those present from a distance were: F.S. Coburn, Melbourne..."

F. G. Gale would sell his factory two years later and end his days raising prize Jerseys. But in the immediate aftermath of his son's death he sought to memorialize his son. One of the things he did was ask his friend, Coburn, to paint a portrait of Francis Junior. Another was to write. The result is a hard-cover, 56-page booklet entitled *In Memoriam*. The booklet was privately done: no date, no publisher, no printer. On the first page is a photograph of Francis Gilbert Gale Junior in a high starched collar and a tie, looking like a precociously young business executive. On the last page are a dozen words found in his journal: "Where'er the voice of Duty calls / The sons of Honor follow and obey."

Coburn had the challenge of painting a subject who could no longer sit for him. But there was a death mask, and there were photographs. More significant, Coburn knew Francis Junior, would have seen him and remembered him as an infant, a child, a high school graduate. Gale had no doubt that the artist was up to the task. He wrote, "F. S. Coburn, the Artist who is painting a portrait of him, had no difficulty in tracing the strong similarity, not only of the physical features, but the expression of countenance, in the photographs of distant cousins and himself."

When exactly did Gale write those words? Did he compose and compile *In Memoriam* in the fall of 1912, in the months immediately following the funeral? The booklet, besides Gale's own reflections, consists of the eulogies delivered at the funeral by three different clergymen, letters from people who'd played a role in his son's short life, and a few samples of his son's writings.

The portrait's documentation includes a curious bit of correspondence relating to Coburn's painting in the form of carbon copies of three letters Gale sent to Coburn.

On June 30, 1913, almost a year after his son's sudden death, Gale wrote: "Mrs. Gale and myself will go down to see the painting and bust of Francis to-morrow afternoon. I suppose we arrive at Richmond about four o'clock... I note all your remarks regarding the painting and shall be glad to see it."

Ten days later, on July 9, Gale wrote, "I think Mrs. Gale and myself would go down to see the painting of Francis, if you notify us when you are ready for us to come... Not only is there the disadvantage of the situation in which you are painting his picture but we, as well have to become accustomed to looking at Francis in an oil painting... I hope you have got the plaster of paris cast of Francis that I saw last fall."

While those two letters are addressed to Coburn in Upper Melbourne, the third letter is addressed to him in Antwerp, Belgium, and is dated seven months earlier, January 21, 1913. Gale mentions a bust, as he had in the other letters: "I am glad to learn that the Marble Bust of Francis is so good... Probably it would be best to bring the marble Bust over when you come in the Spring." He also mentions the painting: "We like Francis' Painting very much and consider it a fine piece of work." But the letter also complains about the frame: "Besides, we cannot make the Frame fit well at the corners."

Did it take time to sort out whatever problems were posed by the frame that held the portrait? It's hard to imagine that a frame could pose much of a problem for either man. Still, the bill that Coburn finally sent Francis Gale is dated October 15, 1914. It's true that much happened within that time: World War I broke out and Coburn's father passed away. Still, the Gales would have had the painting in their home for over a year before paying for it. They did, however pay promptly; underneath, in different coloured ink, is written, payment received, Oct. 19 and signed F. S. Coburn.

It's interesting to see that Coburn charged $200 for the portrait, and $18 for the contentious frame. It's never easy to convert the value of money over time, but as a point of reference, in 1913, it cost one cent to mail a letter while today it costs a dollar (plus tax).

What's truly intriguing is the other item on the bill: marble bust, $250; a pedestal and an inscribed marble base, adding $11 to the cost.

Clearly Coburn delivered a marble bust of Francis Junior to the Gales. A bust (or a plaster of paris cast) is mentioned in the correspondence which suggests that it was with Coburn no less than the portrait. But did F.S. Coburn really make the bust? There is no other reference so far discovered of Coburn doing any sculpting. Did Coburn, in fact, turn his hand to sculpture in this one, single instance as a favour to a bereaved friend? Or did he act as an intermediary between the Gales and a sculptor friend, such as George Hill?

These questions, frustrating as they may be, only serve to make the portrait of Francis Gilbert Gale Junior – a remarkably well-documented portrait by a great Canadian artist – that much more fascinating. As I look at the portrait one last time, the Mona Lisa smile that plays on the lips of the long-departed Francis seems to take on yet another allure.

***Nick Fonda** is a past president of the Richmond County Historical Society and the author of several books about the eastern Townships, including the recent* Hanging Fred and a Few Others: Painters of the Eastern Townships.

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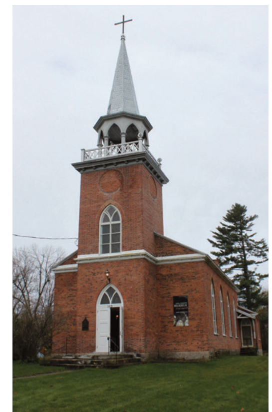

Walking Black Montreal

The Sir George Williams Affair

by Ashlie Bienvenu

Walking in the heart of downtown Montreal, it is difficult not to come across some building belonging to Concordia University. However, before Concordia even existed, the Henry F. Hall building was part of Sir George Williams University. It was at this site, between 1968 and 1969, that the university was forced to confront the reality of racism within its institution due to the Sir George Williams Affair.

Also known as the Anderson Affair, the Sir George Williams Riot, or the Computer Riot, this demonstration stemmed back to April 1968. Six Caribbean students at Sir George Williams filed a complaint against their biology professor, Perry Anderson, for distributing unfair grades based on racism. Along with the support of dozens of others, the six students demanded that a committee be struck to address this problem. The school eventually agreed to form one, albeit with representatives who were unfavourable to the students, who responded by organizing sit-ins and distributing leaflets voicing their discontent. On January 29, 1969, the committee found Anderson innocent of the allegations against him. Over 200 students left the auditorium in the Henry F. Hall building and occupied the seventh floor and the computer room on the ninth.

Their occupation lasted until February 10, when around 100 protesters, hearing that negotiations were almost completed, left the building. However, negotiations fell apart the following day and the occupation resumed. A fire broke out in the computer room, destroying the equipment, and many protesters threw documents and computer punch-cards out the windows. Journalist Bill Brownstein compared the scene to the “February snowflakes that preceded them.” The University turned the matter over to the police and 97 students were arrested, 47 of whom were Black. Passports were seized and some of the foreign protesters lost their academic scholarships and had to leave the country.

The Black community was divided over the students' actions, but the event was a catalyst for many students to become politically engaged. One of the student protestors, Roosevelt “Rosie” Douglas, was accused of being the ringleader and spent two years in prison before being deported back to Dominica where he became the Prime Minister in 2000. Another protester, Anne Cools, was sentenced to four months but was later acquitted. She moved to Toronto and founded Women In Transition Inc., which was “one of the first shelters for abused and battered women in the country.” Today, Anne Cools is Canada's first Black female senator.

Hall Building, Concordia University. Photo: Ashlie Bienvenu.

The "Affair" also resulted in an underground Black press, and in student mobilization against racist policies in immigration and the legal system. Some students stood up to challenge the status quo in local community organizations. Others felt inspired to reform educational initiatives and created the Quebec Board of Black Educators to address the abysmal failure rate among Black students in public schools.

After the Sir George Williams Affair, Professor Anderson was reinstated by the university. Perhaps the students failed to achieve their objective. Nevertheless, the Sir George Williams Affair, one of the largest student riots in Canadian history, forced the university to reevaluate its system for dealing with racism and student complaints.

Dr. Clarence Bayne, now a John Molson School of Business professor, was teaching during the time of the riot. He explained that while the injustice of the hearings did not, in the short term, lead to anything, it allowed for the school to change the way it dealt with student complaints. Consequently, there is now a process in place for multiple hearings if students are not satisfied with the verdicts. Concordia's new student adjudication process became a model for other higher learning institutions across the country.

These events are too often only looked at as a student riot which resulted in two million dollars worth of damages. However, it would be a mistake not to look at this event in the context of the sixties. The event was part of a wider narrative of racial social activism in Canada, comparable to the movement in the United States.

***Ashlie Bienvenu**, a student in public history and anthropology at Concordia University, interned with QAHN in collaboration with Montreal’s Black Community Resource Centre, in 2014-2015.*

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Montreal on the Air
by Sandra Stock

Less than a century ago, mass media, which now bathes us constantly with information, entertainment and communication, barely existed. Print journalism was really the only reliable source of news and electronic messaging by telegraph was rudimentary and mostly confined to official and industrial use. Telephones were interesting novelties available only to the affluent, and although they had become prevalent by the end of World War I, at least in business, many people still viewed them with suspicion.

In 1919, Montreal was the site of the first real radio station in Canada, and possibly the world. A broadcasting license was granted to the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company that had acquired the rights to Reginald Fessenden's patents. An underrated Canadian inventor, Fessenden (1866-1932), born in East Bolton, Quebec, was the first to broadcast voice and music from his base in Massachusetts to ships in the Atlantic, at Christmas 1906.

Further advancement in radio broadcasting was delayed by World War I, as the Canadian government stopped this experiment, but in 1920 Canada's (the world's?) first station, called XWA/CFCF-AM, became available to listeners. CFCF broadcast from studios atop the Marconi plant on William Street; their first announcer was Darby Coats. In 1941, CFCF launched the first FM station in Montreal. CFCF continued on the air, in various formats, and from various locations, until 2010.

At first, radio was received by crystal sets (something like CB or ham radios), and then on recognizable radio devices. These became instantly popular with everyone for the home. Well into the 1950s, home radios were large items, generally featured as part of the living room decor. They were made of good quality woods and were partly "upholstered" in heavy fabric. The dials glowed green, amber and red. As furniture pieces, they were made to be substantial and, in an Art Deco way, attractive. Smaller, boxy ones, usually made of Bakelite (an early plastic) were later available for kitchens and bedrooms.

