

THE NOTMAN HOUSE AND GARDEN TOUR

\$10

Heritage

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News



Wisdom from Two Goldblooms

Victor on Navigation, Michael on Bishop's

Internment to Injury

Italian Families Cope with Wartime Challenges

Elga's Unpompous Circumstances

An Elderly Lady and Her Gentleman Caller

Quebec Heritage News

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Cover photo: Notman House in Winter with its garden and red brick Annex.
Photo: Eva Blue for Notman House.

EDITOR'S DESK

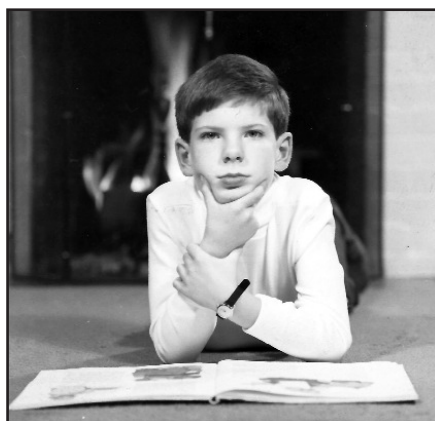
My Jewish Education

by Rod MacLeod

Many of you will remember the old PSBGM calendars, with their rows of big stark bold numbers filling each page so that it was easy to tell what day it was even from the back of the classroom. When it came to the end of the month, one lucky student got the privilege of ripping off the top sheet to expose the next set of dates. The weekday numbers were black; Saturday and Sunday and any holiday were red. Two full weeks in December/January were also (gloriously) red, as was (even more gloriously) the last week of June and the whole of both July and August. Not that we ever actually saw those summer pages, of course, unless we thumbed ahead in anticipation – or to check which day of the week September 1st would be; if a Monday, we'd go back to school the following day, but if it were a Tuesday, we'd have an extra week, since school always began the first Tuesday after Labour Day, which was the first Monday of September.

Easter was always red, of course. But there were other mysterious days that were clearly black on the calendar and yet certain teachers took them off with impunity. Not Mrs. Bradshaw (Grade One), nor Mrs. McRae (Grade Five), but definitely Miss Long (Grade Two), Miss Gertel (Grade Three), Miss London (Grade Four), and the divine Miss Richter (Grade Six). These days, we learned, were “Jewish Holidays,” although it was never explained why certain teachers took them. If those teachers had one obvious thing in common for us, it was that they were young. Mrs. Bradshaw, though hardly ancient, was rather matronly, and Mrs. McRae was a no-nonsense Scot whose genuine nurturing streak was nevertheless parcelled out with Calvinistic preselectiveness. But Misses Long and London were svelte and fresh, their dark hair long about their shoulders, while Miss Gertel favoured pant suits and wore big round glasses, her auburn hair often in a ker-

chief; when I first saw Barbra Streisand in *Funny Girl* and *What's Up Doc*, she was Miss Gertel. Miss Richter was cast from the same mold, but she treated us 11- and 12-year olds with such respect and encouragement we almost forgot she was a teacher. Even when one of the louder boys would cross the line and she would send him to the office with a flick of her thumb, it barely felt like discipline.



Looking back half a century or so at our relationship with these teachers, I marvel at how simple and straightforward it seemed at the time – especially given what I now know of the long row hoed by Jewish teachers to find sure employment within a system that, while willing enough to teach Jewish students, was most reluctant to have Protestant children taught by Jews. That Easter was red on the calendar but Yom Kippur (for example) was black had enormous significance, given the decades-old struggle by the Jewish community to have their holidays recognized within the public school system. For decades, Protestant school boards had been contractually obliged to give Jewish teachers their religious holidays off, but had rarely been open about the arrangement, preferring to maintain the illusion of schools characterized by Christian values. The reality, of course, was that the Christian aspect of the Protestant curriculum was

nebulous, involving a certain emphasis on New Testament virtues but never much in the way of analysis. And the hymns: ask any Jewish Montrealer over the age of 55 who attended a PSBGM school what the words to “Jesus Loves Me” are, and you will get a full rendition. As products of this system, my Jewish teachers would have known these cultural ropes. I’m also pretty sure that, for these young women, taking Jewish holidays off was as much about vindicating a hard-won privilege as it was about religious observance.

Earlier generations of Protestant students would have been much more conscious than we were of cultural difference in the classroom – although I’m also pretty sure that You’ve Got to be Carefully Taught to hate and fear, as the song says. But I went to school at the height of the Quiet Revolution, when much of the confessional character of public education was being, if not eliminated, clearly undermined. I got no religion at all in school. I have only two memories that count as even remotely religious. One, that I was cast as a reindeer in the manger scene (sic!) for the Grade One Christmas pageant – the only occasion such an event occurred during my time, and I missed the whole thing (didn’t even have to buy the brown turtleneck required for the costume) by being in the hospital. Two, when Mrs. McRae announced that some outside agency had provided a bunch of pocket-sized New Testaments for students to take if they wished (I did, upon learning they were free, good Scot that I was).

The times, as we all knew, were a’ changin’. Forget “Jesus Loves Me” – music class with Misses Long, Gertel and London saw us belting out “Blowin’ in the Wind” and “Born Free.” By the time we got to Grade Six, the cultural gloves were definitely off – and if any parents complained, I never heard of it. Trippy though parts of the New Testament are (what was the author of Revelations *on*, I’ve often wondered), we tackled the re-

The studious youth, c.1970. Photo: Graeme Clyke.

al dope in Miss Richter’s poetry class, sampling the tangerine trees of (wink, wink) “Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds” and headin’ for Spain with “Daniel.” Armed with lyrics printed on pink mimeographed “stencils,” we debated what was going on in “The Dangling Conversation,” why that lady was buying a “Stairway to Heaven,” and what was all that ticky-tacky they made those “Little Boxes” out of. To this day, when I hear snatches of these songs (often, curiously, from my own kids), I am taken back, not to the rock concerts or smoky basement rec rooms of a slightly older cohort, but to those lively and very frank Grade Six discussions.

Our education only suffered under the tutelage of these ladies when Jewish Holidays obliged them to be replaced by one of the truly terrifying bank of substitutes the school board had access to. One such dowager kept a boy dancing in agony until he somehow twigged that “Can I go to the bathroom” wasn’t proper form and she was expecting to hear “May I leave the room.” The only substitute we liked was the one who appeared on April 1st in Grade Four, a woman who explained that she was Miss London’s twin sister and spent the whole morning professing the typical substitute’s confusion over exactly what we were supposed to be working on; after lunch, the joke was over and Miss London was herself again – although I remember thinking that she ought to have at least changed her dress to complete the illusion.

In Grade Six, one of the chaps in the four-desk grouping that constituted the seating plan in Miss Richter’s class was Alan. When we formed our groups, I remember him joining ours with some resentment, clearly preferring a distinctly cooler foursome on the other side of the room, but he adapted well to our level of zaniness – and probably got into less trouble as a result. Alan was not the only Jewish kid to attend my school during that period (a number of my classmates over the years had last names that I would later recognize as Jewish), but

he was outspoken about it. Not that this attribute carried any particular significance, any more than the fact that two of my friends came from single-parent homes, or that another had a father who was an airline pilot, or that I bore a tracheotomy scar on my neck. Alan’s being Jewish was essentially a conversation piece; what he told us about his family’s rituals (no Christmas presents, for instance) was quite interesting. Like our teacher, of course, he didn’t show up on Jewish Holidays. Other than that, he was Alan.

The ratio of Jews to Protestants in my grade school experience was proba-

wary of having Jewish teachers in their schools, they quite drew the line when it came to native French speakers, who would almost certainly have been Catholic.

Grade Seven, for me, turned the situation rather abruptly on its head. The graduating class before me had been the first guinea pigs in that newfangled experiment that was French Immersion: one year conducted entirely in French, save for English class. When it was our turn, a handful of Elizabeth Ballantyne grads trooped up to Wentworth School in the majority Jewish Côte St. Luc, where we were further dispersed among

the 12 classrooms, all Grade Seven. A couple of us, along with another couple from other West End schools, constituted the only non-Jews in a class of thirty-five. I had a real taste of what life had been like in those Protestant schools along The Main a generation earlier. Unlike Baron Byng, however, the Wentworth teachers were almost all Jewish – many of them, I later gathered, Sephardic (post-war immigrants from North Africa), to judge from their difficult names: our math teacher, for example, was Mme Bensousan. Our gym teacher snarkily referred to the football we

wanted to play as “le football américain,” which was mildly offensive. But welcome to the world, I’d say now. Francophone Jews were a minority within a minority, and I applaud the French Immersion program for providing them much-needed employment opportunities. (It meant that our exposure to actual French Canadians was postponed, of course, but that’s another issue.)

Did I experience culture shock that year? Well, yes, in a way: the mood in my Wentworth classroom was different than it had been at Elizabeth Ballantyne, but there are plenty of reasons why that was. Going from grade school into what was effectively high school is inevitably disturbing, and I would have a similar experience the following year when I passed on from French Immersion to “Post-Immersion” (advanced French and one or two subjects in French) at Mon-



bly typical for most Montreal Protestant schools since the turn of the century, certainly in places like Montreal West and other suburban areas. The situation had been quite different in a handful of schools around The Main (St. Lawrence Boulevard) and, increasingly in the post-war period, Snowdon, in which Jewish kids constituted 90% or more of the Protestant school population. Readers of *Duddy Kravitz* will recall the anomalies of Fletchers Field High (a thinly disguised Baron Byng), where the teachers were all Protestant Scots and as likely as not driven to drink after years spent having to deal with cultural diversity in the classroom. My Mrs. McRae had no such foibles, nor (to be fair) such challenges, but in one respect she was typical of the system’s Scottish teachers, including the few I would encounter: she was a French Specialist. If Protestant officials were

trear West High. At Wentworth, a lot of the kids had come from nearby grade schools, and so knew each other already, which made it challenging for me; after having just begun to discover my confidence under Miss Richter's benevolence, I found myself once again an unknown commodity, an outsider facing the uphill struggle for friends and recognition – but this was my problem, and had nothing to do with cultural differences. Most of the kids were friendly, and the few I found disagreeable were nowhere near as unpleasant as the psychos I would encounter in Grades Eight and Nine. One might be tempted to give credence to the stereotype that Jews are not athletes when considering that I seemed to do marginally better in gym than I had done the previous year and definitely better than I would do the following years – but that was probably just a growth spurt on my part. As for the girls, their being Jewish presented no cultural obstacle – not when I had to contend with the fact that, this being a class of 12- and 13-year-olds, some of them looked about 25, and most of them towered over me. If there was one really unusual feature that year, for all of us, it was that we had to talk entirely in French, even (officially, never in practice) among ourselves. As Quebec as a whole was discovering, language, not ethnicity, was setting the terms for cultural division.

Ethnicity only raised its head at Wentworth when it came to Jewish Holidays. On those occasions, those of us who weren't Jewish were herded into the one or two classrooms kept open and were taught inconsequential things by the two or three teachers who had presumably drawn the short straws. On such days, one did hear envious references to the lucky Jewish kids who didn't have to attend, but generally students expressed their frustration by leaving. Many would disappear at recess, others at lunchtime, and by the end of the afternoon it would feel for the rest of us more like detention than class. We would sit there in silence, staring at the clock – or perhaps at the PSBGM calendar on the wall, its rigid red and black dichotomy representing a vision of the world that bore no resemblance to our reality, any more than it had done for generations of Jewish kids at Baron Byng and other schools along The Main.

Top: Thomson House. Photo: www.mcgill.ca.

QAHN News

by Matthew Farfan

PCH Working Group

The 6th annual meeting of the Arts, Culture and Heritage Working Group, organized by the Department of Canadian Heritage (PCH) and co-hosted by PCH, QAHN and ELAN (English Language Arts Network), took place on February 16 at Thomson House on the campus of McGill University. Despite horrendous weather (snow and freezing rain), the turn-out was excellent at the day-long event, as were the exchanges between representatives of the various cultural and heritage groups present and the participating federal government departments.

FOREVER

QAHN's "Volunteering Matters" conference series, part of a 15-month project called "Fostering Organizational Renewal through Enriching Volunteer Experience and Recognition" (FOREVER), is now under way. The first event in this series was filled to capacity and took place at the Château Ramezay in Old Montreal. Featured speakers were Alison Stevens of the Volunteer Bureau of Montreal, Heather Darch of the Missisquoi



Museum, and Louise Brazeau of the Château Ramezay.

