

Quebec Heritage

VOL 11, No. 1

WINTER 2017

News



The Rock, the Point, and the Irish
Revisiting the Ship Fever Monument

A Feast for the Mind and the Belly
McGill University and Schwartz's Deli

A New Handbook
Heather Darch's Series on Volunteering

Quebec Heritage News

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Quebec Heritage News is published quarterly by QAHN with the support of the Department of Canadian Heritage. QAHN is a non-profit and non-partisan organization whose mission is to help advance knowledge of the history and culture of the English-speaking communities of Quebec.

Annual Subscription Rates:

*Individual: \$30.00; Institutional: \$40.00;
Family: \$40.00; Student: \$20.00.
Canada Post Publication Mail
Agreement Number 405610004.*



ISSN 17707-2670
PRINTED IN CANADA

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Cover photo: Childhood in Little Burgundy. Photo: courtesy of Dorothy Williams.

EDITOR'S DESK

Land of the free

by Rod MacLeod

I spent a good chunk of the recent post-November 8 period quietly reeling from the onslaught of thunderous venom that had just smashed into the twin towers of my faith. I also found myself contemplating the guest room in my house.

For a great many years, that guest room, like many others across the country, has served as a potential refuge for American refugees. Indeed, the ebb and flow of interest in such guest rooms has marked American political tides in a manner that has fed nicely into one of Canada's more endearing myths. We may have had a checkered history regarding immigrants, but we take pride in being the hypothetical land of the free for a people who, with some regularity, panic over where their own much-touted freedom has led them.

This time, of course, the need for that guest room does seem a little stronger, given the particularly stunning choice so many Americans made in this recent election and what the rest now have to deal with.

This long history of panicky glances over the 49th parallel into the northern land of the free goes back at least seven decades to the time when my uncle Robbie declared that if that sleazy Richard Nixon ever became president he would leave the United States. Robbie had grown up in Montreal but left home at twenty-one to study Psychology in Germany and then to complete his doctorate at Columbia in 1932, four years later. Apart from a short stint teaching at McGill, he worked entirely in the United States and took American citizenship in 1938 at the time of his marriage. During the war, he rose in the ranks of the Office of Strategic Services' Washington and European Theatre of Operations, where his fluency in French and German was a distinct asset. In this capacity, he got to know and admire senior State

Department official Alger Hiss. Both men were immensely optimistic about post-war prospects: the defeat of Nazism spelled a real chance to create a lasting peace marked by harmony among nations and an end to the politics of fear. For my uncle to hear in the summer of 1948 that Hiss was being accused of espionage by the House Un-American Activities Committee was horrifying, as was the spectacle of one committee member's blatant pursuit of political advancement by spearheading the attack on Hiss. Having won his seat in the House by loudly smearing his opponent



with similar charges of communist links, Nixon shot to fame by badgering Hiss (who eventually perjured himself and served four years in prison) and proceeded to bully and finagle his way up the political ladder.

This upward journey did see a setback in 1960, when Nixon lost his presidential bid to a man who, despite his great many personal flaws, projected a vision of national unity without having to trumpet fear of an outside enemy (who was nevertheless real, and had missiles). Instead, Kennedy issued his fellow Americans a challenge to make themselves better. We look back on this optimism rather cynically, knowing a great deal – including that the man would pay the ultimate price for issuing this challenge, in November 1963.

America would have to wait forty-five years for another president to take office who would represent Hope. Kennedy's other successors were well-meaning at best, and at worst they dragged out the spectre of the outside enemy to create a (false) sense of unity, often with equal resort to fingering the enemy within. Nixon was elected president in 1968 after a bitter campaign in which he appealed to the "silent majority" of voters: those who were unhappy with recent social change, who did not want to share space at the front of the bus, who feared competent women and ambiguous sexuality, and whose children were demonstrating against war – and even fleeing to Canada to avoid it.

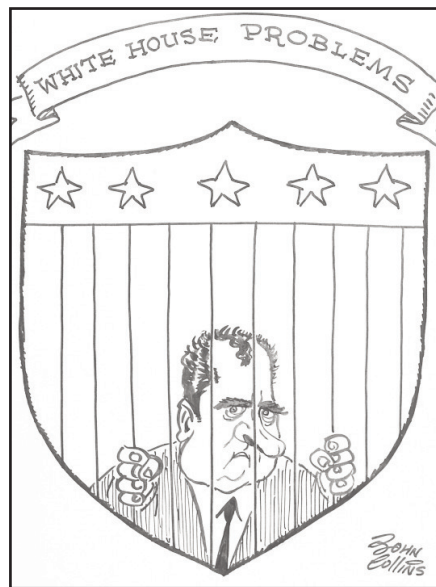
Canada had spent much of the previous year promoting itself as a beacon to the world – literally, in the form of Expo, which projected a Kennedyesque vision of global harmony through mutual tolerance and common enterprise. My uncle and aunt came up to visit, and, like a great many that year, stayed in our guest room. They were the most exciting people to have around, showing interest in everything and ready to share wisdom – which as a six-year-old I certainly appreciated. Robbie had been sworn to 30 years of secrecy after leaving the OSS (which was itself terribly exciting), but he taught me how to write in code, and for some years we exchanged cryptic messages. Had I known of my uncle's earlier vow regarding Nixon, I would have been delighted to think there was a chance he might be moving nearer to us. But when Nixon won the presidency a year later, my uncle and aunt did not in the end pull up stakes, preferring to weather a detested regime and hope for an eventual return to normalcy. Alas, Robbie did not live to see the exposure of Nixon as an unscrupulous paranoid and probable crimi-

nal; the Watergate scandal broke only a few months after my uncle died. More fortunately, he was also spared the 1990s' resurfacing of accusations of espionage against his friend Hiss based on Kremlin sources that are still being debated – although I doubt these debates would have shaken his belief that America was somehow improvable.

As a Canadian growing up in the 1960s and 70s, I absorbed much of the smug anti-Americanism that inevitably accompanied our own growing sense of nationhood. That our family and friends knew people who had come to Canada to escape the draft reinforced our sense that we were the true land of the free. Hopes that the United States would resume its earlier agenda of social and civic improvement (and so, as it were, catch up to us) were dashed in 1980 when electors chose for president a cowboy actor who had named names back in the day and seemed determined to rid the world of Un-Americanism even if it meant destroying the planet. My family's American branch took up again the rhetoric of moving to Canada if things got worse – although this was more a reflection of general irritation than any personal grievance or fear. Our fear was for the future, that it was perilously close to nuclear midnight and that buttons could be pushed by people who would rather be dead than red. At university, I met American students, including one fellow I became close to who decried the jingoism currently prevalent in his country but assured me that his own San Francisco was a tolerant world apart – a claim I filed along with similar ones from my cousins in Massachusetts and New York. In the course of my student travels in Europe and as a grad student in England, I encountered people from around the globe with a considerably more jaundiced view of the United States. Although I took some to task for certain opinions (equating the U.S. under Reagan to Germany under Hitler, for instance), I could only sympathize humbly with those who had suffered under the hands of American-backed nasties such as Pinochet, the Somozas, and the Shah. I took pains to assert my Canadianness, as we all tended to do when abroad, pitying all Americans, who had no such recourse and whose reputations seemed to have been almost

irrevocably besmirched.

Nuclear midnight did not come, of course, largely because of the determination (and perhaps the naivety) of a remarkable Soviet leader who inspired the world even as he infuriated people at home. But there was soon a new enemy on the horizon for Americans to hate and fear – one that is still with us, and that poses a much more direct threat to all of us than communism ever did, as it has had no compunction about launching horrific violence in the hearts of our cities without any fear of nuclear



reprisal. It took us a while to figure out exactly who this enemy was, however; on two occasions, Iraq distracted us. The first time (1990), Canada readily followed the United States into battle, giving a sudden jolt to Canadian youth who were suddenly confronted by the possibility (unfounded, as it turned out) of being drafted – a fate that in living memory had only been associated with Americans, who at least had had the option of escaping across the northern border. The second time (2003), Canada kept out of the war, unconvinced that the evil behind 9/11 was really connected to Iraq. Once again, American friends and relations talked of moving to Canada – not to evade the draft but to escape the climate of fear and the deepening rift in popular discourse between “us” and anyone who was not with “us.” This time, “Un-American” had a religious and ethnic flavour, targeting (at least by implication) America’s nearly 3 million Muslims and (less implicitly) anyone who

questioned the current administration’s black and white outlook. The key word here, of course, is “climate.” Few Americans experienced or even observed actual repression, although the seeming loss of privacy in the interests of security was disturbing to many, especially those with an eye to history. In the long run, most conscientious Americans opted not to flee, but to weather this distasteful climate at home, as they had done so often before. Many Canadians, however, refused to travel south, in protest at the war’s needless destabilization of the world.

In this climate of fear and moral righteousness, hard-won civil rights seemed to be back on the table for review, and new frontiers were being pushed back. America seemed to have abandoned the challenge to make the country greater by overcoming racial and gender, and maybe even social, inequality. It also seemed bent on upholding its unquestionable right to bear arms to the point where mass shootings occurred with sickening frequency and any public statement blaming the Second Amendment for this violence amounted to political suicide. Fear manifested itself increasingly in the apparent readiness of police to shoot men of colour, severely damaging the confidence of whole sections of the population in the forces of law and order. The dreams of the 1960s seemed to be, if not dead in the water, definitely floundering.

In the midst of this heightening tension, Barack Obama was elected president on a platform of Hope (that’s what it said on the poster), and to be fair to the man, this was what he delivered. If America could give its top job to someone with black skin, there was reason to think it could come to terms with so much of its miserable past. Alas, angry voices rose almost immediately challenging Obama’s legitimacy, decrying his attempts at reform as dangerous (read Un-American), and painting the whole notion of Hope as itself divisive and corrupt. Those who fell into line behind this assault have been labelled (correctly, if unwisely) “deplorables.” Their leader, the man who led the anti-Obama charge, has used increasingly monstrous rhetoric to stir up hatred against every possible voice of tolerance, every ethnic and religious group, and every positive

achievement in recent history. This man, the Master of Deplorables, has marshalled his considerable resources to convince growing numbers of Americans that he is their saviour. Although it should have been clear to all that Hope had been thwarted at almost every juncture by political intransigence, Obama himself was blamed for this intransigence – and for the ever worsening climate of violence that revealed an America that did not, in its heart, accept a Black president. The vile nature of this assault, to say nothing of the vile nature of the Master of Deplorables himself, convinced so many of us (whatever we thought of his opponent) that he could not possibly win the election.

But no.

I used the phrase “twin towers of my faith” at the beginning of this rant because the election results had this effect on me, and on everyone I know. Our faith in Hope has been sorely shattered, and we wander in the kind of collective fog we haven’t felt since September 2001. “The Great Experiment has failed,” wrote a New York friend – a normally cheerful, thick-skinned, un-sentimental woman. “I guess I’ve been living in a bubble where the US stands for inclusiveness and at least strives for fairness and justice. But hate just won. Fear won. Misogyny and xenophobia won.” It seemed a poor consolation to offer her the use of our guest room, as we’d often done, semi-seriously, in the past, but the invitation was, and is, a standing one. Others like her have been exploring the possibility of moving to Canada in such numbers that our immigration websites have crashed. Once again, we are the land of the free.

Being a country that Americans think of as a political refuge is of course highly flattering to our collective egos, wired as we are to recoil at the brash claims to a monopoly on democracy from our southern neighbours. Whether Canadian society is freer than that of the United States is a matter for debate; arguably it is American freedom (to bear arms, to choose a health care provider) that causes so many of their social problems. I would also argue that not having these freedoms makes us actually freer – to move about in relative safety and to receive medical care without having to mortgage the farm. Lest we get too cocky, however, we should recognize how recently our own freedoms, our own civil rights, have been won, and what a challenging

path it has been.

But Canadians are free in one very fundamental respect – so far, at least. We have certainly had our shameful episodes, but here on the eve of our 150th birthday Canadians can feel relatively free of that climate of fear and hate that has overtaken the United States and, worryingly, much of Europe: France, Germany, Italy, Austria, Denmark, and many other countries have their own Masters of Deplorables with their eyes on their countries’ top jobs. Their opponents, of various political stripes, have been standing up for tolerance despite the very real presence of evil all around, but the Deplorables seem to be gaining ground. Not so, I think, in Canada. True, there has recently been disturbing rhetoric such as the call to screen immigrants for “Canadian Values.” (This position sounds like a return to early twentieth century immigration policy, which graded potential newcomers on their perceived “absorptive capacity” and overlooked the reality that the people who might seem unlikely to integrate quickly were often the ones most in need of asylum.) The fact that, as a people, we’ve never been very good at defining Canadian Values is, I think, our saving grace. It makes it difficult to label something as Un-Canadian, though people do try.

I trust that Canada will continue to be (for want of less corny expressions) a beacon of Hope and the land of the free. I will also be happy if I am proven wrong in my pessimism regarding so much of the rest of the modern world. Despite recent events, I have not entirely lost my faith.

But just in case, I’ll keep that guest room ready.

Letter

I appreciate receiving your magazine and reading about the interesting facts of Quebec’s Anglophone history. My father was French (Bissonnette) from Valcourt and Sherbrooke and the surrounding areas. I remember visits to Waterloo, Valcourt and Sherbrooke as a child. I never met any Anglos at the time.


Patricia Delaney
Montreal, Qc


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QAHN News

FOREVER

The Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network wrapped up its 15-month FOREVER project with a final day-long "Volunteering Matters" conference, this time held in Morin Heights. The event, co-hosted by QAHN and the Morin Heights Historical Association, took place on October 28, and despite a heavy early snowfall that knocked out Hydro lines in much of the Laurentians, the event was very well attended – and had power.

The morning session was led by Kira Page, facilitator and outreach coordinator from the Centre for Community Organizations, and focused on attracting young people as volunteers.

The afternoon session was presented by Juniper Belshaw, also of COCO, who focused on the recruitment of directors, volunteer engagement and the broadening of community representation.