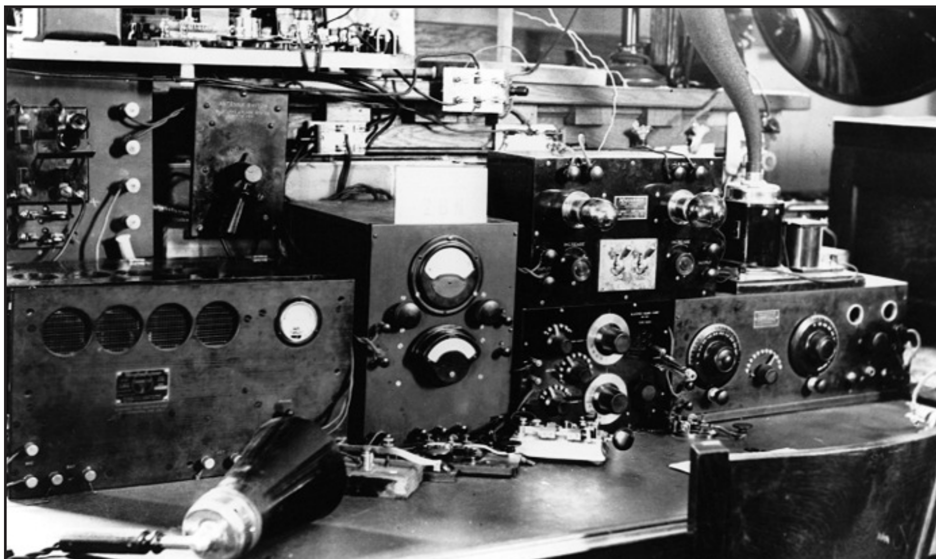
Radio news came into its own during World War II, with direct broadcasts, initially from Britain, and later, from the Pacific and other areas. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC) was created in 1932, and by 1939, was primarily an overseas service from the United Kingdom, reporting about, and for, Canadian troops serving in Europe. A very successful 2005 theatre production, *Till We Meet Again*, by David Langlois, was based on the songs, dances and jingles of the Canadian war experience on radio. It is set at the (now gone) Mount Royal Hotel in Montreal and recreates the atmosphere of the war period. The CBC did actually broadcast the war news live from the Mount Royal every night at eight. By 1945, the CBC was airing across Canada and in 1951 was the first to broadcast television, starting with Montreal and Toronto.

André Rhéaume, announcer-operator in the CHOM-FM studio at 1355 Greene Avenue, 1973. Photo: Terry McElligott.

It was also around this time that the Canadian Radio and Television Commission (CRTC) was established. The CRTC is an overseeing licensing body that is responsible to Parliament. It started off in 1922 as part of the Department of Marine and Fisheries – not surprising, as the first radio broadcasts were to ships and overseas. Later, it was called the Board of Broadcast Governors, and then the CRTC. It now has responsibility for Internet and all other wireless media.

The CRTC has sometimes been at loggerheads with English-language Montreal stations, particularly when it comes to political issues. Stations believed that they should support and reflect the interests of their listening audiences. For example, in 1974, CFCF promoted a petition against Bill 22, a law restricting access to English education in Quebec, provoking complaints about its stand. The CRTC (then still called the Board of Broadcast Governors) "concluded that the station had failed to provide a sufficient degree of balance in its programming," (CRTC 1976, 453) and went on to quote the 1968 Broadcasting Act. Even so, the CFCF did not lose its license, nor was it strongly censured, as its actions were seen as "cementing its ties" with the English-speaking public. These listeners were seen not as "part of the broader public of many diverse points of view but as a narrower group whose listenership could be sold to advertisers wishing to focus on a particular demographic." (Fishbane and Vipond, "English Radio in Quebec.")

The importance of radio communications was clear, and after the war radio expanded considerably. The most well-known Montreal station from that post-war period is CJAD, which is still going. It was established in 1945 by J. Arthur Dupond ("J.A.D."), a local, French-speaking radio entrepreneur who wished to expand into the then very large English-speaking market. Radio stations owned by



individuals are rare now. CJAD saw (and sees) itself as superior and unique among Montreal English radio: "Its management has been successful in positioning the station as the 'Heritage Station' that English-speaking Montrealers can trust through the good times and the bad." (Fishbane and Vipond, "English Radio in Quebec.") This strategy appears to have worked, as CJAD is still functioning as Montreal's major news and information station in English.

We now have mega companies like Bell, Rodgers and Astral dominating our media, with the main exception being the CBC networks in both languages, run as offshoots of the Canadian government. It was not always so, and radio has often reflected individual visions, even eccentricities, in our recent past.

Radio loosens up

From 1960 to 1977, one of the more successful, locally based, radio stations was CFOX-AM 1470, started by Gordon Sinclair Jr., formerly of CFCF. CFOX was situated on Hymus Boulevard in Pointe-Claire on the West Island, and catered very directly to the English-language listening audience in this suburban, overwhelmingly English-speaking, community. This was the era of the baby boomers, as teenagers and twentysomethings sparked a revolution that finally, mainly by the force of demographics, allowed pop music to become both culturally and commercially respectable. Rock music in all its guises originated from the street, the poor, the outsiders. Its main influences were African-American blues and gospel, Appalachian traditional folk "roots" music, and big-city jazz, which, although viewed as sophisticated, was also seen as a bit outré. Rock's dominant instruments were drums and guitars – small portable instruments that didn't require the complex and costly set-ups of classical orchestras or even of concert pianos. Anyone, within reason, could teach himself (and, rarely, herself) to play. Untrained voices became acceptable; singers no longer needed to be smooth crooners or impressively operatic tenors and bassos. This was a commercial broadcasting bonanza in the affluent sixties and seventies.

Sinclair's CFOX started off with programming folksy, country music and creating the "good guys" personae for its disc-jockey announcers. In 1964, the same atmosphere transitioned into Top 40 pop music, which was much more attractive to a younger audience. This was the start of the "radio personality." With few exceptions these were young, or still-peppy middle aged, men who no longer just announced or read the news and who projected an informal manner. Many took on aliases (Buddy Gee, for example) or used semi-nicknames (the Daves, the Andys, the Mikes) that would not have been de rigueur even five years earlier. Generally, until the early sixties, radio was a rather formal medium with the fellows speaking in carefully enunciated, almost stilted English. One pictured them wearing tuxedos, or at least black tie, to work. Until quite recently, some of the English (and French) CBC stations retained these rather distant, if plummy, voices.

In 1972, most likely because of the rise of a more popular rock station, Sinclair sold CFOX to Allan Slaight and it reverted to its old format, called "New Country Music." This format didn't really go anywhere, and in 1974 it changed again, to "Adult Contemporary" and open line talk. Then Slaight sold CFOX to All News Radio Ltd., and the call letters were changed to CKO-AM. In 1977, it disappeared from the air waves, but CFOX's air checks, jingles, and music hit charts live on – in the wonderful websites of Marc Denis (www.marcdenis.com), which are a vast archive of old Montreal radio stations, replete with photos, sound clips and other nostalgic information.

Here Comes the Sun....

The late sixties and early seventies was a kind of golden era for Montreal English-language radio stations. There were many commercial stations aimed at varying demographics and tastes: talk shows, sports, Top 40 pop music, country, ethnic/multi language, and so on. However, the dramatic social changes of this period, originating from young people, were not, at first, particularly well reflected in the media. Film, television and radio were mostly as they had been in the nineteen fifties in regard to content and themes. Local radio projected a

Top: Amateur radio station NC2BN, Montreal, 1915. Photo: McCord Museum MP-1983.99.1.

Bottom: Sony TR-63 Transistor Radio, 1957. Photo: www.retrothing.com.

kind of bland, featureless and “safe” image; even so-called controversial topics were presented as attention-getters, not serious discussions. Music was either three-minute pop songs or, for the more serious listener, classical offerings on the CBC or its FM sister stations.

This all changed in 1969, when CKGM-FM, later called CHOM-FM, came on the air. CKGM belonged to Geoff Sterling (1921-2013), an innovative radio station owner from Newfoundland, who eventually expanded his company to Windsor, Ontario, and Montreal.

Sterling owned CKGM-AM, a lively sounding news/talk/Top 40 station, and also CKGM-FM, which started as an easy-listening music venue. Then, in 1969, CKGM-FM began doing something completely different for a Montreal station: it broadcast in a new, free-form, very contemporary, unstructured, definitely alternative style. It was the first station in Canada to adopt this format. The first in North America had been in San Francisco, in 1967 (the “Summer of Love”), featuring the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, Jimi Hendrix, Pink Floyd, and numerous others that didn't fit on existing music radio, which found their work too long, too raw, too subversive. Announcer-operators programmed their own shows, advertisements were run more or less randomly, and there was no news, no sports, no pre-arranged topics. One could hear interviews with various artists, usually quite casually done, and eventually some community information snippets focusing on artistic, alternative and musical events and organizations.

Stirling, although middle aged, was strongly influenced by the cultural changes of the time. He had flown to London to visit with John and Yoko (lately of their “Give Peace a Chance” bed-in at the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in Montreal), and he explored Eastern meditation and spirituality. Every Sunday evening for the first few years, CHOM aired talks from spiritual seekers like Baba Ramdas.

The first announcer at CHOM was Doug Pringle, who had had experience with student radio at Sir George Williams University. Pringle was also involved with Phantasmagoria record store on Park Avenue, which catered to the new music. At 11 p.m. on October 27, 1969, on came Doug on CKGM-FM with The Beatles’ “Here Comes the Sun.” At first, the station aired this new style for only four hours every night, but three months later it was going for 24 hours with several announcers. A new era of Montreal radio had begun. The station’s name was changed to CHOM in 1970.

