

WINTER LOGGING IN THE GASPÉ PENINSULA, 1909-1912

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News



Sunday in the Park with Oscar

Walking Black Montreal

Gleanings from Diaries

From Waterville to Port Said

Oh, You Beautiful Doll!

Curator's Tips on Caring for Artefacts



Quebec Heritage News

EDITOR

RODERICK MACLEOD

PRODUCTION

DAN PINESE
MATTHEW FARFAN

PUBLISHER

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

PHONE

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

FAX

(819) 564-6872

CORRESPONDENCE

EDITOR@QAHN.ORG

WEBSITES

WWW.QAHN.ORG
WWW.QUEBECHERITAGWEB.COM
WWW.100OBJECTS.QAHN.ORG

PRESIDENT

SIMON JACOBS

**EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR &
WEBMAGAZINES EDITOR**

MATTHEW FARFAN

OFFICE MANAGER

KATHY TEASDALE

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CONTENTS

Editor's Desk	3
War stories	<i>Rod MacLeod</i>
Letter	7
Wrong chemicals	<i>Gerry Glavin</i>
QAHN News	8
"OPERA" makes worst-case scenarios easier to manage	<i>Dwane Wilkin</i>
Curator's Handbook	9
War on grime	<i>Heather Darch</i>
Skiing to Grandma's	10
Clair Bernard's school project, 1936	<i>Daniel Parkinson</i>
Walking Black Montreal	13
Oscar Peterson Park	<i>Ashlie Bienvenu</i>
On the move!	14
Paul Holland Knowlton House finds a new home	
Say it ain't so!	14
Grosse Ile Parish Hall demolition	<i>Jim Caputo</i>
Memories of a Gaspé logging camp	15
	<i>Rebecca Lawson</i>
Protect and Share	18
Arvida and its push for UNESCO World Heritage status	<i>Kevin Armstrong</i>
Good King Henri	20
New France's Protestant project	
Chocolate Chip Cookies for Troubled Teens	22
St. Lambert's Alternate School	<i>Joseph Graham</i>
Ministerial Leadership	26
The Presbyterian Church in Sherbrooke, 1864-2014	<i>Marjorie Goodfellow</i>
Kahnawà:ke	28
Mohawks, Chateauguay, and the Irish famine	<i>Christine Zachary Deom</i>
Review	
Painters of a Landscape	30
<i>Hanging Fred and a Few Others</i> by Nick Fonda	<i>Sandra Stock</i>

Cover photo: Lumberjacks in the Gaspé, c.1910. Photo: courtesy of Rebecca Lawson.

EDITOR'S DESK

War stories

by Rod MacLeod

"Don't mention the war. I mentioned it once, but I think I got away with it."

—Basil Fawlty, "The Germans"

Like many people of my generation (most of them older than me, given that my parents waited a long time before procreating), I grew up with the war. Not in it. Not *during* the war – but with it. It defined my childhood, even though it was over a decade and a half before I was born and half a dozen years before my parents even met. My father had "had" a war, as they used to say – not a "good" one in any conventional sense, but one full of personal high points and epiphanies. The war shaped him, gave him emotional tools he would use the rest of his life. My mother, too, was permanently marked by the war, in the course of which she found her way as an independent person – although she would never have expressed it that way, having "only" been part of the war *effort* (Canadian Industries Limited). For me, discovering who my parents were was in large part a matter of understanding the war.

Long before I had any notion of what my father often referred to as "the recent unpleasantness," I knew what a veteran was. That is, someone who periodically checked into the Veterans' hospital on Montreal's Queen Mary Road to have his kidneys inspected over several days and who sent his little son amusing letters signed "Bed Pan Charlie" (a reference my mother had to explain to me) full of crossword puzzles and stick-figure doodles. My father's "condition" – caused either by having eaten unwashed fruit in southern Italy or by having licked the dew off petrol cans in the desert (even as a young tyke I found that my mother's explanations fell somewhat short of the entirely satisfying) – was as close as I got for some time to grasping the horrors of war. On my first Remembrance Day at school, when we were asked to remain silent for one minute and

contemplate soldiers' sacrifices, I conjured up an image of my father in hospital, wrapped in bandages with limbs suspended from pulleys like a car crash victim – which at that point constituted the worst harm I could imagine a veteran suffering.

As with other mysteries of life (pregnancy, marijuana, politics), my parents were ready with answers but tended to wait for my questions before launch-



ing into explanations. As social workers, they well knew the dangers of lecturing to kids. I'm sure my father was torn between the desire to have me know of his experiences (mainly because they were *his*, and therefore *ours*) and the concern not to burden me with oversolemnity and thus turn me off. He was horrified at the thought of coming across as a Colonel Blimp type, endlessly pontificating about the horrors, and implicitly the glories, of the trenches. I learned about my father's war mostly from my mother, who would make references to his experiences (those petrol cans, the prison doctor, the spy in the tent) and my father would con-

firm the details, relieved to have the conversational ground broken. And he had other ways of conveying information: my bedtime stories, emerging from his brain with enviable spontaneity, often concerned a small boy called Abdul who, though he seemed like me in most aspects of his personal and domestic life, lived in Port Said near the banks of the Nile and had all kinds of adventures involving sinister figures and secret panels. These stories owed more to the books my father had read as a kid than they did to his own experiences, but when I came to learn more about his months in wartime Egypt I felt as if I knew the place.

What got in the way of absolute clarity about the war was his characteristic modesty. My father was capable of dismissing his own military contribution as inconsequential while also claiming to have singlehandedly wrestled Rommel into submission – the latter very obviously a joke, but one that I eventually began to recognize as another form of self-deprecation. Once I had begun to study twentieth-century history as an adult, and to get to know my father as a friend, I came to appreciate his half-joking claim that his great contribution to the war effort was to have been out of action at key moments: the allies had been doing well before he arrived on the scene, at which point they began to lose ground (to Rommel) until my father was made a prisoner of war and their fortunes revived. I loved the humour of this assertion, but reserved my deepest respect for the part that wasn't a joke, knowing that the man who could make such a claim about his own limitations was a man who could understand underachievers and dropouts and kids who didn't fit the mold. Maybe some teens need a Big Hero drill sergeant to tell them to straighten up and fly right, but many others need a calm adult to listen to them and not make them feel bad for being angry, overimaginative, or gay – which is what my father did throughout his professional career.

The war stories were finally fleshed out towards the end of my father's life when he and I began weekly sessions transcribing his diary, him in his La-Z-Boy flipping through the faded pages of this volume, and me with my laptop at the card table erected for the occasion in the centre of his room at the senior's residence. This was no literary diary, merely a glorified agenda, its pages divided into small rectangles in which he had scribbled each day's two or three salient events and the long-forgotten people he'd shared them with. Much of our transcribing involved his annotating the scribbles, explaining for example that "PPU" meant "proper piss-up" (a celebration of worthy proportions) and that "bats in the park" referred not to small flying creatures but to streetwalkers (or perhaps I should say parkwalkers). He would occasionally pull off his glasses and shake his head, marvelling at how much raucous socializing had gone on despite the grim background of war.

Or because of, I would point out. Didn't one feel the need to unwind whenever the heat was off? Clearly the life of a fighter pilot involved a great deal of anxiety, both during intense periods of action and during the long hours waiting for the inevitable call. One appreciated being off duty – and then the bars of London, or Port Said, beckoned. Even so, my father found the evidence of his diary distressing, as if he had been carrying around a much more heroic tale in his mind for sixty years and the act of finally setting it down had turned it into something vulgar. This reaction, too, was part of war's legacy: the inescapable conviction that the only valid standard is

heroism, and the lingering guilt at the thought of having fallen at all short. At the time, I was not able to explore these reactions with him, nor was I about to spout platitudes about everyone doing their part – although that is a fundamental truth about war. What I did do was reassure him by my keen interest that his story was worth telling.

As a historian, I also strove to point out that sources, however accurate, only tell part of a story, and that what they do not reveal is often more significant than what they do. The diary comes to an abrupt end in early July 1942 (shortly after Rommel retook Tobruk), when my father's plane was shot down and he was MIA for some weeks. The everyday quality of the earlier entries makes the sudden run of blank pages all the more striking – although, in fact, an attentive reading (that is, when one is not trying to decipher handwriting, etc.) of the May and June pages reveals a sharp increase in notations like "Buckland shot down" and "Charlie Williams missing" and "Jerry bombing and strafing like mad," clear evidence that the war was already starting to go wrong for these anxious if fun-loving airmen. Arguably, the simplicity of these entries is more chilling than a more drawn-out description.

And if the rest of the war for my father was essentially a matter of surviving steadily worsening conditions rather than engaging in increasingly heroic actions, it left him with more practical life skills than additional combat would have done – outside a career in the armed forces, of course. In retrospect, my father was able to identify a great truth about human nature: that our miseries are relative to our

circumstances, though no less genuine for all that. When one is dying of thirst (as he was), an empty stomach is of little concern, but when one's thirst is relieved, hunger becomes all-consuming – until it, in turn, is relieved, at which point a good night's sleep may become one's prime concern, and so on. Looked at another way, a child's despair over a broken toy (or a teen's over a zit) is genuine, and cannot be dispelled by observing that at least he or she isn't dying of thirst. It's no wonder that drill sergeants make very poor social workers, although many of them think they can be good parents.

*

The war began for my father in the men's room at the Chateau Frontenac.

The Depression was still depressing and employment prospects were not encouraging, so after some floundering about, my father, at 21, applied to do a one-year teachers training course at Macdonald College in St. Anne de Bellevue, to begin in September 1939. Awaiting that, he and his friend Eric concocted a scheme to work their way over to Europe for the summer on a cattle boat, shovelling manure – a plan quickly vetoed by Eric's parents, who had more than one eye on the worsening international situation. Instead, through connections, Eric landed the two of them summer jobs working at the Boule Rock Hotel in Metis Beach – in my father's case, as lifeguard and swimming instructor. On their way back home at the end of the summer, they stopped in Quebec City for a quick rest, naturally making their way up to Dufferin Terrace and the hotel. Heading into the Gents, they saw a newspaper on the stand whose headlines screamed that Britain had just declared war on Germany. It was September 3, of course – 75 years ago, as I write. By the time Canada was at war a week later, my father had started his course at the School for Teachers, from which he graduated the following June. For once, he faced the real prospect of steady employment, in the form of a teaching position at a school in Noranda. After weighing his options, and perhaps his conscience, he made his way instead to the recruitment office on Bishop Street to enlist, hoping to join the RCAF.

Called up some weeks later, he



No. 1 Service Flying Training School, Camp Borden, Ontario (my father is seated in the first row, at left). Photo: MacLeod family collection.

headed by train and truck to Brandon, Manitoba, for basic training, the first stage of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. He eventually qualified for air crew and was sent to the Initial Training School in Regina (located, ironically for him, in the former Normal School), where he made a point of going to church every Sunday, as local families would always invite the new recruits for



dinner. Exams and interviews determined that he should be a flyer (as opposed to a gunner or navigator), and, in January 1941, he moved on to the Elementary Flying Training School in Goderich, Ontario, to learn to fly on Fleet Finches. I was amazed to learn that he flew solo after only about eight hours of instruction, remembering the hoops I'd had to go through before I could drive a car alone, but my father pointed out that driving is actually a good deal more hazardous than flying, and that when up in a plane there are (with the notable exception of the ground) far fewer things to crash into. After 25 hours' flying experience, he graduated to No.1 Service Flying Training School at Camp Borden, near Barrie, Ontario, where he practiced on single-engine Harvards. After nearly 38 hours in the air, 29½ of them solo and almost seven at night, he went through his final assessment and was given the encouraging grade of "average." He officially became an RCAF fighter pilot in May at the Wings Parade held in Toronto, attended by his mother and some cousins – who gave him a diary as a graduation present. His first entry, May 18, 1941: "Lunch at Queenston Heights, Niagara Falls."