DREAM

QAHN's 15-month project, Diversifying Resources to Ensure the Advancement of Mission (DREAM) is now well under way. This project, led by Dwane Wilkin and Heather Darch, focuses on strategies by which not-for-profits in the heritage and community sectors can broaden their sources of funding in order to sustain themselves for the long term.



A needs assessment of the not-for-profit sector has already been conducted, and in the coming months, QAHN will begin hosting a series of regional conferences to help participants navigate the myriad of challenges relating to fundraising.

2017 Heritage Essay Contest

The Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network is looking for hometown history! We're offering students in Grades 4, 5 and 6 certificates and cash prizes for the best true stories about remarkable people,

events and traditions from Quebec's past -- along with a chance to see their work published!

For more information on contest rules and how to participate, visit qahn.org/kids-heritage-essay-contest.

2017 Heritage Photo Contest

QAHN is pleased to announce the 6th edition of its annual Heritage Photo Contest. This contest is open to students enrolled in English-language high schools in the province of Quebec. There are certificates, cash prizes, and the chance to get published.

For more information, visit qahn.org/kids-heritage-essay-contest.

Outreach

In recent weeks, QAHN representatives have been busy at events around Quebec. In November, President Simon Jacobs served as a moderator at the Fall 2016 Conference of the Quebec Federation of Home and School Associations (QFHS).

At this same event, QAHN Director Dorothy Williams was a panelist in the session titled "Learning the Lessons of



Top: "Volunteering Matters" conference, Morin Heights. L-R: Don Stewart (MHHA), Kira Page, Matthew Farfan, Heather Darch, Sandra Stock, and Juniper Belshaw.

Bottom: Some of the participants at the October "Volunteering Matters" conference in Morin Heights. Photos: Matthew Farfan.

History," while FOREVER project director Heather Darch led a workshop on community volunteering. Other conference attendees included QAHN Director Sandra Stock and Executive Director Matthew Farfan.

As it does every year, QAHN had a booth at the annual convention of the Quebec Provincial Association of Teachers (QPAT), held at the Palais des Congrès in November. QAHN Directors Rick Smith and Sandra Stock and Executive Director Matthew Farfan took this opportunity to promote *Quebec Heritage News* and initiatives such as QAHN's annual Heritage Photo and Heritage Essay contests.

In December, QAHN and other Sherbrooke-based community groups held an open house at their offices in Lennoxville. A number of visitors took the opportunity to renew their subscriptions to *Quebec Heritage News*!

Heritage Line

Heritage Line is the bi-weekly e-bulletin of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network. This e-bulletin includes information on upcoming activities at heritage sites around the province of Quebec, as well as details on government funding programs, and more. If you would like to subscribe to this free service, email us at home@qahn.org.

Quebec's History Curriculum

Since June 2016, QAHN, along with representatives from several other organizations, has participated on the Committee for the Enhancement of the Curriculum of the History of Quebec (ComECH-Quebec). QAHN members



include Simon Jacobs, Sandra Stock (a former teacher) and Carol Meindl (who is also the Executive Director of the Quebec Federation of Home and School Associations).

Also represented on the committee are the QFHSA, the English Parents Committee Association, the Canadian Home and School Federation, and the Regional Association of West Quebecers.

ComECH-Quebec is being chaired by Robert Green, a history teacher at Westmount High School and a commentator on educational matters, especially those related to history, in the local media.

Other members of the committee include Cameron Gray, of the Quebec Association of Geography Teachers, and John Commins, a history teacher at Perspectives High School whose experience includes history curriculum development at Quebec's Ministry of Education.

In the words of Sandra Stock, "The presentation of Quebec's and Canada's history in our schools, in both the English- and the French-speaking sectors, is of major importance to QAHN. History addresses the future, not just the past, and is one of the prime legacies that we pass on to future generations. History is not just about global and national events, but starts with our local communities

and is the source of our personal and collective identities."

ComECH-Quebec hopes to have an impact upon the ongoing discussions around the history program in Quebec's high schools.

2017 Convention: Mark Your Calendars!

In honour of Canada's 150th and Montreal's 375th anniversary, QAHN is planning something special for its 2017 Convention and AGM.

For the first time, this annual event, which will take place this year in Montreal from May 20-22, 2017, will be held in conjunction with the annual congrès of the Fédération Histoire Québec (FHQ).

Programming is currently under development, with representatives of both QAHN and the FHQ working to ensure that this 3-day convention is a memorable one.

Activities will certainly include conferences in English and French, tours, an exhibition, heritage displays, networking opportunities, an opening cocktail, an awards ceremony, and, of course, the annual general meetings of both QAHN and the FHQ.

More information will be available in the coming weeks, so stay tuned!



CURATOR'S HANDBOOK

OPPORTUNITY MAKES A THIEF

Deterring crime against community heritage organizations

by Heather Darch

Summer was drawing to a close some years ago and staff and volunteers were feeling rightly pleased with the higher-than-usual number of visitors we'd greeted at the museum.

Then, one morning we arrived for work and discovered a calling card of a different sort.

During the night, thieves had broken in and managed to make off with a large number of antique figurines, a VCR player and all the archival tapes on which copies of our glass-plate photographic collection were stored.

"It's a disappointing way to end a good season," a colleague commented. Talk about an understatement.

The break-in came as a shock that left staff and museum supporters angry and confused. Not only had we lost many irreplaceable artefacts and countless hours of valuable research time, the crime seemed to shatter – temporarily, anyway – our sense of security and trust in the community.

Most difficult of all, perhaps, was accepting our own part of the blame. It soon became clear that many of the practices

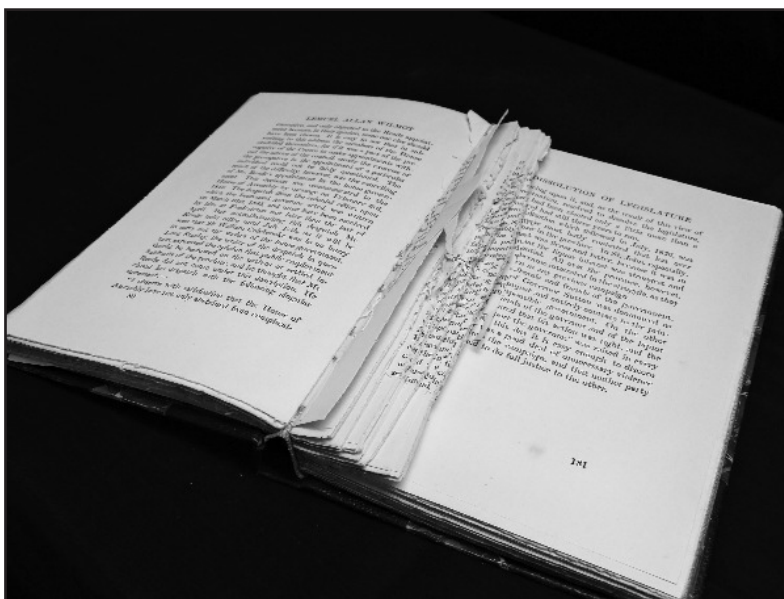
we'd been following in the museum had helped make the heist a cinch for the perpetrators.

For example, tools had been left carelessly in plain sight, making it easy to open our display cases under cover of dark. Near at hand were packing boxes and tissue paper. What more could a burglar ask for?

It was a hard lesson to learn and one which, unfortunately, gets repeated in many museums across the country every

year.

"Make crimes harder to commit" remains the best strategy for combating thieves and vandals, and it is the mantra that Sergeant François Bouchard of the Quebec City Police Department repeats whenever he speaks to community groups. Speaking at one of QAHN's "Security for Heritage" workshops, in this case, at the Morrin Centre, Bouchard shared a long list of simple techniques that even the smallest heritage organizations can adopt.



Thefts of opportunity can happen all too easily in archival collections. In this instance, rather than pay for photocopies, a researcher has cut the pages out of a reference book for his or her own files.

Opportunities for crime can be greatly reduced by making sure to lock doors and windows when we leave the premises. It seems simple, yet how easy it is to get out of the habit of checking before we leave for the day.

Of course, the same holds for those especially valuable items in our collections, which should also be stored under lock and key. How many of our institutions have a protocol in place for controlling access to keys? My guess is not

many. And yet basic measures such as these can contribute immensely to the security of heritage assets in your community.

Other security options to consider installing at entry-points are metal grillwork for easily accessed windows and reinforced deadbolt locks on doors. Even placing signs indicating that security measures are in place will deter crime.

Controlling access to your building works by making it difficult for potential offenders to commit a crime in the first place. The same applies for site as a whole. Fencing systems and gates work well, of course, since would-be thieves can be prevented from getting vehicles anywhere near the building whose contents you are trying to protect. And they may be particularly useful at secluded sites.

Another technique that aims for the same result – making break-ins harder – relies on strategic landscaping. Burglars are going to think twice about stealing into your facility if they have to climb through a thick row of thorny bushes growing against walls and underneath windows. Even flower beds and shrubbery planted along the perimeter of your property can serve as "psychological boundaries."

But be careful not to let the greenery grow so thick that it offers cover for mischief-makers. A practice is to keep trees and bushes trimmed enough so that anyone prowling on the grounds of your site can be seen from the street.

Exterior lighting is another proven crime deterrent. Installed with care and forethought, it can also be an attractive

addition that enhances your site and community. New low-watt technologies offer an array of affordable choices, including motion-detection systems. But remember, lighting deters thieves only when it increases their chances of being observed; installed in the wrong place, lighting can actually help them break in and light their way through your building.

It's also a good idea to keep wheeled recycling and garbage bins stored away from exterior walls since they are easily used to transport stolen goods. They can also be used as props to gain access to a window. Secure these items away from your building and never leave a ladder propped up against your wall.

Perhaps the most powerful tool in

any strategy to secure heritage sites and buildings is community awareness. "Encourage the public to be aware of the heritage sites, particularly those at risk," advises Sergeant Hugo Lizotte of the Sûreté du Québec in the Eastern Townships. "And encourage them to make informal but regular checks on your organization's behalf."

Finally, we should all take the time to speak with local police officials. Inform them about heritage sites that are at risk and see that they have copies of your museum's floor plans. Invite them to your facility and listen to their advice.

Removing temptation is perhaps an obvious deterrent against theft. Objects most likely to attract a thief are those that are within reach and concealable. Prohibiting oversized handbags and

knapsacks as well as the careful placement of objects in an exhibition along with increased vigilance by staff can eliminate crimes of opportunity.

Make it obvious that you are aware of your site, watching your collection, and monitoring activity.

Heather Darch is curator of the Missisquoi Museum, a past director of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network, and a heritage consultant whose recent assignments have included co-managing QAHN's Security for Heritage Initiative (SHOWI), Fostering Organizational Renewal through Enriching Volunteer Experience and Recognition (FOREVER), and now Diversifying Resources to Ensure the Advancement of Mission (DREAM).

VOLUNTEERING MATTERS

ARE WE REALLY LOOKING FOR VOLUNTEERS?

Sending the right kind of message

by Heather Darch

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

The repeated calls for volunteers under headings like "Calling All Volunteers," "Help, We Need You," or "Come to the Museum – It's a great place to volunteer," seemed to fall on deaf ears. Using lines like "Volunteering is its own reward" or "It's the chance to help others and make friends" wasn't much better.

What were we doing wrong?

According to Alison Stevens of the Volunteer Bureau of Montreal, lots!

Museums and historical societies face tough competition when it comes to attracting busy people for their time. Recruitment is an ongoing challenge, but when you start with the right mes-

sage, it's going to make the process easier.

At QAHN's 2016 Volunteering Matters conferences at the Château Ramezay in Montreal and the Colby-

your organization offers, and communicate those benefits convincingly and clearly, you can and will attract a range of qualified volunteers.

The first step before you even ask for volunteers is to understand why you want to engage volunteers in the first place. What will be their added value to your organization?

There are three basic parts to recruiting volunteers that the Volunteer Bureau of Montreal recognizes. First, identify your requirements. Second, describe your volunteer positions and projects. Third, create a recruitment strategy. There is no sense calling for volunteers if you don't have a plan and a project for them to help you move your mission forward.

As Stevens says, "the purpose of targeted recruitment is to meet specific requirements of a volunteer position or broaden your volunteer pool in order to tap into differ-



Volunteers like Mona can welcome and recruit new volunteers and members for organizations.

Cutis Museum in Stanstead, Alison Stevens drove home these points: if you articulate the assets and the benefits that

ent skills, profiles and ideas.”

If you are seeking specific skills and knowledge or have other expectations, you must define these clearly in order to attract people who possess them. Targeting a specific group like Millennials or Baby Boomers will require you to build your message around the interests and motivations of that particular group. It should be pretty obvious to most of us, but young people don't communicate the same way that their parents and grandparents do. We may all use social media but young people use it differently. Millennials today are also known as “Generation C” as in Generation Connected. They're not reading your newsletters or community flyers; they're using social media sources, so you should too. You'll need to tailor your methods for each group and determine how, when and where to communicate with them.

Meaningful volunteer engagement must evolve with the times to meet the needs of both volunteers and volunteer-based organizations.

Make sure that your organization is inclusive towards your target groups, especially if you are aiming for a group that is not part of your current volunteer pool.

Recruitment works best year-round. It should be a visible activity rather than just a passive request that appears in your newsletters. Go to community events, set up a table and talk to people. Personal face-to-face appeals work far better than notices on your website. Being present in your community signals that your organization is committed to engaging people and values volunteers.

Remember too that the altruistic benefits of volunteering often resonate better than reasons related to personal benefits. The joys and the satisfaction that volunteers will gain by involving themselves in your organization is one thing, but really make sure they understand how their efforts will specifically help you; how will they move your mission forward.

The recruitment message is all

about building awareness, creating a positive perception and getting the information about your volunteer opportunities out there. Be sure that your message includes how volunteers contribute to your organization, why you value volunteers, who can volunteer, the tangible and intangible benefits, the position descriptions, time requirements, and what others say about volunteering with you.