Between 1974 and 1976, CHOM was completely bilingual, and even CKGM on the AM side featured some almost bilingual programming (“The French Connection”). These ventures into linguistic togetherness, although very popular with listening audiences, aroused the ire of other media factions, especially some less popular Montreal French language stations that perceived CHOM as “unfair” competition. In 1976, the CRTC ruled that no Canadian radio station could be bilingual: licenses were either English or French, but never both. So much for a very good idea. To celebrate 45 years of CHOM on the air, Randy Renaud has recently produced a comprehensive series of brief sound bites, called “Through This Door,” outlining the history of CHOM. In episode 7, we hear, “CHOM is a completely bilingual station with the announcers switching back and forth between English and French and playing for the first time on radio many of the legendary Quebec bands, like Harmonium, Beau Dommage and Offenbach. However, federal authorities [the CRTC] and local French stations force CHOM to broadcast in English only.”

Confrontation with the CRTC continued. During the October Crisis of 1970, CGKM and CHOM allowed on air some suspected FLQ sympathizers, who had invaded the stations. After the expected rant, the DJ s were able to mollify the invaders by playing the new Led Zeppelin album (Music hath charms…!), but the CRTC issued a reprimand to CKGM-CHOM for how all this went down. Operations manager Frank Ogden replied: “We are... fulfilling the regulator's [the CRTC’s] mandate of allowing as many diverse views from Montreal on the air as possible.” The CRTC was not always fully aware of the big picture…

CKGM-AM closed in 2003 after several changes of ownership and programming formats, but CHOM-FM still continues successfully with a mixture of new and vintage music. Today, this station is bundled with CJAD, Virgin 96, NRS and Rouge FM at the large media building at the corner of René Lévesque Boulevard and Papineau Avenue. There are fewer English language radio stations in Montreal than in the 1950s and 60s, but those that have survived still maintain their important social influence.

Radio has rarely been considered a historical force but it should be. As well as being entertaining and informing, radio reflects, amplifies, and at times even creates, the popular culture of the day.

***Sandra Stock** worked at CHOM-FM in the mid-1970s preparing advertising, scheduling, and community events. Although it was not be her long-term career choice, it was the best of times in many, many ways, working with creative, interesting people. And, of course, great music.*

Terry Mosher, Montreal Radio Wars, 1990. McCord Museum M999.65.206.

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Joanne Kelly Rudy.

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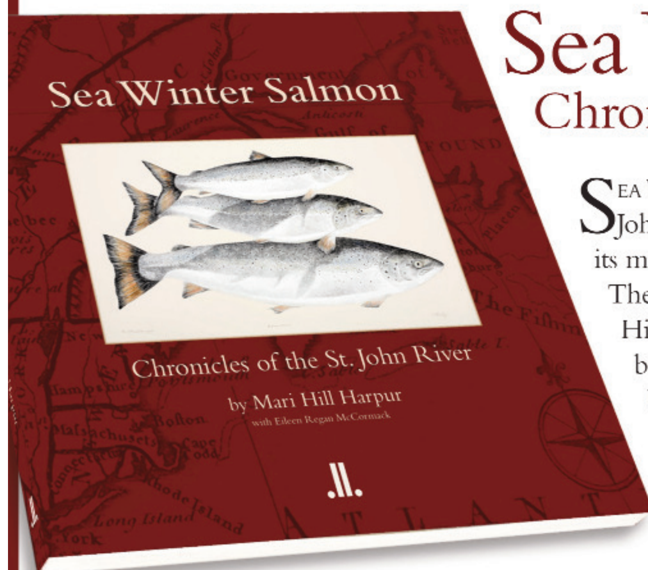

Sea Winter Salmon

Chronicles of the St. John River

Sea Winter Salmon is about a great salmon river, the St. John River on the Lower North Shore of Quebec, and its most important visitor, the illustrious Atlantic salmon. The Canadian and American railroad magnate James J. Hill travelled the Gulf of St. Lawrence in late 1800's before establishing his own log camp that has now been in the family for five generations. A family memoir and a guide to a river's ecology and the life cycle of *Salmo salar*, the book is also about what it takes to be a good conservationist in a remote and delicate region.

Author and photographer Mari Hill Harpur tracks the special relationship between the salmon and the people of the river through diaries, legal documents, scientific data, rare archival photographs and her own photographic collection. Dramatic, tragic, amusing, and authoritative, Sea Winter Salmon addresses itself to readers of history, biography, and conservation biology—and to fisher women and men everywhere.

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A Man of Many Firsts

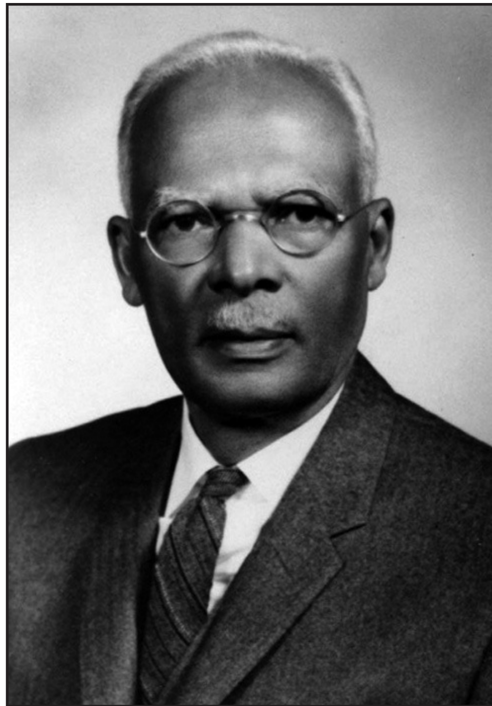
Ernest Melville DuPorte

by Dorothy Williams

Ernest Melville DuPorte (1891-1981) was a gifted student from the British West Indies who, in 1911, left to attend Macdonald College and later McGill University. He was an important figure in the creation of the Institute of Parasitology at Macdonald College as well as for developing the Entomology Department at McGill. He was also a leading researcher in his field. His many discoveries helped draw Canada's attention to the importance of understanding and eradicating animal parasites in agriculture. Overall, he made many key, even groundbreaking contributions to Canadian scientific history.

DuPorte was a man of many firsts. He was the first student to graduate from Macdonald College in the field of entomology, the first Macdonald student to be given a position as research assistant and the first Black teacher to have taught at McGill University. He taught at McGill for 70 years; even though he retired in 1957 he stayed on in the Entomology department until a few months before he died in July, 1981. He specialized in entomology but also did extensive research in the field of parasitology. It was due to the publication of his research that Macdonald College became Canada's leading institution in animal parasitology. This reputation was also seen internationally when DuPorte brought his findings to the Empire Marketing Board in England. Finally, after years of teaching morphology, in 1959, DuPorte brought together his vast knowledge in a now-classic textbook, *Manual of Insect Morphology*.

However, despite his brilliance and ingenuity, DuPorte was not always given fair recognition. He had travelled to Canada at the height of its negrophobic sentiments, at a time when systemic job segregation and racially defined under-employment was the norm. He often struggled for recognition despite his stature amongst his colleagues and the scientific community. For example, even though DuPorte unofficially had run the McGill department of Entomology for decades, he only attained the title of chair in 1955, two years before his retirement. But in spite of all the obstacles in his way, he managed to persevere.



Macdonald College, indeed McGill University, owes much to DuPorte for his contributions in building the Entomology Department into one of the strongest in the Americas. DuPorte was also an outstanding and beloved teacher and, at his retirement, it was noted that he was responsible for training more than half of Canada's entomologists. His influence led to a plethora of awards and honours given to him which demonstrate his devotion to his students and his discipline. Some of these awards include the *E. Melville DuPorte Award/Prix E. Melville DuPorte* in recognition of DuPorte's contributions to the field of entomology. Then there is the annual *E. Melville DuPorte Lecture Series*, held at the Macdonald campus, to encourage students to pursue postgraduate studies in the department. Posthumously, a plaque was erected in the Lyman section of the Macdonald Library for his 70 years of service. His research is recognized and cited in articles and books such as the *Core Historical Literature of Agriculture*, among others.

Melville DuPorte's long sojourn in Canada was lived on McGill's campus in Sainte-Anne-de-Bellevue on the western tip of the island – far removed from the geographical bounds of the Black community situated near the heart of Montreal. His love of the land, horses, and nature consumed him. Thus, despite his reputation and his brilliance, he shone away from the spotlight of the city's urbane Black populace. Most Blacks in Montreal, like the author, only became aware of his prominence, long after his death.

Still, at Macdonald, the memories of DuPorte were retained and at the urging of his colleagues a successful application was sent in to honour him at the national level. In 2010, E. Melville DuPorte was named, *A National Historic Person of Canada*. The Honourable Jim Prentice, Environment Minister and Minister responsible for Parks Canada, gave him the grandest tribute: "His contribution to entomology is something all Canadians can be proud of."*

***Dorothy Williams** is the author of* Blacks in Montreal: 1628-1986 An Urban Demography *and* The Road to Now: A History of Blacks in Montreal. *She is currently executive director of the Black Community Resource Centre, and a director of QAHN.*

* Cited in a press release by Parks Canada at the time of DuPorte's designation as a National Historic Person of Canada in 2010.

Ernest Melville DuPorte. Photo: McGill University, Faculty of Agricultural and Environmental Sciences.