There followed about ten days in which, back in Montreal, my father hung out with his older brother Ken (who was writing material for the "Blue Bell Bullets" review) and with various old friends (including his sweetheart Jean) at such

festive spots as the White Circle on Decarie Boulevard, the Old Mill on St. Catherine Street, and The Maples in Point Claire – all material for another article. On May 28, he took a train to Halifax, where about three weeks went by before he was shipped out. During that period, he spent no time, I'm sure, at Dalhousie University, where he might well have run into my mother, who was

pursuing a degree in History there – although, knowing her, their paths may well have inadvertently crossed in any number of wartime dives. On June 18, my father boarded the RMS *Ausonia*, a former ocean liner (2½ years earlier it had carried American Spanish Civil War veterans home from France) converted into an armed merchant cruiser at the start of the war – only to spend several days docked in Sydney awaiting the formation of a convoy in which to cross the Atlantic. It took two weeks to reach Iceland, an anxious time full of imminent danger from U-boats and rough weather – yet not without its attractions: there was enough sun to burn plenty of fresh young faces, and on many warm days the servicemen gathered on deck to drink and sing. Someone took a photo (I wish I could find it) of my father playing an upright piano on the deck of the *Ausonia* somewhere in the middle of the Atlantic. One does not tend to do that sort of thing all that often.

There were good times ahead. London – which he reached via the SS *Volendam* from Reykjavik, and a train from Glasgow – was an eye-opener of a city despite the toll of the blitz. It boasted all the iconic sights dear to English Canadians, from Piccadilly Circus to the Houses of Parliament – to say nothing of the infinite variety of theatres, movies, service clubs, and other establishments for agreeable

socializing. For six weeks, my father was based in Heston, an aerodrome near what would later become the vast expanse of Heathrow Airport, where he practiced flying (and landing, which needed more practice) Spitfires and occasionally going on spectacular soars over the Thames Valley. London was only a tube ride away, ideal for 24-hour passes or even a free afternoon. But this training eventually came to an end, and, on September 15, he was sent by train to Cornwall, where the scenery was spectacular and the flights (out of Predannack Air Base on the Lizard peninsula) challenging, requiring taking off practically from the edge of a cliff, usually at night. Although the work of defending England's southwest coast from enemy attack was important, there was an awful lot of sitting around in the rain or waiting for the fog to clear. One of the diary's rare complete sentences runs: "This life, though not unpleasant, is certainly not stimulating." Rumours abounded of airmen heading off to more exotic spots, and eventually my father volunteered for a transfer to the Middle East. On October 25, he sailed from Greenock, Scotland, on the *Prince of Wales*, bound for Sierra Leone. In a letter to his brother Ken, he got around the wartime censors by conspicuously (if randomly) referring to a "recent Humphrey Bogart movie" (*High Sierra*) and his favourite brand of chocolates (Leonie) by way of divulging their destination.

The following ten days formed the highlight of my father's experience overseas, basking on deck in increasingly



balmy temperatures with gorgeous sunsets and views of strange coastlines and occasional passing sharks and flying fish, with almost none of the dangers of the Atlantic crossing. And the subsequent journey, via a series of bombers flying over the Gold Coast, Nigeria, and Sudan



to Khartoum, and then train and finally boat down the Nile to Cairo, served to remind him that he was an awfully long way from the stuffy family apartment back in Westmount.

Protecting the Suez Canal was more satisfying than anything he had yet done, and the fine weather meant frequent flying. Life was good. He learned to wrap himself from head to toe in a sheet to preserve heat during frosty desert nights (a practice he still maintained when I was little, even though our house was usually warm) and to empty his boots every morning to ensure they were scorpion-free. Port Said, Alexandria, and even Cairo may not have quite had London's range of entertainment, but they were certainly exotic. Also exotic was Aida, daughter of an Egyptian doctor and a British mother (brought back to Port Said from Edinburgh along with a medical degree), to whom my father became fairly close during the winter of 1942. My mother never referred openly to any of the other women mentioned in the diary, but she did occasionally speak of Aida, suggesting that she acknowledged the seriousness of this friendship with a certain respect. For my part, I imagined I had a half-sibling two decades my senior, whom I pictured digging up ancient tombs and wondering what had become

of his father. Aida was certainly distressed when the news came at the end of March that my father's squadron (No. 250) was to deploy west of the Nile delta in an effort to stave off the ever-advancing Rommel. She wept on his shoulder, they had a final quiet evening together, and, as far as I know, he never saw her again. A small photo of Aida I found among my father's things has "Wonderful times, never to be forgotten" inscribed on the back – a statement that tends to bring tears to my eyes for reasons I can't quite identify.

It was during one of the sorties out of Sidi Aziz at the edge of the Libyan Desert that my father's plane was shot down and he had to play dead until the enemy pilot stopped strafing the crash site and flew off. My father wandered the desert without food or water (save, perhaps, for that oil drum dew) for several days until an Italian band of soldiers picked him up, gave him a drink, and took him to their base. He was put in a guarded tent in the company of a rather hearty fellow who appeared to be a British captive, and the two chatted openly until my father began to wonder why the fellow was asking so many questions about allied troop movement. My father steered the discussion towards recent movies – proving that those nights

in London's West End hadn't been a frivolous use of time! His tent-mate appeared to be familiar with this subject, but mysteriously pronounced Lucille Ball's first name "Loocheelay." My father then clammed up and the "British" fellow was taken away.

Soon after, my father was moved by ship and truck to Campo 78 P.O.W. camp near Sulmona, Italy, where he had a very different kind of war until the Italian Capitulation in early September 1943. On the morning of September 8, the camp's Italian commander informed the prisoners that they were free to leave – which a great many of them did, climbing up into the mountains south of the camp, hoping they could reach the advancing allies before the Germans caught up with them. Glancing back from the top of the mountain, my father and his fellow escapees saw German troops arriving at the camp – talk about your nick of time! Unfortunately, despite his best efforts as a fugitive and the kindness and heroism of Italian farmers over the following six weeks, my father was eventually taken by the Germans before he could reach the advancing allied army. He was shipped far, far into the north of the Reich, near what is now the Polish border.

He spent the rest of the war in Stalag Luft I – not the one where the Great Escape took place (that was Stalag Luft III, off by only two Stalag Lufts) but similar. His great difficulty by this time was that he was suffering from amoebic dysentery, and so, apart from being extremely weak, he was almost unable to retain any nourishment from the camp rations, themselves meagre compared to the starchy fare he had been given in Italy. A German doctor who made a grudging visit to the prisoners offered an unhelpful, if alliterative, diagnosis: "Blut und



Top left: "Port Said, 1940s." Photo: <http://www.ancient-egypt.co.uk>.

Top right: Aida visiting the Sphinx, 1942. Photo: MacLeod family collection.

Schleim!” Without antibiotics, my father was in very poor shape by the time the Soviets liberated the camp on May 1, 1945, although he was able to appreciate the song-and-dance show (some of it in drag) the Russian soldiers apparently put on to entertain the prisoners. By mid-May, the Stalag inmates were transferred into American hands, and from there back to England. At some point in the journey an American doctor gave my father an injection that cleared up the worst of his symptoms in a day or two, and after thorough de-briefing he was sent to a hospital in Bournemouth for six weeks while the ulcers in his colon healed – except that such things never fully heal: he was left with his “condition,” for which he was regularly treated over the next sixty years. While in Bournemouth, his old friend (and future Best Man) Quentin, on leave from the Navy, found him “still functioning in the quiet haunted and shattered manner of the P.O.W.” (to quote from Quentin’s published memoirs). He took my father, who was mobile and restless, up to London for a night on the town, which Quentin felt was exactly what was needed (as do I). My father arrived safely back in Canada late in the summer of 1945, stronger than he’d been for three years and with lots of army pay in his pocket, facing that very peculiar but widespread dilemma of having the rest of his life before him with seemingly endless possibilities.

My father’s wartime diary had a curious subsequent history. Having been left behind at the landing field near Sidi Aziz, it was put with the rest of my father’s gear, awaiting news. When none came, it was added to the gear of other pilots who had disappeared at that time, of whom there were increasing numbers as the War in North Africa took a downturn for the allies. Somehow, my father’s diary found its way into the package sent to the home in Australia of another member of the squadron, a young man who had been killed in action. I can only imagine his mother’s emotions as she read through the diary, searching for tidbits about her son and gaining a notion of the kind of life he had experienced prior to his last flight out. After the war, she made inquiries about the diary’s rightful owner and learned that my father had arrived home alive. She faithfully returned the volume, after adding a mes-



sage on its flyleaf expressing how much having the diary had helped her deal with her own son’s death. With impressive stoicism, she wished my father all the best, hoping that he would go on to enjoy a long and productive life.

Which, of course, he did.
End of story.

Letter

Wrong chemicals

“The Original Bomb Girl” by Bill Young and Ralph Simpson (*QHN*, Fall 2014) contains an error in what is otherwise a very interesting article. The authors state that “DIL was a subsidiary of Canadian Industries Limited, the name given to chemical giant DuPont’s operations in Canada.” Canadian Industries Limited, also known as C-I-L, is a Canadian chemicals manufacturer formed in 1910 by the merger of five Canadian explosives companies with headquarters in Montreal. It was until recently a subsidiary of Imperial Chemical Industries (ICI), a British chemical giant. The relationships among ICI/CIL and DuPont are quite complicated and several books have been written on the subject. In any event, I enjoy reading the *QHN* and pass it along to former Quebecers.

Gerry Glavin
Ottawa, Ontario


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QAHN NEWS

“OPERA” makes worst-case scenarios easier to manage

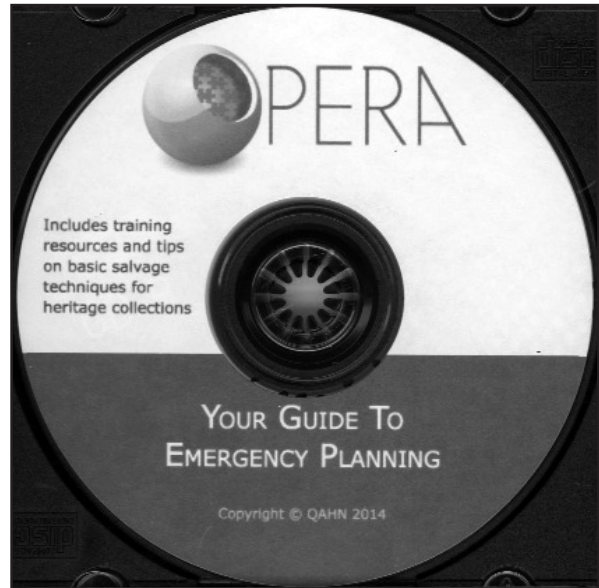
by Dwane Wilkin

Small museums and other heritage groups seeking to shore up their defences against the risk of catastrophic loss have a new tool at their disposal. The Organized Planning and Emergency Response Assistant, or “OPERA” for short, is a planning tool and resources guide developed by QAHN to improve security for community historical sites and collections.

“Security is the most important consideration for administrators of a museum or archives,” said Heather Darch, curator of the Missisquoi Museum. “But it tends to be quite low on the list of priorities. This tool helps heritage supporters confront risks and shows how to prevent emergencies from turning into disasters.”

Each year across Canada, an estimated 30 fires break out in museums, fully a third of which result from break-ins. Flooding is another typical hazard facing historic buildings and collections. Being prepared for these and other crises means, among other things, maintaining a degree of control over the response from members of the local fire department who may otherwise arrive on the scene without accurate knowledge of site or the nature of objects housed inside.

The idea for OPERA came during a series of conferences which Darch helped to organize as part of QAHN’s Security for Heritage, Outreach and Workshops Initiative (SHOWI) in early 2014. Hearing from participants, it became apparent that heritage institutions compromise their own security by failing to pre-



pare for worst-case scenarios. And not just because of the destructive potential of fire-hoses in well-intentioned hands, but because, to be effective, emergency planning has to involve members of the broader local community.

“Every museum has unique needs and circumstances, and these have to be reflected in the planning process,” said Darch, who has begun writing a regular column for *Quebec Heritage News* devoted to conservation and security issues. “Knowledge and information needs to be shared.”