Volunteer recruitment has to be a visible activity that has the involvement of your board and staff members. Creating and promoting a program with clear goals and benefits, and seeking and welcoming potential volunteers, are important signs that your heritage organization is committed to engaging its community and that it values volunteers as a major resource.

Heather Darch will be contacting you shortly and getting you to volunteer for something.


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PROHIBITION IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

Part 1: Temperance legislation

by Phil Rich

In a region of Quebec where alcohol has held longstanding cultural significance, it is hard to conceive that at one time the Eastern Townships did not fully support its production or consumption.

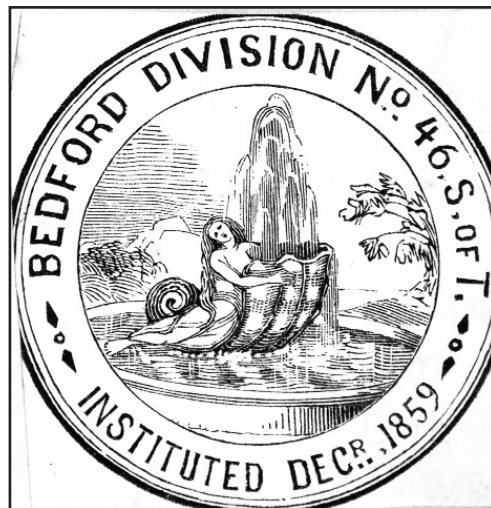
The region is now a desirable destination for those who enjoy a drink, boasting an impressive number of wineries and microbreweries. Alcohol is intrinsically linked to its heritage. Yet, for a brief period at the turn of the century the prohibition of the production, consumption and sale of certain kinds of alcohol was a reality for the residents of the Eastern Townships.

Both the federal and provincial governments have flirted with prohibition since the mid-nineteenth century. The movement against the consumption of alcohol gained steam in 1864 with the introduction of the Canada Temperance Act (now known as the Dunkin Act, after politician Christopher Dunkin). This legislation allowed local communities to enact prohibition as they saw fit. Local governments held plebiscites on prohibition, and drafted new laws accordingly.

A second Canada Temperance Act (also known as the Scott Act) was passed in 1878. Like the Dunkin Act, it did not ban the sale of alcohol across the country, but rather gave municipalities the power to hold plebiscites and consequently to introduce prohibition for that particular location. This act would be amended several times, but its essence never changed; not enough Canadians deemed alcohol an evil to justify an outright ban. When a national plebiscite was held in 1898 to gauge popular opinion, the result was 51% in favour of national prohibition, and 49% against. The very slim margin and a distinct lack of support in Quebec prompted the federal government to decide against legislation.

This attitude persisted. Although it enacted the Scott Act, the government of

Prime Minister Alexander Mackenzie did not support outright prohibition, but rather saw this legislation as a means to promote temperance. Even the act's chief sponsor, R. W. Scott, stated that "people must be educated to correct views before they can be kept sober. I should consider it a farce to pass a prohibitory law in [North] America at pres-



ent, or to prohibit the importation of liquor, because it could not be reinforced." (Francis, 61)

In 1899, in response to an open letter to Toronto Alderman and prohibition advocate F. S. Spence, Prime Minister Sir Wilfred Laurier wrote that "in our judgement the expression of public opinion recorded at the polls in favor of prohibition did not represent such a proportion of the electorate as would justify the introduction by the Government of a prohibitory measure." (Letter, ETRC) Evidently, the Canadian population was divided on the subject, and the federal government was, as a result, reluctant to intervene.

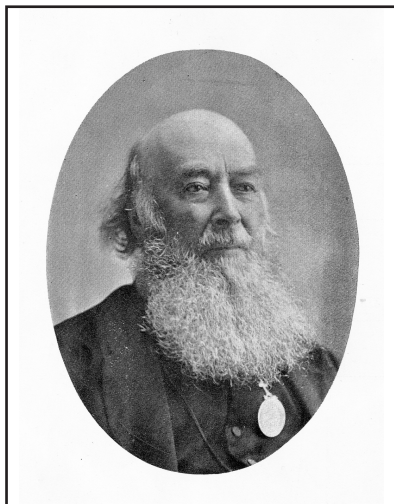
Although many provinces did at one time ban the sale of alcohol, Quebec (and the Eastern Townships in particular) was a much more complex case.

Given the province's largely rural way of life and the significant influence of the Church at the time, prohibition garnered much more support from some communities, and complete rejection from others. The idea of prohibition slowly gained traction in the latter half of the nineteenth century, culminating in the ban on the sale of (only) spirits in several Eastern Townships counties following the conclusion of the First World War. As in the rest of the country, prohibition was divisive in Quebec, which was already troubled by underlying issues of language and religion.

The presence of a strong Catholic community in Quebec was an influential factor in the prohibition debate. Led by the enigmatic Father Charles Chiniquy and his crusade against alcohol in the mid-nineteenth century, the Catholic church was a rallying force for prohibition. In fact, at one point it was estimated that half of the population of Quebec had taken a pledge of temperance at the height of Chiniquy's tour in the 1840s. (Francis, 54). Other sources indicate that between 1848 and 1851, at the peak of Chiniquy's efforts, thousands of French-speaking Catholics took the temperance pledge. (Noel, 28).

Some historians argue that the Catholic Church was not so influential in the movement against alcohol consumption. Interestingly, Chiniquy was considered a rebel by the Catholic Church, and butted heads with its leadership on several occasions.

As Smart and Osborne explain, "the official Roman Catholic hierarchy did support moderation on the part of its members. In this century and the last, many Catholic bishops spoke from the pulpit of the need for sensible drinking." However, "very few would officially sanction a Methodist-dominated temperance movement. Nonetheless, several useful pamphlets and books about alcohol problems and the need for modera-



tion and even abstinence were published in Quebec in the late 1800s.” (Smart and Ogborne, 23)

Despite their success in certain parts of the province, Chiniquy's efforts, and those of a myriad of other temperance groups, would be for naught. Quebec would only flirt with prohibition during these years at a provincial level, introducing it in a limited capacity and for a brief period of time. But in the end, the push for prohibition would bring sweeping changes to the Eastern Townships, changes that would ultimately have a significant effect on the lives of the region's residents.

Phil Rich, a fourth year History student at Bishop's University, interned with QAHN in the Fall of 2016.

Sources:

Daniel Francis, *Closing Time: Prohibition, Rum-runners, and Border Wars*. Madeira Park, B.C., 2014.

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Reginald G. Smart and Alan C. Ogborne, *Northern Spirits: A Social History of Alcohol in Canada*. Toronto, 1996

Letter, Sir Wilfred Laurier to F. S. Spence, Newspaper clipping from 1899. Eastern Townships Resource Centre (ETRC) archives, Bishop's University.

ARVIDA

Another step on the road to UNESCO recognition

by Terry Loucks

Another important step has been taken with the Quebec government's decision to declare Arvida a heritage site. Now a borough of the City of Saguenay, Arvida is also, of course, the unique, utopic company town that was developed in the 1920s by American business magnate Arthur Vining Davis to become the Aluminum Capital of the World.

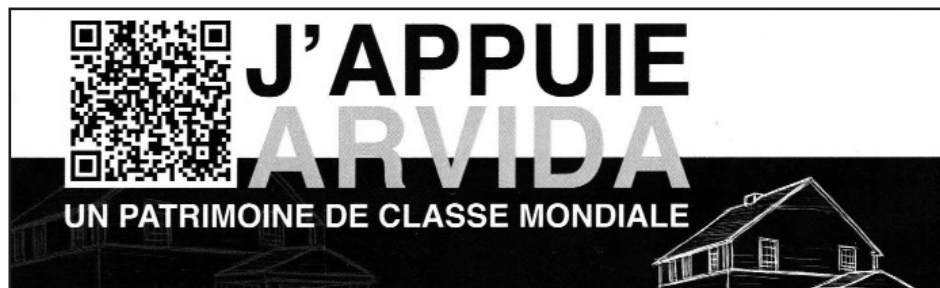
Luc Fortin, Quebec's Minister of Culture and Communications, made the announcement on November 15 at a press conference at the famous Arvida landmark, the Saguenay Inn. Ironically, a town created by an American industrialist, financed by American greenbacks, and developed by engineers from 39 countries (all speaking English), is now recognized by the Quebec Government. This lengthy 2-year process, which involved modifying urban planning by-laws and public consultations, places Arvida in the same category as Old Quebec City, the Ile d'Orleans, Mount Royal, and the Mingan Archipelago, all chosen for their historical interest, natural beauty and built landscapes.

Arvida has already been recognized by the Canadian Government (Parks Canada) as a national historic site, as well as previously receiving the Prince of Wales Award for municipal heritage leadership through the National Trust for Canada, and the Thomas Baillargé Award from the Order of Architects of Quebec. The identified historic site includes 743 homes in and around the alu-

minum smelter, the biggest in the world at one time, as well as schools, churches, and other institutions in the St. Thérèse Parish where most of the English management and Alcan employees lived from 1926 onwards. Financial support is already in place, courtesy of Saguenay mayor Jean Tremblay, himself from Arvida, to help in the restoration and upkeep of Arvida's homes and other buildings. Arvida High School (now Riverside Regional) has just invested \$3 million to modernize and preserve the old school.

The timing of Quebec's announcement is vital, occurring just before the Committee for the Heritage Recognition of Arvida (CORPA) forwards its application to meet a January 2017 deadline in Ottawa to have the Arvida file possibly added to their newly reopened tentative list. A letter of support from the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network is being included in the application. The federal government will make a decision in December 2017 as part of Canada's 150th anniversary celebrations. All is now in place and we are patient and confident that Arvida will be chosen as a World Heritage Site before its 100th anniversary in 2025.

Terry Loucks is an "Arvida Ambassador" and serves as a liaison with Quebec's Anglophone community.



INVISIBLE HISTORY

The Black experience in a new narrative for Canada

by Dorothy Williams

The following is a presentation given at the Quebec Federation of Home and School Associations Fall Conference plenary session, "Learning the Lessons of History: Creating a New Narrative for Canada," held November 5, 2016, at Beaconsfield High School, in Beaconsfield, Qc.

I am Montreal born and educated. For many generations, my family has lived in the city, with our earliest paternal roots going back to slavery in Nova Scotia. We are not immigrants. We were never immigrants. Once in Quebec, we called it home. Still, most Canadians cannot explain how my blackness could be Canadian.

I am a Black, female African Canadian historian. Since I was a teenager I have been looking at the issue of my cultural invisibility. I spent most of my adult life in search of myself within the Canadian narrative. Early on, I learned that I was invisible to most people but especially to Canadian historians and academics.

Today, I've come to talk about my experience in history, my experience with historians, and my belief in the power of history to build up youth, to strengthen community, and how schools can support chain of empowerment.

Quebec is never focused upon illuminating the history of its non-French residents. Indeed, as a child, I never heard about Canadian slavery in school. Since the nineteenth-century writer Francois Garneau erroneously declared that slavery never existed, generations of educators believed that Quebec's 200 years of slavery was not worthy of note.

What is history? History is a story of communal ties of family linkages, of bonds that extend beyond generations – or at least that's the way Blacks think about it. It is the stuff that oral history was made of. For Blacks, history is about a racial connection and is the only

true basis for Black unity.

The early years of my youth were prior to the immigration explosion that began in the mid-1960s. We were a small community of about 6,000. Growing up, I was not isolated by history because it was a part of the fabric of my family and life in Little Burgundy. Memories were shared orally and came out of a need to make the present more understandable. How was so-and-so related to you? What happened when so-and-so fought against a racist obstacle? What were the such-and-such responsibilities that came with being the second or third cousin removed?



But it didn't end there, for though many of us heard the same stories, few have followed the academic trail. Like most of you here, I grew up learning the "history of the conquerors." I was deeply convinced as a teenager that the "history of the conquerors" was short-sighted history. It was not about me. Blacks had not won. We are invisible. I'm not sure exactly when that idea coalesced, but it was reinforced by the African history and by the rhetoric in the ongoing African liberation movements that I was supporting then. We believed that African peoples, though downtrodden at the time, would rise again to the glory they once had, and once again the world would stand in awe of Africa's splendour.

The staff and volunteers at the Negro Community Centre spent many

hours passing on the stories of Africa. They understood how powerful the image of Africa was for youth aching to find in themselves, evidence of greatness beyond the Jackson 5, Muhammad Ali, or Diana Ross. The centre's workers captured the glory of ancient Africa and, alongside neighbourhood kitchen stories, this history kept me going during those formative years.

I eventually moved into academia but spent over 20 years there battling ignorance, specifically the barriers to the study of Black history in Canada. Sure, you can learn all you want about Malcolm X and Desmond Tutu, or find scores of books in the library about Harriet Tubman, Martin Luther King Jr., Marcus Garvey, Carter G. Woodson or Frederick Douglass. But there were no undergraduate courses on Blacks in Canada at that time, and, from all accounts, there are still none today.

My story, that of my own invisibility in the Canadian narrative, began in adolescence. In high school, I once asked the teacher why he never talked about slavery. He told me that there was no history. I, the fifth of six generations, did not have a history. When I got to university, I asked the historians in my department why they did not teach a course on Montreal slave history. The answer was the same: "there isn't anything written."

So here is the crux of my talk here today. This is what separates me here from my two colleagues on the panel [Kevin Deer, teacher and faithkeeper in Kahnawake, and Robert Green, social science teacher at Westmount High]. The basis of my concern is not that our history has been made unrecognizable or that it has been suddenly dropped or rendered insignificant by the new history. Rather, the issue is that Canada's Blacks have NEVER been included in the narrative.

Because I have never been comfort-

able with invisibility, illuminating it became my life's work. I've made it my mission to know who I was and what my community has done. Not everyone has been so lucky or so informed. Most people just take for granted that the history taught to them is the only version that is true. Children of colour, particularly Black children, do not question why they are invisible. They just live with the negative fallout of a lack of belongingness that permeates their lives.