The second conference in this series took place at the Morrin Centre in Quebec City. Featured speakers were Heather Darch, Kira Page of the Centre for Community Organizations, and Amy Bilodeau and Richard Walling of Jeffery Hale Community Partners.

Feedback from these conferences has been excellent, and further events are already planned for the Colby Curtis Museum (Stanstead, April 15), the Wakefield Community Centre (Wakefield, May 20), the Musée de la Gaspésie (Gaspé, June 17), and the Brome County Museum (Knowlton, September 13).



Bottom: Volunteering Matters conference, Château Ramezay. Photo: Sandra Stock.



Lennoxville Outstanding Achievement Award in Education

And finally, the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network has just been honoured by the City of Sherbrooke (Lennoxville Borough) with an Outstanding Achievement Award in the Education category. The award was presented at a special ceremony on February 18 by Borough President the Hon. David Price.

In his introduction, Price highlighted QAHN's long association with Lennoxville, and its various educational initiatives, including its heritage essay and photo contests for elementary and high school students, its university internships, its conferences, and, of course, its quarterly publication *Quebec Heritage News*, distributed across Canada but produced right here in Lennoxville.

Housewife Heroines

QAHN's ongoing project, "Housewife Heroines: Anglophone Women at Home in Montreal during World War II," included a series of workshops in Montreal and a traveling exhibition that has proven very popular.

Curated by historians Lorraine O'Donnell and Patrick Donovan, the exhibition has already been displayed on Montreal's West Island (Beaconsfield Public Library), at an International Women's Day event in Lachine, at the Avante Women's Centre in Bedford and at the Missisquoi Museum in Stanbridge East.

The exhibition is currently being shown at the Haskell Free Library, which is situated on the Canada-U.S. border in Stanstead, Quebec, and Derby Line, Vermont – giving it some unique international exposure. Plans are in the works to send it to the Fairbairn House Heritage Centre in Wakefield and to Morin Heights in the Laurentians.

Interns

This past year, QAHN hosted interns from the history departments of both Concordia (Flora Juma) and Bishop's universities (Tim Favot). We are pleased to report that Tamara Guillemette, a history student at the Université de Sherbrooke, is currently interning with us. Tamara, a Francophone, has been researching and writing articles, in French, for publication on QAHN's web-magazines. The focus of her work is the

historic holiday resorts of English-speaking Quebec.

Wine and Cheese

QAHN's 3rd Annual Montreal Wine and Cheese is coming up on April 14 (5:00-8:00 p.m.). What has become a much-anticipated yearly get-together of heritage enthusiasts from all over the island will take place this year at the magnificent Château Ramezay in Old Montreal. André Delisle, the Director-Curator of the Château, will be our guest speaker. So mark your calendars!

2016 Convention

Also on the horizon is QAHN's 2016 Convention and AGM. This year's event takes place in Sherbrooke, with conferences, tours and other activities scheduled over three days, June 2-4. If you would like to receive program and registration information, please contact the QAHN office.

QAHN Awards

Nominations are still open (until the end of March) for the annual Marion Phelps and Richard Evans awards. If you would like to nominate an exceptional heritage volunteer or organization for an award, contact QAHN for the nomination forms. But hurry, time is running out!

Editor's note

Some of our readers have drawn to our attention the error in the last issue. Flora Juma's interview with Lucinda Chodan, Editor-in-chief of the Montreal Gazette, was incorrectly titled "The Centaur Theatre," a heading from a previous instalment of our series "Classic Montreal: Revisiting Anglo Institutions." QAHN apologizes for any confusion this may have caused. The Montreal Gazette and Centaur Theatre are very different institutions – although both do convey important truths, stir the passions, take you to exotic locales, and contain comics.

Time for another Mystery Object Challenge



Last issue we ran a photo (left) of a mystery object with the following clues from Jim Caputo:

“This came from a dig at an old fur trade area. Honestly, you might as well give up. You could guess until the cows came home.”

Well, we guessed and guessed, and eventually – well, let’s say the lowing herd was pretty much winding o’er the lea. Turns out the object is:

“A clapper from an eighteenth-century cow bell!”

Seen here (right) is another challenge:

“This is an ordinary thimble with a hole in its closed end. This eighteenth-century item and others similar to it were found in aboriginal settlements across North America. What was its use other than its original purpose?”

Send your answers to: editor@qahn.org.



INVITATION

THIRD ANNUAL MONTREAL WINE & CHEESE

April 14, 2016

The Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network cordially invites you to its 3rd Annual Montreal Wine & Cheese!

Hosted by QAHN’s Montreal Committee, this informal get-together will be a wonderful chance to exchange ideas about the city’s urban heritage in one of its great gems: Château Ramezay.

WHEN:

Thursday, April 14, 2016, from 5:00 to 7:00pm.

WHERE:

Château Ramezay, 280 Notre Dame East, Montreal, QC.

RSVP

Before April 1st, QAHN_home@qahn.org or call toll free 1-877-964-0409.



THE NOTMAN HOUSE AND GARDEN

Heritage Partly Protected

by Sandra Stock

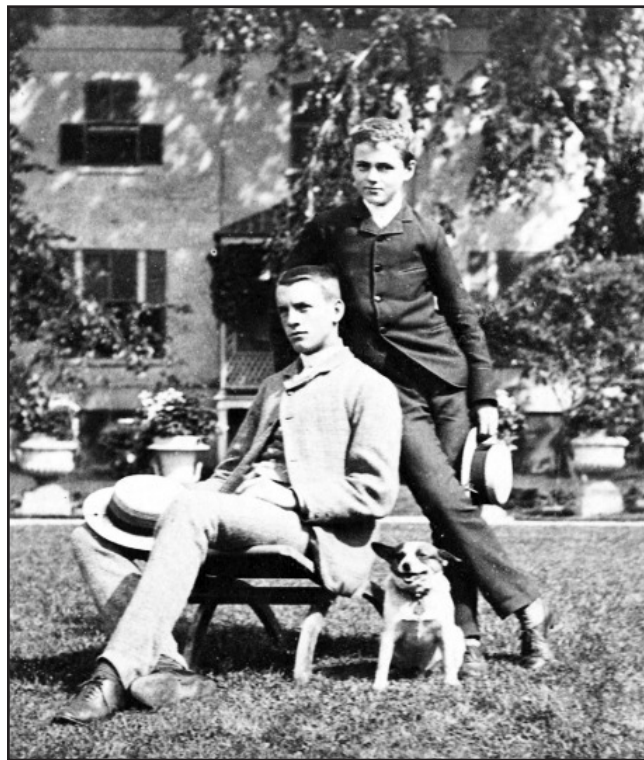
The Notman House is one of the few examples of Greek Revival architecture remaining in Montreal. Located at 51 Sherbrooke Street West, between St. Urbain and Clark streets and bounded at the back by Milton, on the eastern fringes of what has now come to be called the Golden Square Mile, Notman House is an outstanding example of a repurposed, successful use of an important historic building. The house has been listed as a historic monument of Quebec since 1976. Unfortunately, the adjacent garden space behind the house has yet to receive heritage status and is in danger of being obliterated by development. This is in spite of ongoing requests from many different municipal and cultural groups, including QAHN, to have the garden listed.

One of the most important aspects of historical preservation is respecting the significance of the structure's entire site. Much can be lost if either a building is moved away from its original site or, as in the case of the Notman property, its surrounding grounds are altered. The removal or diminishing of heritage sites, both built and natural, is a problem for those wishing to preserve and restore. It used to be that entire houses, never mind their contents, as well as structures like old schools and blacksmith shops, would be purchased for a minimal amount (or even just taken) and relocated to sites such as the former Canadiana Village in Rawdon, where they would form part of mini Disneyland-like pseudo-historical parks for paying tourists. A building's real significance and historical meaning would be lost at these generic "a dog from every village" emplacements. This trend has, thankfully, appeared to have ended, although there are still individuals buying up old structures and removing them from their original locations for private purposes. Sometimes, of course, a particular site is under serious threat and removal

is the only way for it to survive (for example, the Knowlton House in Brome; see *QHN*, Spring 2015).

The Notman House was built in 1845 for Sir William Meredith, Chief Justice of Quebec. After his death, the house was sold to photographer William Notman as a family home. The Notmans lived there from 1876 to 1891, and the house retains the name of its best-known occupant.

The architect was John Wells (1789-1864), who also designed the Bank of Montreal on Victoria Square – the very classical looking temple to money in the same Greek Revival style. Wells also built the long vanished St. Anne's Market, now the site of Youville Square, which served as the parliament for the United Canadas until it was burned down by an irate (and mainly English-speaking) mob in protest against the Reparations Bill that would compensate people who lost property in the 1837 Rebellion. Lord Elgin, the governor general at the time, had to flee for his safety. Wells also built the elegant Prince of



Wales Terrace, a row of townhouses on Sherbrooke Street just east of Peel that became a victim of the unchecked destruction of heritage properties in this area in the 1960s and 70s.

Wells used local materials like grey Montreal limestone and sand from the St. Lawrence River. The appearance of these buildings was, and is, very classical, subdued and refined. Wells did not go in for the Victorian overly decorated styles that we see in most of the Square Mile mansions and institutions. The present owners of Notman House have restored and maintained both the exterior and interior in a sympathetic manner. The large red brick Annex, added to the rear of the house shortly after the Notmans sold it in 1891, is also an excellent example of good preservation and renovation. Although a later build, it too has clean simple lines that are compatible with the original house.

G. W. Notman, "P. Dumoulin, Charles Notman and 'Jefferson Davis' in Notman's garden," 1885. Photo: McCord Museum: N-1993.16.26.

The Notman House and its then quite extensive lawns and gardens were bought by Sir George Drummond, the wealthy president of the Bank of Montreal and philanthropist. He donated the house and property to the Sisters of St. John, an order of Anglican nuns. The nuns, who had the Annex added at the back, operated the house as St. Margaret's Home, a hospice for "incurables" – what we might call a palliative care facility today. Very little was changed. Even used as a semi-hospital, the house maintained its original appearance; the garden was kept up as a recreational space for the patients, although much of the land was sold as the area around Milton Street was developed. In 1991, St. Margaret's Home moved to a modern and more accessible location in Westmount and the property was sold once again.

In the 1840s, the site of the Notman House was in the outer limits of Montreal. Perched on the Sherbrooke Street escarpment, it had an excellent view of the older town below and a grand vista of the river, offering sights of the south shore and Monteregian hills beyond. This prime real estate had been part of the extensive estate of Northwest Company fur trader John Clark (1781-1852), from whom Meredith had purchased his lot. Beside Meredith, on the east side of Clark Street, lived the Molson family in their mansion, Belmont, now the site of a gas station. These large swaths of land had fields, trees, and springs: now they are a cityscape altered past recognition.

After the 1991 sale of the Notman property, there was some concern over the future of the house, even though it had protected heritage status. However, in 2011 its lease was acquired by the non-profit OSMO Foundation. This organization sponsors Internet start-up/early stage venture capital companies. These small innovative companies, run by young entrepreneurs in-



Annex with impressive barn-style beamed ceilings. The house is available for events as well as being a workplace. A dining area is now underway for the basement level of the older house. Considering all this, the house is a tiptop example of how to care for a historic building and maintain active life inside.

The garden, however, has not fared as well, and still has no heritage status. In a sort of horticultural limbo since the 1991 sale of the house, and with ever-imminent development looming about it, the garden is overgrown and close to impenetrable. There are about 30 enormous trees – some rare species like a Kentucky coffee tree – that may be well over two hundred years old. In the considerable underbrush, abandoned bicycles and other debris lurk and a few unfortunates have been caught trying to camp. From the second floor of the Annex, we look out into a small but very thick urban forest. With the right care, this could be an attractive park once again and certainly help mitigate the "heat island" effect in this quite parkless section of downtown Montreal. There are still groups lobbying to rescue this garden so perhaps there will be a good resolution and the garden will be preserved and restored.

Sandra Stock has a wide experience organizing House and Garden tours.

Sources:

Matthew Conti and Noah Redler, Notman House, OS-MO Foundation, www.notman.org/about.

Donald MacKay, *The Square Mile: Merchant Princes of Montreal*, Vancouver and Toronto, 1987.

Bertrand Marotte, "What Montreal needs to nurture startups," *The Globe & Mail*, August 4, 2015.

Mouvement citoyen pour la preservation du jardin Notman/Citizens' Movement for the Preservation of Notman Garden <http://jardinnotman.weebly.com>.