Planning for emergencies provides an opportunity for non-profit museums and heritage groups to relieve overburdened volunteers by asking for support from candidates such as town representatives, firefighters and police. The first step, according to Darch, is to bring together a small group of people willing to devote some time and thought to the planning process.

“One person needs to take the lead, and after that, asks such as reviewing past emergencies, assessing current risks and putting together an emergency response team can be divided among other members of the planning committee.”

In addition to providing users with interactive, printable forms for storing and retrieving crucial contact information, OPERA contains basic procedures for managing a variety of threats, a resources guide and an extensive reading list for those who would like to delve more deeply into the extensive literature devoted to emergency management.

Copies of the OPERA CD may be obtained by contacting the QAHN office in Sherbrooke at: (819) 564-9595 or toll-free in Quebec, 1-877-964-0409.

The
**Quebec Anglophone
Heritage Network**
invites you to its

2nd Annual
Wine & Cheese
Thursday, April 23, 2015
5-7 p.m.
Venue: TBA

Guest Speaker:
Dinu Bumbaru, Heritage Montreal

R.S.V.P.
Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network:
home@qahn.org
or call toll free 1-877-964-0409.

CURATOR'S HANDBOOK

War on Grime

How a little dusting protects historic artefacts

by Heather Darch

I was once invited to view a collection of wax dolls while tracking down antique children's toys for an exhibit about eighteenth-century life. Since wax is an inherently weak material, such dolls are quite rare in Canada, and the curator in me thrilled at the prospect.

My hopes fell flat, though, when instead of finding relics from the early colonial period, I came face to face with a hoard of plastic dolls dating from the 1970s, all of them covered in a white waxy film.

To this day, I can't say what disturbed me more: the dolls' blank stares or their ghostly pallor. What I do know is that very few sights argue more convincingly for the merits of regular dusting than a *Chatty Cathy* or a *Dancerina* coated in a veil of mould.

Wherever they're collected, historic artefacts face a wide range of physical threats, not all of them cheaply or easily mitigated. But keeping objects free of grime is a practice that every museum, big or small, can certainly afford to follow.

Cleanliness, in fact, is a fundamental, if sometimes overlooked, element of good preventive conservation. And it doesn't require expensive monitoring and climate-control equipment: just a clean dust cloth, a soft-bristled brush and a vacuum.

Dust is a stealth saboteur that harms collections in two important ways. First, it wicks moisture from the air and concentrates it on the surface of objects, which in turn causes metals to rust, wood to swell, veneers to crack and, yes – vinyl dolls to bloom with mould. Second, dust build-up acts like fine-grain sandpaper, increasing the risk of accidental scratching.

Not surprisingly, heritage conservators take grime seriously. A lot of restoration work boils down to careful dirt removal. The Canadian Conservation Institute offers an entire workshop devoted to historic house-cleaning. Granted, the task can seem daunting in an historic museum housing thousands of objects. The trick is to divide the work into smaller chunks. A regular cleaning schedule with weekly or monthly activities set for different rooms or areas of your collection is a practical approach.

Routine cleaning should, as a rule, be non-invasive and limited to dusting, sweeping and vacuuming. A soft bristle

brush used with a gentle brushing motion will suffice to clean most objects.

In some cases where objects have a very stable finish, you can use a hand-held vacuum cleaner with a nylon brush attachment. For particularly fine or delicate pieces, a softer brush is recommended. Never let the vacuum touch an object; instead, brush dust away from the surface and into the vacuum cleaner nozzle.



Textiles too can be cleaned with a vacuum cleaner, as long as care is taken. If fibres appear loose or the fabric has decorative elements, the vacuum nozzle should never come into direct contact with the material. A good technique is to keep a swatch of nylon window screen between the nozzle and area being cleaned. This will ensure that fibres are held in place.

Special care must be given to such unstable finishes as wooden objects with

flaking paint. Using a vacuum cleaner on these surfaces will only cause further damage. Let common sense be your guide. If it looks like you might be causing more harm than good to any artefact in the collection, stop right away. Some jobs are best left to the pros.

In general, cleaning with conservation in mind should be mechanical, and never chemically based. Which obviously rules out a trip to the dry-cleaner's with your antique quilt.

In fact, deep-cleaning products of any kind should be avoided. Conservators warn emphatically against water, soaps, solvents, oils or furniture polish. Reserve wet washing for those items that are impervious to moisture, such as glass and fully-glazed ceramics.

Remember, cleaning methods in a heritage collection should be based on the preservation needs of the artefacts rather than on their appearance. It's okay to leave objects the way they are and enjoy their slightly dulled or stained finishes. Just keep after the dust and you won't find wax dolls turning up where they don't belong.

Heather Darch is curator of the Missisquoi Museum, a past director of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network (QAHN) and a heritage consultant whose recent assignments include co-managing QAHN's Security for Heritage, Outreach and Workshops Initiative (SHOWI). "Curator's Handbook" is a new regular feature in Quebec Heritage News.

SKIING TO GRANDMA'S

Clair Bernard's school project, 1936

by Daniel Parkinson

When my cousin Clair Bernard was eleven years old, she was assigned a school project by her teacher, Miss Ayer: to keep a daily diary for the month of February 1936. She received 23 marks out of 25 for her effort.

I have transcribed the diary as Clair wrote it in excellent and readable script, done neatly in black ink with a fountain pen on a soft paper scribbler. Miss Ayer made a few corrections in red, which I have incorporated but I have not corrected other spelling, punctuation or grammatical errors. I have provided annotations to identify individuals mentioned in the diary.

One is impressed with what a hardy girl Clair was. The distance from the Bernard farm, known as Milton Hill, to the village school was probably a mile and a half and the return trip involved a substantial rise in elevation. In 1936, the roads were narrow and gravelled, probably not ploughed but rolled.

Clair was a good child who loved her Grandmother; played hard but was dutiful to her school and music studies. At eleven she was able to make supper for her father and brothers when mother was out, or bake a cake.

Anna Clair Bernard was born September 22, 1924 at Waterville, to farmer William Bernard and his wife Ethel Ellen Parkinson. Clair graduated from the Sherbrooke Hospital in 1945 and did post-graduate studies in obstetrics in Winnipeg. She was part of the founding team and first matron of Grace Christian Home, Huntingville, in 1957, and of Connaught Home, North Hatley, in 1970. In that year she married widower Bert Fisk of Montreal. She retired in 1989 but continued nursing for several years on a part-time basis and is now a

resident at Grace.

Frances Ayer was the daughter of D. W. (Will) Ayer, a Waterville business man, the proprietor of Riverside Garage, and his wife Bertha Walsh. Frances was born in 1911 and married William San-



born Smith of Waterville in 1932. She was a much-revered teacher and ended her career as principal at St-Jean-sur-Richelieu. Note: she was still using her maiden name, which was unusual. I believe she was a graduate of Bishop's University.

D. W. Ayer was Clair's uncle by marriage. When a widower, in 1931, he married Clair's aunt, Mary Olive Parkinson.

*

Sat Feb 1 1936

In the morning I went ski-ing to my Grandmother's on a errand for my mother. When I came home I helped my

mother. After dinner [the noon meal] Llewella came and got me to go ski-ing with her. I asked my mother and she said yes. She went down a hill and I fell down, but did not hurt myself. My ski came so Llewella and I went into my Grandmother's got a string to tie it on with. When I came home I practiced my music then had supper I prepared for Sunday and went to bed

Clair's grandmother, Jane Ellen Smith Parkinson, died July 8, 1937.

Llewella Parkinson (my mother) had married Clair's uncle, Elton Parkinson, in June 1935.

Sun Feb 2

I got up helped mamma. And went ski-ing after I prepared for Sunday-school, but could not go as it was too cold. After dinner we had sugar on snow. And I watched Clayton get it ready. From 4 pm to 5 pm there was a pretty sunset. It was a ultra-violet [sic] ray colour. After supper I went outside and played with the rabbit and puppie. When I came in I wrote a letter and went to bed.

Clair's next older brother, Clayton Montague Bernard, had turned 13 on January 28. Making 'taffy' for others was something Clayton enjoyed doing all his long life. He died in April 2010.

Mon Feb 3

I walked to school in the morning. It was warm the sun was bright. When I came home the sunset was pretty went tobogganing skied some had supper. Studied my lessons practised my music and went to bed.

Tues Feb 4

Walked to school was a little colder than the day before. When I got out of school

Front cover of the school note book Clair used for her project. Photo: courtesy of Daniel Parkinson.

the wind was blowing, the sky was almost black. When I got home I played with the dog. Had supper and went to bed about 8.00 o'clock.

Wed Feb 5

It was cold and the wind was blowing. That day Miss Ayer read us a story. When I came from [sic] school I practised my music. I studied my lesson and went to bed.

Thurs Feb 6

Had breakfast went to school. On the way home the snow was so deep that a horse could not trot. I played with the dog had my supper and went to bed.

Fri Feb 7

I walked to school in the morning. The sky was all blue and the sun was shining bright. It was nice and warm out too. Thelma and I walked home. After that her and I went tobogganing and I ski-ed home.

*Thelma Loomis was Clair's dear friend and lived on the neighbouring farm. She was the daughter of **Harold Loomis** and **Verda Hammond** and born 17 January 1924. She had younger siblings **Douglas** (1925), **Milton** (1927) and **Francis** (1929).*

Sat Feb 8

In the morning I went tobogganing with Thelma and Douglas. We made holes in the snow. I came home I had dinner helped Mamma. After that I went out again played quite a while Went to my Grandmother's and came home again.

Sun Feb 9

Had breakfast. I got ready for Sunday school. When I got home I had dinner. I read a while after dinner. It was not very cold but the sun was shining

Clair and her family attend the Waterville United Church.

Feb 10 Mon

Mamma took us to school and my Aunt went with us. After school daddy came and got us. And it was very cold.

Probably this was Bertha Parkinson, her mother's sister, who was secretary-treasurer for the Dominion Snath Company

in Waterville and lived with her mother and brothers on the Parkinson farm. In 1955, she married her widowed employer H. Stuart Ball.

Feb 11 Tues

It was not any warmer than the day before. In the afternoon Miss Ayer read us a story instead of singing. When I came home there was a paper from England that was from my Aunt Rosa. It was all



about the King's death and about King Edward the VIII.

*Rosa Bernard was a younger sister of Clair's grandfather **Henry Bernard** and was born at Wells, Somerset, in 1853. At this time, she lived at Torquay in Devon. She corresponded regularly with Clair until her death shortly after the close of World War II. It had been Clair's dream to visit her in England when she completed her nursing studies.*

Feb 12 Wed

It was cold. In the afternoon we had drawing. When I got home there was some more papers from England I read them and after I cut out some cookies. After supper Aunt Llewella ski-ed up to see us she looked at the papers and went home

Feb 13 Thurs.

I walked to school in the morning. The

sun was shining and it was not cold. At noon hour a friend of mine died and his funel [sic funeral] was on Saturday. I walked home after school. When I got home Mamma was not there she was at my Aunt Edith's so I had to get supper. After supper I made some valentines. Studied my exam and practiced my music.

Edith Bernard was William Bernard's sister and married to Frank Fisk whose farm was a few hundred yards directly south of the Bernard property, cross country, where Flanders Road turns south on its way to Route 147. Going on the road it would be about a mile away. Frank Fisk was not related to Clair's husband.

I have been unable to identify who the child was who died. Presumably, Clair meant the funeral will be held on Saturday.

Feb 14 Fri

In the morning Miss Ayer read us a story. We had our exam in the morning instead of the afternoon. We had a valentine mail box so in the afternoon the valentines were given out. After school I took my music lessons and walked home. After supper I fixed my skis and went ski-ing.