Despite Black History Month, Black history today is often treated as a party or a cultural celebration. Granted, there is much to celebrate, but when I lecture in the schools, I am shaken by the lack of information our students have. Sure, the students research Black heroes, but either they are African-American, or African heroes with little or no immediate relevance to Canada. The teachers smile apologetically but I'm painfully aware that their knowledge about Blacks in Canada is, in many cases, little better than their students'.

How do I know this? Because it is always a niggle, a question in the minds of listeners. I hear it when I'm lecturing. Inevitably somebody raises their hand and asks: "Why didn't I know this?" "How come no one told me?" It's a very personal thing for them that they did not know. Indeed, when I started lecturing about 30 years ago, it was such a challenge for some in the room to hear my presentation that it was not unusual for me to be called a "liar" in public. Generally, I think people were shocked when they found out that the erasure of the Black fact was part and parcel the result of history makers, historians who were writing about an imagined Quebec. They failed to realize that history is written by the conquerors. They failed to understand that people act from their own biases and promote their own worldview. Historians are no exception; they too have their agendas when writing about Canada's history.

Okay, let us look at what I believe is the result of the erasure of the Black fact from our dialogue of nationhood, nation-building, settlement and citizenship. People are silenced in the narrative because others don't think about asking them questions. Assuming we weren't here, Blacks are rarely asked, unless by other Blacks: "How did your family sur-

vive the Depression?" and "Did any of your relatives serve in the World Wars?" As their voices are bypassed, their stories die with each passing generation, perpetuating historical invisibility. Well, I can tell you from my own experience, and I imagine that this is repeatedly played out in Black communities in Quebec, that a disconnect grows between who you are and what society says you are.



This disconnect was mirrored in my own family when, as I was growing up, my brothers and my first cousin each took a different path. My brothers chose Michael Jordan and other African-American men to emulate in dress and style – whether from the "hood" of LA, New York or Chicago did not matter. They appropriated the language, the swagger and the badness of an American maleness that looked like them.

My cousin opted to go another route. At about the same age that my brothers were undergoing their transformation, my cousin became Rasta and took on a very strong Caribbean identity. He visits Jamaica often and literally talks as if he were raised there.

So why did these young adolescents take on non-Canadian personae? They had no signpost, no role models, no history to fall back on as Black Canadians. From Grade 1, they saw Dick and Jane in their schoolbooks. Their school libraries rarely had books with characters that either looked or talked like they did. Like me, they spent a lifetime constantly replying to the never-ending question of "Where did you come from?" They dodged proverbial bullets on a couple of occasions after being stopped by cops

for the crime of being born Black and tall. And when they became adults and mingled as a racial minority of a linguistic minority, their Canadianness was never seen as the norm. Au contraire, the absence of them in history simply confirmed their difference or otherness as they had been taught.

Historians are very powerful people. You must be kind to historians. If they don't like you, or don't see you or hear you, they can very easily erase you. Don't sit there sceptical, don't laugh – they erased me. Not just as a Black person, but as a woman, though feminist historians are working hard to reinsert themselves into the narrative. It can be a tough slog.

There are ways to address the cultural invisibility of the Black community or any community that looks around and says: "Hey where do I fit in?" They are really asking about their history. The best response is to encourage a new understanding of an inclusive Quebec history. However, I'm not advocating that we create special classes in the schools, because that signals that what is being studied is outside of the narrative: those extra classes are exotic, not "real education." They are almost seen as a concession to those who yell loud enough. No, what I mean is that history must now be broadened to reflect the true presence of those in the past.

What is the state of Black history in Quebec? In a word, it is disgraceful. At best, it could be categorized as almost nonexistent. Quebec needs a holistic inclusive lens onto its history. Canada too has always has been more than the sum of just two peoples. You just wouldn't know it.

The early history of Quebec's development and settlement cannot be told without the inclusion of Blacks, but our school libraries have little to offer in this regard. This leaves you, and perhaps your children or students, surfing the web. They'll find that much of the readily-available knowledge about the Black experience originates from the myriad of stories about African-Americans, or from the annals of the African continent. What about the Canadian experience?

Today, as President of Blacbiblio.com, I am pleased and proud to provide teachers and students with

resources on the history and role that Canadian Blacks have played. The *ABCs of Canadian Black History Kit* will help you and your students in your quest for knowledge. These *ABCs* reveal the wide and diverse history of Blacks north of the 49th parallel. There is a four-line poem or “ditty” with a detailed portrait of the character or event. In addition, it has a teacher’s guide and a glossary to increase vocabulary. At the same time, it encourages an appreciation of the diversity that has always existed in Canada.

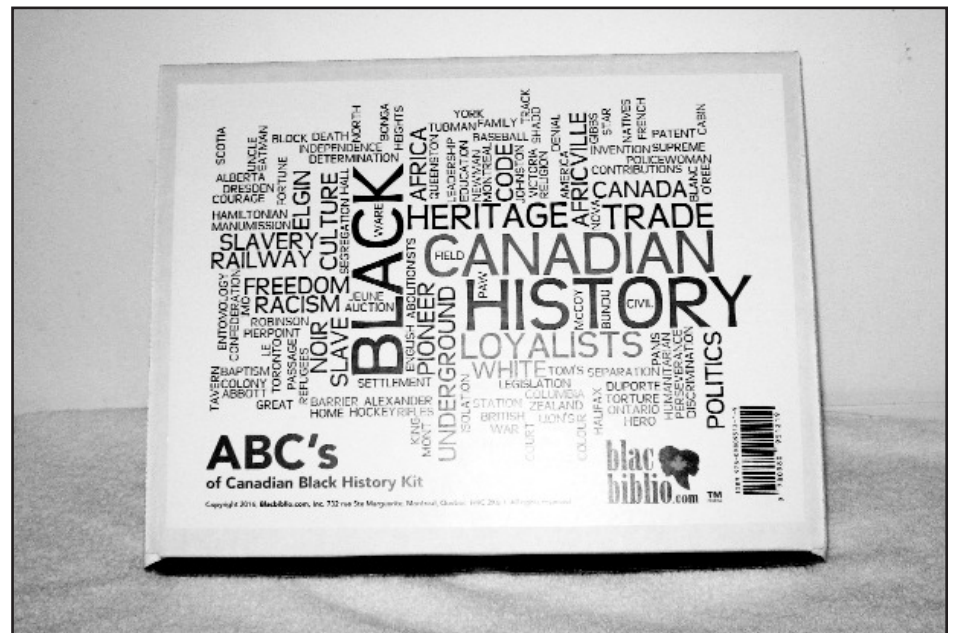
I have included African-Americans, as many crossed the border to escape bondage or to find opportunities. Others crossed our shores determined to settle here, and when that failed they went back to the U.S. or “home” to Africa’s shores. Many are Canadian-born Blacks. I have also included women.

The kit’s timeline covers pre-Confederation to the mid-twentieth century. These *ABCs* also reflect our rural, pioneer days, before Blacks became increasingly urban-focused. You will find a couple of maritime stories, as well as tales of ingenuity, inspiration, and triumph over tragedy. Still, the common thread is that all these stories happened in Canada.

The *ABCs* demonstrate that Black history isn’t just about dances and banquets, or even about honouring the living. It is what made us who we are today. It introduces the historical forces that shape the Black communities, the historical contribution of those before us on whose shoulders we stand. History will not solve all our problems, but I believe that Black History is about empowerment, and when people are empowered societies are changed.

What are some of the benefits of teaching Black history? Well, inclusive history challenges isolation. And there are many in our community that are isolated from most Blacks and indeed from mainstream society. Isolation fosters ignorance, rendering Blacks in some respects invisible – even to each other, and certainly to other Canadians. To many Quebecers, Blacks are foreign, representing an invisible, visible-minority whose concerns are unknown until sensationalized by mainstream media reporting.

That is why African-Canadian history, Chinese history, and other histo-



ries are so vital – they need to be incorporated into an understanding of the communities we have today. Belonging here in Montreal is not just about one’s place of birth. Belonging to a community must first make sense in that the signposts, the myths and the heritage leave room for me – yet not at the expense of you.

Our multicultural Canada needs multiple identities woven into our national memory. Multiple histories can be reconciled without the need to eliminate or erase. Think about this as you teach about otherness, diversity or difference.

My parting words are quick ideas about making that difference:

1. We should positively respond when our children ask for Black history information. Challenge your own ignorance by taking time to learn along with them.
2. Encourage and support cultural diversity education in schools.
3. Encourage the inclusion of Black materials from publishers and seek out African-Canadian content for your home curricula.
4. Ask those same questions of your local librarians and schools.
5. Let your funding programs know that you support racially inclusive materials.
6. Finally, look for opportunities

to use stories that illustrate difference, that build upon that national sense of belonging and that reflect a multi-hued Canada.

Broadening the narrative is about embracing uniqueness and diversity as if you were just one part of Canada’s collectively. Diversity is not just about me because of the colour of my skin – it is about you too. In other words: you are Canada, yes; I too, am Canada. We have a responsibility to re-create it for everyone’s knowledge. An inclusive narrative must be everybody’s responsibility. Thank you.

Dorothy W. Williams holds a Masters in History and Library Studies and a Doctorate in Library and Information studies with a specialization in African Canadian Bibliography and Archives. She is the author of three books: Blacks in Montreal 1628-1986: an Urban Demography (1989), The Road to Now: A history of Blacks in Montreal (1997), and Les Noirs à Montréal, 1628-1986: essai de démographie urbaine (1998). She is currently a director of QAHN.

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canada.ca/jeunesse-canada-au-travail. Les décisions seront affichées à partir du mois de mars. La date limite pour s'inscrire est le **1^{er} février 2017**. Pour plus d'information sur les critères de sélection, visitez le site de Patrimoine Canada:

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CLASSIC MONTREAL: REVISITING ANGLO INSTITUTIONS

SCHWARTZ'S

by Flora Juma

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

Schwartz's Montreal Hebrew Delicatessen (or Schwartz's Deli, as it is more commonly known) was founded in 1928 by Jewish-Romanian immigrant Reuben Schwartz. Its prime location on St. Laurent Boulevard for over 80 years and its old-fashioned techniques for smoking meat make Schwartz's unique among delis in Montreal and around the world. Throughout its existence, Schwartz's has been a staple of Montreal's cultural landscape and integral to the history and culture of Jewish Montreal. The late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were a time of great migration for European Jews seeking social and religious freedom, and many found it in Canada. An important element of Jewish immigration was the establishment of community through business and social institutions – like Schwartz's.

Schwartz's history, popularity and cultural impact was chronicled by Bill Brownstein in his 2006 book *Schwartz's Hebrew Delicatessen: The Story*, and it was adapted for the stage by Rick Blue and George Bowser as *Schwartz's: The Musical*. The book and the musical detail the story of the deli's origins and its growth into the cultural phenomenon it is today. Brownstein's book "grapples with such issues as the smoked meat and pastrami debate, the food police, the perils of expansion, and language laws" (to quote the publisher's blurb).

Apart from its cultural importance, Schwartz's Deli earned its fame with its delicious sandwiches. The use of a traditional recipe with fresh ingredients to smoke the meat has been key to the deli's ongoing success with customers. Most important to the deli's longevity is its ability to stay true to Schwartz's estab-

lished traditions while adapting to the modern needs and shifting demographics of its customer base. A good example of this took place in 2008 when Schwartz's opened a separate take-out section next door to their main location, allowing them to expand their consumer base without disrupting the deli's classic ambience. Recently, the deli made headlines as "Montreal Smoked Meat" (made famous by Schwartz's) was named as a finalist in Lay's Chips national flavour contest. Zdravko Gunjevic, who submitted the idea, stated that smoked meat was

"very representative of Canada, especially Quebec. And it tastes really good, too." (Weidner)

In 2012, the deli came under new ownership when singer Céline Dion and her manager-husband René Angelil, along with other partners, announced that they would be taking over ownership of the restaurant of which they had long been patrons and fans.



Frank Silva is General Manager of Schwartz's Hebrew Delicatessen (officially Charcuterie Hébraïque Schwartz).

Could you tell me a little bit about your position here at Schwartz's and how the experience has been for you?

I've been at Schwartz's for almost 35 years. I started working here in the kitchen, then I became a bus boy, then a waiter, then a counterman, then assistant manager, and now I'm the general manager. I've been the general manager for approximately 17 years, and this is my life. I spend almost more time here than anywhere else. My dad used to work here before me and now my kids work here also with me. I've been in Montreal since 1971. When I came, I was eight years old, so I was not really aware [of Schwartz's] but growing up I found out what Schwartz's was all about, and I ended up working here because my dad used to work here.

The classic meal at Schwartz's. Photo: <http://schwartzsdeli.com>.

Could you briefly explain the process Schwartz's uses to make its classic smoked meat and how the deli has contended with an increasingly fast food-oriented industry?

Schwartz's prides itself on having consistency. So we're making the smoked meat exactly the same way that Mr. Schwartz did in the early 1930s. We marinate a brisket, like he did, for ten days, upstairs, and we smoke it in the back here for eight hours, and we steam it for three hours, and that's the exact same process it's been done for the last 85 years. Yes, it changes, people are always in a hurry and it's a very small restaurant. I think it's been seven years now that we've opened another location right next door to us; it's more of take-out because people are always in a rush. So that's one of the ways we've adapted.

Schwartz's is not only famous for its food but also for its clientele, isn't it?

Well, every week, there seems to be somebody popping in, and we never know that they're coming. Seth Rogen came early this summer and everybody was excited about it. He was very nice and took pictures with everybody. Just last week, Chris Rock walked in. He comes to the counter and asks: "How long will the wait be?" We said: "Not long for you, sir!" So we sat him down and everybody was taking pictures, and he was very cool about it – but you never know, any given week. Tennis players come in here all the time. Angelina Jolie or Halle Berry will come in. Everybody comes in, and if they're too big to come in here we go to them; we go to their hotel and we'll bring them food, or their venue at the Bell Centre. We'll cater to their bus if they're going to Toronto or Ottawa right after. But a lot of them sneak in here and try not to let us know – but we spot them. We usually take care of them and don't let people bother them. People are very good about that.