Alfred Edmonds and the Haycock Mine

by Wes Darou

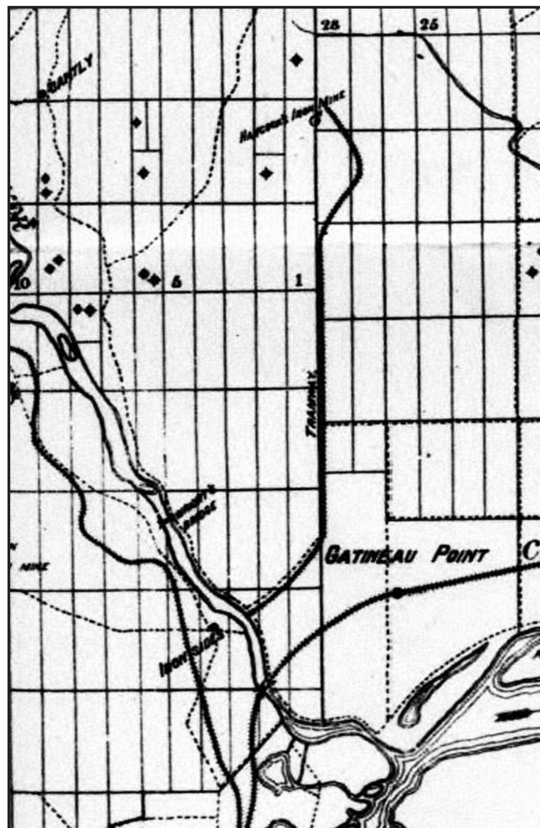
Turnkey Granger testified that the deceased never made any complaints while in the jail. During the past three weeks he had noticed him becoming weaker and weaker. He appeared insane and was 72 years of age. ... Dr. Church, the jail physician, stated he had treated the deceased for carbuncles and kidney trouble. ... It was plainly to be seen death was approaching him. He ordered that whiskey and milk be given to him. He believed that old age and debility were the causes of death. The jail, he thought, was not a proper place to keep such a person.

The jury returned the following verdict: "That the said Alfred Edmonds came to his death from natural causes. We wish to take advantage of this occasion to express our disapproval of the detention in jail of such a case as that of the deceased, which from the evidence produced was undoubtedly one for a charitable institution."

–*Ottawa Journal*, Saturday, November 25, 1893, page 4.

Cantley is a peaceful and attractive little community on the east bank of the Gatineau River. In the nineteenth century this area was part of the "Western Townships" of Quebec. Beginning in 1870, Cantley became the site of eight major mines and perhaps another 20 smaller mines. They produced mostly mica, phosphate and feldspar, but one stands out: the Haycock Iron Mine. It changed the landscape, established parts of the road map and made any number of conundrums for history buffs. Yet it only lasted from 1872 to 1875.

Now-retired University of Ottawa geologist Professor Donald Hogarth conducted the definitive work on the mine. According to Dr. Hogarth's research, the mine produced 6,000 tons of high-grade ore during its three years in operation and was served by a village of 300 people known as Hematite. In 1879, the village burned down and was never re-established.



Extract from Map of the Phosphate District: Ottawa County, Quebec, 1881, Library and Archives Canada.

The iron ore deposit was discovered in 1865. Seven years later, Edward Haycock first visited the area while out partridge hunting with his sons. He soon made extensive plans to exploit the site. He acquired mining rights to 300 acres in Templeton and Hull Townships, and timber rights to 400 acres.

Haycock was an established engineer who worked on several railways and built the East and West Blocks of the Parliament Buildings. To reach the iron, Haycock built a 10-kilometre, narrow gauge, horse-drawn railway from the Gatineau River, north to the deposit, much of it on trestles.

There were several analyses of the mine's potential. Sir William Logan, the first director of the Geological Survey of Canada, visited it for three days in 1866. His report was not at all enthusiastic.

In 1872, Haycock sent a sample to Dr. Otto Wuth in Pittsburg. Wuth reported that the sample was of high quality, at 64% iron. In 1873, Dr. Edward Chapman of Toronto's University College visited the site and eventually declared that there were 6 million tons of ore available. Dr. Alfred Selwyn, director of the Geological Survey in 1875, stated that Chapman's report was entirely misleading. Haycock knew better and went ahead investing.

Why was such an effort made to build a mine that would close after only three years? First, the size of the ore body had been over-estimated by a factor of 1,000. The mine only produced 5,000 tons, compared to Chapman's estimation of 6 million. Next, the ore, although rich, was contaminated with titanium, which made smelting particularly difficult and in any event, better ore was available locally. The railway boom of 1860 to 1875 had ended, killing the demand for iron. And to add to the problems, Haycock tried to secure British financing just as North America and Britain faced what was known as the "Long Depression" from 1873 to 1896. The mine eventually sold only 200 tons of actual iron.

Sixty-five years ago, Library and Archives Canada received the Haycock Family Fonds including a sketchbook of the mine, the tramway and several other local scenes dating from 1873. It has taken until now for LAC to understand the drawings. The artist was Alfred M. Edmonds.

LAC produced a short dossier about the artist. In 1863, he was "well-known to Ottawa residents" and won an award

at the Upper Canada Provincial Exhibition for drawings of Ottawa Valley lumbering. He even received a commission from the Governor General, Lord Dufferin. “Mr. Edmonds, school teacher at the village of Burnstown, has just finished a large etching to be sent to England,” the *Ottawa Citizen* reported on November 7, 1865. “It is said to be the most faithfully executed sketch of a lumber shanty in the province.

Ottawa City Directories from 1880 to 1890 give some information about Edmonds. He was a cartographer for the CPR and the Department of Railroads and Canals, and lived alone in a string of downtown boarding houses. In 1884, he was an assistant to Sir Sandford Fleming, head of the Canadian Intercontinental Railway. Edward Haycock, a confederate of Sandford Fleming, surely arranged this position for him. A search of LAC's database produced several attractive maps of Canadian railroads signed by Edmonds.

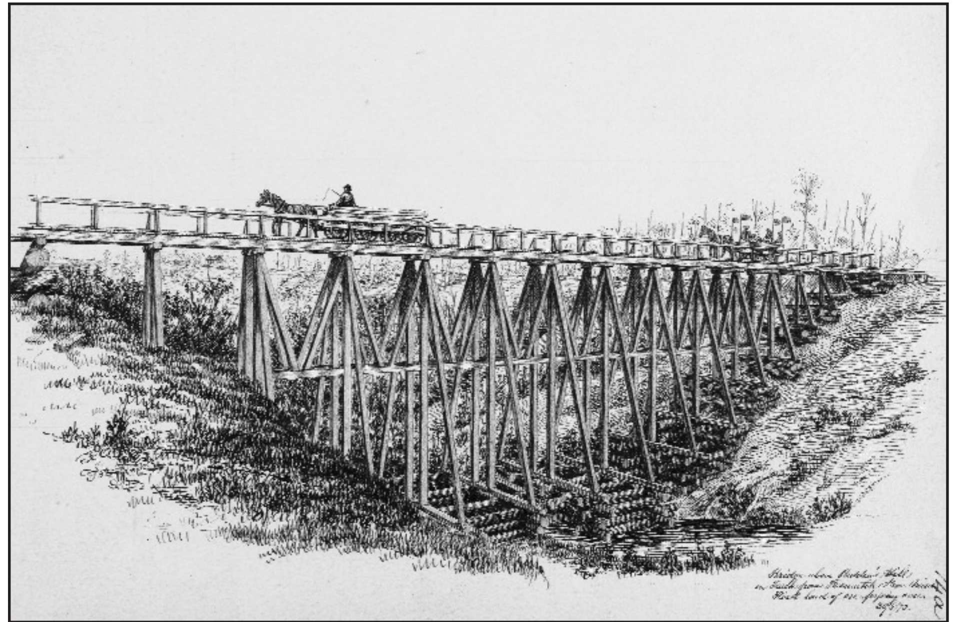
With a bit more research, using tools not available to LAC in 1963, we learned that Edmonds was born in Bishopstone, Berkshire, England, died in 1893 in the Ottawa Protestant Hospital at the age of 72 and was buried in Beechwood Cemetery.

Edmonds’ sketches of the Haycock Iron Mine are remarkably attractive but poorly treated. Nonetheless, these drawings are some of the earliest professional renderings of Cantley and nearby parts of the Outaouais, and tie down visually the locations of several historical sites.

One sketch, *Mrs. Darby’s Farm*, is just inside the northwest edge of the Nakkertok Nordic Cross-country Ski Club (Canada’s largest cross-country ski club, established in Cantley in 1971). This drawing shows the farm of Elizabeth Holmes Darby, established in 1865. Today, we can still see the foundations, a pond and a stone fence.

Rocky Hill Near McGovern's was drawn from the border of today’s Cantley and Gatineau. There is still visible a track bed at the north end of Gatineau Avenue and just east of what is today the Nakkertok laneway.

General Plan of Hematite shows the considerable development of the village. A plan view, it shows eight buildings, including a bakery, blacksmith’s shop, sawmill, stables and a boarding house.



One sketch shows the logging activities south of the mine itself. The tramway gradually wound south from the mine through the hills and swamps. It became a Nakkertok snowshoe trail and eventually today's Gatineau Avenue. We can see why Edmonds won prizes for his drawings of forestry operations.

Rollway and Beginning of Long Trestle realigns what we thought was the location of the tramway. The tramway hooked to the left but a horse trail went straight through, generally following the tramway but going straight south from the mine to the Gatineau River. The wagons descended to the Gatineau River largely by gravity. The horses were mostly used to haul the empty wagons back up to the mine along this horse trail.

The drawing, *Padden's Hill and Bridge at Lower Shanty*, is impressive, showing wagons loaded with iron ore shooting down a 30-metre grade. This grade is now the 30-metre hill on Gatineau Avenue, the escarpment that essentially defines the Ottawa Valley.