*Gladys Swanson (1893-1955) taught piano. She was the daughter of **Oloff M. Swanson** and **Nellie G. Wyman**. Oloff was born in Sweden and was postmaster in Waterville in 1911. The piano I have was purchased by my grandfather from the Swanson family in 1905 on the sixteenth birthday of Mary Parkinson Ayer (Clair's aunt; see above).*

Feb 15 Sat

Went to my Grandmothers on an errand for my mother. I came home helped my mother. After dinner I went to my Aunt Edith I stayed for supper On the way home I saw Uncle Elton. When I got home I practised my music

Feb 16 Sun

I walked to Sunday school on the way I called at my Grandmothers. On the way home I met a lot of people I know. The sun was shining bright and it was nice and warm. I went out and played after

dinner.

Feb 17 Mon

Mamma took us to school. We played all recess because it was so nice outside. After dinner I went to Lennoxville and from there to Sherbrooke. I saw two Aunts in Lennoxville. We left Lennoxville at 5 min past 5. and we got home at 8 pm.

There is much to speculate about here. Which aunts did they encounter? Did they go by car or possibly on the train? Sherbrooke was about ten miles away.

Feb 18 Tues

It was cold the wind was blowing hard. I slid at recess with Louise. After school daddy came and got us. It was warmer in the afternoon and in the evening it got colder.

I believe this was Louise Brunell, born August 25, 1925, daughter of James and Myrtle of Waterville.

Feb 19 Wed

I went to school in the morning and at recess I slid. I walked home from school with Thelma, Milton and Francis came home with Haines and stayed for supper.

Raymond Haines Bernard was Clair's eldest brother and born June 2, 1920. He died March 4, 1999.

Feb 20 Thurs

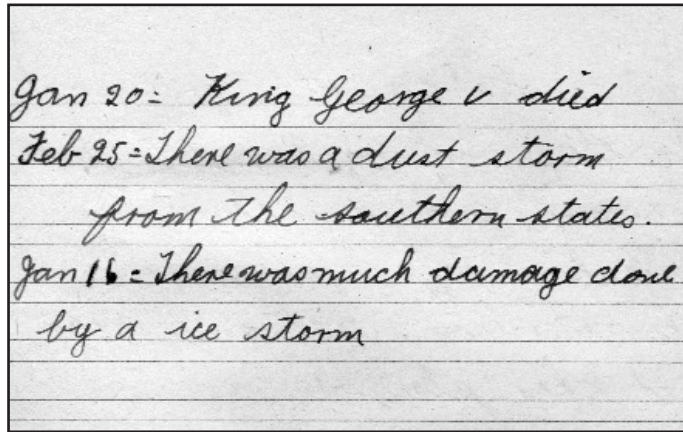
I walked to school. In the afternoon we had singing and walked home. I studied my exam and practised my music. It was not very cold and the sun was shining.

Feb 21 Fri

Mamma took us to school. We played all recess because it was nice out. After school I went for my music lesson after school I walked home. When I finished supper I went out and played.

Feb 22 Sat

In the morning I stayed in the house and worked. After dinner I went out and played. Then Clayton helped me get a latter [sic ladder] so I could shoiled [sic shovel] off the veranda roof. At 4 Mam-



ma and I went to see Grandma. We were at my Auntie Edith's for a oyster supper.

Richard Mason wrote about oyster dinners at Milby and Sand Hill, 1904-1914, in Cyclone Days: Plowing Planting and Parties, the Journals of Sarah Alice Mason Copping. "A barrel of oysters packed in seaweed keeps quite well in colder weather. Oyster suppers were a popular social event up to at least the 1950s, which seem to have spread from the USA in the 19th century... [due] to the Grand Trunk line to Portland, Maine."

Feb 23 Sun

In the morning I went to church and after church I went to Sunday School. I walked home from Sunday School. After dinner I went to Grandma's and stayed for supper and Uncle Elton walked halfway home with me.

Feb 24 Mon.

It was cold and in the evening the wind began to blow. After school the Loomis children came over to sell seeds and so Mamma bought some.

Feb 25 Tues.

The night before we had a dust storm from the southern states. When I came home from school I shovelled off the end of the veranda. It rained in the afternoon and got a little warmer.

Feb 26 Wed

In the morning I went to the barn and outside there was

some snow fell off the barn and it was touching eves [the eaves]. I walked to school and in the afternoon we had drawing.

Feb 27 Thurs.

I walked to school. After school I took my music and after mamma came and got me. When I went home I studied my exam. It was nice in the morning but in the evening the wind began to blow.

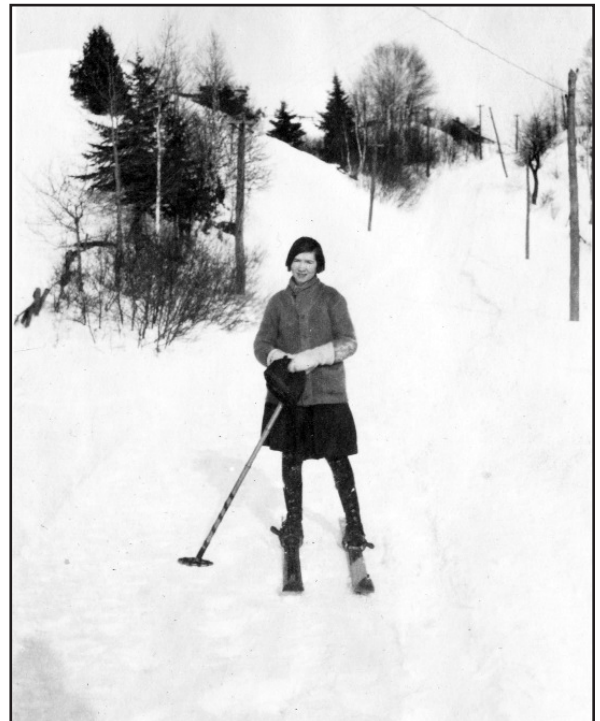
Feb 28 Fri.

The wind was blowing it was cold and the snow drifted. After school I went to the World's Day of Prayer. When I go [sic got] home I made a cake. At 7 pm my cousin had a baby boy borned.

Feb 29 Sat

In the morning I went to see my Grandmother I came home help Mamma. In the afternoon I got the eggs and then played.

Daniel Parkinson was raised on a farm in Waterville. A resident of Toronto since 1972, he is racing to complete Up To Rawdon, the story of the early settlers of Rawdon Township, with an emphasis on family history.



WALKING BLACK MONTREAL

OSCAR PETERSON PARK

by Ashlie Bienvenu

Come take a walk with me as I explore the Black footprint in Montreal's urban landscape. Many people are unaware of how many city parks, streets, and monuments have been designated to commemorate the deep roots of Blacks on the island.



My first stop is perhaps the most famous of the Canadian honours. I speak of the world-famous, *the* best jazz pianist of our time, Mr. Oscar Peterson. The park is located a short walk from Georges-Vanier Metro, with Saint-Antoine Street to the north, Saint-Jacques Street to the south, des Seigneurs Street to the east and Georges-Vanier Boulevard to the west. The park contains a playground, a baseball field, basketball courts and many benches on which to sit and relax. However, while aesthetically pleasing, this park also has an important history within the English Black community of Montreal.

The park was originally named Campbell-Centre Park after a lawyer named Charles Campbell, who left money after his death, in 1923, for the development of parks and music concerts for the general public. The name was changed to Oscar Peterson Park in 2009 after the failure to rename Lionel-Groulx Metro in Peterson's name the year before. A mural was painted in 2011 by artist Gene Pendon on a building on the corner of Saint-Jacques and des Seigneurs streets; at the corner of Oscar Peterson Park. According to a CBC news story, the residents of Little Burgundy were excited to have a visual representation of Oscar Peterson's roots within their community. It would be a reminder to the youth of the

area what possibilities could be in their future, and the good things that had come out of Little Burgundy.

Oscar Peterson (1925-2007) was a famous, Montreal-born, jazz pianist. He grew up in the English Black community of Little Burgundy, not far from the present-day Oscar Peterson Park. His parents were immigrants from the West Indies, and his father, Daniel Peterson, worked for the Canadian Pacific Railway as a porter. Oscar's father was the first to instill within him his love of music, especially the trumpet and piano. His sister, Daisy (Peterson) Sweeny, however, was his first piano teacher, and the one to teach him classical piano.

Oscar's career took a big step when he joined impresario Norman Granz's labels. He later became involved in various duets, trios and quartets. The list of artists he played with includes: Ray Brown, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, Milt Jackson, Herb Ellis, Barney Kessel, Louis Armstrong, Stéphane Grappelli, Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday, Clark Terry, Anita O'Day, Fred Astaire, Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, and Stan Getz. Later on in his career, he moved to composing and teaching, mainly in Toronto.

In total, Oscar Peterson won eight Grammy Awards during his lifetime. He was also inducted into the Canadian Music Hall of Fame in 1978, as well as the Juno Awards Hall of Fame and the Canadian Jazz and Blues Hall of Fame. In 1999, Montreal's Concordia University named their Loyola campus performance hall the "Oscar Peterson Concert Hall." Recognized as an important figure across Canada, Peterson was made an Officer of the Order of Canada, a member of the Order of Ontario, a Chevalier of the National Order of Quebec, and an officer of the Ordre des Arts et des Lettres of France. Always in demand, he met with kings and queens, presidents and statesmen alike. At one time, the Prime Minister of Canada called him "the most famous Canadian in the



Oscar Peterson Park in Montreal. Photos: Ashlie Bienvenu.

world.”

Oscar Peterson Park is a fitting reminder to the community of a man whose legacy and influence began in the southwest of Montreal.

Ashlie Bienvenu, a student in public history and anthropology at Concordia University, is interning with QAHN in 2014-2015 in collaboration with Montreal's Black Community Resource Centre. This article is the first in her series chronicling Black Montreal.

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**ON THE MOVE!
PAUL HOLLAND KNOWLTON
HOUSE FINDS A NEW HOME**

The historic 200-year old log home of the founder of Knowlton was moved this past October from its original site to the grounds of the Brome County Museum. The work entailed excavating for a new foundation, as well as the stripping off of the many layers of exterior siding and interior wall and ceiling claddings. The original 16-inch high logs date to 1815 or earlier. According to the contractor, they are in astonishing shape, having been so well protected over the years.

The P. H. Knowlton House Committee would like to thank its many donors and contributors and remind everyone that this is just the first phase of the house's restoration. The roof needs to be rebuilt and reinstalled, the floors refinished, and doors and windows found. The committee is grateful for all contributions.



**SAY IT AIN'T SO!
GROSSE ILE PARISH HALL
DEMOLITION**

by Jim Caputo

As board member of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network, my area of responsibility is the Gaspé Peninsula, the Magdalen Islands and the Lower St. Lawrence regions of Quebec. Though large in area, the English speaking population here is truly very small – but it has certainly played a significant role in the political, economic, civic and religious development of the region. It is important that the contributions of this group be recognized and that efforts be made to ensure the preservation of its history and traditions – including its built heritage, such as churches and other religious buildings and schools. Unfortunately, the English-speaking population in these areas is steadily shrinking, as is its physical presence. Often little is done to preserve the remaining buildings. The recent destruction of St. James Church Hall in Wakeham, Gaspé, is a case in point. No support came from the municipality in the effort to preserve this building. The scars remain, as so much misinformation was put forward. It should have been simple: at the very least, enough time should have been allowed for the funds to have been raised to preserve the building as a living history museum and community centre. Not complicated at all.

It would seem that history does repeat itself. A group in the Magdalen Islands, Heritage Grosse Ile, is striving to preserve the local parish hall. Money has been raised towards this goal, petitions have been initiated for further financial contributions, and the Bishop of the Anglican Diocese of Quebec, owner of the building, has been contacted for his support. Heritage Grosse Ile has requested that the demolition date for the building, December 31, 2014, be extended.

As I understand it, the diocese has offered to sell the building for the sum of \$1, with the condition that the building be moved from its current site to a new one owned by the diocese (sale price for the land: \$6,500, in addition to notary fees). Considering that the cost of moving the building would be roughly \$35,000, and the move would have to take place by December 31, 2014, it is unrealistic to expect that this amount of money could be raised in such a short period of time. My question is: why does the building have to be moved from its present site to a new one – both sites being owned by the diocese?

Indications are that communication between all groups has been less than satisfactory. I will be contacting all groups again and hopefully a mutually acceptable resolution can be found for all involved parties.