Schwartz's is noted for having been in one location for so long. How has the evolution of the business and the cultural landscape surrounding Schwartz's affected its own image? Customer base? Practices?

We like to say the whole world is changing except Schwartz's; we don't change much. We don't have espresso machines or freezers; we don't have microwaves. So we haven't really evolved in that matter. It looks basically the same as it did in the 1920s. It's changed at night a lot because we have a lot of customers around here with the bars and clubs but we don't stay open that late. It's a family-run business and it caters to families. We're not into the night business, night crowd; we close early, compared to them.

How does it feel to be a finalist in a nation-wide flavour contest, and to know that Schwartz's is perceived as a representative of the culinary culture not only of Montreal but of Canada as a whole?

Of course, it makes me feel very good and I'm very proud to be at Schwartz's; that's why I'm still here after 35 years. Every once in a while you hear things like: we're rated number-one deli in Canada. We're the number-one smoked meat in Montreal every year and, especially when you get celebrities like that coming into a little place like this where they have to share tables, it must be pretty good. It's a nice compliment when you hear things like this.

How do these distinctions affect the work environment here?

It doesn't affect it because being number one and staying number one is hard work, and that's my job and I take a lot of pride in it. We work very hard to keep it that way and when you hear things like this, the day just continues like usual, you keep doing what you've been doing all these years; that's what it is, you just keep doing it. Nothing changes!

Schwartz's: The Musical, and Brownstein's book, have helped to revive and reaffirm local and national pride and interest in Schwartz's. What impact did the book and the musical have on Schwartz's?

Well, obviously when it first came out it generated a lot more business, a lot more interest. But again, the day goes on, and for us it's just another day. We keep doing exactly what we do every single day and we get a little busier, but we're proud of the place and this is

why we work very hard for it.

Language is an important issue in Montreal. How has the push and pull of language politics affected Schwartz's?

I don't think it's made a difference to us. All my staff is at least bilingual or trilingual or more; so politics don't really play a part here. We have a lot of pictures on the wall but not one is a politician. So we don't really encourage any of these, and a lot of times we have politicians from different parties sitting at the same table. For us, that's their job, and our job is to make smoked meat, and we don't get involved in politics. We follow the rules of Quebec because we're in Quebec, so whether we agree or disagree, that's beside the point. It's a restaurant. Everybody's welcome in here – and we get people from all over the world, most of whom don't speak English or French. They

just come with their phone, or pictures from magazines and point to it, and we have pictures on the wall too, so you don't have to read English or French. At Schwartz's, everybody's welcome and we speak almost everybody's language. Our employees are like a United Nations, I've got employees from around the world. You name it, I think we cover the map of different nationalities working here.

Schwartz's fame has to do with its traditional style and history, but its success and longevity must also be attributed to its ability to adapt. Given this, where do you see Schwartz's 20 years from now?

I see Schwartz's in exactly same place, I don't know if I'll be here, but I think it will basically be the same. I don't see too many changes. Just recently, in May, we made a little change: we added poutine to our menu because people associate Quebec with poutine and kept on asking. We don't actually add things to our menu very easily or very often. I think the last time we added something was 15 years ago. So we added poutine to our menu, and it's a big seller and people enjoy it. So we might just add a couple things or change a couple things here and there, like we did with the take-out counter. Who knows, 20 years from now, maybe we'll need another take-out counter. But Schwartz's itself will be the same. We added an ATM maybe 10 years ago – but these are very minor changes, just to adapt and help the clientele. But Schwartz's will always be Schwartz's.

Has there been pushback to these changes, and how have you dealt with them?

Well yes, for every single change there's been a fight. Prior to the new ownership which we have in place now three years, which is a group with Céline Dion and two other Montreal families, prior to that, it was very hard making changes. I grew up

in the restaurant and I made changes, I put spices in little bottles; before we were selling it in bags. The ATM was another fight, the take-out was another one. For myself, working here and making these little changes has been very difficult, but it's always been changes for the best. I think it will be much easier with the new ownership because they know what it takes to develop.

I'm looking forward to the future; it looks very promising and, who knows, maybe there'll be another Schwartz's.

We talked about fast food culture but there's also definitely a strong restaurant culture in Montreal, especially in the summer. Do you find that the changes and standards in that culture drive Schwartz's, or has Schwartz's driven them?

I think people always like coming back to something they know, and in Montreal a lot of people left Montreal to go to Toronto, to the States, but their roots are Montreal. So whenever they come back to Montreal, this is like a meeting place: "Let's go to Schwartz's." Or they were in Montreal for schooling, they spent four years in Montreal; then they moved on. But these young people come back because they want to come to Schwartz's and they bring their families. So Schwartz's is like a place to revisit and to bring back your memories. I've met a lot of people here that used to come here as students and now they have their own children. Schwartz's is something to come back to.

Flora Juma, a student in History and Political Science at Concordia University, interned for QAHN in 2015.

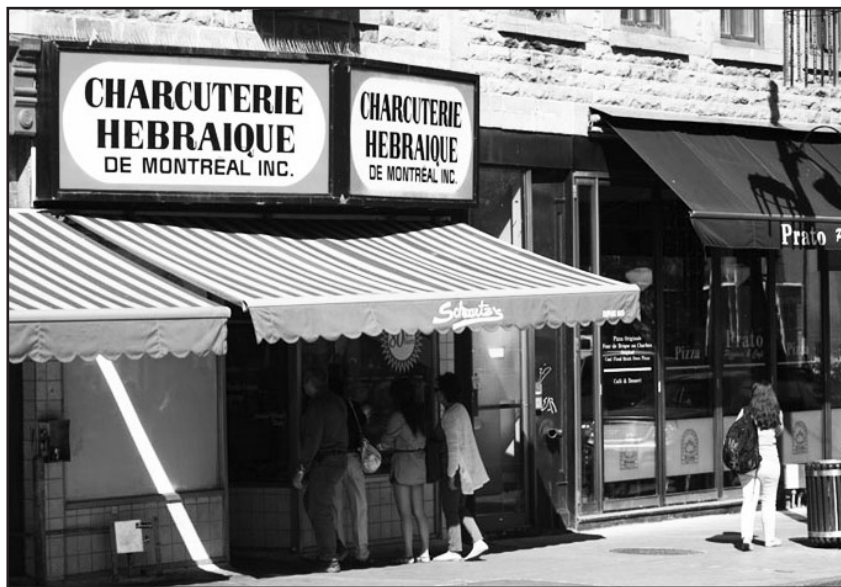
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Schwartz's Deli on St. Laurent Boulevard. Photo: <http://schwartzsdeli.com>.

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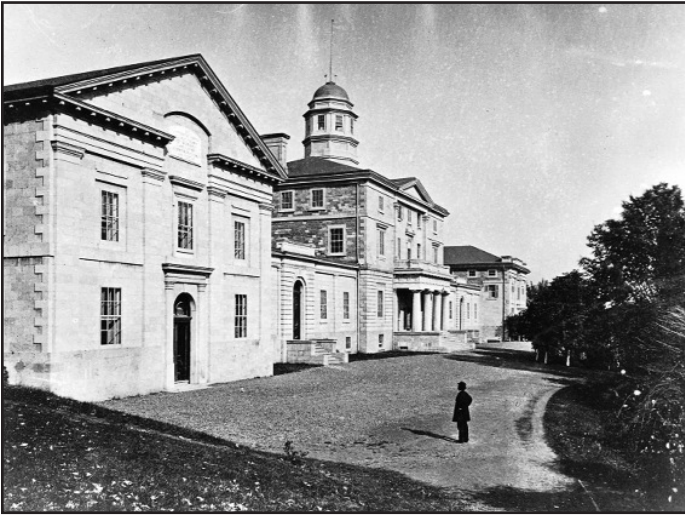
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HIGHER LEARNING

McGILL

Maintaining the vision

by Tim Favot



*This series spotlights Quebec's Anglophone institutions of higher learning. **Tim Favot**, a student in History at Bishop's University, interned with QAHN in the Fall of 2015.*

An institution of higher learning that has grown over many years from turbulent and modest beginnings to the prestigious and internationally recognized university we know today, McGill's history began in 1813 with a generous bequest by fur trader James McGill. At the time of his death, McGill left the sum of £10,000, together with Burnside, a 46-acre estate, to the Royal Institution for the Advancement of Learning. McGill's will stipulated that his bequest was to be used to establish a college in his name within ten years of his death or the gift would revert to his estate. This condition would lead to a lengthy legal battle between the Royal Institution and McGill's nephew, Francis Desrivières, who attempted to stall the Royal Institution's plans long enough that the estate would fall to him. One of James McGill's fur-trading partners, John Strachan, was able to obtain a royal charter in 1821, thus officially establishing McGill College, Quebec's first university. Formally, McGill opened in 1829 when the Montreal Medical Institution was accepted as McGill's Faculty of Medicine, even though lectures were held at a location away from the McGill property. It was not until 1843, when the Arts Building was constructed on the site, that the first classes were held at the McGill campus.

Montreal has had a large influence on McGill, and vice-versa. During the mid-nineteenth century, McGill called on private citizens for financial support, and English-speaking Montreal began to take pride in the growing institution. By the end of the nineteenth centu-

ry, McGill College had become McGill University and was renowned both nationally and internationally. McGill University began to give back to Montreal by enhancing Montreal's increasing stature as a major metropolitan centre in North America. Today, McGill University has two campuses: the original one located on the side of Mount Royal in downtown Montreal, and a second one in St. Anne-de-Bellevue, just outside of Montreal. During the fall 2015 semester, McGill was home to 39,988 students, just over 27,000 of them undergraduates. Generally, the school's student body is composed of 50% Quebecers, 25% from the rest of Canada, and 25% international, although these numbers vary based on the level of education (undergraduate, graduate, post-doctoral).

Olivier Marcil became the university's Vice-Principal of Communications and External Relations in 2011. He brought extensive political experience in Quebec, having served as an advisor to Quebec Premier Jean Charest, as Chief of Staff to Benoît Pelletier, Minister of Intergovernmental Affairs, and most recently, as Chief of Staff to Clément Gignac, Minister of Economic Development. Marcil also currently acts as a director of the Fondation Serge-Marcil, a foundation that helps disadvantaged children in Haiti and Senegal.

What is your role within the administration, and could you give us some insight into your experiences since arriving at the university?

I am Vice Principal of External Relations, which entails managing anything that has to do with communications, government relations, community engagement, relationships with other institutions, non-profit organizations, and businesses. We can summarize it by saying relationships with non-academic bodies. This is a role that universities are taking very seriously; to not only train students to do research, but also to be committed to the community around them.

Have your past experiences with other organizations helped you in any way?

Yes, I worked with the Quebec government for eight years, and when you've been working in government you gain experience. That's one of the reasons McGill approached me, asking if I could come and take the position to help with the university's engagement with Montreal and Quebec as societies. I have done so with great pleasure for the last four years.

What was James McGill's original vision for this institution? In what ways has the school both strayed and stayed true to that vision?

The original mission set forth by James McGill and the other founders of the institution almost 200 years ago is still in place today: it's an institution dedicated to knowledge and to education. McGill University is a very strong Quebec institution, with a very strong brand on the international scene. It has a great reputation for attracting talented students, but also professors, faculty and researchers.



That message hasn't changed. What has changed is the role of universities, not only in Quebec but all across the western world; today, societies expect universities to be committed to helping the community around them. This aspect has always been there, but the population is expecting us to demonstrate more clearly what we are doing for society and the students have a real appetite to volunteer and engage with the community. This is something that in no way contradicts the original vision of James McGill. But it is something that has become more prevalent in the last few years.

How does McGill fit into the diverse system that is post-secondary education in Quebec?

The 18 universities in Quebec form a network. It's not a formal network, but the universities are complimentary; they have different missions and specificities. It's true for Bishop's, it's true for McGill and it's true for the Universités de Montréal and Laval. They have different backgrounds, different histories, and it's these differences that create the strength within Quebec's system. McGill is different, no doubt about it, but all institutions are themselves unique and they work together for the common good.

Half of McGill's student body is composed of Quebecers. What percentage of these students are native French-speakers, and how, if at all, does this affect the university?

The composition of the student body of McGill University has been quite consistent over the last few decades. Half of the student body comes from Quebec, about a quarter are non-Quebecer Canadians, and about a quarter are from the rest of the world, which makes McGill the most international university in Canada. McGill has consistently had about 50 percent of its students coming from Quebec, and what is interesting is that the face of Quebec has been changing over the last few decades. Out of this 50 percent, about 20 percent are native-French speakers, and about 80 percent are native-English speakers or allophone. However, it's very difficult to identify clearly which is a student's native language. The data that I am using is from asking students, "Do you speak French? Yes or no?" and "Do you understand French? Yes or no?" Within the student body, roughly 60 percent of our students speak or understand French. That's a big difference when comparing McGill nowadays to McGill in 1969 when we had the McGill Français movement. This is something that has changed over the years, but it's not necessarily because you have more native-French speakers. It's because the allophones, the new generation born to immigrants, speak both French and English. This is the beauty of McGill: the diversity, the multiculturalism.

In the early years of the school, we saw the administration reach out to the English-speaking community in Montreal for help, and in turn distance themselves from the French-speaking community. How has McGill balanced these interests over its history? Does this balancing continue today?

It's difficult for me to speak about the school before I arrived, but I'll speak about our last campaign that finished in 2013. In that campaign, we reached out to our network of alumni that stretches across the world. 50 percent of the money we got came from outside the province. Within this percentage, we saw French Canadians or Québécois that gave money, but were located in New York, or Boston, California, London, and so on. We saw that the mobility of students is a reality, and there are a lot of people that studied at McGill who were native Montrealers but who now live in, say, Hong Kong. But those students, and those alumni, are still committed to McGill, so they give back. I would say the donations are from a diversity of sources; mainly from individuals and foundations, with very little proportionally from businesses and corporations, when compared to other campaigns. This shows the strength of the network, and the commitment of the alumni towards their alma mater.