An important sketch is the one entitled *Gatineau River from the Home of A. Wright, Esq., M.P.* The Wright in the title refers to Alonzo, grandson of Philemon, the founder of Hull. As one of the region’s lumber barons, Philemon Wright was known as the “King of the Gatineau.” For locals, the scene is easy to recognize. Unlike the other sketches,

Top: Alfred Edmonds, “Bridge above Padden's Hill.” Library and Archives Canada.

Bottom: Alfred Edmonds, “Rocky Hill near McGovern's.” Library and Archives Canada.

it is almost identical today.

Interestingly, there is one drawing of a lovely mill that LAC labels as being near Templeton. It doesn't look like anything seen in the Outaouais, but from Google Street View, it certainly looks like the land around Bishopstone, Edmonds birthplace in England.

The full sketchbook can be most easily found by following the link on the Wikipedia page for Alfred Edmonds.

The history of Cantley's Haycock Iron Mine is a touching one. An amazing amount of effort and resources were put into the project. It was the end of Haycock's career; he died insolvent. Even 18 years after the mine failed, he still referred to himself in the census as an iron manufacturer.

The end for Alfred M. Edmonds was even more touching. On his death certificate there is a handwritten note saying "Jail." According to the *Ottawa Journal*, February 28, 1893, Edmonds, "a pale, delicate-looking man," was arrested for insanity. He died in jail eight months later.

We need to recognize here the protection given to the site by the three current landowners of the mine, the various pits and the tramway. Without their commitment to their land and to local history, there would be precious few traces of the mine and tramway today.

Courtesy of Dr. Hogarth, Alfred Edmonds and Library and Archives Canada, we have records of an important historical site that impacted the Outaouais region. It is almost unknown to passersby and local residents.

Author's note: Alfred M. Edmonds, the Haycock Iron Mine artist, is buried in an unmarked, pauper's grave at Beechwood Cemetery in Ottawa, ironically only 200 metres from Haycock's grave. I have started a fund to buy him a headstone. The total cost would be in the order of $1,200. You can make donations to The Beechwood Cemetery Foundation. Tax receipts are issued for donations of $20 or more. Please indicate that your gift is for the Alfred Edmonds monument. The Beechwood Cemetery Foundation's mailing address is 280 Beechwood Ave, P.O. Box 7025, Ottawa ON K1L 8E2. The cemetery may also be reached at: info@beechwoodottawa.ca, or by calling (613) 741-9530.

Wes G. Darou *holds a doctorate in counselling education from McGill University and a Master's in environmental engineering from the University of Waterloo. He worked for 35 years in education, counselling and international development. Recent articles concern First Nations contributions to international development and the history of the Nakkertok Cross-Country Ski Club. He is president of the local historical society, Cantley 1889. His retirement speech in Eldis Communities has 9,400 hits.*

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Fritz Cirkel, *Report on the iron ore deposits along the Ottawa (Quebec side) and Gatineau Rivers*, Mines Branch, Publication 23, 1909.

Cantley 1889 website:
http://www.cantley1889.ca.

Top: Alfred Edmonds, "Bridge above Padden's Hill on track above Hematite Iron Mine." Library and Archives Canada.

Bottom: Alfred Edmonds, "Logging activities for the Hematite Mine." Library and Archives Canada.

Champlain's Choice

by Joseph Graham

At the height of the French Revolution, when the mausoleums of the rulers were destroyed at Saint-Denis, the casket containing the remains of Henri IV was set aside and opened. The revolutionaries filed past his preserved corpse for two days, paying their respects. Le Bon Roy Henri, who proclaimed the Edict of Nantes, temporarily ending the bloody Wars of Religion in France, had been assassinated 183 years earlier, on May 14, 1610. His assassin, François Ravaillac, a man the court said was mentally unbalanced and had acted alone, is purported to have said he received his instructions from a Jesuit priest who told him he would become a hero for carrying out this act.

The news of the king's assassination had an effect on Pierre du Gua de Monts, the man who established Samuel de Champlain at Quebec. They both knew that New France's status as a refuge from religious persecution would be threatened. The Edict of Nantes, the document that had tempered down the Wars of Religion, had lost its protector. Henry IV's son was only nine when he took on the mantle of King Louis XIII. His mother, Marie de' Medici acted as Regent, but France went through an unstable period under her weak guidance.

During those difficult years, du Gua de Monts managed to get the Prince de Condé named as viceroy and protector of New France. Sympathetic to the French Protestants, he seemed an ideal choice, but he led a revolt against the Regent and lost favour, spending three years in the Bastille.

During this same period, Champlain had to choose between du Gua de Monts's vision, seeking a colony free from religious persecution, and the mission of establishing a colony at all costs. He drifted closer to the Catholic powers, obtaining the services of four Récollet brothers who came to New France in 1614. During that same period, it became increasingly difficult for du Gua de Monts to maintain exclusive trading rights over the colony and he was forced to retire but, thanks to him, a string of Protestant entrepreneurs followed until 1625, when the Jesuits arrived.

When King Louis XIII reached majority, he exiled his mother and killed her advisers, people who would have been like aunts and uncles to him, but her last adviser, Cardinal Richelieu, was simply repudiated. Richelieu was a patient man, destined to become one of the most powerful people in French history. He managed to win his way back into the young king's favour and by 1627 was appointed First Minister of France.

Robert Nanteuil, Cardinal Richelieu, 1657. Bibliothèque nationale de France.

One of Richelieu's first actions was to revoke the Edict of Nantes where it concerned the colony, to give exclusive trading rights to the Catholic Compagnie des Cent-Associés and to forbid Huguenots and other non-Catholics from establishing in New France. Le Bon Roy Henri must have rolled over in his grave.

Within two years the colony fell into the hands of the Kirke brothers, British-born Huguenots, and the cardinal was obliged to depend upon the help of powerful Huguenot families to negotiate it back, but the die was cast; the Huguenots weren't coming back to New France.

The fortunes of the Huguenots had reached a high point under Henri IV, but the hope he created and the dream of a colony free of religious persecution lasted much longer than his reign. The hope was carried in the hearts of the most oppressed religious minority, the Spanish Jews who called themselves Protestants and Catholics, tolerated in France, incapable of returning to Spain, some of whom dreamed of going to New France. Those who went had to declare their Catholic faith and hope to find Jews practicing when they arrived, and there may well have been secret little cohorts that survived for a while, but many, upon arriving, rejected New France and moved south to the American colonies.

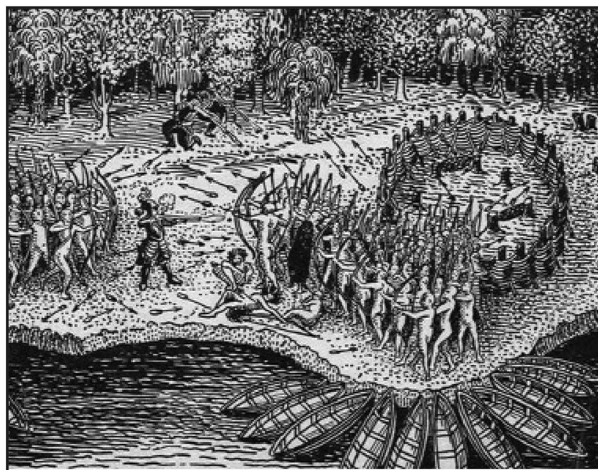
Along with them, a large number of the Filles du Roy were Protestant and married Huguenots here. In the beginning, they maintained their beliefs in secret while publicly accepting all the Catholic sacraments. There is even one claim that Abraham Martin, for whom the Plains of Abraham was named, was a Huguenot. This is not a stretch, considering his closeness with other known Protestants and his comfort with the Kirke brothers when they took over the colony in 1629.

Champlain guided New France towards the Catholic Church as a shrewd politician. Not only was he placing himself on the right side of history, he was also using the power of the social service network that the Catholic Church maintained, allowing the Jesuits and other priests to run the society. It was efficient to run his colony with the help of their dedicated expertise. In return, he remained in command and could direct the colony's expansion. Even his decision to trade with the Huron-Wendat nations of Georgian Bay was coloured by the inroads the Recollets and later the Jesuits were making among them. They worked together with Champlain restricting trade to those who accepted the Church.

In 1609, Champlain had accompanied some Wendat-Huron and Algonquin warriors to engage in a battle with the Five

Nations of the Iroquois. He met up with them at the Richelieu River and travelled south, a loose group of warriors looking forward to the surprise the French guns would make in a battle. Champlain does not seem to have been curious about what caused the differences between the two groups and did nothing to mitigate them. He just decided that he could prove his worth as an ally to the warriors he was with. So politically wise in other ways, it seems surprising that he took the course he did. When the two war parties surprised each other late in the afternoon of July 29, they each made for shore at a good distance and exchanged messengers. They mutually agreed that they should postpone their fight until morning because daylight was falling fast.

In the morning, as the two antagonists rained down arrows on each other, Champlain hid among the ranks. At a pre-arranged signal, everyone else ducked and he stood up and fired his gun, killing two Mohawk chiefs. In the pandemonium that followed, the Iroquois fled and Champlain's allies declared victory, celebrating Champlain's actions. He had achieved what he had hoped to and could now expect that the help would be reciprocated through trade – and ultimately through their acceptance of priests. Over the rest of his career, Champlain did his best to bring peace between his new allies and the Five Nations, but although he had some successes, he never achieved that goal. He did achieve his objectives in trade and in getting the great nation of the Wendat-Huron to accept the French priests.