It is often the case that these small structures, considered insignificant by some, are extremely important to local people. They are an important part of the fabric of the community. One may say they represent the soul of the community. They were built by determination, sacrifice and hard work, just like the communities around them. They represent the common folk, not the wealthy or the powerful. These structures should be recognized and their memories cherished.

The Knowlton House before the big move. Photo: Kathryn Lexow.

MEMORIES OF A GASPÉ LOGGING CAMP

Rebecca Lawson of Maryland wrote to us recently seeking information about her grandfather's work experience in the Gaspé peninsula a century ago. We are pleased to run a series of photos from her collection over the following pages.

I have discovered a collection of photos that my grandfather, Rufus Sargent (1885-1962), took around 1910 when he worked as a scaler in a lumber camp in Canada. My mother remembers that it was in Gaspé. The photos are contact prints that I made about 30 years ago, then put away and forgot. The original negatives, now kept by my sister, are about 6 x 8 cm in size.

Here is the extent of information that I have about my grandfather's experience in Canada:

Rufus Sargent wrote in his 1920 alumni notes (he graduated from Harvard in 1908) that he worked in the lumber business in Canada for three years (1909-1912) and returned home after a severe illness.

My mother's memoirs of him include these notes: "Rufus had logged trees at the Harvard Forest near his

home in Petersham, Massachusetts, in the summer of 1906. When he was advised to take an outside job after recovering from scarlet fever following college, he traveled to the Gaspé Peninsula of Canada to work in a lumber mill that was owned by the father of a Harvard roommate. There he tallied lumber, scaled logs and became a foreman. I remember seeing a log marker that was a stick with a fitting to hold the crayon. He tells the story of how he took only one bath all winter. That once, he caught cold, so he followed the example of the other loggers and did not take another. He had to wear three pairs of woolen socks, and water proof moccasins to keep his feet warm. Rufus told stories of rowdy dinners around a large table. One of the men at the camp became ill and Rufus volunteered to look after him. Unfortunately, he contracted typhoid fever. He returned to Massachusetts and began a long career in the shoe manufacturing business."

It would be wonderful if readers could identify any of the locations or people, or a more specific date in any of the photos.

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PROTECT AND SHARE

Arvida and its push for UNESCO World Heritage status

by Kevin Armstrong

In the middle of the twentieth century, Arvida, a company town under the aluminum giant Alcan, was renowned worldwide as the largest international producer and supplier of aluminum. Today, the citizens of Arvida reach out internationally, hoping to put their community on the world map.

Arvida is now a part of the city of Saguenay, the consequence of a series of city mergers that began in the 1970s. Despite these mergers, the citizens of Arvida have not lost their sense of community, and are working towards the recognition of Arvida as a UNESCO World Heritage site. Progress is steady, and positive results are showing as Arvida, through its continued commitment in Quebec and abroad as a significant beacon of world heritage, earns recognition and accolades. One came from Heritage Canada, which awarded Arvida its 2012 Prince of Wales Prize for Municipal Leadership. This achievement represents another stepping stone towards the goal of UNESCO World Heritage site status, but the enormity of the task ahead does little to dissuade those associated with Arvida's UNESCO project.

Support for the UNESCO project goes through various channels, with support from both natives of Arvida as well as from outside the town. Lucie K. Morisset, a professor in the School of Management Sciences at the Université



de Québec à Montréal (UQAM), noticed press releases regarding Arvida that came out of Saguenay. She was drawn to Arvida's story after researching its unique method of town planning, stunned by the level of detail that went into that planning.

"Arvidians are citizens of the world. They want to be, again, citizens of the world," Morisset says regarding Arvida's drive towards the UNESCO project.

To Morisset, it is about more than a town achieving World Heritage status. It is also about linking the town to a world community beyond its legacy as an aluminum city. It is about getting back the recognition Arvida once had, linked not solely to an industrial project from the twentieth century, but as an international voice in the twenty-first century that receives feedback from around the world. "The community is believing more in this identity dream... They want to go over the Saguenay boundary and reach out to the world, to reach out again," Morisset says.

Recently, Morisset compiled a series of interviews in a project called "Memories of Arvida," in which Arvidians from the town's days as a major aluminum producer during World War II talked about their experiences as workers and citizens of Arvida. Former "potmen" (those who worked with the large aluminum smelters) had few complaints about their old lives. According to Morisset, some were "reduced to tears" when recollecting these times. These interviews consistently paint a picture of Arvida as an idyllic utopia.

"Arvida ambassadors" have estab-

lished contacts far and wide to campaign for Arvida, spreading awareness and devoting time and energy to heritage projects. While Morisset speaks to UNESCO representatives about the project, Arvida ambassadors have contacted the board of trustees of the Arthur Vining Davis Foundation, a philanthropic body originally established by the eponymous founder of Arvida itself. The foundation, based in Jacksonville, Florida, is a significant contact. Arvida ambassadors wish to secure funding for a project to honour the founder of their town. There are plans to contact Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, another historic Canadian town that has succeeded in its own campaign to achieve UNESCO World Heritage status. And members stress the importance of lobbying the federal government.

While spirits are high with regards to the UNESCO project, there are also challenges. Arvida's ambassador program is a grassroots organization, comprised primarily of volunteers. Terry Loucks, one such ambassador, is among the few bilingual members of a largely Francophone organization. Loucks, a na-

tive of Arvida whose parents were both employed at Alcan, works hard to provide a liaison between the Arvida project and Anglophones outside Quebec. He is in the process of translating Arvida's website (arvida.saguenay.ca) into Eng-




lish in his free time. Recruiting English speakers has become a priority. Complicating the issue further is Arvida's current status as an amalgamated part of the city of Saguenay; the risk of its voice being obscured by its political position in the amalgamation is a considerable source of concern.

Regardless of these challenges,

there is a pervading optimism and a strong sense that progress is being made, in small but steady increments. Ambassadors are motivated to realize Arvida's goal of reconnecting with the world. Many, like Terry Loucks, have personal attachments to the town, and delight in exchanging stories. Keeping the memory of Arvida alive is a central idea of this project that is not lost on Arvida's ambassadors. It may not be long before this spirit can be shared with the world at large.

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


Editor's note: In September 2014, QAHN offered its support to the citizens of Arvida in their quest to attain UNESCO World Heritage status. QAHN cited Arvida's "unique history and an important architectural heritage," noting that of all the company towns that have been built across North America, "none, we believe, is of the calibre of Arvida, and none has survived intact to such an important degree."



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For more information, Contact Linda Lemay at llemay@ubishops.ca



GOOD KING HENRI

New France's Protestant project

by Joseph Graham

Henri, Prince of Navarre in the south of France, was a Prince of the Blood to the French Crown. His mother had him tutored as a Huguenot, rejecting the Catholicism of early sixteenth century France. His father, Antoine de Bourbon, was less committed to rejecting Catholicism or at least less consistent in his beliefs. He dragged the family to Paris and tried to re-educate Henri as a Catholic, but the decision led to the breakdown of their marriage and, even though he had been separated from his mother, Henri stubbornly maintained his Protestant beliefs. In 1562, when he was only nine, his father was assassinated and Henri became the King of Navarre. Admiral Gaspard de Coligny, the leader of the Huguenots and the man who tried to establish non-denominational French colonies in the New World, became one of his mentors. When he turned 18, Henri was betrothed to Marguerite de France, sister of the French king, in an attempt to bring the wars of religion to an end.

The wars were the French experience of the Reformation. In broad strokes, it set the Catholic League, mostly in northern France, against the Huguenots in the south and west, and it was a fight for religious freedom. The de Guise family and Catherine of Medici, the Queen Mother and regent to three kings, were the principal players on the Catholic side, and the de Guises would stop at nothing to eliminate the Protestants. It was they who murdered Admiral Gaspard de Coligny and initiated the Saint Bartholomew Day's Massacre, which lasted a lot longer than a day and spread across France, killing thousands of Huguenots in their homes. Along with the Admiral's initiatives in the New World, another New France connection

to the war occurred when Jean-François La Rocque de Roberval, who had tried to set up a permanent colony in 1542 with Jacques Cartier, was slaughtered with his whole congregation when they



left their Calvinist services one night in Paris in 1560.

After the marriage and de Coligny's assassination, Henri, Prince of the Blood and King of Navarre, was effectively a prisoner of the French king, Charles IX, and was forced to convert. His arranged marriage was a failure from every angle. Not only did it not bring the wars to an end, but Marguerite had wanted to marry one of the de Guise family, the staunchest enemies of Protestantism. King Charles lost his mind over the actions the de Guises had involved him in that led to the disastrous Saint Bartholomew Day's Massacre. He became ill with tuberculosis and died two years after the event, declaring his sorrow to Henri until the moment of death. It took Henri two more years to escape the Court and rejoin the Huguenots in the south, returning to Protestantism.

In the meantime, King Charles's

younger brother, the new king, Henri III, an extroverted homosexual who would never have an heir, found himself fighting an attempt by the de Guises to oust him. In a strange twist of events, the new king called on Henri of Navarre to help. The end of their long alliance came when the king was mortally wounded in 1589 and, on his deathbed, named Henri his successor. It was an almost impossible situation. The Huguenots were already vastly outnumbered and, over the next nine years, Henri would have to reconquer all of France in order to take the throne as King Henri IV.

Henri's first action was to divide his limited forces in three, forcing the enemy to do likewise. He took one third to Dieppe, in the north, and found an ideal defensive position in nearby Château d'Arque, awaiting the inevitable attack of the superior Catholic League forces. With 8,000 troops, he was outnumbered four to one, but he had chosen the north because, as a Protestant, he had called upon Elizabeth I of England to send assistance. When the battle began in September of 1589, Henri IV's strategic position protected him for the first week, but heavy losses spelled doom. At the beginning of the second week a small contingent of English and Scottish troops arrived and was soon supported by their main force, totalling 4,000 men. This allowed Henri IV to turn the tide and soon he was chasing the withdrawing League forces. Henri noted a particularly brave and capable soldier within his ranks by the name of Pierre Dugua de Mons, a fellow Protestant who shared the King's desire to achieve religious tolerance in France. It would take a further nine years for them to defeat the Catholic League, and even then, the only way he could finally end the bloody conflict was to reconvert

Anonymous, "Entrance of Henri IV in Paris, 1594." Champs de Bataille, 2010.

to Catholicism.

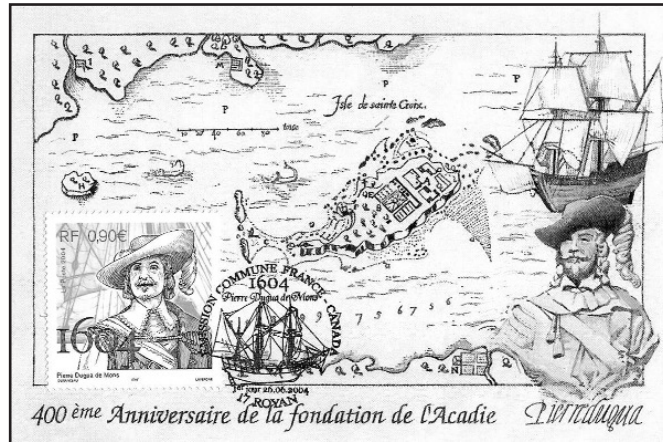
One of Henri IV's first actions as the undisputed monarch was to declare the Edict of Nantes in 1598, a document that would allow for freedom of worship across most of the realm and would become his greatest, if not longest lasting, legacy.

His longest lasting legacy was to support Pierre Dugua de Mons's project to establish French colonies in Acadia and Canada. Named a Gentleman of the King's Chamber, Dugua de Mons visited Tadoussac, a Mi'kmaq and Innu (Montagnais) town near the Gulf of Saint Lawrence. He wanted to study the potential for creating permanent French colonies in the New World where there would be a guarantee of freedom of worship. Upon his return and his report to the king, he was awarded exclusive trading rights in order to carry out his objectives. In 1604, he returned with colonists and experts, including Samuel de Champlain, a cartographer. Their first settlement attempt, in what is today the state of Maine, proved disastrous and they moved to a new location in the Annapolis Valley. In the meantime, with Dugua de Mons working hard to create a settlement in Acadia, merchants back in France kept petitioning the king to cancel his exclusive trading rights. Finally, in 1607, those rights were withdrawn and the colonists were forced to return to France.