Marian Scott, "Plateau borough hopes minister will save garden," *The Montreal Gazette*, January 2, 2015.



involved in such areas as web development and mobile devices, are completely benign occupants of the Notman House. The main house and Annex have been freshly painted and restored with a light hand. Updated but compatible infrastructure (e.g. plumbing) has been installed. The original wood floors are intact throughout. Other heritage features – the folding interior shutters at the windows and the unique front door – have been kept and look as they did originally. There are two large reception rooms on the second floor of the

Top: Second floor Annex, reception room. Photo: Eva Blue for Notman House.

Bottom: The Notman garden, 2013. Photo: <http://floraur-bana.blogspot.ca/2013/10/notman-un-jardin-historique-1>.

OVERLOOKED QUEBEC CHURCHES

Good News for the Trinity Church Site in Iberville

by Sandra Stock

Linda Buzzell’s Fall 2015 article in this magazine described the very sad fate of a major historical site in Iberville, near Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu: Trinity Anglican Church, along with its vicarage. Built in 1841, the church had deteriorated seriously due to vandalism, fires and general neglect since being sold to the municipality by the Anglican Diocese of Montreal about twelve years ago. This situation was especially unhappy for Linda since her family had lived in the vicarage (later known as Epiphany House), between 1946 and 1961.

Good news, however, was announced this past spring, in the context of the 350th anniversary of the town of Saint-Jean. A major heritage renewal project will involve an investment of \$4.4 million from the municipality and \$1 million from the Quebec government for the renovation and repurposing of both Trinity Church and Epiphany House. These buildings will become multifunctional cultural facilities for events and exhibitions. Work is to begin in March 2016 and should be completed for the 350th celebrations later this year. The mayor of Saint-Jean, Michel Fecteau, and the council, are strong supporters of this initiative. There is also ongoing involvement from Les amis de l’église Trinity d’Iberville, a bilingual citizens’ group that has lobbied for the restoration of these structures.

The Trinity Church site is an important surviving testament to the history of the Saint-Jean area. The Richelieu River has always been the strategic link between the St. Lawrence Valley and Lake Champlain. Saint-Jean has a military heritage going back even beyond the French regime as aboriginal tribes vied for control of this important waterway.

Trinity and Epiphany House were built by William Penderleath Christie, son of Gabriel Christie who was lieutenant-colonel of the British army in the late eighteenth century.



Christie père owned vast lands around the Richelieu, including seven seigneuries, one of which was this one, the seigneurie de Bleury, on the south bank of the river opposite the town of Saint-Jean. He was also the owner of the seigneuries of Lacolle and de Léry and co-seigneur of Noyan. In fact, he controlled all of the upper Richelieu. The magnificent Christie Manor, opposite Trinity Church overlooking the river, is an important heritage site of Quebec and was recently restored by the Bailargeon family.

Christie fils (William Penderleath) inherited this vast wealth of territory and built the church and vicarage. Solid stone construction is what has preserved at least the shells of the buildings. The vicarage is a rather unusual design of what was most likely a double residence for the incumbent and probably a curate. The site itself has lovely old trees, including a domestic apple (a survivor against all odds!) and an adjacent historic cemetery.

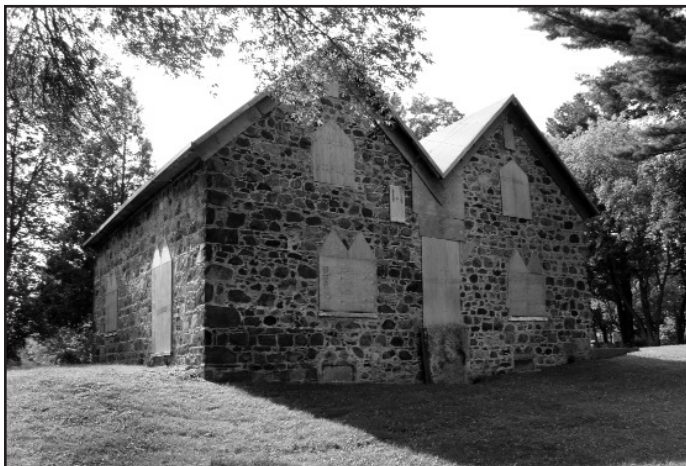
Saint-Jean had a significant English-speaking population and still has an active, if diminished, English-speaking component. In the days of the Christies, the majority of English speakers would have been military, along with some farming settlers. Into the twentieth century, they would have constituted the management and skilled labour at several large industries such as the Singer Sewing Machine Company and Proctor-Silex, now gone.

Sources:

Raymonde Gauthier, *Les manoirs du Quebec*, FIDES, 1976.

Sheila and George Crawford, Les amis de l’église Trinity d’Iberville, facebook.com/trinityiberville.

ville.saint.jean-surrichelieu.qc.ca/enjeux-dossiers/Pages/eglise-trinity.aspx.



Trinity Church (top) and Epiphany House, 2015. Photos: Sandra Stock.

CURATOR'S HANDBOOK

Stay On Top of Things

Keeping your heritage buildings well maintained

by Heather Darch

Signs of winter's end in our museum used to include peeling paint and puddles on the floor. Every year the warming sun would also unleash meltwater trapped under ice built up on the roof, and force it under battered shingles to trickle through the kitchen ceiling. Mopping up after the worst leaks became a rite of spring of sorts, a nuisance that we simply worked around.

In fact, a roof in poor repair is a hazard that no community serious about historical preservation can long afford to ignore.

Neglecting or putting off necessary structural repairs is a practice all too common among non-profit groups who care for archives and collections. This is understandable, since most volunteer-run museums and archives struggle financially and finding extra cash for capital improvement projects can be challenging.

But is it wise?

Not if you are hoping to protect and preserve your facility in the long term.

The risk of a collapsed ceiling and the threat of unseen mould growth is a serious concern.

The first line of prevention against hazards and accidents in museums or heritage buildings is regular maintenance. Even modest spending on regular maintenance can reduce the need for costly repairs, protect the fabric of your building and save money in the long term.

Maintenance can be broken down into three categories: corrective maintenance (work that is necessary to bring a building to an acceptable level), emergency maintenance (work that must be done immediately for health, safety or security), and planned maintenance (work required to prevent problems which can happen within the life of a building).

The most important thing you can do for your site is to have a well-documented programme of inspections. Be certain to keep on top of the maintenance of the structure so that something doesn't literally "fall through the cracks." Regularly inspect both the interior and exterior components of the building so that you have an accurate view of your site.

On the exterior, inspect your roof system. If you have eaves troughs, seasonally check them to keep them clear of debris so that downspouts can properly keep water away from foundations. Check windows and doors to ensure that they are secure. Verify if hinges are loose, if window frames are rotting and that brick-work is not crumbling and siding is not peeling. All of these issues could lead to water

infiltration, pest activity, increased humidity and the threat of vandalism and theft.

Check your buildings for external environmental threats as well. The exterior of your building is subject to constant deterioration due to rain, sun, wind and snow. Determine if trees around your site are well maintained. Tree limbs falling onto a heritage structure are unfortunately an all-too-common occurrence.

Shrubbery should be cut low to protect against water accumulation, pests, theft and fire. Ensure that pathways and stairs are in good condition to prevent trip-hazards for your visitors and staff. In the winter months, be concerned about ice and snow. Keep your sidewalks, steps and driveways clear. This is not only a safety measure for visitors to your site but it will permit emergency vehicles and personnel to gain access to your building should a crisis occur.

Keep buildings orderly by checking that hallways and emergency exits are clutter-free. Minimizing storage of hazardous materials like paints and cleaners to a specific area in the building, and indicating this zone on a floor plan, will contribute to a safe environment.

Keep your systems in good operating condition. Sump-pumps, dehumidifiers, electrical circuits, heating and cooling systems, alarm systems (including fire and smoke detectors) should all undergo regular inspections. Maintenance equipment should be conditioned as well. Be sure that ladders are safe and that the right tools are in place for the right job.

No building is maintenance-free and every structure requires care. Exposure to the elements, special activities that see many people on-site at one time, and regular everyday use cause wear and tear to buildings. Everyone in your organization can be involved in regular check-ups that will help to extend the life of your building, protect your collections, guarantee the safety of people and reduce the risk of serious accidents.

By maintaining our heritage buildings through regular repairs and cleaning we can take an active role in preventing their deterioration.

Heather Darch is curator of the Missisquoi Museum, a past director of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network, and a heritage consultant whose recent assignments have included co-managing QAHN's Security for Heritage Initiative (SHOWI), and now the FOREVER project.



Unattended or ignored maintenance in your heritage building can lead to bigger problems! Re-enactment of poorly marked and uneven stairs courtesy of the Pickering Doll House inhabitants.



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SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

by Victor Goldbloom

In commemoration of the recent death of Victor Goldbloom – pediatrician, politician, official languages commissioner, cultural trailblazer and perpetual bridge-builder – the QHN is reprinting an address given by Dr. Goldbloom at the Quebec Community Groups Network’s Community Priority Setting Conference held in Montreal on March 24, 2012.

My title comes from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow’s *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. It is indeed a series of stories, and this one is called “The Theologian’s Tale.” Here is the quotation:

*Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice; then darkness again and a silence.*

That is slightly better than two solitudes not speaking to each other at all, but it is not good enough. Despite our significant individual fluency in French, we [Quebec Anglophones] do not yet collectively enjoy an integrated, tension-free relationship with the larger society around us. Even though wherever we go in our English-speaking community we are greeted with “Bonjour, hi,” we are still collectively perceived as the incarnation of the dominance of the English language in today’s world, and of the past English-speaking domination of Quebec’s economy.

We cannot make the United States disappear, with its movies and its popular music and its pervasive culture. We cannot convert the business world, the communications world, the financial world, from English to French. Neither can our French-speaking brothers and sisters. And we are not responsible for these trends and phenomena.

We are, however, playing our part in Quebec. Our individual fluency in French has become quite extraordinary. We must not forget, however, that there are those among us who are somewhat older and who did

not have the same language education; and those among us who are more recently arrived and who have not yet gained full fluency; and those among us who, because human beings vary in their talents, do not have an ear for language. Our ability to provide and obtain services in English remains indispensable.

Attitudes, however, have changed significantly. I no longer hear what I used to encounter, even here in Quebec and, of course, more so in other parts of Canada, even as recently as twenty years ago when I became Commissioner of Official Languages: “They’re not going to shove French down my throat!”

There is something else which I do not hear any more. I will illustrate it with something I heard close to fifty years ago. I was a practicing paediatrician, and I made those forgotten things called house calls. I was often out late at night, and I always had my radio on in the car, generally tuned to CBF so that I could polish my French. Late one evening I heard something rather poetic, and it has stayed with me over all these intervening years. It was about two trees in a forest, standing each on one side of a small clearing. It was late at night, and everything was quiet, and one tree spoke to the other:

“Nous sommes ici depuis un bon moment, moi de mon côté de cette clairière et vous du vôtre, mais nous ne nous sommes jamais parlés. Vous êtes un peu plus jeune que moi, et je vous ai donc vu grandir. J’ai toujours admiré votre feuillage, qui touche maintenant au mien à travers la clairière, et ce contact m’a inspiré l’idée de chercher à développer avec vous une conversation, une amitié. J’espère que vous répondrez favorablement à mon approche.”

Et l’autre arbre répond: “Sorry, I don’t speak French.”

I don’t hear that any more

either.

I am very much aware that there is a paradox in our situation: that as our individual ability to speak and understand French has grown, it may be argued that we have less need for English-language institutions and services. I reject that conclusion. There are too many members of our community who explicitly need them.



Victor Goldbloom. Photo: www.qcgn.ca.

There is a further consideration, which derives from the fact that there are two different historical perceptions of what Confederation meant.

For English-speaking Canadians in other parts of Canada, what happened in 1867 was that four provinces, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, came together to form a country. Prince Edward Island had held back, but joined shortly after. The country moved west, and eventually we became ten provinces. For people who hold to that interpretation, the ten were not equal in size but in other respects were ten equal partners in Canada.

For French-speaking Canadians, however, the perception is that two peoples came together, and that French-speaking Canadians knowingly accepted to be the minority partner – although perhaps, with differential birth rates being what they were in those days, there may have been a hope of eventually achieving equality.

If you hold to the idea of a union of two peoples, then you have a partner – and we are that partner.

So we need to say to our French-speaking brothers and sisters: “Nous sommes des Québécois comme

vous-autres. Si vous tombez malade, nous vous soignerons en français.” If you fall ill, we will care for you in French. Why must we say that? Because when you are ill, you feel more comfortable and more confident in your first language, to explain your symptoms, to understand your diagnosis and its implications, to follow your treatment correctly, and to understand what to expect and what to watch for.