Iroquois and Algonquin battle, Francis Parkman, Historic Handbook of the Northern Tour, *1885.*

It must have been a huge disappointment to Champlain when the Kirke brothers captured Quebec in 1629 and installed themselves there. Blockaded and on the verge of starving, all he could do was negotiate the best terms possible with them. They were pirates, flying the Union Jack. Their mother was from a French Huguenot family that had taken refuge in England, as many had. They would not forget the way the Huguenots had been treated in France. The Kirkes held the colony for only three years before the Cardinal managed to negotiate it back with the assistance of the Caën family, also Huguenots from the north of France, one of whom had converted to Catholicism for practical trade reasons.

While the Kirkes controlled the colony, they cut off trade with France's allies and traded instead with the Five Nations, allowing them to sample what their enemies had been enjoying with the French. In 1633, Champlain returned to New France to take charge again. The friction between the Five Nations and his Huron and Algonquin allies heated to the point where Champlain could no longer control it. Both that year and the next, he sent requests to Richelieu for the means to wipe out the Iroquois, fearing for the colony's safety as much as for the well-being of his Catholic First Nation allies.

Champlain died at Quebec in 1635, having succeeded in establishing a French colony, but having brought along all of the problems that the wars of religion had wrought in France.

Joseph Graham *(joseph@ballyhoo.ca) is the author of* Naming the Laurentians: A History of Place Names Up North *and a forthcoming book on the history of the Laurentians.*

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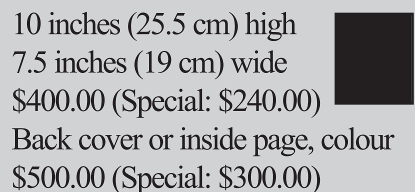

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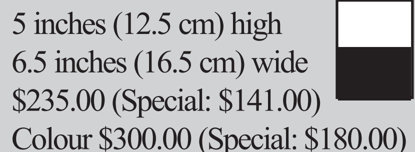

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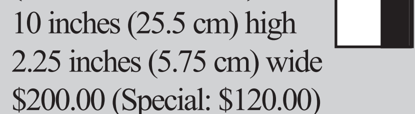

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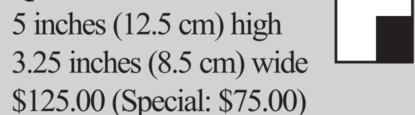

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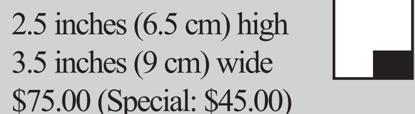

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Ray Brown in Quebec

The forgotten years

by Bill Young

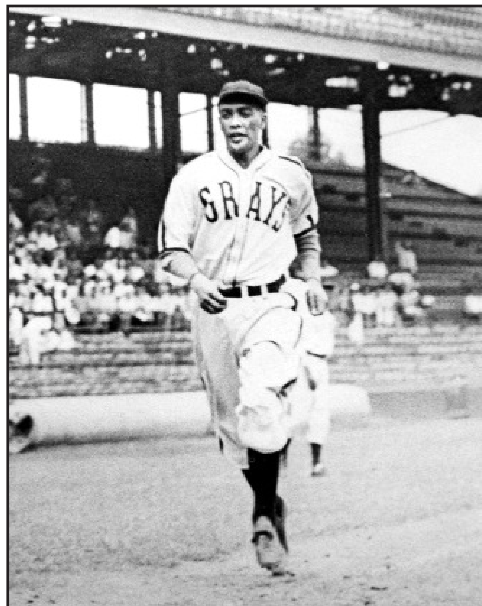
In 2006, veteran Negro Leagues pitcher Ray Brown was inducted into the National Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York, one of 18 stalwarts from the world of black baseball recognized for their outstanding contributions to the Negro Leagues. The plaque that hangs in Cooperstown's Hall of Honour commemorating Brown's singular accomplishment calls him one of the greatest hurlers in Negro Leagues history. It makes no mention of the four years he played in Quebec at the close of his career or of the three championships he won while living here.

"Ray Brown! In the Hall of Fame!" exclaimed Normand Dussault, when he learned Brown had been selected for Cooperstown. "Sure I remember Ray Brown. He was my teammate. He was from the States, a really good pitcher. Good for him."

A standout athlete in his own right, Dussault knew what he was talking about. Although first a hockey player who enjoyed a three-year run with the Montreal Canadiens hockey club, the Sherbrooke native was also a familiar figure on local ball fields patrolling centerfield for several Quebec teams, most notably his hometown entry in the Provincial League.

"Ray was an old fellow by the time he came up here, about 42, I think," recalled Dussault. "He couldn't run, but he was still very good. We called him Poppa. He stayed around for a good four years, you know."

Ray Brown was born in Alger, Ohio, in 1908. Naturally athletic as a youth, he adapted readily to the life of a baseball man and by the early 1930s had emerged as the ace of the Pittsburgh-based Homestead Grays, the class of the Negro Leagues. Although primarily a curve-baller, Brown's repertoire included a deceptive fastball, both a slider and sinker, and later in his career, a knuckleball. He typically started a third or more of the Grays' league games, accumulating a lifetime winning percentage of .704, second best all-time. He was, without question, the premier hurler on the Grays' pitching staff.



Ray Brown when with the Grays, 1946.
Photo: National Baseball Hall of Fame.

One of Brown's contemporaries, Stanley "Doc" Glenn, a catcher for the Quebec Braves in 1952 and 1953 who spent seven years at the start of his career with the Negro National League's Philadelphia Stars, readily recalled the trepidation he felt in those years whenever he faced Brown. "He was a great pitcher – not a good pitcher, a great pitcher," said Glenn, speaking from his home in Yeadon, Pennsylvania. "He had all the tricks. He was number one for the Homestead Grays for a lot of years." Glenn called Brown "a complete ball player. When he wasn't pitching he would play the outfield. I never knew him personally, only as a ball player, but he was a fine one."

Josh Gibson, Jr., another former Negro Leaguer with Provincial League experience, and the son of black baseball's greatest hitter, calls Brown one of the best pitchers he ever saw. "Number one is Satchel [Paige]," Gibson, told diarist Brent Kelly, "then Ray Brown. I watched Ray pitch as a kid, but I batted against Satchel. Damn, Ray Brown was good."

And so were the Grays. So good, in fact, that the 1938 team is often touted as the best ever in the history of the Negro Leagues. Toward the end of that year, the *Pittsburgh Courier*, an African-American newspaper, boldly suggested that if the struggling major-league Pittsburgh Pirates of the National League were to sign the best of the Grays players they would be assured a pennant, simple as that. The players it recommended were the cream of the Negro Leagues: Josh Gibson, Buck Leonard, Cool Papa Bell, Satchel Paige, and Ray Brown. Not surprisingly, each and every one is now a fully-fledged member of the Baseball Hall of Fame. Of course, the Pirates rejected the *Courier's* suggestion – and ended the season in second place.

But with time all things do change, and by the late 1940s, as players of colour began to follow the lead of Jackie Robinson into white baseball and the Negro Leagues struggled, Brown discovered that with his own abilities on the wane he was running out of places to play. He would have to seek out new and greener pastures.

And he was on his own. His extravagant 1935 home plate marriage to the daughter of Gray's owner and eventual Hall of Fame honoree Cum Posey, inducted along with Brown, had imploded some years before, done in by hard drinking and the uncertainties that surround a life in baseball.

However, jobs were hard to find, especially for a black man who was push-

ing 40. Although baseball's racial barrier had been breached several years earlier, too many towns were still unwilling to welcome non-whites. Consequently, Brown headed for Tampico and the Mexican League, where matters of race had never been an issue. After several good years south of the border, the rambling urge once more kicked in, and in 1950 Brown, with suitcase packed, took to the road once again. This time he was headed north.

Ray Brown: Destination Quebec

By late summer Brown found himself in Sherbrooke, where baseball was the summer game, and the local entry in the Class-C Provincial League was one of the strongest in the circuit. He would have known about the league, *la provinciale* as it was called by the local population, from fellow travelers encountered in winter ball and elsewhere. He would have been aware of its readiness to sign players of whatever race or nationality as long as they could play ball.

During this period, the Provincial League functioned as an independent, some would say outlaw, organization with a long history of finding spots for talented players of colour. When baseball finally blew open the doors of integration in 1946 and six men of colour inked contracts with clubs recognized by Organized Baseball, it was more than just a coincidence that four of the six played for Quebec-based teams in three different leagues, or that one of them, Manny McIntyre, who suited up with Sherbrooke in the Border league, was a Canadian, born and raised in New Brunswick.

To some baseball historians, 1949-1950 are considered the golden years of Quebec baseball. The Montreal Royals of the International League were winning and playing better baseball than some major league teams, the Can-Am League was dominated by the Quebec Braves, while over in the Provincial League, liberal hiring practices, having caught the critical eye of Organized Baseball, were making it famous (or infamous) as a refuge for baseball's dispossessed.

Included in this mix were such former Negro League players as Terris McDuffie and Quincy Trouppe, young Latinos, including future major-leaguers Vic Power and Roberto Vargas, displaced major leaguers from the war years, notably Walter Brown and Tex Shirley, along with superior home-grown talent, as exemplified by Roland Gladu and Paul Calvert. All were welcome.

So too were those major leaguers who had jumped to the Mexican league in 1946, and now suspended, had exhausted all their options. Almost. They were still welcome in Quebec, and they came: Sal Maglie, Max Lanier, Danny Gardella.

And then there was Ray Brown.

In 1950, the Sherbrooke club was managed by Roland Gladu, a Quebec-born baseballer whose own story merits special treatment. Many believe that Gladu more than anyone was the driving force behind the early development of the Quebec game, to the point where it continues to produce major league ballplayers like Eric Gagné and Russell Martin.