In recent years, universities across Canada have felt financial pressures. Despite a substantial budget, have these pressures affected McGill, as well? If so, how?

Yes, it's affected McGill. If you look at *MacLean's Magazine's* 2015 university rankings, and you go to the section that analyzes operational budgets, McGill and the other Quebec institutions are at the bottom of the list. There's a simple explanation. It's due to the structure of tuition fees and funding from the government in Quebec. It's true that the Quebec government is giving proportionally more money in terms of grants to its universities than any other provincial government, but the tuition fees are very low in Quebec compared to in the rest of Canada. If you add the two columns – tuition fees plus grants – even if the grants are higher than anywhere else in Canada, the number doesn't equal the average that other institutions in Canada receive. This is a documented fact, and of course it has affected McGill, like other institutions. But, we're used to managing in this environment. We are less dependent on the Quebec government than other institutions in the province, but we continue to work miracles in terms of the standing of McGill and the quality of our teachers and students, and this makes up for the fact that we receive less money than comparable institutions elsewhere in Canada. Of course, it has affected us, but we manage the budget tightly and we make sure that we do not cut services to students or anything that has to do with McGill's core academic mission.

What does McGill's funding look like? What percentage of the budget comes from the province, alumni, tuition, and other sources?

If you look at McGill's annual report, you'll see that 38 percent of our funding comes from provincial grants, 17 percent from federal grants, and roughly one percent from grants from other countries.

Three percent comes from other sources, while tuition fees account for 20 percent. The rest is from gifts, interest on the endowment, money from the sale of products, and so on.

Tuition has been a major issue in Quebec politics. How do students feel about current tuition levels? What role does inflation play? Could you comment on the evolution of this debate?

Everyone saw what happened in 2012. The Quebec government decided to freeze tuition at the level it was at then, but to adjust it for inflation every year. This means that tuition in Quebec will remain the lowest in the country. We won't see any changes to this in the near future because the Quebec government is committed to keeping the tuition at that level for Quebecers. The thing we should look at though is tuition levels for international students. The system in Quebec is unique. How it works is that an international student who comes to a Quebec institution will pay way more than a Quebecer pays. For instance, it could be anything between \$16,000 and \$20,000, while a Quebec student will pay roughly \$2,300. The university will keep for itself the equivalent of a Quebecer's tuition fees and forgo the rest, which is clawed back by the Quebec government which uses that money to fund the whole system. So it's an equalization system based on tuition in Quebec. It's something McGill University would like to change, because in any other jurisdiction in North America it's quite simple: the money that students are paying to an institution stays with that institution, and the institution then uses that money to provide service to the students who paid for it.

How would rolling back this equalization system affect the other universities in Quebec?

Well, if you're using a portion of that equalization system to support the whole system, if you were to then say that universities are now going to keep all the tuition money they receive, there will be some losers -- the institutions that currently receive money from the equalization. This would be institutions that have very few international students. Institutions that have a lot of international students, like McGill, would see an improvement of their situation. The institutions that don't have a lot of international students would lose money, unless the government were willing to compensate them, which is always a possibility. And that's a discussion that is going on right now among Quebec's 18 universities and the provincial government.

Sources:

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Rethinking the Commemoration of Canadian Participation in Armed Conflicts

In some Canadian communities, public commemoration of the world wars is declining. This was the case in East Bolton, a small rural municipality with fewer than 2,000 citizens, more than half of whom are seasonal residents.

Together with the association *Patrimoine Bolton Heritage* (PBH), the municipality of Bolton-Est has attempted to redefine the Day of Remembrance ceremony as an activity accessible to all citizens: Anglophones and Francophones, permanent residents and seasonal residents, veterans and family members and members of the larger community making historical and cultural connections.

Two lines of action have been pursued:

- Focusing on relevant themes in local history in addition to service and sacrifice, for example, popular mobilization, the role of women - including oppositions to war. We also "revisited" the unknown story of a local hero, Lt.-col "Harry" Baker.
- Redefining a more inclusive ceremony: bilingual, civic (i.e. non-denominational, presided over by the Mayor), but with an ecumenical religious component (Protestant Church and Catholic Church participation).

In addition, trying to reach and valorize the families of the veterans - with the help of the three local associations of cemeteries.

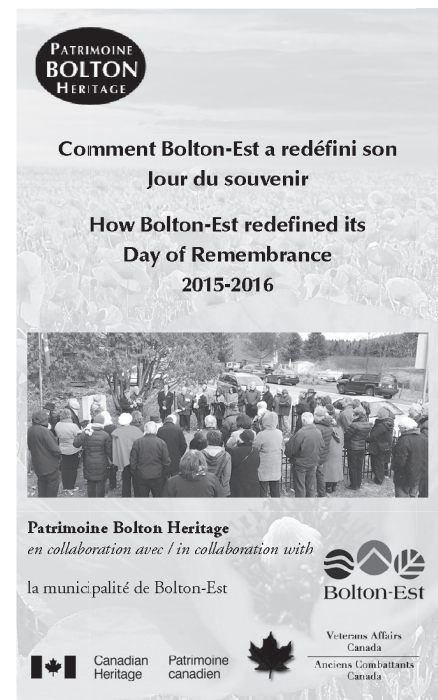
Finally, there was a desire to open up more to the diversity of opinions - by omitting, for example, some texts celebrating triumphant militarism and/or promoting the British monarchy.

A modest report is being prepared that will be offered to individuals or organizations to support continuing participation in remembrance activities.

To obtain copies of the document

Patrimoine Bolton Heritage

19 ch. Cameron, Bolton-Est, QC, J0E 1G0 www.boltonheritage.org / sergewagner@hotmail.com



BEHIND THE ROCK

The settling of the Montreal Irish

by Terence Hawes

In the wake of the Great Famine, one and a half million Irish people were displaced. The potato blight of the mid-nineteenth century and systemic persecution proved to make life worse for Catholics and accelerated the phenomenon that would later be coined the “Irish diaspora.” Many Irish sought asylum on the North American continent as a means to escape their destitution. The boroughs in Boston (South Side Boston) and New York City (The Five Points) bore the majority of Irish migrants landing on the eastern seaboard. It is widely accepted that these cities were at the forefront of the fostering of Irish American culture in North America. However, this consensus is a generalization, and casts a long shadow over cities that generated their own Irish cultural centres. Montreal is one of the cities with a deep Irish heritage rooted in the Irish diaspora and the Great Famine of the 1840s.

The Irish arriving in Montreal settled in the areas along the waterfront, the neighbourhoods known as “The Point” (Point St. Charles), Griffintown, and Little Burgundy. Today, these neighbourhoods are experiencing a widespread gentrification and boast some of the most vibrant cultural scenes in the city. But just over 150 year ago, this area was a gritty industrial district full of Irish migrants who were employed to build the city’s infrastructure on working-class wages.

When commuters and visitors come off the Victoria Bridge into Montreal, they will notice a large rock which stands on a small patch of grass on the median between the two lanes. This rock, known as the Ship Fever Monument, or the Black Rock, was erected by the men who built the bridge as a tribute

to their fellow Irish who perished from the ship conditions on the passage over the Atlantic. The site proved to be a spot of contention between the city and the Irish as their role in Montreal society became more and more integral.

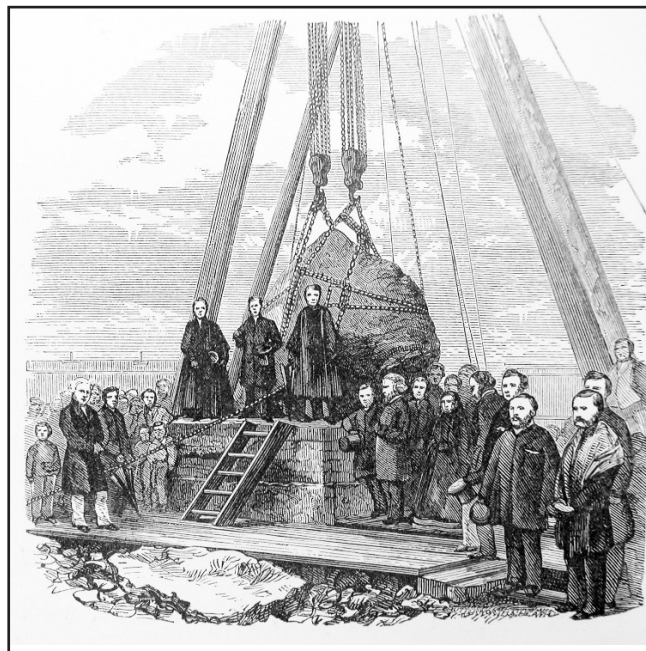
lence, the mayor decided that the Irish would live on the waterfront in shacks as both a method of housing and quarantine. During this period an estimated 6,000 migrants died from their sickness and were buried in a mass grave.

This mass death inspired the erection of the Ship Fever Monument, just a few metres away in Point Saint Charles. This monument and the politics surrounding it would prove to represent the dichotomy between the inclusion and exclusion of the Irish within Montreal society.

To begin with, Catholic clergy were not invited to the dedication ceremony for the monument. Two factors were at play here. First, the City of Montreal was experiencing its own sectarian tensions between the city’s French Catholic and English Protestant populations, and the elite were well aware of the politicized sectarian tensions in Ireland (McMahon, 49). What they may have overlooked, however, was the fact that

Ireland’s sectarian problem ran far deeper, and greatly favoured a Protestant ruling class over the poverty-stricken Catholics. Moreover, though Canada was achieving its sovereignty, it was still an extension of Britain.

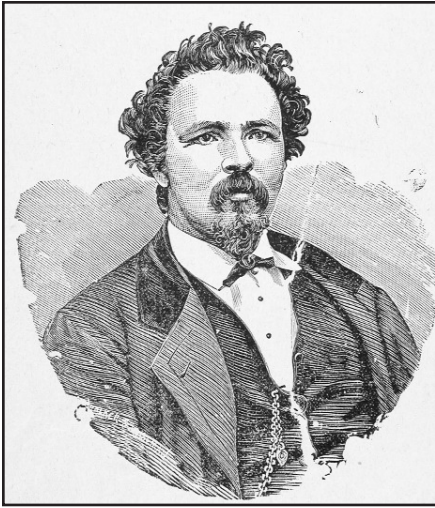
The British had enacted penal laws in Ireland which restricted Catholic suffrage. They had also put into place social programs to deal with the famine that were so inept that it could be argued that they took advantage of the famine to try to commit genocide. When the officials overseeing the dedication of the Ship Fever Monument neglected to invite representatives from the Catholic Church, they were unconsciously renewing the old grievances of their new Irish population rather than addressing them.



Even to this day, a group named the Montreal Irish Memorial Park Foundation is pushing to create a park to complement the Ship Fever Monument. This is a testament to how Irish Canadian culture is still an important part of Montreal, and to how the Black Rock has been a contentious issue since it was erected in 1859 (McMahon, 48). To understand the monument’s contemporary relevance, its origins in relation to its Irish neighbourhood must be traced.

In 1847, a year known as Black ‘47 due to the high number of casualties claimed by the famine, the fledgling city of Montreal, with a population of just 50,000, had to deal with 75,000 displaced Irish. To manage this new population, who were infected with pesti-

Laying the Monumental stone, marking the graves of 6000 immigrants near Victoria Bridge. McCord Museum, M15934.45.



The Irish immigrants' process of integration in Canada was very much characterized by continued marginalization and by politics back in Ireland, including the rise of nationalism. On a grass roots level, the Young Ireland Rebellion of 1848 was one of the first instances of an organized manifestation of nationalism. Though foiled quickly, the Young Ireland movement was responsible for nationalist literature and political leaflets that would be disseminated, not only across the thirty-two counties of Ireland, but also across the Atlantic. This movement, and subsequent ones, would have a profound effect on Irish Canadians.

Irish nationalist societies also emerged in mid-nineteenth century Montreal. St. Anne's parish, the Catholic media outlets *True Witness* and *Catholic Chronicle*, and the fraternity of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, all served as mouthpieces for the Irish Canadian working-class population. The Ship Fever Monument transcended its role as a burial marker and became an important site for the recognition of Irish identity within Montreal and a symbol of nationalist martyrdom. Historian Colin McMahon writes: "the Irish who were exiled on the shores of the St. Lawrence died as martyrs preserving their nationality and their faith" (McMahon, 50). The Irish Canadian societies and newspapers voiced the concerns of Irish Montrealers, and helped to frame the monument in a nationalist light.

Reflections of their counterparts in Ireland, these institutions helped the working-class Irish to get a political footing, and inspired grassroots political

discourse within the community centred around local establishments. Joe Beef's Canteen, a name synonymous today with a famous restaurant in Little Burgundy, was once a tavern on the waterfront known for its dancing bear. It was a drinking hole for the derelict and the dockworkers, and it provided a political forum where the working classes could go to voice their grievances. The proprietor, Charles McKiernan (aka Joe Beef), was a man from County Cavan who served as a community leader for the Irish as well as the community at large (DeLottinville, 10). This dynamic paralleled the situation in cities like New York where the liquor store owner was often a political leader in the Irish districts of the city. What was unique about McKiernan was that, although he had served in the British military, once he was established as a community leader, he did not embody any of the sectarian or ethnic tensions of the day. Instead, he united the people of various ethnicities and religious denominations under a larger class struggle that came with living in the waterfront districts. His manifesto was:

Joe Beef of Montreal,
the Son of the People
He cares not for the Pope,
Priest, Parson or King
William of the Boyne;
all Joe wants is the coin.