And that is what health care and social services in English mean to us.

So we are getting through rather well as individuals, but we are not yet getting through as a community. I encourage you strongly to keep up your efforts, to keep on meeting like this, so that we derive strength from each other and give strength to each other.

I close with two words, which I address to the larger society around us, this society of which it is so wonderful to be a part:

“SHIP AHOY!”

“UNPOPULATED” COUNTRYSIDE

by Joseph Graham

We know the Anishinabe as the “Algonquin.” A branch of the large Algonkian linguistic community, it was one of their subgroups, nations, that resided in the Laurentian hills, but as with most of our cultural memories, we have relegated them to a different place from where we each live – not here, maybe the Petite Nation River or Lac Nominique. Their names were Weskarinis (also called Petite Nation) and Iroquet (also called Onanchateronon), the latter being described sometimes as a subgroup of the Weskarinis.

The word Weskarinis is Algonkian and generally refers to the people described as the “Petite Nation.” They were among the first people that Champlain met on the Ottawa River. Iroquet was the name of the leader of the Ononchateronon, in some records considered part of the Weskarinis. Champlain and Iroquet formed part of a war party that attacked the Mohawks in Lake Champlain in 1609. The name Ononchateronon is Iroquoian and is the name they were given by their winter hosts, one of the Wendat (Huron) nations (Arendarhonon). Early on, a member of the Ononchateronon

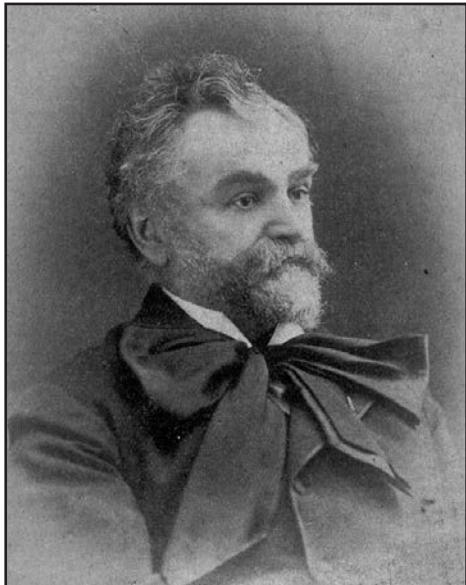
nation observed that their ancestors used to live at Hochelaga, the Iroquoian village that Cartier had visited in the 1530s. There are theories offered to explain his Hochelagan origin. When some kind of total social collapse hit the St. Lawrence Iroquoian people Cartier had met, some of their number were possibly adopted by a part of the Weskarinis. Others could have been absorbed into the Mohawk and Wendat-Huron nations.

The Proclamation of 1763 defined the colony of the Province of Quebec as well as the Indian land to the west, north and south. Colonizing forces did not respect it and ultimately the Algonquin-Anishinabe who based themselves at Two Mountains saw that there was no way of stopping the movement of colonists. Leases they signed on parts of the Ottawa River were soon ignored, and in any case the colonists signing them were changing the land so much that it would

become unrecognizable. It was very much in their interest to have, ultimately, a land that would really be their own. When Maniwaki was created in the early 1850s, they lost no time in going there. The creation of Maniwaki may have served to reduce a sense of place



Algonquin Couple, 18th century. Bibliothèque de la ville de Montréal, salle Gagnon G4592.



and belonging among other Anishinabe who did not move there and may have encouraged them to move away from the expanding Canadian colonies.

In 1895, B. A. T De Montigny, Recorder of Montreal, published a book called *Colonisation Région Labelle* in which he refers to the presence of an Iroquois named Commander who inhabited the land northwest of the new colonial settlement of A. N. Morin, today's Sainte-Adèle. When the colonists wished to move upriver in the 1840s and 50s, they found the Rivière du Nord through present-day Val-Morin to be tough going, but there were perfectly serviceable trails that ran across the huge mountain where Commander was installed. Calling the mountain Mont Sauvage, they managed to bypass the rapids and move northwest. De Montigny was writing from a Montreal perspective forty-plus years later, and while we are lucky to have his records, we should not be surprised to find some mistakes in them. In this case, the mistake was very likely that Commander was not an Iroquois, but an Algonquin. A Mohawk from the Kanesatake region at Oka who is very knowledgeable about his history, informed me that Commander is not an Iroquoian name but is among the common Algonkian names. This satisfied me that there was an Algonquin presence in Val-Morin in the 1840s and 50s.

Further north, in Sainte-Agathe, when the colonists arrived they called the lake Lac des Sables. In English, it was Sandy Lake. A developer in the 1930s created a holiday community on one of its peninsulas, calling it Mitawanga. When we researched the name in the 1990s, we found that Mitawanga was Algonkian for Sandy Shore. Could the name have been provided to the first colonists by others who were already there? Could the name Lac des Sables have come from the mouth of an Algonquin who was as present as Commander was in Val-Morin?

Still further north, the legend of the naming of Mont Tremblant is an Algonquin story. Would the first colonists, some of whom couldn't differentiate Iro-

quois and Algonquin, have arrived there knowing that legend?

And still further north, Macaza is an Algonkian word meaning brawler (*bagarreur* in French).

Researching Labelle, once called Chute aux Iroquois, I was stumped to see a photo of the family of "Joseph Commandant, Iroquois." Suspecting that this might also be an error, I contacted Jean-Pierre Miljours, an historian and speaker of Algonkian. His research demonstrates that the argument for the usage of the term "Iroquois" in this instance is hard to support. The parish records he showed me note the 1883 baptism of Joseph Hormidas Commandant, son of "Joseph Commandant, Indien Algonquin et Catherine (Louis)." He also observed that the baptism was performed by the Jesuit priest Jean Raynel, and acknowledged that the Jesuits have a strong claim to being the authority on these matters, having maintained the Jesuit Relations, source of much of what we know about both the Iroquoian and Algonquin nations. He shared a story explaining that Chute aux Iroquois was a name given by the Algonquin residents of the area commemorating some Iroquois who drowned there trying to manage the rapids.

Jumping to Lac Nominique, one need look no further than Quebec's Commission de toponymie to show the Algonquin origin of the name, not to mention the archeological digs and many other sources that have demonstrated the Algonquin presence.

The foregoing satisfies me that there was a clear and real presence of Algonquin-Anishinabe people in the Laurentians when the first French colonists arrived through the efforts of Augustin-Norbert Morin beginning in the 1840s and 50s.

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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RIVER VALLEY RENDEZVOUS

Theatre Wakefield brings local history to the people

by Peter MacGibbon

Last August, Theatre Wakefield presented its heritage animation production *A Bridge to the Past* to over 1,100 people at nine outdoor venues across the Outaouais region. The show (script and songs by Ian Tamblin, directed by Mary Ellis) was a lively romp through regional history, guided by two boys who discover a summer of adventure by the banks of the Gatineau River. Outdoor audiences in lawn chairs joined the teenaged boys on their misadventures attending a turn-of-the-century one-roomed school house, navigating the treacherous river rapids, trying out life in a lumber camp, witnessing the crafty ways that locals got around liquor prohibition, and trailing the farmer's wife around on her back-breaking chores. They listened in awe to the tale of the Great Hull Fire of 1905, told through the eyes of the character Sarah Wright (descended from famed regional pioneer Philemon Wright) as she battled to save her home, and to the letters home from a Canadian nurse stationed in London describing the first aerial bombardments of that city during World War I.

A Bridge to the Past was the culmination of nearly a year's work on a Theatre Wakefield project called "River Valley Rendezvous." The play's script was based on the original contributions and editing by local seniors. Seven stories and eight songs inspired by their research and writing created the framework for dramatization as an hour-long series of skits and music – a "bridge" to the past.

The development phase of the River Valley Rendezvous project sought the active participation of community seniors to identify, research, and create short stories illuminating the history of the Lower Gatineau Valley. The group was supported by a creative team of writing coaches and history researchers (seniors themselves) who helped them first research, then script the stories for digital slide-shows featuring vintage photos and images accompanied by radio-style dramatizations, narrated tales, and songs. The resulting multimedia "vignettes" now play on touch-screen installations at the Fairbairn House Heritage Centre.

A local playwright and musician then worked with young actors and singers to develop a montage of the stories into a seamless production that could be presented as an hour-long play. Many

of these stories dealt with ordinary facets of life in the past – hardships, dangers, and living conditions that no longer impact our daily lives – but for the most part with a light and lively focus on humorous characterizations and rousing songs.

A Bridge to the Past was designed to tour the Outaouais region. It used simple backdrops and props (a couple of hay bales are enough to symbolize a farm, for example) and a few basic costumes to facilitate the changing roles of the actors in each vignette. The actors often mimed their actions – paddling a canoe or using a cross-cut saw – over their dialogue, and ventured into the audience

areas when the script called for more interaction. The success of the play also depended on relatively fast-pacing: a character's reminiscence, a short skit, followed by a catchy tune. Audiences were not so much learning historical facts as being immersed in the personal experiences of characters living long ago, a format that proved very engaging for the summertime crowds.

The press release for *A Bridge to the Past* was distributed across the Gatineau Valley, the Pontiac, and Ottawa regions,

with follow-up phone calls to journalists, re-posting of the press release, and updating of community events listings as needed. Advertisements were placed in the local English-language newspaper, which also published a preview of the show. Other regional papers reviewed the show, and three of the young actors were interviewed on CBC Radio's "All in a Day" to talk about the play and their experience performing in it. Access to mass media was important, but the informal communication tools linking the regional population, such as social media, word-of-mouth, posters, and local newsletters, were also very effective.

Performance locations for *A Bridge to the Past* varied from the Fairbairn House's outdoor stage and natural amphitheatre to the local school grounds. Other regional venues included municipal parks, recreational grounds, outdoor markets, and outside of tourism-related businesses operating in local heritage buildings (such as the Coronation Hall Cider Mill in the village of Bristol). Performances arranged with local partners were often held in tandem with other community events, such as an Annual Garden Party, a recreation club's Neighbourhood Dinner, or even a Ball Tournament.



Cast of *A Bridge to the Past*. Photo: courtesy of Theatre Wakefield.



Should you decide to develop your own heritage animation project, you'll find it will elicit many hidden talents and skills from community members. Nevertheless, a strong, committed core of artists is needed to lead the creative process. Local writers, musicians, and actors should be approached for involvement; more ambitious productions will require the services of a dramaturge (to adapt stories for the stage), a playwright, a stage director, and other theatre personnel. The River Valley Rendezvous project was fortunate to not only have access to a variety of local artists, but also to be able to compensate them for their services.

Regional partners in your project will naturally vary depending on whether the organization hosting a performance is a cultural association, a municipal office, a heritage centre, a recreational club, a tourism venue, or a combination of these functions. Again, making contact with those who are "in-the-know" locally is crucial. A municipal office in a given community may have a recreation and culture representative, but grass-roots community groups may also be ready and motivated to reach targeted audiences through their own channels, whether by email newsgroups, online or newspaper postings, or good old-fashioned phone calls.

Associations such as the Lions Club, Golden Agers, and others have strong and active local networks for promoting community events, and wherever possible these types of grass-roots groups should be encouraged to sponsor and take charge of local publicity and other logistics. They can host the production as a fundraiser for their own organization (or other worthy local cause) and benefit from the increased community presence and visibility that such an event provides. Identifying who among these potential partners are more capable and willing becomes easier the more your organization continues its outreach across your region.

Where partnerships are found to be particularly successful, the hosting groups can be enlisted as local champions early on in the production for their input, support, and promotion, and this helps establish a shared sense of involvement and ownership of the project. While school boards may currently lack budgets for hosting productions of this nature within their system, the back-to-school presentation of *A Bridge to the Past* at St. Michael's High School in Low was certainly successful enough to warrant further investigation into the ways in which heritage animation might be brought directly to regional English schools.