As a power-hitting first baseman, Gladu had played everywhere, and for just about everyone, from the Montreal Royals to London, England, in the 1930s. He shone in Quebec City during the early 1940s, joined the Boston Braves for that proverbial cup of coffee in 1944, and then, after an outstanding stint with the Royals the following year, fled to the Mexican League and banishment from the organized side of the game, ultimately returning to stardom in the Provincial League. When Gladu retired as an active player/manager in 1953, he began scouting local talent for the Boston Braves. Some of his early signings included the unilingual Quebec pitchers Claude Raymond, Georges Maranda, and Ron Piché, all of whom made it to the big leagues.

As the 1950 Provincial League season was winding down, the Sherbrooke club found itself fighting for first place, and looking for players to help make that final push. Since becoming team manager in 1948, Gladu had imported an impressive stream of players from the winter leagues. He had already inked the likes of Claro Duany (the Puerto Rican Babe Ruth) and Silvio Garcia ("one of the best hitters never to play in the major leagues," according to Tommy Lasorda). Thus, when Ray Brown appeared on the horizon, Gladu did not hesitate to sign him up. Over the years the two had played with and against each other for teams in the Cuban Winter leagues and the Mexican League, and Gladu was well aware of Brown's many talents and subtle tricks.

"Brown, a black player who stands more than six feet, has been pitching in Mexico and in Venezuela, where he had an excellent record," cried out the August 8 edition of *La Tribune*, a Sherbrooke daily, in anticipation of the many great things to come.

Nevertheless, Brown stumbled in the early going, losing his first five decisions and only registered his sole victory, a 6-2 triumph over bitter rivals, the St-Jean Braves, at the very end of the campaign.

La Tribune called it a "sensational performance." Brown even led the offence by driving home three of his team's six runs, and, "for once, his teammates gave him adequate support, managing 10 hits and committing only one error behind him."

Brown's timing was perfect: the playoffs were just around the corner. And he was ready to show his mettle. With the lantern-jawed Brown leading the way, the Athletics rolled over Drum-

Sherbrooke Ball Club, 1951: Brown is sitting, third from left; Dussault, to his left; Gladu, at centre. Photo: courtesy of Bill Young.

mondville in the semi-finals and then took their nemesis, St. Jean, to seven games before collapsing in the last match of the championship series, 15-6. Although he was only one of four pitchers to work that game, Ray Brown took the loss, done in by fatigue and a couple of untimely errors in the field.

Nevertheless, the wily veteran had been the workhorse of the playoffs. He appeared in nine of the 13 games played, recorded three victories against two losses, and at the plate, where he was often asked to pinch hit, batted .353, with six hits in 17 at-bats, including one home run.

For some reason Brown's pitching record does not show in the 1950 official league statistics, but an unofficial count puts it at one victory and five losses. He also occasionally played the outfield and pinch hit, batting .250, with two home runs and seven RBIs (runs batted in).

In sum, Ray Brown had shown enough to warrant an invitation to return in 1951, one he happily accepted. He was about to embark on a streak of three championships in three years, all with different teams, all in Quebec.

Ray Brown: A Champion Yet Again

This time the banner headline sweeping across the full width of the sports page read, "Ray Brown reaches terms with Sherbrooke Athletics." This was very good news.

It was March 20, 1951 and the *Sherbrooke Record* was announcing that last year's source of inspiration for the team's brilliant play-off run was coming back. A season of promise was at hand.

And delivered. The veteran hurler compiled a solid 11-10 record with an enviable ERA (earned runs average) of 3.31, and the team nailed down the pennant, though it took them until the final game of the season. They then went on to easily conquer both Drummondville and Quebec in the playoffs to claim the league title. Victory at last.

While Brown had always been a starting pitcher, in 1951, he was called upon to fill other roles, as well. In fact, Gladu used him so much in relief that the *Record* took to calling him "Fireman" Brown. When not on the mound he frequently took over in the outfield or at third base, and even stepped in for first baseman Gladu when the playing manager's bad back kept him out of the line-up.

Brown was also the club's go-to pinch-hitter. Although his batting average shows a modest .193, including four homeruns and six doubles, he always seemed to come up with the key hit when it was most needed. This was never truer than in the last game of the regular season. With the Athletics down 4-0 to Granby in the sixth inning and needing a win to lock up first place, manager Gladu called on Brown to pinch hit. The veteran did not disappoint, blasting a two-run homerun over the right-field fence and completely shifting the game's momentum, as the Athletics went on to a 7-4 victory and claimed the top spot. The playoffs were almost an anti-climax, and on September 19, playing at home, Sherbrooke claimed the crown as league champions with a convincing win over the Braves from Quebec City.

But then, without any warning, fortunes changed. Only hours after the team had raised high the championship trophy, a fire swept through the old Sherbrooke Stadium, leaving the stands in smouldering ruins and the team without a home field. Town authorities attempted to have a new grandstand ready for the following season, but when this proved impossible, the club had little choice but to release players and disband. Baseball did return to Sherbrooke in 1953, but the magic was gone. Never again could the city recreate the élan and excitement that had embraced the 1951 season.

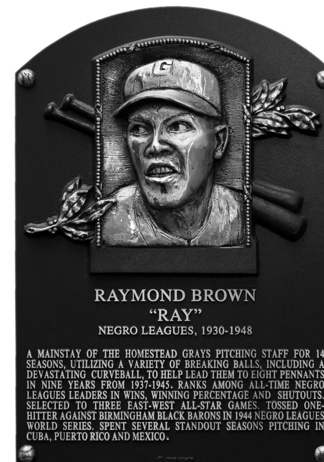
Brown found himself without a team and no place to play. Faced with a long winter of uncertainty, he elected to stay on in Sherbrooke and work at the city's huge Ingersoll-Rand plant, trusting that better things would appear in the spring. As they did. On April 16, *La Tribune* announced that Roland Gladu had signed to manage the Thetford Mines Miners of the Quebec Senior League. Then, in an aside, it added that Brown, whose "wine-red Buick convertible" had been seen around town all winter, "will follow his old manager as they have become great friends." It was a wise decision.

The Quebec Senior League, and its companion Laurentian League, were similar in structure to the independent Provincial League of the 1940s. These secondary loops had grown increasingly popular in Quebec, for, unlike the "new" Provincial League, now aligned with Organized Baseball, where every club would become affiliated with a major

Ray Brown's Hall of Fame plaque reads as follows:

RAYMOND BROWN
"RAY"
NEGRO LEAGUES, 1930-1948

A mainstay of the Homestead Grays pitching staff for 14 seasons, utilizing a variety of breaking balls, including a devastating curveball, to help lead them to eight pennants in nine years from 1931-1941. Ranks among all-time Negro Leagues leaders in wins, winning percentage and shutouts. Selected to three east-west all-star games. Tossed one-hitter against Birmingham Black Barons in 1941 Negro Leagues World Series. Spent several standout seasons pitching in Cuba, Puerto Rico and Mexico.



Ray Brown Hall of Fame Plaque.
Photo: National Baseball Hall of Fame.

league team, they had not lost their local touch: they still had room for both home-grown talent and the displaced.

Composed of teams from four towns located south of the St. Lawrence River and east of Sherbrooke – Plessisville, Levis, St-Georges de Beauce and Thetford Mines – the league was well salted with Provincial League veterans. The Plessisville Braves, now counting Brown's old pal Normand Dussault in their midst, were considered the class of the circuit and expected to repeat as champions in 1952. But they had not counted on the surprising Miners. With Gladu leading the league in hitting (his average flirted with the .400-mark for most of the season) and Brown chalking up a team-best 16 wins against 5 losses and batting over .300, Thetford walked away with first place.

Brown then added four more wins in the play-offs, bringing his total for the season to twenty, as his club went on to take top laurels. "Four victories in as many matches is a feat to be recognized," gushed the weekly newspaper *Le Canadien*, "and here the honours go to our veteran pitcher, Ray Brown," as it anointed him MVP (most valuable player) "without a doubt."

So successful was the Thetford Mines baseball adventure that the town immediately sought and obtained a Provincial League franchise for the following year. Once again, Ray Brown was left without a team. But not for long.

Early in 1953, the Lachine Indians of the Laurentian League began shopping around for a player-manager, and Brown leapt at the opportunity. With the omnipresent Normand Dussault now at his side, the veteran succeeded in leading the Indians to another league championship – Brown's third in three years. The old pitcher opened the campaign with nine straight victories, finishing up at 13-5 and Dussault was dominant both at the plate and in centre field.

After the final game of the season, the locals held a celebration to honour the club. According to the *Lachine Messenger*: "Ray Brown acted as spokesman for the Indians in thanking the directorate [of the club] for the manner in which the players had been treated throughout the season just ended, and he hoped that the same team would next year again represent Lachine." Sadly, this was not to be. The club became involved in a dispute with league authorities and elected to withdraw. All of its players were let go.

For Ray Brown, one last hurrah still awaited. Following the Lachine success, he was called back to Thetford Mines, where the Miners, now in the Provincial League, were making another run for the playoffs. As *Le Canadien* noted, "Even at his age, Ray still possesses the stuff our club needs to create momentum and regain the desired heights."

And it worked. Columnist M. A. Simoneau affirmed that "management could smile for having called on the services of [Brown] who helped to reduce the deficit, especially in the last weekend of the season." Brown's performance enabled the Miners to eke out fourth place, one-half game ahead of Three-Rivers. But he was not in the line-up for the post-season. Because the team had signed Brown after the deadline by which playoff rosters had to be deposited with the league, he was declared ineligible. The Miners lost to Granby in the first round.