He rejected Catholic religious leaders, monarchs, and Protestant heroes, opting instead for the pursuit of economic betterment. Although he echoed grassroots institutions in Ireland, McKiernan saw nationalism and sectarianism as an albatross impeding Irish advancement in Montreal. His activism led to a protest where Irish and French workers came together along the Lachine canal bearing a tricolour flag.

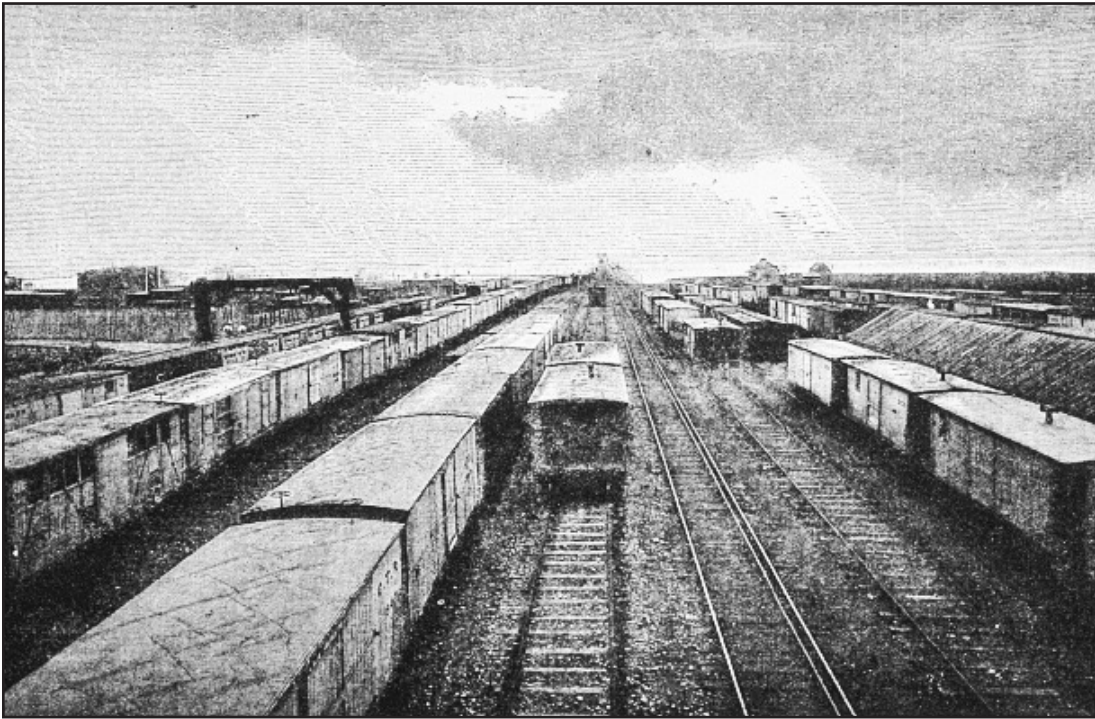
By the end of the century, it was clear that the Irish were here to stay, and that the connection to their dead had not dissipated but rather deepened. The Ship Fever Monument proved a point of contention. Point St. Charles was no longer a refugee camp for the diseased Irish, but a national hub of industry, with the Irish providing the majority of its labour force. The Grand Trunk Railway Company (GTR) was hugely responsible for the success of the area's industry. Goods were as easily imported as they were

exported. The railway soon looked to purchase more land as a means of advancing its network into the city, and the land they wanted to acquire included the site where the dead were buried. The Irish population took issue with this, claiming that the purchase would violate the sanctity of the dead. Given the size of this population, and the growing fear of working-class agitation within social elite circles, the GTR declared that it would do everything in its power not to disturb the burial site, and that it would merely relocate the Ship Fever Monument (McMahon, 51). This did not appease the Irish, for whom no part of this plan was acceptable, and despite their best efforts, the monument was moved to a new location in St. Patrick's Square, nowhere near the gravesite, where it would remain for over a decade before being returned to its present site, a few feet from its original location. The move to St. Patrick's Square, along with the city's lack of will to properly honour the 6,000 Irish who had died with ship fever, breathed new life into the Black Rock's nationalist narrative.

Moreover, the debate about the monument coincided with a rise in Irish nationalism. Members of the Fenian movement had conducted raids on British targets in Canada back in 1866 and 1871. And during the Great War, conscription into the British army further inflamed Irish nationalist sentiment: the General Post Office in Dublin was stormed by the IRA in 1916, and in 1921 the Anglo-Irish War led to the establishment of the Irish Free State and the six separate counties in Ulster. Partition, a condition of peace, would prove a divisive issue within Sinn Fein, the political wing of the IRA, and cause the Irish Civil War from 1922 to 1923.

The great political upheaval in the Irish homeland had a significant effect on its native sons and daughters abroad. Continued marginalization in Quebec and the province's own racialized conscription crisis bolstered Irish Canadian disaffection. Canada, a country within the British Empire, was expected to contribute to the war effort.

The French-Canadian objection to having to fight for Britain, their former foe, echoed the Irish Republican movement's opposition to conscription. At the same time, John Redmond, father of the



Home Rule movement in Ireland, deemed that there should be a representation of Irish volunteers alongside the conscripts. His contention was that this would speak volumes about the island's ability to govern itself, not as a colony, but as a state within the British Empire. The Irish-Canadian Rangers Regiment was formed during the first year of the Great War. However, in the war's worst year of 1916, the regiment disbanded when news of the Easter Rebellion reached Canada (McMahon, 54).

As Partrick Pearse, leader of the Rebellion, envisioned, Irish people both at home and abroad were inspired to harden their hearts towards British rule in Ireland. Though some Canadian Irish fought at the Somme, Vimy Ridge, and Passchendaele, it was clear that most had no wish to take part in a British war. This division within Irish-Canadian society centred on issues of inclusion

and exclusion. Some felt that the past and the political struggles in Ireland were no longer their concern, and saw themselves as invested in the Canadian experience; others retained an interest in Irish politics and felt marginalized in their adoptive country.

A century and a half ago, the Irish were dying on the banks of the Lachine Canal. Today, Irish culture is ingrained within the fabric of Montreal. The city has several Irish societies, a university program dedicated solely to Canadian Irish studies, and one of the largest St. Patrick's Day parades in the world.

At the same time, the Montreal Irish Memorial Park Foundation is lobbying to improve the Ship Fever Monument, making it into a park and museum which would be a fitting tribute to the Irish who are buried there and those who helped them. Fergus Keyes, leader of the organization, de-

scribes the current process as "getting danced around a little by the bureaucrats."

The Black Rock, which signified Irish marginalization in Montreal so many years ago, remains an issue of contention, despite how far the Irish have come within Canada. The 6,000 dead and the failure of the city to honour them properly is a memory and a sore spot which still persists in the minds of the descendants of the Irish who settled on the Canadian shore.

Terence Hawes lives in Montreal and earned his B.A. in History and Creative Writing at Concordia University. He is a fiction writer and has a keen interest in the history of Ireland, where he lived for a year while studying for his degree.

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WALKING BLACK MONTREAL

The Jackie Robinson monument

by Ashlie Bienvenu

At this point in our exploration of Montreal's Black history, I shall lead you to the Olympic stadium. Here we find a monument to Jackie Robinson, a legendary baseball player who battled racism in professional sports. His journey took him through Montreal and indelibly marked the city forever.

Jack Roosevelt Robinson (aka Jackie Robinson) was born in 1919 in Cairo, Georgia. He loved sports, excelling both in football and baseball. As a superb athlete growing up under the rules of segregated sports, Jackie Robinson made a name for himself in the American Negro Leagues. He was drafted by Branch Rickey of the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1946, but because of the inherent racism within major league baseball, he was sent to the Montreal Royals. The Royals were a farm team for the Dodgers, and it was considered the perfect test environment to determine if Robinson could succeed in professional baseball. The thinking at that time was that professional baseball in Montreal would be a less racist environment. The experiment worked! In fact, this team "holds a unique place in baseball history for being the first major-league affiliate to break the so-called 'baseball color barrier.'"

Jackie Robinson had a glorious year in Montreal. He did not live in the Black district in the southwest. Rather, he and his wife found a warm and receptive home in the Villeray district. The Robinsons always had fond memories of Montreal. In fact, Jackie Robinson once stated that Montreal was "the city for me. This is paradise."



Yet, on the field, the challenges were many. Robinson dealt with constant racism but still managed to be seen for his skill and not so much for the colour of his skin. He was later brought back to the Dodgers in 1947 where, despite constant racism and abuse, he went on to break racial barriers in Major League Baseball.

While living in Montreal, many in the Black community followed Robinson's every move. His groundbreaking sojourn in this city was an inspiration for many of the city's Black youth at that time. Though their Montreal lives were not quite the paradise that Robinson was living, almost everyone was impressed by his exceptional skill, composure and enduring patience. He was a great role model and his singular experience here demonstrated that Montreal could really be a paradigm of peaceful coexistence between people of different cultures and ethnicities.

In 1987, marking the 40th anniversary of Robinson's breakthrough in Montreal, the city commissioned a statue from sculptor Jules Lasalle. Located next to the Olympic stadium, successor to the site of Robinson's triumphs, the DeLorimier stadium, the monument depicts the baseball great inspiring young children.

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

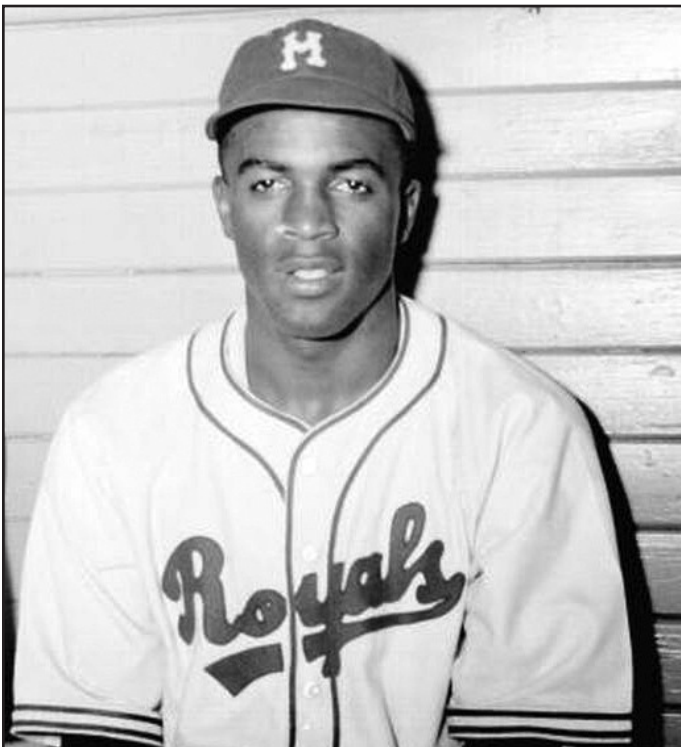
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FROM LEIDEN TO ARUNDEL

The Cooke family (Part I)

by Joseph Graham

This story was originally written as a commemoration of the life of Ronald Douglas Cooke of Arundel (February 18, 1947, to December 28, 2015). He began researching the Cooke family years ago and his work was the fundamental first step in the historical account below.

Arundel, June 25, 1963. School had finished for the summer and a few of the older kids went off for a swim.

They'd done the same thing earlier in the month. The cold water or the mosquitoes: that was the choice. Ron Cooke dove in, but the water had changed. He disappeared, didn't come back up. Bob Staniforth ran into the water and pulled him to the shore. Something was very wrong. His head seemed loose. They contacted Dr. Reginald B. Henry who came right over.

Someone got Edward Miller over with his station wagon and they laid Ron in the back, following Dr. Henry's instructions. They drove straight down to the Montreal Neurological Hospital.

Ron Cooke had just completed Grade 9. When he was younger it was like he had been born grown-up. He loved to go out hunting with his grandfather, Herb Cooke, and his dad, Doug. At nine he brought down a deer with a clean shot and took a moose at eleven. He was always thoughtful and generous, quick to give away what he had at the smallest provocation. He was popular, a friend, a guy you could count on. But he was carrying some hidden burden. He began to experience depression, lost his motivation and stayed out of school, a serious worry to his family. He was old for grade 9, going on 16.

His elder sister Judy heard that Ron

had been driven off to the Neuro. It seemed surreal. No other news. The road from Arundel to Montreal is not short. A station wagon is not an ambulance. They got him there as quickly and carefully as possible. Ron came out of it a quadriplegic, with ten percent use of his arms, and would spend his life in a wheelchair.



Somehow, after his convalescence at St. Mary's, he came home full of the spirit and energy he would need to rise to this new challenge. His arm rigged to a metal hand, he could perform simple tasks. He could dial the phone and slowly taught himself to do more.

Ross Sykes, his cousin living in Montreal, coaxed Ron into his line of work. Ross was an insurance broker. Ron's sister, Judy Staniforth, described how Ross literally provided him with a lifeline, encouraging Ron through the process and acting as his mentor. Ron could work on the phone, from home. He had a good memory and when he wanted to learn something, he did.

He got his broker's licence at eighteen. They let him do the four exams orally. He had a human touch, listening and finding the best for his clients. He solved people's problems. Many never knew he was bound to a wheelchair. He developed into a charming, considerate man whose voice carried a calm authority, whether over the phone, on the radio, or in person.

Ron was in his late twenties when he met Doreen Pedicelli. Older than Ron, with three boys in their teens and a daughter of seven, Doreen helped him in his office at the Cooke home. As she got to know him, she felt her life change. Her own siblings thought she was crazy. Nicest guy in the world, but he's in a wheelchair. Doug,

Ron's father, observed how happy Ron was when Doreen was around.

When they married, they moved to their own house on the Cooke's farm. Doreen drove, which helped Ron to become more mobile. With the help of his "right-hand gal," Patricia White, and with Charlene Craig acting as receptionist, the office ran smoothly and the brokerage grew.