Depending on the scope and scale of the project, your group may want to seek funding. Theatre Wakefield has been fortunate to obtain support from various sources for each of its three major heritage animation projects. Funding from various levels of gov-

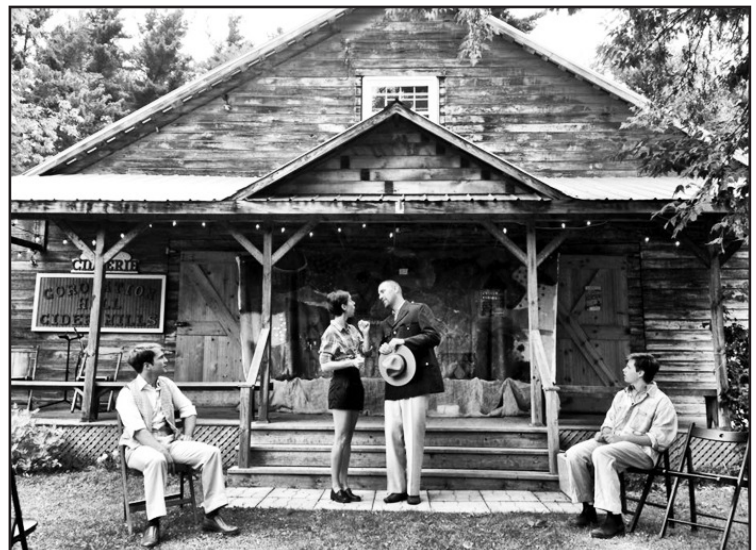
ernment exists to support not only cultural projects, but related activities that promote seniors' and youth involvement (two identified priorities of Quebec's English-speaking communities). Looking ahead, 2017 and celebrations of the 150th Anniversary of Confederation are a natural focal point for projects of this type. The key to obtaining support is demonstrating the level of engagement your activities will generate through volunteerism, community participation, partnerships, venue development, and enhanced tourism.

A 10% sample survey conducted after each performance of *A Bridge to the Past* demonstrated an overwhelmingly positive response from audiences, who often said it made them feel motivated to learn more. Heritage animation combines learning and entertainment to promote community identity and a greater awareness of regional history. Community members – whether they are connected by family ancestry to the region's past or not – acquire an increased sense of belonging. Animation activities provide enriched programming for local heritage centres, heritage-related tourism enterprises, and schools. Heritage organizations, arts and cultural groups, and social clubs can stimulate curiosity about local history as well as increased participation in their own activities. Seniors, youth, artists, and community volunteers all benefit from the creative collaboration required to develop and dramatize local stories.

River Valley Rendezvous was a project that spanned a year's worth of intense activity, involving over 50 community members from ages 11 to 92 in story research and writing, creating multimedia vignettes, developing and coordinating the regional tour, and the final scripting, rehearsing, and presentation of the play. The success and reach of this project demonstrate that heritage animation activities are an excellent vehicle for engaging English-speaking communities in Quebec.

Peter MacGibbon is an arts administrator, a community development consultant, a musician in numerous jazz bands, and general manager of Theatre Wakefield. He is the past president of the English Language Arts Network.

To learn more about this project, visit OurHiddenHills.weebly.com.



Top: Playwright and composer Ian Tambllyn teaches cast members their songs.

Bottom: *Distracting the Prohibition Officer*. Photos: courtesy of Theatre Wakefield.

HIGHER LEARNING

BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY, SMALL BUT AGILE

by Tim Favot

This new series of interviews spotlights Quebec's Anglophone institutions of higher learning.

Located in Lennoxville, which is now a borough of Sherbrooke, Bishop's College was incorporated by provincial legislation in 1843 after a campaign spearheaded by the local Anglican rector, Lucius Doolittle, and supported by Bishop George Jehosephat Mountain, after whom it was named. When it opened in 1845, Bishop's had ten students and one full-time member of faculty, Reverend Jasper Nicholls. McGreer Hall was the first building, constructed in 1846 but rebuilt in 1876 after a fire, with numerous additions since. Bishop's became a university in 1853 but retained its affiliation with the Church of England until 1947. Today, with nearly 3,000 students, Bishop's remains a small, primarily residential, liberal arts university.

Michael Goldbloom has been the Principal and Vice-Chancellor of Bishop's since 2008. In 2013, he was appointed to the Order of Canada for "establishing several transformative civic organizations in Montreal and for his dedication to building bridges between the city's English- and French-speaking communities."



Could you give us some insight into your experience since arriving at the university?

I came to Bishop's in August of 2008. The University had experienced a couple of difficult years, both financially and in terms of human relations. There had been a strike by the staff and a lockout of the faculty, and the finances were not in great shape. We had experienced a significant decline in enrollment so the university was facing some challenges, but the great thing about an institution like Bishop's is that because it's relatively small it can be quite agile. It can get itself into trouble quickly, but it can also get itself out of trouble quickly when the community pulls together in unison. I was very pleased with the progress we made over the first several years. We set some objectives: we wanted to increase our enrollment, from about 1,700 students to 2,200 students, and we were able to do that, and in fact exceed it within four years. There has also been an enhanced sense of self confidence and optimism within the institution, so I've been very pleased with the progress we've made.

What brought about these financial troubles?

The specific context was that in 1988 Ontario did away with

Grade 13. This became known as the "double cohort" – there were the graduates of Grade 12 and the graduates of Grade 13 in Ontario, all going off to university. As a consequence, enrollment went up in a number of universities, including Bishop's; ours went up from about 1,700 to 2,200. However, there's an inevitability when a student arrives; you know that three, four, five years later they will be gone. Unfortunately over that time, the enrollment at Bishop's slipped back down to 1,700. At 1,700 students Bishop's is no longer viable as an institution. It was actually quite easy to set our priorities: we knew that enrollment was our first priority and our second priority and our third priority.

Again, one of the wonderful things about Bishop's is that the whole community pulled together. In December of my first year, a number of our students went back to their high schools and CEGEPs across Quebec and across Canada to talk to the students there about Bishop's. Our faculty have also been deeply engaged in helping to recruit students. A student who comes to visit Bishop's now is likely to meet a professor in the area that interests them; that's not the case at many universities. As a consequence of all this effort, our enrollment has increased.

Along with McGill and Concordia, Bishop's is one of the three English universities in Quebec. What is Bishop's working relationship with the other Anglophone institutions?

We have an excellent working relationship with McGill and Concordia and the other 15 universities in Quebec. One of the great things about the university system in Quebec is its diversity. We have research-intensive universities with medical schools, like McGill. We have comprehensive universities, like Concordia. We have universities that have a single focus, on engineering, or on business. Within the Quebec system, Bishop's is unique: we are the only primarily undergraduate, small, residential, university. It's a model which is not only unique in Quebec, but rare in Canada. The model is prevalent in the United States; many of the great names of university education – Amherst, Williams, Middlebury, Bates, Bowdoin, Wellesley – have profiles like ours. But our model is rare in Canada. Sometimes I say that Bishop's is Canada's westernmost small, residential, primarily undergraduate institution, and that's not far from being the case.

So our relationship with all the other universities is very positive, because we have much in common, but at the same time we don't feel ourselves in competition, particularly with McGill or Concordia – or the Université de Montréal, for that matter. We're very clear about who we are, and I think that one of Bishop's

strengths is that the students who come here, come here because they're attracted to this model of education. Further, the professors who choose to work here are here because they are attracted by this type of learning and teaching environment.

Bishop's is much smaller than McGill and Concordia. How does the institution and its students view the size of the university? What are the advantages and disadvantages associated with being small?

The advantages are many. Most obvious is that our professors know their students by name and interact with them in a classroom setting where it's possible for the students to participate and to be engaged, for professors to foster a dialogue with their students. Our students also know each other, because they share more classes together than students at larger institutions. They have opportunities to interact not just in the classroom, but in the social life on campus and in the town of Lennoxville, and they get to see each other in different contexts. They may know someone from being a classmate in chemistry, but they also may know that person because they're in a play together, or they're on a team together.

Another thing that is evident to me as I meet Bishop's graduates across the country is the significance of the relationships that they developed with their classmates while they were here. You might think that the larger the institution, the more likely it would be that you develop more close friends. In fact, it's quite the opposite.



How have linguistic and cultural politics affected Bishop's as an institution over the course of its history?

Undoubtedly they have. This institution was founded by the Anglican Church, and through much of its history its students would have been from the English-speaking community of Quebec, and particularly the Anglican community. However, Bishop's has been a public, secular institution for more than 60 years now. As Quebec has evolved, Bishop's has evolved.

The number of Francophone students has gone up; now, north of 25% of our students are first-language Francophone. That would not have been the case 25 or 50 years ago. Not surprisingly there are a significant number of young Francophones for whom the opportunity to study in Quebec, and to learn English and to perfect their English, has become a significant attraction.

More broadly than that, I can say we're in the midst right now of a major capital campaign where we're trying to raise \$30 million. It's gratifying that those families that have traditionally supported Bishop's continue to do so, and at the same time we have support within the Francophone business community that we had not seen before: the Banque Nationale, Desjardins, a number of organizations in the Quebec private sector are recognizing the value of what we do and want to support it. So, that's very positive.

Have there been barriers to maintaining the vision of the university as a small, primarily residential, liberal arts school? If so, could you describe them?

The principal barrier is financial. The funding model for Quebec universities, which is similar to universities across Canada, is very much per capita based. That's why in Canada most of our universities don't look like Bishop's; they have 15,000, 20,000, 30,000, 50,000 students. The experience of most students, certainly first-year students, when they show up on university campuses is to find themselves in classes with 100, 200, 300 sometimes 400 or 500 students, in an amphitheatre, sometimes taught by a tenured professor, but sometimes taught by a teaching assistant. We face enormous pressure trying to resist that model. It's not unfair to say that Bishop's remains the "miracle on the Massawippi," that we are running a small, undergraduate, student-focused institution in a public system. The American universities I mentioned before that look like us, those are all private institutions. They're charging between \$50,000 and \$60,000 a year for tuition, room and board. So

we're trying to do in a public system, what has only really been done in North America in a private system. Financially, it's extraordinarily challenging, exacerbated by the fact that Quebec students pay the lowest tuition in the country. The tuition for a Quebec student is about \$2,200 per year. The universities that most resemble us are in the Maritimes -- Mount Allison, Acadia, St. Francis Xavier -- and are all charging \$6,000 to \$7,000. It's a very difficult model to sustain in a public system.

How do you think this history will shape the university's direction over the next decade?

I'm the eighteenth principal of Bishop's. My guess is that at some point in their tenure all 17 of my predecessors said that "the finances are really difficult; I don't know how we're going to sustain this institution." But we've been here for more than 170 years and I'm sure that Bishop's will continue. So we will find our way through this current set of financial challenges, which are complicated because the current government has reduced funding to all universities as it attempts to put Quebec's public finances in better shape. My hope and determination, and my role, is to continue to persuade the Quebec government that it should provide adequate funding to Bishop's so that we can continue to pursue our approach to undergraduate education. I'm confident we're going to be successful with that.

This is not about me, but I can say with confidence that the institution is well-managed. It uses its public funds in an exceptionally responsible way and it produces excellent results in terms of the quality of education we provide to our students and the contributions that they make to society when they graduate.

We will have an ongoing dialogue with the Quebec government. I'm encouraged that the government has decided to reconsider its funding model for Quebec universities, and I'm hopeful

that as that process goes forward there will be a recognition that Bishop's needs to be funded on a equitable basis so that it can continue to provide the excellent education it's providing.

Personally, you have done a lot of work “building bridges” between the Anglophone and Francophone communities. Has Bishop’s in any way shaped how you carry out this work?

One of the very interesting aspects of coming to live on a full-time basis in the Eastern Townships – having grown up and spent most of my life in Montreal – has been to see the degree of collaboration and support between the English- and French-speaking communities here. I was struck as soon as I arrived here by how the then-mayor Jean Perrault (and this has been echoed by his successor Bernard Sévigny) talked about Sherbrooke as a university city. The leaders in Sherbrooke speak with great pride about the fact that there are two universities here and that this is the only city outside of Montreal where one can be educated in English from kindergarten right through university. I think the relations between the English- and French-speaking communities here in the Eastern Townships are exemplary and there's a great pride within the French community that Bishop's is here and Bishop's takes pride about being engaged with the community in the Eastern Townships.

I have to say I think overall we have reached an equilibrium in terms of relations between the two linguistic communities of Quebec. It took us a long time to get here. It's not perfect, but compared to my experiences of the language tensions as a young adult, I think

we're in a much better place as a society than we were then.

What would you say to a student who is considering attending an Anglophone institution in Quebec?

We have three outstanding universities. They are each quite different and it's wonderful that students can choose between quality institutions. I think McGill, Concordia and Bishop's all do a superb job in terms of preparing young people for the complex world that they will be graduating into. There's no question that the pace of change in society seems to be getting faster and faster. The role of our universities is not just to prepare young people for jobs that exist today, because the jobs that they're probably going to be doing don't exist today. All three of the institutions are doing an excellent job of giving their students the intellectual and social education to prepare them to be successful.