Dugua de Mons knew he could convince the king to reinstate his trading exclusivity, but he also knew he would have to remain in France to protect his interests and his new colony. He had sent explorers to identify an easier site to defend and his cartographer Champlain identified Quebec as an ideal spot. Once he had secured a new exclusive trading agreement, Dugua de Mons financed the creation of the new colony, giving Champlain all the necessary powers and money to carry it out.

King Henri IV managed to return France to prosperity, but religious distrust boiled under the surface of his administration. On

May 14, 1610, the passage of the king's carriage was stopped by two carts, one



carrying hay and the other wine, temporarily blocking Rue de la Ferronnerie in Paris. In those few moments, François Ravailac managed to climb into the king's carriage carrying a knife and stab him. The assassin was a man of some education who was considered unbalanced and who swore he was acting alone. There are conflicting stories about whether he was or not, but, like Lee Harvey Oswald and the assassination of President Kennedy, it is highly unlikely he was acting alone. In fact, one of the stories suggests a Jesuit encouraged him and told him he would become a hero for his actions. He was drawn and quartered on May 27, less than two weeks after the assassination.

Both Pierre Dugua de Mons and Samuel de Champlain knew that the death of the king spelled disaster for New France. Their fundamental premise of freedom of worship was at risk and with it any possibility of appealing to non-Catholic French emigrants.

183 years after the assassination, at the time of the French Revolution, the



rabble stormed the mausoleums of the rulers at Saint-Denis, dragging the caskets of the kings into the streets and destroying them one after another.

When they came upon the casket containing the remains of Henri IV, still known as Le Bon Roy Henri, the orgy of destruction stopped. The revolutionaries filed past his preserved corpse for two days, paying their respects, declaring that he had been the only good king. Finally, their leaders arrived and ordered the men to complete the destruction of the caskets.

In a macabre postscript to the story, King Henri's head is said to have disappeared and to have been passed among private collectors ever since. As recently as 2010, it was rumoured to have been found and identified, although genetic tests have not confirmed its authenticity.

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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CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES FOR TROUBLED TEENS

St. Lambert's Alternate School

by Stephen Lessard

In the early 1980s, two young women set out on a voyage that would transform the educational landscape of the South Shore of Montreal. They embarked on this incredible endeavour with only a few years of teaching experience under their belts and no clear idea where they were headed. Their legacy would come to be known as The Alternate School (TAS). As a model for alternative education, it would receive national and international recognition including acclaim from a Prime Minister and the Queen.

Judi Leonard and Carol Marriott were always known as a pair of keeners – some would say visionaries. Teachers in a high school in Greenfield Park, they transformed the impersonal environment of a typical cement block secondary classroom into something more appealing to youth. They decorated, hung student work, and created reading nooks with couches and cushions and lamps. Heaven forbid – they even wanted to wallpaper! They embraced differentiated learning and team-teaching. But most importantly, they opened their classrooms to students at lunch-time, recess, and after school, something rarely done at that time. Their classrooms soon became informal drop-in centres for teens across the school.

Informal discussions with students drew the young women's attention to a

problem that seemed to be ignored by the greater educational community: the growing number of high school dropouts. Students told them about youth on the South Shore (brothers, sisters, friends) who were doing nothing with their lives. Teens who had dropped out of school; young people who spent their days "just hanging out." And worse: some, with too much time on their hands, creating a nuisance in the com-



munity. Always interested in the disenfranchised – their "bleeding heart" side – Judi and Carol decided to tackle this problem.

The young women knew they needed to develop an action plan that would bring these teens back to school. And they had to sell that plan to someone at the school board. Sure there were dropouts, but would the board be willing to find funding to support their cause? After all, the district graduation rate was already high. Coming from special education backgrounds, and with the energy and naïveté of youth, Judi and Carol began to put to paper a plan for an environment conducive to bringing these young people back to school. The complication was that it needed to be flexible, a work in progress that would eventually evolve and gel into something spectacular. Not an easy sell to the powers that be at the board!

But there was at least one thing work-

ing in their favour: regular high schools were not chomping at the bit to take these students back. Some even felt that re-integrating dropouts would "contaminate" mainstream students. Teaching during the day, Judi and Carol spent their evenings fleshing out ideas and possibilities. They headed out to shopping centres, fast-food restaurants and pool-halls meeting with Anglophone teens who weren't in school,

trying to determine what might bring them back to the classroom. They soon realized that they couldn't be everything to everyone, so they began to plan a programme that would address the needs of most. Judi and Carol recall that it was a time they spent listening, not just to the words, but to the hearts and the pain behind the words; it was a time when they heard stories that made their skin crawl, that made them angry, that spoke to them of great injustice. But the stories also gave them the hope and determination necessary to pursue

their quest for a programme – perhaps even a school – for these young people. A place they could call home.

School had lost its relevance for many dropouts. They felt isolated in the large comprehensive high school environment with five or six different teachers a day. They just didn't fit in. They had difficulty connecting to other students, to their teachers. They found it all too top-down. They soon lost respect for the system and started acting out. And many had personal and family issues they hadn't dealt with. But in spite of the dark clouds these kids seemed to gather, Judi and Carol felt a calling. From what they saw and heard, they knew that these students needed a school built on close relationships (student to student, student to teacher) and that it needed to be a safe place where these young people could believe in themselves once more. A school scaled down, more human in size, where

Editor's note: This article is the last in our StoryNet series, a QAHN project carried out in partnership with the Quebec Writers Federation in which emerging non-fiction writers were matched with professional mentors to produce stories on a variety of topics.

expectations were high and where young people could achieve academic success, step by step. A school based on mutual respect.

Soon they had set up a meeting with then Director of Secondary Schools, William (Bill) Johnson, to pitch their project. They spent a year in talks with Bill. Impressed by their resolve and knowledge, he helped them come up with a detailed plan. They had found a champion!

And like the clientele they wanted to serve, Judi and Carol just needed to be given a chance.

That chance came in 1981. But Bill Johnson reminded the women that they had to find their own students; none of the students could be taken from existing programmes. Bill provided a space to teach, but it would be at a time when no other students were in the building. This meant late afternoons and evenings. Judi and Carol scrambled to beg, borrow or steal text books and materials, taught all subjects to two groups of students, and spent late hours dealing with problems that sometimes hadn't even occurred at school. At times they felt like a pair of innocents set loose in a world they were unprepared for. They befriended local police officers and social workers. Carol describes those first years as "madness and mayhem of the most magnificent kind."

They soon realized that, although supported by some key players at the board, they were really on their own. This put tremendous pressure on their shoulders. But the women remained positive and tenacious. They ignored fellow educators who scoffed at their idea; some even called it a waste of taxpayers' money. However, what started out as a pilot programme soon became a growing phenomenon. Enrolment was up, student retention was good, and some students from the programme even wrote and passed provincial exams. Judi and Carol were doing something right!

Given this success, the programme soon moved to a separate space within an existing school, operating during regular school hours. Furthermore, Judi and Carol could now accept students who were struggling in regular classrooms and who fit the at-risk profile. Numbers continued to grow and TAS moved to its own premises, becoming a full-fledged school (no longer just a programme) in 1989. That first school was a rented space in a strip-mall on

Taschereau Boulevard in Brossard. Then, in 1999, a reorganization of board buildings saw TAS move into 276 Queen Boulevard in St. Lambert.

The long hours and the commitment eventually became too much for Carol, a young mother at the time. "It's a needy clientele," she explains, "and I had a young family. I suppose the evening it all came to a head was over my babysitter, who, because I was often late due to some crisis at school, threatened to quit. And later that week, a student who was a victim of incest told me about it on my way out of school. My heart went out to her but I kept watching the clock and thinking of the babysitter. It was then I realized I just couldn't juggle the life of mother and teacher in this demanding programme. So I moved on. But I did so with a heavy heart."



Judi stayed with TAS and became the school's teaching-principal and the motor behind the success and the expansion of the school. In her self-effacing manner, she claims that the school is successful "because there is a passionate team behind it." She maintains that being a teaching-principal is the only way to go. "It's the teaching part that keeps me real, that gives me credibility with staff, students and parents." Without a class of her own, she would never "feel the real pulse of the school; everything would be second-hand information." And teaching also gives her insight into the concerns she hears from the staff. "How can I provide support and give advice if I'm not really experiencing what my colleagues are experiencing?"

TAS grew into a school that provides a made-to-measure learning environment in a "downright homey atmosphere" for hundreds of struggling teenagers. In fact, many say they could never have graduated without the support of the school and its dedicated staff. Smaller class size, follow up and consequences for inappropriate behaviour, mandatory community service, teaching methods adapted to a variety of learning styles, and, of course, attention to the curriculum: these are the basics of education at The Alternate School. As a former administrator of the board I cannot count the number of times students (past and present), parents, and educators have used the word "home" or "homey" in describing TAS. Homey, yes. For sure. But there are also non-negotiable, no-nonsense elements of what I would call "boot camp" woven into the fabric of the school. That would be the "tough love" approach espoused by Judi and her staff.

But, of course, the programme is costly: classes are small (15-20) and students are housed in a separate building that never takes in more than 100 students. On the other hand, without the programme, there is a social cost to the community. Although expensive to run, TAS provides at-risk students with an alternative to the loneliness and isolation that they experience in mainstream schools. The programme brings them back to school. Moreover, it keeps them in school. It provides important social connections in a rich environment with a strong focus on the curriculum. And it gets results, both social and academic: 75% of its students pursue further academic studies, a statistic the school is particularly proud of.

Furthermore, TAS has credibility and has been featured in newspaper articles and television news programmes across Quebec. Named one of the best Canadian schools by *Macleans* magazine, it was awarded a Queen's Jubilee Medal, and has won the Prime Minister's Award for Teaching Excellence. And perhaps the greatest compliment of all: other school boards have tried to replicate what it does, some more successfully than others.

But not everyone succeeds here. Judi would be the first to admit this. "Some students can't take the discipline, the intensity. Some just aren't ready to accept the fact that they need to be responsible for their actions. That it isn't someone else's fault. That it's time to get over the 'pity party.'"

The school also has credibility with the Ministry of Education. In the late 1980s, it received a visit from Michel Pagé, the then Minister of Education. Pagé was concerned with Quebec's high dropout rate and had heard of TAS's success in working with at-risk youth. He wanted to see first-hand what was going on. Never one to enjoy the spotlight, Judi was visibly nervous the day of that visit. She sat him down in the wicker room – a kind of Zen space with white wicker furniture, books and paintings, used for intimate discussions with students and parents. No sooner was he seated than he lit up a cigarette. Judi was flabbergasted. No one had ever smoked in her school. But common sense prevailed and she decided it was best not to ruffle any ministerial feathers. After all, the man had come to see how TAS was keeping teens in school.

Much to the dismay of his aides, the minister, who was only scheduled for a 45-minute visit, ended up spending the whole morning at TAS, speaking informally with small groups of students. He kept asking the students, "What do I need to do to keep teenagers in school?" Judi beamed when she heard some students suggest he "make more schools like TAS." Some of the ideas the students shared with him found their way into the Plan Pagé, the first ever stay-in-school initiative from Quebec's Ministry of Education.

During my tenure as an administrator of Riverside School Board, I often came into contact with students, staff and parents of TAS. I was always in awe of the staff's passion, their willingness to help any struggling student, no matter what the problem. I was struck by how the school played a leadership role in promoting best practices and organizing across-the-board workshops for teachers, administrators and students. And I was particularly amazed to see Judi and her staff teach the students "good old-fashioned values," manners and life skills, as well as interview techniques like shaking hands and introducing themselves, looking people in the eye, dressing up on Friday. But I have to admit that I really had no in-depth understanding of why they were so successful or how they managed it all. However, I was smart enough to realize it was a great place for a reality check. At

every visit, the many challenges facing students, parents and teachers seemed to unfold before my eyes. There was magic in the school – that much I knew – but I couldn't really pinpoint how that magic came about. I was just glad someone like Judi had taken on the task. Visits to The Alternate School made my belief in the power of public education even stronger.