With his team allowing him more personal time, Arundel became Ron's passion. A member of the fifth generation of Cookes in Arundel, he began taking an active interest in the town's affairs. When the English school was threatened, he got involved and it was turned into a much-needed French Immersion school. He promoted the conservation of the train station, sat on the municipal council, was involved in the Arundel Citizens Home and the Stephen Jake Beaven seniors' residence, and even encouraged the concept of a health cooperative. CBC Radio discovered his passion and interviewed him as their Anglo expert on the Laurentians for years.

Even though Ron claimed to have never really liked insurance, he liked people, and his main legacy may be Dubé, Cooke, Pedicelli Insurance. In 1988 Doreen's son Mark Pedicelli joined the firm and in 1998 they took on a new partner, Jonathan Dubé. After a period of rapid expansion, Ron retired in 2000.

Having seen Ron successfully row against the currents of an industry and cultivate the human face of insurance, Mark

recently bought out his partner and has vowed to return to the philosophy that characterized Ron's style.

Ron had a way of reaching out to people. Georgina Downie, his sister-in-law, gives us an example. Exuberant after a day skiing, she shared her experience. Suddenly self-conscious and disturbed that he could not participate in such activities, she asked him if he missed skiing. He paused thoughtfully, then quietly asked her, with his loving calm, if she missed Sumo wrestling. She understood. Ron lived in his mind, sitting in the centre of its vastness, never possessing it but sharing it as though it was a part of the commons.

Republic of the United Netherlands

Cuius regio eius religio (whose realm, his religion) was a doctrine that came into force in the mid-sixteenth century to tie Protestantism and Catholicism to the ruling powers. Essentially it meant that there could be no religious freedom. The monarch's religious choice was dictated to all their subjects. The doctrine was not based solely on religious conviction, although that played the visible role. The churches also responded to health, education and social services needs. The title of the Catholic Church was a tax. The Catholic Church did not want competition from another service provider or church and the kingdom did not want to be drawn into vicious fighting among believers, or among service providers.

Such a doctrine did not sit well with independent congregations who had fended for themselves for years, looking after their own. In the Netherlands, the people fought a war to free themselves from Spain largely for this reason. Franchoys Couck, a resident of Leiden in the early sixteenth century and later a Pilgrim who went to America on the Mayflower, was a believer in religious freedom, in the right of each congregation to care for its own and to make its own arrangements with others.

In 1609, the Netherlands signed a peace treaty with Spain. The new Republic of the United Netherlands would not be subject to the doctrine *cuius regio eius religio*. Its power rested in the business elite and in trade, and it had become a refuge for Spanish Jews, French Huguenots, English dissidents and others, all looking for religious freedom or self-governance.

Searching for the birthplace of Franchoys Couck leads only to speculation; it

might have been in England (Blythe, in Essex, or Canterbury), or it might have been in continental Europe. If he was from England, he would most probably have come to Leiden with the Separatists, who went first to Amsterdam around 1607 and then to Leiden in 1610, but Couck is documented as being already in Leiden in 1603. Religious persecution really only began in England in 1604, suggesting he would not have needed to leave England before that date for that reason. Some sources suggest he may not have been English at all, but no alternative is offered. If he was English, he seems to have been in Leiden with no fellow



countrymen.

Hester Mahieu, whom Couck married in Leiden, was a Walloon whose family was originally from Lille in the north of France. Her family fled the Catholic armies in 1578 during the French Wars of Religion and eventually found refuge in Canterbury, England, where Hester was born on July 3, 1582. Her parents, sisters and other relatives are also a part of her story while the parents of Franchoys Couck (Francis Cooke) have never been identified. At the time, Leiden was a destination for members of the Walloon Church, England being a place of temporary refuge only. The church records in Leiden suggest that Francis and Hester were married in the Leiden Walloon Reformed Church in July 1603, but the specific records for 1603 have disappeared, so this cannot be confirmed. Other sources show that the groom's witnesses were Philippe de Veau and Raphael Roelandt. The date of their marriage, along with other sources in Leiden, show that before 1610 their community did not yet include any with English names. Francis and Hester did visit a Walloon community in Norwich, England, in late 1606 and their first child was baptised as Jean (later known as John) Cooke at a Walloon Church in Leiden in

early 1607. Another Leiden record shows "François Cooke et Esther sa Femme, de Norwich" as transferring from another Walloon congregation to the Walloon Church of Leiden on New Year's Day 1608. The reason for their visit to Norwich is not known but their names appear in a Walloon church registry there and thereafter we don't find the name Couck. Is it possible that this is where the spelling changed from Couck to Cooke?

In 1611, they were registered at the betrothal of Hester's sister Françoise to Daniel Cricket, from Sandwich, England. Françoise and Daniel were married in front of a magistrate in Leiden on June 10, 1611. The first presence in Leiden of the Separatist Church of John Robinson was in early 1610, and the Separatist Church members in Leiden married in civil ceremonies. It is probable that Daniel Cricket was a Separatist Church member and possibly the first contact that the Cookes had with these English dissidents.

The Cookes were soon members of John Robinson's congregation in Leiden. In 1620, Francis Cooke, along with his son John, sailed to England on the ship Speedwell with the intention of heading for America to set up a congregation there, although neither Pastor Robinson nor Hester and her other children were on board. The Speedwell was supposed to travel with another ship, the Mayflower, for the transatlantic crossing but it proved unseaworthy and only 35 of its passengers, including Francis and his son, managed to cram onto the Mayflower. The rest of the Mayflower passengers were simply people from Southampton and London who were emigrating as employees, most probably of the Virginia Company.

The Mayflower story is one of those foundational tales of the United States and it is well-documented. Hester arrived on the ship Fortune two years later and the Cookes became one of the legendary Plymouth Rock Pilgrim families. Their story is part of American mythology but the idea that at least this couple, among the relatively small group of religious immigrants, was French-speaking with an enormous Dutch influence in much of their early colonial lives is not a highly touted part of the story.

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.*

REVIEW

125 Years of Community Service

Soup to Self-Sufficiency:

Montreal's Old Brewery Mission

Alan Hustak with Bryan Demchinsky

The Old Brewery Mission, Montreal, 2014

Soup to Self-Sufficiency was written to coincide with the 125th anniversary of the 1889 founding of Old Brewery Mission. This handsome hard-bound volume is an engaging story of the Mission's history through the decades. It is highly effective in setting that history in the larger context of the political, economic and cultural circumstances of Montreal. In particular it reflects Montreal at its margins, examining the lot of those with the least, and those who tried to make a difference in their lives.

Poverty and homelessness have probably been present in city life since Montreal's earliest days. However, the scale of the problem changed dramatically in the late 1880s. It is telling that the Mission's founding year of 1889 also marked the opening of the CPR's Windsor Station, for it was the launch of Canada's trans-continental railway that dramatically accelerated the problems of itinerancy in Montreal. While benevolent societies and religious charities had previously tried to assist the "deserving poor," Montreal's position as the hub of the national railway brought a deluge of transient passengers.

Windsor (now Peel) Street ran from the affluence of the Square Mile on the incline of the mountain, down to the tenements and factories of Griffintown, and was the axis of the early history of the Mission. To the north of Windsor Station was Dominion Square Methodist Church (dedicated in 1865, closed in 1911), on the site that later hosted the Laurentian Hotel and now an office tower. This congregation and its minister were particularly moved by the stories of privation, and no doubt by the faces on their doorstep. Mary Finley and Mina Douglas, two women from the congregation, opened a soup kitchen in a vacant house close to the Grand Trunk Railway's Bonaventure Station, to the south of Windsor Station.

The mission's name came, initially informally, within a year of its founding when the soup kitchen expanded into a building on College (now St. Paul) Street a few blocks east of Bonaventure Station. For many years this building was occupied by the Williams Brewery, Montreal's first serious competitor to the Molsons, and it continued to be referred to as "the Old Brewery." The irony in the name was immediately apparent, but it stuck. Demon drink was seen as the primary social ill, and the connection between alcoholism and poverty would undoubtedly have been clear to the daily experience of the Mission's staff and volunteers, but it also reflected the views of the Methodist church and a robust Canadian temperance movement. The Mission's first three superintendents were all reformed alcoholics who credited Methodism with their deliverance from the evils of the bottle.

A strength of *Soup to Self-Sufficiency* is the depth and nuance with which it examines the evolution of the social ills underlying



the need for soup kitchens and homeless shelters. While alcohol abuse never really waned, economic cycles took their toll, most notably during the Great Depression of the 1930s. More recent decades brought gambling addictions (especially after the introduction of Video Lottery Terminals, VLTs, introduced by the Quebec government in 1994), drug addictions, and mental illness (especially after government cuts to hospital budgets in the late 1990s). Domestic violence has also always been a factor, especially for women, although services to women were not consistently offered. This peripheral status was remedied in 1998 with the opening of the 70-bed Patricia Mackenzie Pavilion in 1998, offering emergency and transition services for women.

In the early decades, the Mission's clear mandate was as a Gospel Relief Agency. The Methodist spirit of reform and evangelism was the driving force. Elements of these roots continued through the twentieth century with United Church (formed in 1925 when the Methodists joined with other Protestant denominations) and Anglican support and influence. The last vestige of evangelism disappeared in 2003 when the Christmas religious service was eliminated. Although it remains in the name, the "Mission" is now a wholly secular one.


Every community organization has stumbles and internal conflicts, and this volume does not gloss over darker moments. It is also a challenge in an institutional history to reflect views from the outside looking in. What was it like to be in the line for a warm meal or bed, especially in the early years? Very few first-person accounts exist, but the authors did find interviews in newspapers of the day. Interspersed among the conventional chapters are stand-alone pages with short biographies of key individuals, events and themes. Examples are "Methodism: a Reforming Spirit" and "Montreal After Dark." "The Mulroneys Caper" delightfully reminds us of the buses that took Old Brewery Mission residents to vote in the 1983 Progressive Conservative Party leadership race.

The history of homelessness, and of one of Montreal's most enduring efforts to remedy it, is important. *Soup to Self-Sufficiency* tells the story well. All proceeds from the sale of the book go towards the Old Brewery Mission.

—Reviewed by Mark W. Gallop

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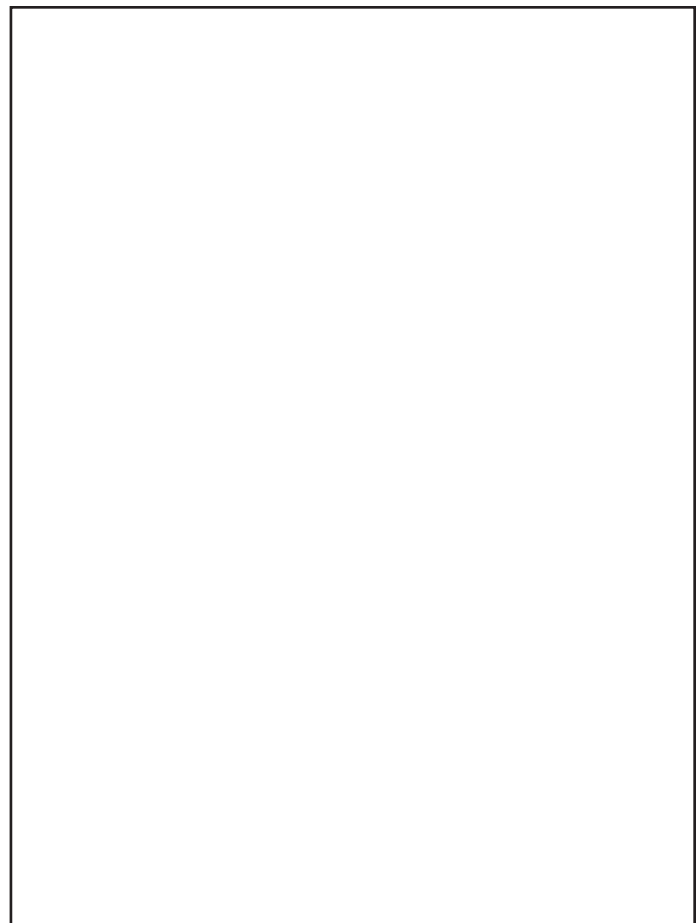
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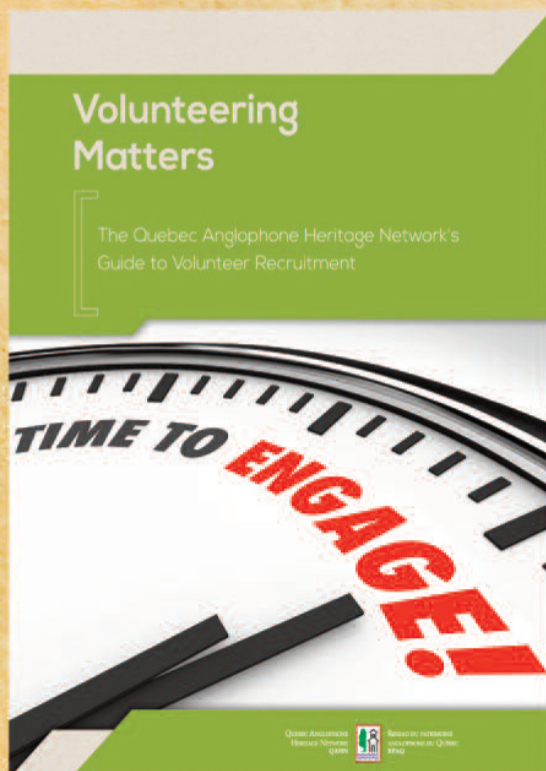
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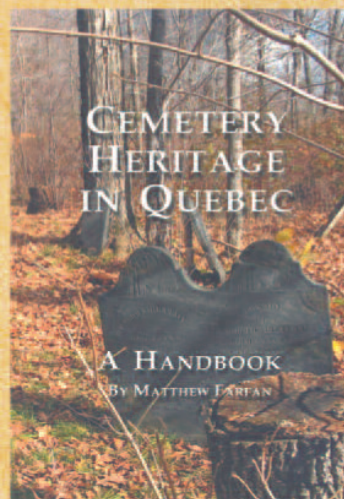
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