Tim Favot, an Arts and Education student at Bishop's University, interned for QAHN in the Fall of 2015.

Source:

Anna Grant, *A Portrait of Bishop's University, 1843-1993*. Lennoxville: Bishop's University, 1994.

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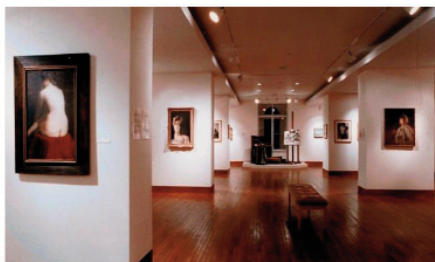
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“WHAT MY MOTHER WENT THROUGH!”

Montreal women and the internment of Italian Canadians

by Licia Canton

This article was written in connection with QAHN's project, Housewife Heroines: Anglophone Women at Home in Montreal during World War II, which has been funded through the Department of Canadian Heritage's World War Commemorations Community Fund.

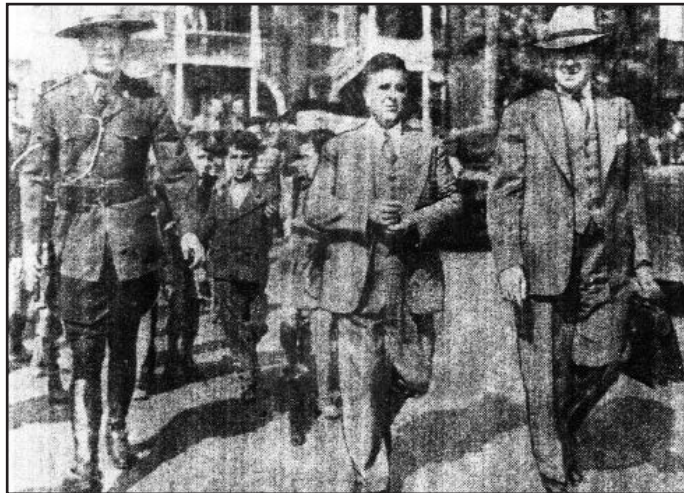
In 1940, 22-year-old Montrealer Mary Monaco saw her life change in an instant. “Come with us, Mr. Monaco,” ordered the plainclothes policemen. Mary helplessly watched her father being taken away without any explanation.

The internment of Italians in Canada at the beginning of World War II is a moment in Canadian history that few know about and that others would rather forget. When Italy declared war on the Allies on June 10, 1940, more than 7,000 Italian Canadians were labelled by authorities as enemy aliens and obliged to report regularly to the RCMP. Approximately 640 men, and four women, were sent to internment camps in Alberta, Ontario and New Brunswick. Some were released within days or weeks, but others were detained for as long as three years. No one was ever formally charged.

The internment period had grave consequences for individuals, families and the community at large. Shame resulted in silence and, after the war, many focused on forgetting the experience. In “Don’t Speak the Enemy’s Language,” Vittorina Cecchetto argues that Italians in Canada were instantly transformed from integrated and respected members of the community to outcasts, and this soon led to many of them denying their Italian identity. Ital-

ians changed their names so that Micieli became Mitchell and Schembri became Scambray. In a recent interview, Olga Biscotti explains that her father-in-law Giuseppe Di Pietro and his brother Antonio were interned, while their uncle Alfonso Sebastiani – a prominent businessman in the shoe industry – was placed under house arrest. Years later, when Giuseppe had children, he gave them English-sounding names: Joseph instead of Giuseppe, Nicolas not Nicola, Joan instead of Giovanna, Mary not Maria...

In Quebec, in 1940, a married woman was not allowed to open a bank account without her husband’s signature. When a man was interned, bank accounts were frozen and assets were seized by the Custodian of Enemy Prop-



erty. Women had to request the government’s permission to access funds, if there were any. Women of Italian heritage faced dire conditions when their men were taken away. At that time, in most families, the man was the sole breadwinner and the woman took care of the home and children. With the men gone, women were obliged to take on responsibilities and tasks that most were

unprepared for. Wives had to find ways of providing for the children with no money and no work.

Women struggled to keep the family together while seeking answers. Where were the men? Why were they taken? When would they return? They also had to deal with the trauma, theirs and that of the children, of losing the head of the household. They either witnessed their men being taken from the home without explanation, or they went looking for the men when they didn’t come home that evening. Those who sought answers from government officials were disappointed. Families only heard from their men many weeks later when a postcard arrived from the internment camp.

It was a period of confusion and mistrust. Many women lived in isolation because they were shunned by their English- and French-Canadian neighbours as well as by their own *paesani*. The reasoning was that if the authorities took a man, then he must be guilty of some wrongdoing – he must be a criminal.

“Yeah, Ma, they took him,” Mary Monaco said to her mother after her father was taken away.

Overwhelmed, Mrs. Monaco began to panic. She had five young children to care for and no one to run the business. “What am I going to do?” Mrs. Monaco looked to her eldest for help.

Mary reassured her mother that she would take on more tasks and responsibilities at the bakery. “I had to get up at 5:30 and count the bread before the drivers took them,” Mary recalls. “I did what I had to do.”

When she visited her father at the internment camp in Petawawa, Ontario, the first thing he asked about was the bakery.



“People heard my father had been arrested and they believed the worse.” The family and the business suffered due to her father’s absence.

During the time of internment, the Monaco family lived on credit because the head of the household was not present to pay the bills. The flour mill gave them credit, which Mr. Monaco paid when he returned. Customers also bought bread on credit, and they all paid when the father returned. Although her father was interned for only six months, it took the family more than two years to get the business back on its feet. Some customers did not want to support a business whose owner had been jailed.

Whereas some women were able to turn to neighbours, parishioners, or relatives, others were not so fortunate. Besides the financial losses, the internment of the head of the family resulted in incredible stress for the wife and mental anguish for the children.

Women wrote to the authorities and begged for help. “I am a very needy Italian woman with four children God entrusted to my care. My husband has been interned at Petawawa Internment Camp since June 10, 1940. I receive my relief from the city, but I haven’t enough to buy fuel to keep the house warm for my children, nor enough to buy clothing for myself and the children,” wrote Marietta Monaco, Mary Monaco’s aunt. “My landlady haunts me day in and day out for her rent, but I cannot afford it on the small amount I receive each week, so could you help me to pay my rent and in that way help this little family stay together?”

Antoinetta Visocchi had seven children to feed. When her husband Giuseppe was interned, neighbours and family were afraid to help. They did not want to have contact with an internee’s

family. The landlord threatened to evict the family and the parish priest was unsympathetic.

“My mother couldn’t take it anymore,” Elisa remembers her mother’s weakest moment. “We had no money and no food.” One night when the children were sleeping, her mother turned on the gas stove. “If it hadn’t been for our older sister, we would have all been dead,” recalls a teary-eyed Elisa. “But Mom did that because she was desperate.”

“What my mother went through!” sighs Mary Monaco, today 97.

The wives struggled while their husbands were interned, and everyone suffered even after they returned. The men were proud; the community was silent. It was best not to speak about what had happened. The women’s questions were left unanswered.

Editor's note: We were sad to learn that Mary (Monaco) Donatelli died on February 27, 2016, as this issue was about to go to press.

Licia Canton is founding editor-in-chief of Accenti Magazine and co-editor of two volumes on the internment of Italian Canadians: Behind Barbed Wire and Beyond Barbed Wire (2012). The author of Almond Wine and Fertility (2008), she is also a literary translator and writing mentor. She holds a Ph.D. from the Université de Montréal.

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CLASSIC MONTREAL: REVISITING ANGLO INSTITUTIONS

CJAD
by Flora Juma

This interview series examines some of Montreal's iconic Anglophone institutions and their ability to engage with the city's Francophone community, as well as their success in adapting to the city's changing demographics and modern community needs.

CJAD AM, Montreal's premier English-language news/talk radio program, was founded in 1945 by J. Arthur Dupont, whose initials served as the basis for the station's call letters. Dupont's previous experience as commercial manager of CBC Montreal and director of programming for the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission made him well suited for the task of establishing the English-language radio broadcast and creating the foundation on which CJAD has grown and thrived. From its inception, CJAD had its eyes set on Quebec's English-speaking market. By 1949, the station reached its first major milestone by becoming a member of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters. CJAD's news/talk format involved topical discussions and interviews, with listener participation and segments organized around various political, entertainment and sport-related genres. In 1962, in response to the rise of FM formats, CJAD formed sister FM station CJFM (Mix 96), giving it a focused outlet for its entertainment programming on CJFM while continuing its news-based format on CJAD. By the 1990s, CJAD switched entirely to a news/talk format. CJAD's distinct position as Montreal's English-language radio station has allowed it to form partnerships with local businesses, building on the station's credibility and relevance. For example, the station gained the title of exclusive broadcaster for both the Montreal Alouettes and the Montreal Impact, solidifying the importance of CJAD's sports broadcasting team. Partnerships like these have allowed CJAD to be competitive in the field of broadcasting both within and outside of the Anglophone community, while at the same time maintaining ties between the English- and French-speaking communities by emphasizing the importance and pertinence of bilingual institutions. Celebrated for its balanced coverage, professionalism and exceptional on-air personalities, CJAD remains a strong broadcasting force.

Chris Bury is currently Programme Director at CJAD and TSN 690, and has worked with CBC Radio and Q92.

Could you describe your time at CJAD?

I've been at CJAD two times now. The first time I started at CJAD, I was in my second year of journalism school at Concor-

dia. We had to complete two internships during the three-year program, and this was one that I did. It fit very well with my personality, and with the people that were here. In the end, it took me six years to complete my degree because I was working full-time. So, essentially it was an internship that turned into a job. I was a producer at the drive-home show, working with Mark Rennie. I also worked at Chorus Entertainment; they had a radio station on the 940 frequency on the AM dial while I was there. I did some on-air stuff, some business reporting, some late-night gossip column, tabloid-y stuff on Friday nights, and then I went to work for different companies for a few years. I came back to CJAD five years ago and I've been here ever since.

My French would have been passable at the time, having spent so many years taking French classes, but it's much stronger now. It's a huge asset, we are blessed to be in a very bilingual working environment; it keeps both sides of your brain stimulated. While the majority of my interactions are with CJAD staff, I get to work with different departments and with people whose mother tongue is French, and that's a lot of fun.

I am responsible for the newsroom, all the content that's produced, all of the shows, the website, our social media, on-air online, pretty much everything that has to do with our brand. It is an exciting, fun job. Pretty much everything is different from one moment to the next. I can handle everything from sitting in a marketing meeting, or a sales brainstorm, or coaching on-air talent, or sitting in on job interviews, or being in studio quarterbacking breaking news coverage or breaking news situations – like the Ottawa shooting [October 2014], for example – there's a ton of variety.

With the popularity of Sirius XM radio programs, how does CJAD stay competitive in the English market for Montreal/Quebec listeners?

We compete more with the other radio stations, including those that are part of the Bell family, the CBC, the Beach and even local radio stations that aren't necessarily part of our Montreal main.

AM/FM radio programming is very successful still. AM radio, which may be challenged in some markets, is still performing very well for us here at CJAD, and growing in the last few years, which may buck the trend nationally and internationally. While we certainly think of the AM brand and whether it will be viable for a long period of time, the numbers show that people are still supporting us. We have to stay relevant and make sure



the content is relevant across many generations. We developed and continue to develop a strong social media and online presence, with solid likes and follows on Twitter and Facebook. We've been growing, we're doing very well when it comes to the ratings and people listening to us. The last few years have been very good to us.

CJAD is celebrated for its engaging shows and segments, and for its on-air hosts. What is the process of creating a new segment and how much of a role does the starring personality wield in its creative direction?

It's give and take. Due to the number of live shows that we have, it is difficult for me to closely manage every segment of radio that goes on the air. There's a trust factor. We put the right people in place and give them guidelines. We check in often and listen when we can. There are weekly or biweekly meetings. But radio is not as controlled as television or print media. There's too much happening, it's live all the time, so there's a lot more liberty for hosts and producers to come up with stories and execute them on the air. There's occasional coaching but we do not filter every single thing that we do, it's just not realistic in talk radio.

What difficulties present themselves when the demographics of your listeners fluctuate in age, ethnicity, political affiliation, or in other ways? Or have the listening habits and interests of the station's audience stayed relatively level?