It is here that the trail of Ray Brown's baseball career in Quebec fades away. He had married a local woman whom Jeannine Dussault, Normand's wife, recalls was "very good looking. She was a white woman, a French-Canadian, from around Sherbrooke, I think. I'm sorry, but I cannot tell you her name." Mme. Dussault recollects that at Lachine in 1954, "we would often sit together in the stands. I liked her, but I never saw her again after that year."

It would appear that Ray Brown stayed around these parts for some time, perhaps still looking for a ball game, before drifting out of sight. He eventually returned to his native Ohio where he died in 1965 at the age of 57. He is buried in Greencastle Cemetery on Nicholas Road, Dayton, Ohio.

Does Ray Brown belong in the Hall of Fame? "Absolutely," said Stanley Glenn, his old Negro Leagues adversary, at the time of the announcement. "It is an honor well deserved."

And while it is true that his years in Quebec would have had little influence on his selection, certainly Ray Brown's presence in our midst made a difference to our game. Three championship titles in three years, with three different teams in three different leagues – and standing today as the only Provincial League player ever to be named to baseball's Hall of Fame.

Now, that's worth cheering about.

***Bill Young**, a former school teacher and principal, is a founding director of the Greenwood Centre for Living History in Hudson, Qc. He is a baseball historian and co-author of* Ecstasy to Agony: The 1994 Montreal Expos.

Review

No Joy in Mudville

Ecstasy to Agony: The 1994 Montreal Expos
by Danny Gallagher and Bill Young
Scoop Press, Toronto, 2013

My first exposure to sheer self-defeating corporate greed was the early 11th birthday present I received from the Montreal Expos when they traded away Rusty Staub. To the Mets, I hasten to add. The Mets, for Criminy's sake! The blood still boils.

The Mets were worthy rivals, of course, more so than any other team at the time – or so it seemed to my young self. I had been a keen Expo fan from the beginning, having followed their genesis as part of Montreal's larger "Expo" renaissance – the World's Fair, the islands, the metro – that had coloured my earliest memories. My parents' anticipation was infectious, but it never rivalled their enthusiasm for Football, which for generations had been the game of preference for middle-class Anglo Montreal. I made Baseball my own. I compared scores. I followed the formation of the team, imagining it as a kind of superhero collective that would defend Montreal from attack by south-of-the-border rivals. And they were never better at it than on the day I actually went to a game, at Jarry

Park: on Sunday, June 27, 1971, the Expos crushed the Mets by a score of 12 to 4. It would have been 12 to 3 but for an absolute last-second run by New York, which diluted the glory a little – but just a little.

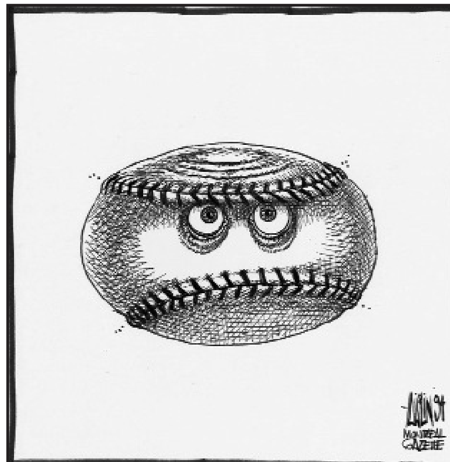
And then they got rid of their Number One asset. The Expos without Rusty was like Sherwood Forest without Robin Hood. Overnight, they lost a fan.

I would not have been quite so dumbfounded by this turn of events had I understood more about the business of baseball. Had I realized, for example, that players come from pretty much everywhere (Rusty was from Louisiana, it turns out) and only stay in one place as long as management's overarching strategy will permit – sometimes even just for a cup of coffee (as Baseball jargon has it). The notion of "our team" is not based on the players being local boys, but rather on local management putting together the best team possible, which sometimes involves short-term pain (eg. losing beloved players) for long-term gain. In those days, Expos management was local, starting with its owner, Charles Bronfman, a native Montrealer, and extending through many levels of administration. Savvy management knows that one of the keys to being a really good sports business is to have a team that locals can be proud of.

Many of us – including my older, more cynical, self – felt a wash of pride for the Expos in the early 1990s when they began to do really well, culminating in the 1994 season, when it looked damnably as if we were going to make it to the World Series. And then, just when the Expos seemed unstoppable, they were stopped – by the players' strike, which began on August 12, 1994, and was not resolved until the following April. By that time, the momentum had ground to a halt. The Expos limped on for another decade, changing hands and leaking good players, until the team folded in 2004 to be reborn somewhat shame-facedly as the Washington Nationals.

The rise and fall of the Expos, with the 1994 players' strike at its heart, is the subject of *Ecstasy to Agony: The 1994 Montreal Expos*, whose tagline runs "How the best team in baseball ended up in Washington ten years later." Baseball historians Danny Gallagher and Bill Young present an enviable command of the mechanisms of sports business, and to read their book is to gain specialized knowledge of how baseball clubs are managed, how teams are put together, and how salaries are negotiated. The authors' particularly insightful discussion of the history of collective bargaining cleared up a lot of confusion I had about how exactly "free agency" worked, and how changes to the power structure of professional baseball led both to astronomical salaries and, despite these salaries, to a strike.

Ecstasy to Agony charts the story of the Expos from Bronfman's 1989 decision to find a new owner for the team to the ignominious fire sale of the club fifteen years later, from its rise to stardom under a consortium of local businessmen led by club president Claude Brochu to the team's slow demise in the later 1990s and early 2000s. The strike was a serious blow to the Expos, but some poor decisions by Brochu over the following year weakened the team and launched a long debate over whether Montrealers really wanted their own club. Did they want it badly enough to build the Expos a decent downtown stadium to replace that money pit in the city's east end? Brochu's 1999 successor Jeffrey Loria trumpeted the idea of a downtown stadium, but when that proved too much work he sold the club to a faceless multinational bent on effectively dismantling the Expos like a car for parts.



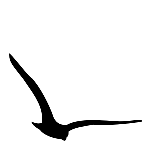
Gallagher and Young take a strong stand on the issue of Montrealers' culpability in the Expos' demise. Far from echoing the oft-stated complaint that fans just stopped caring, they argue that plenty of factors contributed to the falling attendance, not least of which was the increasingly self-defeating attitude of senior management. A series of unpopular trades of valuable players suggested to many that Brochu was cutting his losses. The actions of subsequent owners seemed irresponsible, even dishonest; Loria, an American art dealer, clearly in it for a fast buck, comes out very badly in the book. It became easy for owners to claim that Montrealers would not attend baseball games and therefore building a downtown stadium would hardly be worthwhile – and yet there is much evidence that attendance would have risen had the new stadium been built. The authors argue that, far from not caring, Montrealers were passionate about Baseball, have always been so (since the 1890s!), and still are. It was the owners who lost faith, along with a number of frustrated sports journalists who lacked Gallagher and Young's patience at disentangling the political rhetoric and behind-the-scenes negotiations.

I really valued *Ecstasy to Agony*'s analytical reflections on what is really a broader story than the decline of one ball club, but many readers will just enjoy the detailed accounts of players, managers, and sportscasters whose contributions to the Expos saga were vital. What I took away from this tale of backroom politics and far flung accusations, however, was a sense of closure. I realized that I'd always had it wrong about the Expos. I don't fault my ten-year-old self for not seeing the big picture, but I do realize that as an adult I had never taken the time to step back. Trading Rusty had been a legitimate part of the business of Baseball. Had I kept my faith a little longer, I would have seen that what really counted was having the best team possible, which meant skilled players, efficient management, and a healthy environment. Montreal had all this for a good long while, and then steadily struck out.

Could the Expos come back? Gallagher and Young explore this question in the book's last section, making a tempting case for the revival of Montreal as a baseball town. Even so, it would seem that an awful lot of stars would have to be aligned for this to happen. A major obstacle would be the overwhelming passion we now seem to feel for soccer, down to the level of baseball diamonds in neighbourhood parks being replaced by goal posts. Perhaps the Expos golden 1994 season is fated to be a distant glow in our cultural memory. But thanks to *Ecstasy to Agony* we can appreciate the impact of the Expos' fall from grace as entertainingly as we do the failure of the mythic mighty Casey, who went confidently to bat 127 years ago and left all of Mudville weeping.

–Reviewed by Rod MacLeod

Terry Mosher, "Baseball Strike," 1994. McCord Museum: M998.48.153.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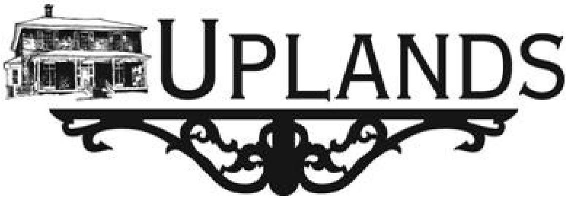

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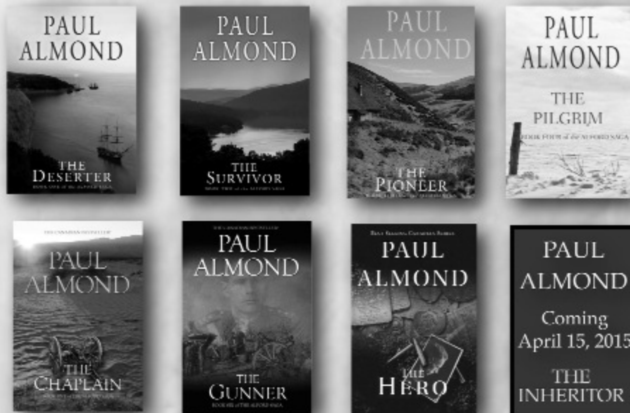

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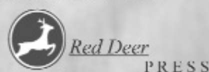

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