And there is the building itself. The brown brick façade anchoring the school to a street of manicured lawns and shady



trees, a feeling of solidity and respectability so typical of St. Lambert. And inside the building: couches and bistro tables and reading nooks and motivational quotes pinned to the walls. Photos of past graduates everywhere: cap and gown and wide smile – how motivational is that! No staffroom. No Principal's Office. Teachers eating in their classrooms with students. And, of course, the large central kitchen, the hub of life at the school, the hub of life in a home. And when I'd compliment Judi and the staff on the great work they were doing, Judi would have none of it. "Oh, stop it, Stephen," she'd quip. And then: "Have another chocolate chip cookie."

Due to shrinking budgets, Judi took on the role of grant writer – at which she excelled. Even today, her ideas and requests know no boundaries; she always thinks outside the box. And when she believes in something, she is a fervent advocate and an incredible salesman. It's never easy saying no to Judi. Having studied dance, she felt that students could benefit from any kind of movement that would reduce anxiety, make the students stand tall, give them poise and self-assurance. She soon had her students interested in ballroom dancing. Within weeks she had applied for and received funding to hire a ballroom dance

teacher. Soon, students from TAS were learning to cha-cha and meringue and samba. Later they were seen waltzing their way across the dance floor in a local dance show and then on CBC news. But best of all, by the time the grant money had run out, Judi had learned enough ballroom technique to keep the programme going by doing the teaching herself.

Sometimes things run full circle at TAS. Taisha Hampden spent two years at TAS as a student in the early nineties. An introverted teenager, she feels that it was here she came out of her shell. "At TAS, my teachers helped me to critically engage in my learning, told me that it was OK to disagree as long as I presented my arguments thoughtfully and respectfully. And, best of all, they suggested that instead of complaining, I take action when confronted with injustice. I began writing letters to politicians; I developed a real love for learning." Taisha has strong memories of being transformed by the volunteering she was required to do. A stint at the Montreal Chest Hospital was a real eye-opener. "I remember in particular an older woman talking to me about death. Here she was at the end of her life, and mine was just beginning. It made me more sensitive to the needs of others, more aware of not only the need to contribute to society, but of how giving brings you closer to others and teaches you a lot about yourself."

Taisha now teaches at TAS. "I love the challenges these students present. Of course, it can be overwhelming at times. It's a constant tug and pull as I try to move them to a place of possibility, a place where they can really develop as critical thinkers. Sometimes their psycho-social needs are so high, sometimes life presents so many challenges to them that we can't always move together in the direction that we want. Even a bad weekend can be a major setback for some students."

Part of the fabric of the South Shore since its inception in 1981, TAS has grown to become a beacon for alternative education within our community. Yet, in September 2014, the school will close its doors at 276 Queen Boulevard in St. Lambert and reopen in classrooms in two of the larger Riverside high schools. With dropping en-

rolment across the board, there is room in these high schools to accommodate the students.

So why would a school with such a proven track-record be losing its building? One factor could be that Teaching-Principal Judi Leonard, the heart and soul of the school, is retiring. Another is the cost of maintaining a separate building. There is also no doubt that mainstream high schools have evolved and are now more ready than ever to provide a stimulating learning environment for all types of students.

Many feel that this change will work as there is a real willingness on the part of the receiving high schools to make it work. But some in the community are not so sure. They feel that with the building gone, the programme won't last for long; that without a home of its own TAS can't survive. Others counter that the building is just bricks and mortar. But to some, especially students, the separate building is part of the programme. "The students need a home," a former graduate explains. "They won't get

that in a regular high school. That's where they came from and it just won't happen."

In retirement, I became a volunteer at the school. It was then that I really saw TAS in action: the long hours, the unrelenting dedication, the incredible support the staff provides not only to students and parents, but also to each other. And the students: so many amazing and engaged young minds with incredible stories to tell. It really is a community of learners: students and teachers coming together, learning from each other, celebrating their successes, and figuring out how to learn from the failures. It is the humanity of the place that really comes to the forefront.

In a way, it reminds me of stories my mother, Lily, told us as children about her first teaching job. She was barely eighteen and it was in a one-room school on Whinfield Mountain, behind Calumet, Quebec. Lily was convinced that her fifteen-or-so students in that little school, ranging from Grades 1 to 8, had learned a lot more about life and respect and community (not to

mention the course of study) than the thirty-some in her Grade 7 class in the comprehensive high school where she spent her last teaching days. She considered the large high school with all its bells and whistles a miserable failure compared to her little one-room school.

"Oh, stop it, Stephen. Have another chocolate chip cookie."

With thanks to Judi, Taisha, Ben, Hisham and Patrick for always being where they are most needed, to Carol for insight on the early years, and to Gilles for the idea.

Stephen Lessard is a retired educator who writes about local history and childhood experiences. In 2012, he was short-listed in the CBC-QWF short story competition.

Jeunesse Canada au travail

Aidez votre entreprise ou votre OSBL à trouver des étudiants enthousiastes dans la banque de candidats, grâce au programme de subvention de Jeunesse Canada au travail .

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MINISTERIAL LEADERSHIP

The Presbyterian Church in Sherbrooke, 1864 - 2014

by Marjorie Goodfellow

One hundred and fifty years ago, a tiny Presbyterian congregation met in Sherbrooke for the first time. The demand for a missionary and later a minister had been present and growing since the early 1830s. The prospering of the woolen mills and the arrival of Scottish workers experienced in that trade increased the numbers of Presbyterian adherents in the town. During an August 25, 1864, meeting of the Presbytery of Quebec at St. Andrew's Church in Quebec City, the first item on the agenda was a petition signed by 45 residents of Sherbrooke. It asked for a congregation to be organized and was accompanied by a call in favour of the Reverend Joseph Evans of Litchfield in Renfrew. In the face of this determination, the Reverend Mr. Smith of the well-established Melbourne charge was appointed to organize the congregation and to moderate a call to Mr. Evans on September 12. A little over a month later, Mr. Evans was inducted to the pastoral charge of the congregation of Sherbrooke at the town hall.

To Mr. Evans fell the task of putting the Presbyterian congregation in Sherbrooke on a firm footing. The original name, "First Presbyterian Church," soon became St. Andrew's. For a time, services were held in the Sherbrooke town hall. Thanks to the support of Alexander Tilloch Galt and his wife, Amy Gordon Torrance, a property on Factory Street (now Frontenac) was made available and the congregation had a home.

In addition to the home church responsibility, Mr. Evans worked with the incumbent of the Melbourne church, his predecessor in the Eastern Townships, to carry out the "home mission." This involved sustaining Presbyterians in surrounding villages.

Ill health caused Mr. Evans to resign in September 1869. The congregation wished to have Charles Auguste Tanner, a son of the area, take up the

challenge. Accordingly, he was ordained and inducted in October 1869. Within a short time, Mr. Tanner decided to change his career path for that of education. His resignation was accepted in September 1872.

Reverend Peter Lindsay, an experienced man from Mons, Ontario, was inducted on October 29. He took up the round of congregational, local missionary and Presbytery work. All involved travel on primitive roads. It is small wonder that he, too, succumbed to ill health. His request to retire was accepted in July 1878.

Next was Reverend Andrew F. Tully who came to Sherbrooke from Peterborough, Ontario. He stayed until January 1882. The charge was vacant until July when John C. Cattanach arrived from Dundee in the Presbytery of Montreal. Four years later, he left for a charge in Halifax. His replacement, Reverend Archibald Lee, from Russeltown, was inducted in July 1886 and remained until November 1890.

Under Reverend Mr. William Shearer, who replaced Mr. Lee in June 1891, St. Andrew's prospered. He asked to be relieved of increasing pastoral demands and left the pulpit in January 1905. His work both with the congregation and among others with whom he interacted during his fourteen years in Sherbrooke was praised.

There was a return to frequent arrivals and departures. Reverend C. W. Nicol left in October 1908 because of ill health. Reverend J. C. Nicolson, served as minister from 1909 to 1915. With the arrival of Reverend Alfred Bright in May 1915, stability returned and the church grew.

There had been talk of uniting Con-



gregational, Methodist and Presbyterian churches for some time. Early in 1912, St. Andrew's congregation received basic information on church union and a vote was taken that was generally favourable. However, by November 1915, another vote by ballot showed that the tide had turned against union. The topic was left in abeyance for a time.

The United Church of Canada Act became a Statute of Canada in 1924. Decisions had to be made at the congregational level. In February, a congregational meeting decided not to join the unionists. Unlike many other Presbyterian congregations, St. Andrew's retained its church property and most of the congregation. Although shaken, the Presbyterian Church in Sherbrooke carried on, despite the loss of some stalwarts.

Reverend Mr. Bright led St. Andrew's throughout this critical time, ensuring continuity of leadership. He stayed until 1928.

Mr. Joseph Cordner's short ministry (1928-1930) was followed by a pulpit vacancy for several months until the arrival of James Richard Graham in December 1930. It was during his time that another critical period in the life of the church and indeed the nation occurred.

At the start of World War II hostili-

ties, session agreed to Reverend Graham's request for an eventual leave of absence. He took advantage of this in 1939 to serve as military pastor. For two years, the church functioned under a Stated Supply in the person of W. R. Northridge. However, the war dragged on, and the congregation suffered from the lack of a full-time minister. The situation became critical. When Reverend Northridge also became a military pastor, student supply speakers were not what was required. Mr. Graham was asked to resign so that the church could replace him. He agreed and Reverend Mr. Bright responded to the appeal to take charge.

The church's vitality returned under Mr. Bright's care but the burden was great. He died after 5 months of service and the congregation went through spring and summer without a pastoral leader.

Reverend E. A. Wright was inducted on September 5, 1944, and remained in Sherbrooke until Easter, 1950. A deaconess, Helen Ross, was engaged. She and the elders formed committees to assist with pastoral duties and the church continued to pick up strength.

Reverend W. Ross Adams came to Sherbrooke from Owen Sound. Church life began to adjust to the societal demands of the post-war era with an emphasis on young people. A Canadian Girls in Training group (CGIT) was launched as was a Men's Club. Slight changes in the order of service were instituted so that the congregation was more involved. However, Mr. Adams had to return to be closer to family and so he accepted a call to Fergus, Ontario. The Adams family left just before Christmas 1953.

Reverend Sidney George Garland was inducted on April 29, 1954. Even more outreach to the community took place, including participation in radio broadcasts of church services. A memorial fund was created. One of the first projects approved was the installation of a carillon in the church tower. It was dedicated in August 1962, just before

Mr. Garland left for Montreal.

Reverend Alex. M. McCombie, arrived early in 1963. He brought increased emphasis on home missionary work, with young people in mind. A



youth camp site was established in 1967. He left in June 1968.

With Donald L. Campbell (September 19, 1968 to April 1, 1975), the radio broadcasts that had been shared by a number of churches became the sole responsibility of St. Andrew's. As well, French language ministry became a priority.

The next incumbent, Kalman Dezso Toth, suffered from ill health early in his Sherbrooke ministry and retired in 1978 when it became obvious that he did not have the strength to carry on.

Reverend Blake Walker (1978 to 2002) had a long and successful ministry, despite the decline of the English-speaking population. His energy kept the congregation active. However, on July 5, 1999, a violent storm struck Sherbrooke, severely damaging the church building. He accompanied the congregation as they dealt with this crisis.

With the congregation's decision to demolish the damaged building, Sherbrooke lost a historic site and a church home of long standing, as well as a valued venue for musical performances. The property was purchased by a children's centre called Les Petites Puces.

Their architect designed a building in the style of St. Andrew's. One of the beautiful stained glass windows that had graced the church was presented to adorn the new building. It shows Jesus holding a child, an appropriate choice. A painting of the former church by the artist Charlene Pelletier hangs beside it.