They have stayed relatively level. CJAD is now 70 years old. The station has been very successful for most of that period and continues to be one of the most successful in the country. I think performance and content are a part of that, but so is listener support and, in particular, the Anglophone community. They have an immense attachment to CJAD. We get calls regularly from people saying that they've been listening since it first began broadcasting. But we also get a lot of young people who picked us up because their parents played it in the car, and are now hooked themselves. There is a range of ages that listen to our radio station, but I have to say that a vast majority of our listeners are Anglophone. The gender split is 50/50. Most of the station's listeners fall in the 35-64 demographic, but we have a strong share across all demographics. Most listeners are in the Montreal area, but we do see numbers nationally.

Listener participation is another key element of radio programming. What challenges occur in live programming with call-ins? What are some of CJAD's most memorable call-ins?

The challenges aren't too particularly challenging because it's a wonderful asset when people call in and we love to hear from them. The motto we live by is that the lines are always open, and people can let us know if they're stuck in traffic, or can comment on controversy, or what have you. You get things from listeners that you can't get from experts. People see things and have different things happen to them that add so much value to our discussions on the air. There's not a lot of risk since we have a seven-second delay and we can drop their call, but that is so rare that it's not necessary.

These days, the way people interact has changed. We still

take calls but we take way more texts from people, and people are also commenting on Twitter and Facebook and we try to incorporate that type of commenting into our programs. That's what has really been changing over time. The debate we have is: are we okay going with a bunch of texts or should we encourage people to call to have their voice heard? I would imagine that younger people are more likely to text but I'm sure it's across all demographics. Social media is fascinating.

"Riding high in Montreal. CJAD Dial 800" (1954). "Stand out service to the community is one of the reasons CJAD leads in all surveys in Montreal and English-speaking Quebec" (1958). "CJAD 800 - First of all in Montreal" (1968). These are some of CJAD's past slogans that highlighted the station's growth as a business and cultural voice in Montreal. Where do you see the station in 10 years and what slogan would you use to describe that future?

I'm pretty comfortable with the slogan we've used for the last few years: "The Voice of Montreal." I guess we feel like we're an outlet for the city; we're the only source of 24/7 live, local broadcast news in English or French. We're one of the only places where the English community can interact or express their opinion. We pursue a lot of stories that are of interest to the Anglophone community. As for the future of the station, with so many different ways to get at international and national news and information, the key to our growth and our success is local. It has to be Montreal. It has to be interesting to the English-speaking community. The more we continue to grow and solidify attachment and community from listeners, the better it will be for the station, and the community, in the long run. Stay local, stay relevant, stay active, stay Montreal.

People come to us for stories that will impact their lives directly. We have to be pertinent to them and different from everything else they can get. It is fairly easy to get other media outlets via Internet or satellite or regular radio. Our distinction is that we're local and we're Montreal and we're hyper-focused on the English community, and maybe that will continue to be our distinction. That's what is keeping us strong and that's what will keep us strong 10 years from now.

Flora Juma, a third-year honours student in history and political science at Concordia University, interned for QAHN in 2015.

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WALKING BLACK MONTREAL

ROCKHEAD'S PARADISE

by Ashlie Bienvenu

As we continue our exploration of the English-speaking Black community in Montreal, I invite you to listen to the echoes of the past. Many people don't realize when they're sitting in the Bell Centre enjoying their hockey games or concerts that the empty lot right across the street used to be the most popular jazz club in Montreal: Rockhead's Paradise. Founded by Rufus Rockhead in 1928, this club was the centre of Montreal jazz up to its sale in 1980. "For 50 years, Rockhead's Paradise ruled the corner of Mountain and St. Antoine, the hottest night spot in the city. This was the corner spot where Oscar Peterson, Billie Holiday and Louis Armstrong played to the hip and fashionable." (Lamey)

Rufus Rockhead, originally from Jamaica, came to Montreal in 1914 to be a tailor. However, he never learned how to make a complete suit and enlisted in the army during World War I instead. After the war, he worked as a Canadian Pacific Railway porter. Despite the long hours and poor working conditions, he was resourceful and determined to succeed. He managed to earn enough money to buy a tavern. He wasn't able to buy the building he had first set his sights on because "he was told Blacks couldn't get a license uptown." (Hustak) He was then made aware of another property for sale in a Black area, and using his creativity, resourcefulness and open-door policy Rockhead turned his little tavern into the famous Rockhead's Paradise.

Being a loyal Liberal supporter, Rockhead experienced some difficulties during the Duplessis years of 1944 to 1959. His license was pulled but was later returned to him in 1961 when the Liberals regained political power.

Dorothy Williams reminds us that even though the corner lot has been vacant for decades, it remains alive because Rockhead's symbolized Montreal's Golden Era: "The love of jazz and other forms of Black music created a major boon for the entire entertainment and hospitality industries. Americans came in droves and the bright lights and flowing booze attracted Quebec's habitants into the downtown and the fringes of the southwest night spots. Amidst the hustle and bustle stood "Paradise" – the jewel that Rufus polished." Rufus Rockhead became an integral part of creating the hub of Montreal jazz entertainment, which has repeatedly been compared to the popular Cotton Club in New York; he was also known for being a "one of a kind" person who broke racial barriers. (Hustak)

Even today, Rockhead's Paradise has influence on Montreal. In 1995, Anthony Sherwood, an actor and producer from Little Burgundy, created a show based on the "rumble-tumble life and times of the Paradise Club in Montreal." (Adilman) The music for this play

was created by Oliver Jones and Oscar Peterson and featured many Black artists. Sherwood argued that his show was a testament to Rockhead's determination and perseverance, which was the reason the Paradise stayed open for the fifty years that it did. (Chapman)

Later the City of Montreal recognized what they had. In the 1990s, they named a street after Rufus Rockhead which runs parallel to the Lachine Canal in Little Burgundy. According to Suzanne Lavigne of Montreal's urban planning department, "Street names are a good way to recall a city's history." So next time you are down by the Atwater Market, check out "rue Rufus Rockhead." It is also a way to see the lasting impression the English Black community has had on the landscape of Montreal.

While Rockhead's Paradise no longer stands in all of its glory, it has become a symbol of the Montreal Black community's influence on Montreal's nightlife and the city's love for jazz. Living large and bright with the jazz beat has become one of the distinguishing features of this city. The Paradise's proprietor, Rufus Rockhead, became a symbol of a new Quebec as he successfully broke through many racial barriers just to attain a license for his club. While the physical Rockhead's may no longer exist, its influence and enduring memory lives on with residents of Montreal as well as its landscape.

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



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THE GENTLEMAN

by Andrew Caddell

My great-aunt Elga was a sweet and gentle spinster who would not hurt a soul. And in a life spanning almost nine decades, she never did. But she loved the game of hockey, a sport that is rough and tumble and clearly not for the faint of heart. Even though she never played it, it was in her blood. And that is how she fell in love with Jean Béliveau.

Growing up in Quebec City as the last child in a family of eleven, she had four big, strong, athletic brothers and four sisters who were no slouches when it came to sports. Their mother, Emily Andrews LeMesurier, named each of her children with a moniker that reflected her penchant for the unorthodox: in an era that made a virtue of being the same, she gave them names that would stand out: Garnet, Claude, Percy, Sidney, Pearl, Irene, Olla and Estelle.

Elga's own unusual name came from a local newspaper story. In the fall of 1894, a ship docked in Quebec City with passengers immigrating to Canada. A photographer caught sight of an attractive young girl, probably from Eastern Europe, whose name was Elga. My great-grandmother Emily saw the photo on the front page of the local newspaper and gave the name to her daughter, who was born a few days later.

Elga was a bit shy and something of the runt of the family: photos from the time show a lovely little girl with long brown hair, big eyes and a sweet face. She went off to teacher's college in Montreal in 1912. Two years later, her older brother Garnet and many of her friends went off to war. It was the last time she would see them.

The summer of 1914 had been one of parties and gaiety, the joys of still being young and full of energy. And it was a hot summer: the sun shone almost every day. The LeMesurier family undertook their annual ritual to escape the heat of Quebec City and take the train to Kamouraska, the small village about 100 miles downriver

where they spent the summer. It was a summer on the Lower St. Lawrence without a care in the world. There was tennis on their tennis court, golf just adjacent in their big field stretching out to the St. Lawrence River, taffy pulls (where taffy would be twisted on a stick from a huge hot pot) for a hundred, and great fun with their friends day and night.

The assassination of Austria's Archduke Ferdinand in June of 1914 was not big news. It was buried in the back pages of the newspapers that arrived with the evening mail train from Quebec City. The crowds of young men standing outside the Kamouraska post office in the after-dinner



evening light would have taken the post and newspapers home and not given a second thought to the impending conflict.

The summer flew by, and the LeMesurier house on the hill hummed. Summer romances abounded. It was, by all accounts, an idyllic life for these young people, born just before the turn of the new century.

Then the summer was over, and their innocence and youth with it.

The Great War began swiftly, and, believing it would last only a few months or, at most, a year, the young men of Quebec

City enlisted in droves to save the Empire they had just arrived from, or to rescue the mother country, France. From the main base in Valcartier outside the city, they trooped up and down the Grande Allée and paraded along the Plains of Abraham in their newly-made uniforms.

My aunt and her friends came out to see all the handsome soldiers. No one could imagine the horrors of the Somme and Verdun or the mustard gas of Ypres. It was unthinkable that 60,000 Canadians would die in battle in the next four years.

It was mustard gas that would take the life of Elga's brother Garnet less than a year later, in a vicious attack on Ypres. His body was never found and lies beneath the poppies in Flanders Fields.

For Aunt Elga and her friends, the absence of men during the war became a part of their lives. But then it ended and she and her friends were, by and large, still alone. When asked years later why she never married, she said, "the boys went away, and they never came back."

After graduation from teacher's college in Montreal a few years after the war, Elga became a schoolteacher, and taught thousands of children in Quebec from 1920 to 1955. In the summer, she and her sister Pearl would take their mother downriver to Kamouraska from the last day of school to Labour Day. In the winter, Elga would teach her classes, and spend free time skating, cross-country skiing, and walking along Dufferin Terrace in front of the Château Frontenac. When her mother died at 96 in late 1947, the ritual continued.

Then, in 1949, a young man came to Quebec City to play for the local hockey team. His name was Jean Béliveau.

Jean Béliveau had played hockey for Victoriaville, and was the player of an era. Big and strong, he had the smooth moves, stickhandling grace and skating prowess that made him stand out like no other young player in all of the province of Quebec at the time. He said he learned all those moves by playing shinny with 30 kids in the old outdoor rinks in his home town, as "it was the only way you could hang on to

the puck.”

He had such talent, size and presence that in old photos of his school hockey team, he stands out among the rest. There was no question that he was destined for greatness. But he had more than that. His movie-star looks, charm and intelligence won him many admirers off the ice as well as on. At six foot four inches, he was a giant in a small man’s sport, but just as quick and very powerful. A popular song of the time, talking about a big and powerful man, suited Béliveau, and from that moment on he was known as “Le Gros Bill.”

In 1949, he began playing for the Quebec Citadelles Junior team and started making a name for himself. Then, in 1950, he moved up to the amateur Quebec Aces team in the Quebec Senior League, and the team became legendary in those parts. The centre of the legend was Jean himself. As his popularity grew, there was not enough space to hold all the fans – including my Aunt Elga – so they built a bigger arena: Le Colisée became known as “the House that Jean built.”

He was so famous that he was said to be receiving a salary of \$20,000 a year, and on top of that he did not have to buy clothes, food or even an apartment – they all came free, as did a brand new convertible. By 1950, fans in Montreal, where his NHL playing rights were held, were beginning to tire of the talk of the superstar down the river. Béliveau himself said he could not move to Montreal: first, he was loyal to the Quebec fans who idolized him and, second, he was making too much money! For two years, he played a handful of games with Les Canadiens and scored several goals. But he kept on returning to Quebec and the Colisée, and to fans like Aunt Elga, loyally cheering him on.

Finally, the general manager of the Canadiens, Frank Selke, realized the only way to get Béliveau to Montreal was to do something drastic. First, he purchased the entire Quebec Senior League Jean was playing in, to force him to move. Second, in his own words, “I opened the vault and said, take what you like.” At one hundred thousand dollars for five years, Jean Béliveau was making four times what most professional hockey players were earning at the time.

But the investment paid off: in 1956, he won the Hart trophy as the best player in hockey and he was chosen the first all-star team centre ten times, including four years

in a row. Oh, yes, and from 1956 to 1960, the Montreal Canadiens won the Stanley Cup a record five times in a row. In 1962, he became team captain, replacing Doug Harvey. In the years that followed, he continued to lead the Habs, as they won the Cup again and again: 1965, 1966, 1968 and 1969.

In 1971, running out of steam and diagnosed with a heart that was compared to an Austin Mini engine powering a Rolls Royce, he took his final bow. His numbers were impressive: 507 goals, 712 assists, 1219 points, 2 Hart trophies, and 10 championships. When he retired, he insisted that if the team were to hold a special night for him, all the benefits of the evening would go to charity, expecting a small amount that could be distributed easily, Jean ended up with a three-million-dollar fund that he continued to administer. He came in as a



class act, and he went out as one.

All throughout his career, in the cold smoky Colisée or watching on television from her apartment on La Grande Allée in downtown Quebec, my Aunt Elga continued to love Jean Béliveau. But he never knew it.

Then came the winter of 1976.

It was my first time in the Montreal Forum as a reporter. I could not believe my luck. I sat in the press box overlooking the ice and watched the game far below, as what appeared to be ants moved the puck deftly around the ice. I loved rubbing shoulders with the likes of former greats Maurice “The Rocket” Richard, Doug Harvey, Dickie Moore and Henri Richard, and between periods I sat with the other reporters chatting, eating the famous Forum hot dogs (free for us!) and attempting to chat knowledgeably with the journalists who came in and out. Many of them I recognized from television.

After the game, I realized I was going to be allowed into the dressing room to interview the players. I was a bit intimidated,

but I did not know what to expect. This was no ordinary dressing room: it was more like a museum describing the history of the Montreal Canadiens. It was, and is, a place so hallowed it has been duplicated in the Hockey Hall of Fame.

As I entered, I spotted a mahogany plaque with the names of the winners of the Vézina trophy for best goaltender, carefully written in yellow paint, with the year each played. (Bill Duman, Jacques Plante, Charlie Hodge) and as I worked my way into the room there were the players, in various states of undress, talking to reporters. Ken Dryden, standing 6’4” tall, barefoot. Along the left-hand side, Guy Lafleur, Steve Shutt, Peter Mahovlich, Yvan Cournoyer.

Behind them were more plaques, listing the players on every Canadiens team to have won the Stanley Cup since 1917. On the opposite bench sat the great defencemen: Serge Savard, Guy Lapointe and Larry Robinson, all with their long legs stretching into the room. Above them was a huge sign with photos of the Canadiens players who had been inducted into the Hockey Hall of Fame: Aurel Joliat, Newsy Lalonde, Howie Morenz, Doug Harvey, Maurice Richard, Jacques Plante, and many others – and, of course, Jean Béliveau. Below it was the inscription in French and English, “To you, we throw the torch to hold on high.”

In the middle of the room stood the Habs’ coach Scotty Bowman, and a very tall man in a suit. The man turned towards me. It was Jean Béliveau. I did not know what to do. I had interviewed Prime Minister Trudeau and Brian Mulroney, but this was different. They were mortals. This was a god.

As it happened, there was a rumour that the NHL was going to ask Jean Béliveau to be its next president. I thought to myself, “You are never going to be a reporter if you cannot speak to people who intimidate you.” So, knees knocking, I asked Jean Béliveau what he thought of the rumour.

He was a true gentleman, making me feel at ease: he said he did not put much stock in rumours, and was quite content as an executive with the Canadiens. I thanked him and moved on. But from that time on, we would exchange a few words and I would ask a few questions for stories I was working on.

One day I got up the courage to tell

him about my Aunt Elga, his greatest fan. I told him: "My Aunt lives in Quebec City, is 81 years old and has followed your career ever since you came to Quebec. She is getting older now, but she loves hockey and you are still her favorite player. If you are ever in Kamouraska, if you would drop in for two minutes, she would be happy for the rest of her life."

"Well, Andrew, it happens I am going to Rimouski next summer. I will drop in on her then."

I was stunned, and thrilled. But I did not tell Aunt Elga about it. The anticipation might kill her as would the disappointment if he did not show up.

The next July, I called him at the Forum to make sure he remembered his comment. He said: "Of course! It is in my date book. I will be there at about 2 p.m. on July 21."

The big day came, and I stood on guard outside the house, Aunt Elga completely unaware of the moment. A long blue Cadillac pulled up, parked at the Hotel Maurice Richard across the road from our house and out stepped a big man wearing sunglasses and holding a partly lit cigar. It was Béliveau. True to form, he stopped to talk to the two very surprised men delivering Molson beer to the hotel. Ever the Molson company man, Le Gros Bill put them at ease by talking about their deliveries, when I came up to him.

We traded small talk about his drive, and I explained that my Aunt Elga had no idea that he was coming, nor did my 89-year-old grandfather.

He walked up the stairs to the front door on the wide verandah and knocked twice with the big iron ram's head doorknocker. I heard my mother call, "Aunt Elga, there is a gentleman at the door for you." She came to the door, looked up at the big man in the sunglasses and was a bit confused. Who was this? Why was he asking for her?

He removed the sunglasses and she could see it was her idol.

"I have been waiting a long time to do this," he said as he bent down to her 5 foot 1 inch frame and kissed her on the cheek.

She was stunned. Too stunned to talk, in fact, except to say, "I cannot believe it! I cannot believe it!"

As le Gros Bill entered, my grandfather got up from reading the newspaper and gave him a hearty "Bonjour Jean!" to

show he was welcome in our house. He stayed and chatted, and we gave him a tour of the old house. Aunt Elga regained her composure and began to chat about the Canadiens, about Quebec City and the old days at the Colisée. My grandfather talked about fishing and hunting, and even about his time as a hockey player in Quebec City, and his cousin who had won the Stanley Cup in the early 1900s. It was like old



home week. And then, Jean had to go.

As he walked out with my father, Aunt Elga and me in tow, a young neighbour, Claudine Anctil, was crossing the street with her niece in a stroller. My father gestured: "Claudine, viens ici!" She thought he wanted to talk to her, but as she approached, my father said, "Claudine Anctil, je te présente..." and before he could finish, Big Jean had taken off his sunglasses, and Claudine squealed "Jean Béliveau – c'est pas possible!!"

It was quite a moment. They still talk about "The Day Jean Béliveau came to Kamouraska" in the Anctil household.

Before we bid him good-bye, we took a photo of little Aunt Elga and Big Jean Béliveau. For months afterward, the doorman at her apartment in Quebec City would stop perfect strangers to show them the photo of "Mademoiselle LeMesurier" and Jean Béliveau. It was a photo she looked at every day on her dresser, right up until she died in the fall of 1981, soon after

her 87th birthday.

About a decade later, I was in the Toronto airport, and there sitting across from me was Jean Béliveau. I went up to him and said, "Jean, you probably don't remember me, but..."

He interrupted me: "Yes, I do. You are the journalist with the grandmother – no, the aunt – who has a house in Kamouraska."

"That's right."

"How is she?"

"Well she died a few years ago, and she was very happy. Especially that she had met you."

"I am so sorry. Une belle vieille dame, et une visite mémorable."

He said he was flattered that he had done something so simple for her. Then we chatted about the latest hockey news and the abrupt retirement of Guy Lafleur from the Habs the day before. The conversation went on for about half an hour, when they called my plane, and I had to go.

"C'était un grand plaisir de vous revoir," I said. He replied in English: "Yes it has. I hope to talk again soon. And thanks for remembering me."

I paused. I could not believe what he had said. He was thanking me for remembering him.

Over the years, we saw one another frequently as our paths crossed, in restaurants, at hockey games, and at community events, where he spoke with such wisdom and authority. And each time he was always the same perfect gentleman. A class act.

I could never forget how he stooped down to kiss the cheek of an old spinster, who had loved him so devotedly all her life. That day, when he made my great-aunt so happy she could hardly speak.

This story is an excerpt from Andrew Caddell's new book The Goal: Stories About Our National Passion (Deux Voiliers Publishing, 2015), reproduced here with permission from the author. Andrew Caddell is a former journalist, local politician, and advisor at various levels of government across Canada and with international agencies. Currently Senior Policy Advisor, Consular Affairs, Global Affairs Canada, Caddell also serves on the Conseil d'administration du Musée de Kamouraska and plays old-timers hockey twice a week.

REVIEWS

Three brief books

To Find but a Grave: the Wreck of the Miracle

Byron Clark

Self-published, 2015

Montreal Railway Terminals

Michael Leduc

Self-published, 2008

Clear Recollections: Memoirs of Percy Nobbs

Karen Molson

Shoreline Press, Sainte-Anne-de-Bellevue, 2015

With the increase of both self-publishing and small publishing companies, we often come across interesting, but short, works related to historical topics. Here we have three that are diverse in content but similar in the authors' commitment to some aspect of Quebec's heritage.

The first, *To Find but a Grave: the Wreck of the Miracle*, by Byron Clark, tells the tragic story of a shipwreck on the Magdalen Islands in 1847. The poorly-named *Miracle* was a timber ship out of Liverpool, taking 400 Irish emigrants to Quebec. These people were already suffering from overcrowding, poor diet and disease brought on by the notorious Potato Famine. The dangerous Gulf of the St. Lawrence claimed sixty drowning victims when the ship hit rocks off the Magdalens, and many more passengers died on shore later. However, a great number were saved through the heroic efforts of the writer's ancestor, John Clark, and his sons, and went on to better lives in various parts of Canada. This 85-page book is very well researched using original sources. For a detailed portrait of the Famine experience and the dangers of the crossing, it is excellent.

There's a different tone to *Montreal Railway Terminals* by Michael Leduc, but this book does begin with the same historical period as the Clark story. The 1830s and 40s saw massive emigration to Canada concurrent with the rapid expansion of industry and transportation. Leduc has structured his book around Montreal's railway stations, past and present, but it is essentially a good history of the development of rail transport in the area: the enormous expansion of rail connections and then their slow but steady decline to



what we are left with now. Although Montreal's only major railway station is Central, we still have the castle-like Windsor and Viger stations – two large impressive buildings that don't appear to have found new vocations. Viger, in particular, with its attendant Square, is an example of great heritage gone astray. We also learn about "ghost" stations like Bonaventure, now a metro stop, but once a real place with a huge freight yard and vast sheds. The wonderful and often whimsical architecture of these terminal buildings alone is worth reading about: Swiss chalets, English country cottages, French chateaux – and all for the trains. There is also the story of the tunnel under Mount Royal – a venture that probably would not be allowed now, for safety and environmental reasons – and its rather secretly disguised beginnings that lurk under René Lévesque Boulevard between University and Mansfield: only a small, inconspicuous sign on a lamppost warns trucks to slow down at this point and try not to rumble too vigorously. This 104-page book is a good read for railway enthusiasts and anyone interested in Montreal's history.

Clear Recollections: Memoirs of Percy Nobbs, edited and annotated by Karen Molson, is from Shoreline Press in Sainte-Anne-de-Bellevue. Nobbs (1875-1964), a noted architect and McGill professor of architecture, was also a competent artist, and several of his paintings, as well as many old photographs, are reproduced in this book. One of the most interesting sections deals with his early life in Russia, where his grandfather had established a business, but we also hear about his dogs, hunting and fishing in the wilderness, his experiences in World War I, and his family life. However, there isn't too much about his career as an architect or his life at McGill. These memoirs were found, retyped and put together at Greenwood Centre in Hudson. Greenwood had been the home of Percy Nobbs' daughter, Phoebe Hyde, who bequeathed this attractive, very old house, to the Canadian Heritage of Quebec of which Karen Molson is a director.

How fortunate it is for us all that there are these researchers, writers and editors who are preserving various stories from our past. Often these are about endeavours and people who are either only briefly mentioned or entirely overlooked by larger, more mainstream histories.

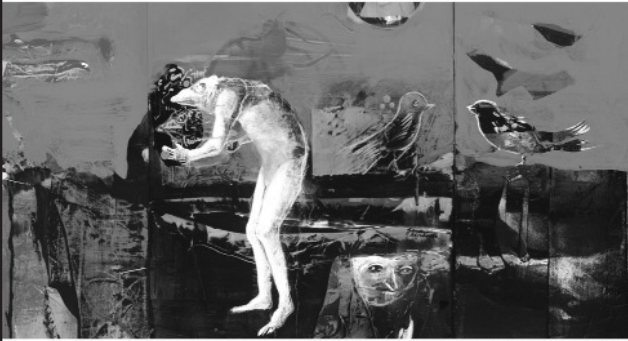
–Reviewed by Sandra Stock



Top: Percy Nobbs' roll-top desk at Greenwood, Hudson. Photo: Greenwood Collection.

Bottom: Viger Station, Montreal, c.1901. McCord Museum: VIEW-3175.

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