The congregation decided to build anew in Lennoxville. There, the 150th anniversary was celebrated on the weekend of October 26, 2014, with the current minister, Reverend John Barry Forsythe, assisted by a former

one, Mr. McCombie.

In order to trace 150 years of St. Andrew's, the choice was made to feature the ministerial leadership, omitting coverage of musical worship, session and board of manager functions, social activities and groups, Sunday Schools and many other important aspects of the church's life.

The assistance of the Bélanger Gardner fund in researching the history of St. Andrew's is hereby gratefully acknowledged.

Marjorie Goodfellow is a long-time advocate for health care in the Eastern Townships and winner of the Quebec Community Groups Network's 2009 Victor and Sheila Goldbloom Community Service Award.

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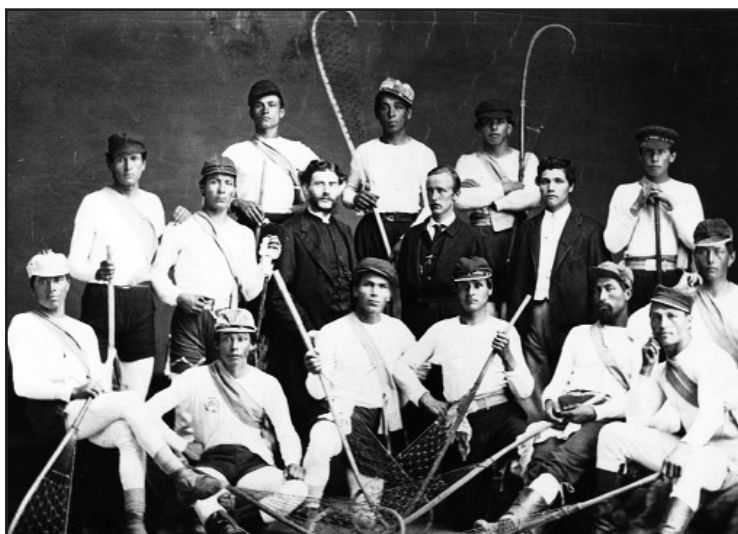
KAHNAWÀ:KE

Mohawks, Chateauguay, and the Irish famine by Christine Zachary Deom

The Jeanie Johnston Educational Foundation led a project in 2012-13 to bring to the attention of the Ministry of Education, and of the student population, the importance of the Battle of the Chateauguay in October 1813. This battle defined the history and the future of Canada. This initiative entailed the co-operation of Parks Canada, the Department of Defence, Regiments of the Royal 22nd, Black Watch, Grenadier Guards, Glengarry & Dundas Highlanders, Voltigeurs, and the City of Valleyfield. As a result, the federal government named a ship under construction in Vancouver "HMCS Chateauguay" in honour of the souls lost in this battle.

—Leo Delaney, Chairman,
Jeanie Johnston Foundation

The Mohawk Community of Kahnawà:ke, with a population of 8,000 persons (6,500 normally resident on the territory), lies on the south shore of the St. Lawrence River, directly across from the city of Montreal. It is connected to the island of Montreal by the Honoré Mercier Bridge, over which students and working people make their daily commute into the city. 80,000 of them a day make Kahnawà:ke and the Mercier Bridge key access points to Montreal. Students from Kahnawà:ke attend many of the city's private high schools, and are noted as athletes and scholars. As in the past, many of our men continue to work in various cities of the U.S. on steel construction projects, while a significant number live in Alberta, Saskatchewan, and Manitoba for months at a time earning wages as ironworkers. We are also the home of two Olympians, one a gold medalist in kayak (1984) and the other a team captain in water polo (2000). Given our small population, people remark that there must be something in the



water here that drives our athletes to excel in sports. We have fine figure skaters, gymnasts, lacrosse players, hockey players, and canoeists seeking to achieve excellence.

Modern times may have thrown a cloak of invisibility over our community and most of Canada is unaware of the significant part Kahnawà:ke has played in Canadian history. Our people have had a historic and a military liaison with the French and the English over the 300 years of colonization, and we have played a tremendous role in the protection and establishment of Canada. We have a warrior past, and we've been commissioned for missions to Egypt to save General Gordon at Khartoum, as well as to join the 1812-1815 battles of the War of 1812, specifically the Battles of Lacolle, Chateauguay, and Beaver Dams.

Approximately 200 Mohawk warriors were at the Battle of Chateauguay, some serving under the command of Captain J. M. Lamothe. Lamothe and his Caughnawagas were deployed at the right front of the Canadian line and were involved in the fiercest fighting. All acquitted themselves "with distinction" in both the preliminary skirmishes and in pursuit of the defeated Americans over a period of days. An account published in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1895 claimed that De Salaberry did not pursue the enemy but that the Indians cut off several of General Hamp-

ton's men. The *Gazette* also declared "that the Okas and Caughnawagas were the real heroes of the campaign and that their services ought to be commemorated."

We've been soldiers in both the World Wars, and our men and women continue to serve in the American and Canadian Forces. Canadian history may minimize the significant contributions of the Kahnawà:ke Mohawk, yet there remains a proud past which is cherished by our Kahnawà:ke non (People of Kahnawà:ke).

2012 saw the canonization of Kateri Tekakwitha as the first Native North American saint. Her tomb, located here at the St. Francis Xavier Mission in Kahnawà:ke, has welcomed at least 6,000 pilgrims to her site during this past year. The Kahnawake Mixed Choir sings every Sunday at the 10:45 a.m. mass, and visitors are welcome to attend.

Our small community has always had an international view and outgoing personality. Our international outlook was also significantly recognized when in the nineteenth century the Irish were experiencing their Potato Famine. Our community was not affluent, but according to a strong oral tradition, it collectively made a small contribution to Irish famine relief. It is said that our community felt distressed over the privations of Irish families during the famine and sent money through the Catholic Church.

In 2009, Tom Hartley, the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Ireland, visited Kahnawà:ke Mohawk Territory to meet with the Mohawk Council of Kahnawà:ke and to pay his respects to the community. He had been invited to visit our community by a local Kahnawà:ke businessman, Wayne Rice, who had met Hartley while he was visiting in Montreal. Hartley mentioned during the meeting with the Mohawk Council that he had wanted to extend the good wishes of his Sinn Fein Party to Kahnawà:ke, and to share our

people's common experiences throughout our history. It was also a time to remember, recognize, and to thank Kahnawà:ke for the relief afforded the Irish.

Our people are travelers and have been noted as canoeists, lacrosse players, and dancers. We were invited to attend celebratory events either as dancers or lacrosse players at the request of Queen Victoria. We greeted the Prince of Wales to Kahnawà:ke via a canoe flotilla in the late nineteenth century.

We assisted in the development of the sport of lacrosse in Ireland. In 1876, Kahnawà:ke played an exhibition game of lacrosse in Belfast along with the Montreal Lacrosse Club. This was the beginning of lacrosse in Ireland. Ten years after the exhibition games in Belfast, an All-Ireland team arrived in North America. The *New York Times* reported the names of the Irish players and their clubs, mentioning several club teams that had developed in the decade since the 1876 visit to Belfast. The Irish team played the New York Lacrosse Club, before travelling to Montreal, where they played three games: against the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, the Caughnawaga (Kahnawà:ke) Indians, and another Canadian team. The Irish won one game against the Shamrock Lacrosse Club.

So we are a gregarious people and we are welcoming! We invite tourists to our Kateri Shrine and to visit our community generally. Please join us especially in July, when our annual Pow-Wow occurs and Kahnawà:ke invites the whole of Montreal to come and eat and dance with us.

Christine Zachary Deom is Chief of the Mohawk Council of Kahnawà:ke.

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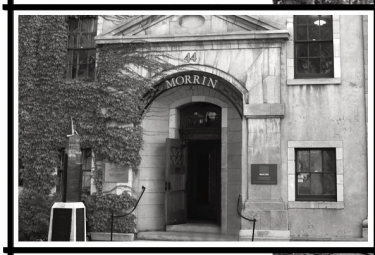
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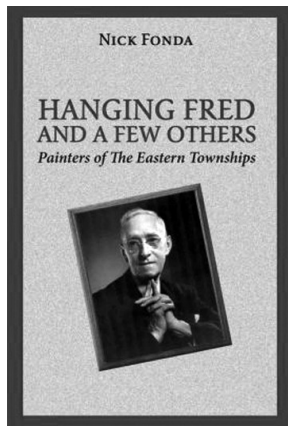
REVIEW

PAINTERS OF A LANDSCAPE

Hanging Fred and a Few Others: Painters of the Eastern Townships

by Nick Fonda

Baraka Books, 2014



Nick Fonda's *Hanging Fred and a Few Others* is in many ways a unique discourse about the art and artists of the eastern Townships, past and present. Fonda is an articulate writer who obviously enjoys and appreciates this subject. His approach and tone are more that of a local social and cultural historian

than that of an art history professional. We learn about the family backgrounds, the homes, the memories of neighbours, friends and relatives, the interests and occupations of Townships artists of the past – most notably Frederick Simpson Coburn – as well as Fonda's own impressions about contemporary artists in the area.

The connecting and rather rambling theme to *Hanging Fred and a Few Others* is, of course, Fred. Frederick Simpson Coburn (1871-1960) was born in Upper Melbourne in the St. Francis River valley into a well-off, long-established family of United Empire Loyalist origin. Fonda traces Coburn's very early success, first as an illustrator, then as a painter, and his formal art training in Montreal and Europe. Unlike the archetypal artist, Coburn never starved and never struggled. He seemed to demonstrate a strong practical streak and a Presbyterian conscience that saw him comfortably through his long life. He was also a gifted linguist – fluent in French, German and Dutch – and, for his time and place, socially sophisticated. The tragic death of his wife, Malvina Scheepers, also an artist, whom he had met in Belgium, was probably the darkest event of his life. Theirs had been a middle-aged marriage and there were no children. The other Coburn family connections were not particularly close to Fred, although in his last years, and after his death, they did realize his artistic importance. His nephew's wife, Evelyn Lloyd Coburn, produced a biography of Fred with reproductions of some of his works. (See Evelyn Lloyd Coburn, *F. S. Coburn, Beyond the Landscape*, 1996).

Coburn was most recognized for his paintings of the Eastern Townships landscape, featuring the Quebec winter. The red cariole with its white horse and brown horse team appears in nearly all of his well-known works. His winter skies and his rendering of snow are exceptional. Although the illus-

trator (and his works were used for countless Christmas cards, calendars and book illustrations) does appear to dominate the “fine” artist, Coburn holds his own within the long, long tradition in Canadian art of painters of snow: Kreighoff, Harris, A.Y. Jackson, Suzor-Coté, and many others. Much Inuit and other aboriginal art also shows this chilly theme directly and indirectly. It seems to dominate art produced in Eastern, Midwestern and Northern Canada. However, the Coburn pictures are also specific to a rural Quebec, now gone, of logging, small farms and the dominance of the horse. They are nostalgic, peaceful, even cosy – a Quebec that's gone, but that is still an image we hold in memory.

Unfortunately, Fonda's book does not have reproductions of Coburn's paintings – just some photographs taken by him later in life of neighbours, family members, and of a professional dancer (stage name: Carlotta) who was his friend (platonic – a different age and mentality then) and model. It would have been helpful to have had at least one example of the work of the other artists Fonda describes, especially the other landscape painters who were influenced by Coburn, directly or indirectly, as they are inspired by the same natural milieu.

Even with this limitation, and a few editing oversights, this is definitely an enjoyable read. Through his writing, Fonda comes across as having been friendly, not intrusive, with the many artists he met and describes. We feel we'd like to see their work and meet them, as well. Their works are shown at regional art galleries and especially at the Musée des beaux-arts de Sherbrooke. Definitely obtain this book and then do your own research and gallery visits to learn more about these current landscape artists of the Townships.


Reviewed by Sandra Stock



Frederick Coburn, “Winter Landscape, 1930.”
Photo: McCord Museum, VIEW-25935.

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