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The Great War's Unsung Nurses

Significant Objects, Local Heroes

QAHN's Heritage Photo and Heritage Essay Contests

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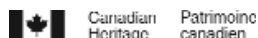
BOOKKEEPER

MARION GREENLAY

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Cover: Coopérative d'habitation Kamouraska mural, Coalition de la Petite Bourgogne, St. Jacques Street, Montreal, from QAHN's "Remembering Black Little Burgundy" walking tour. Photo: Rod MacLeod.

EDITOR'S DESK

Restoring Faith

by Rod MacLeod

The building on the corner of Notre Dame Street and St. Laurent Boulevard in Old Montreal is now home to what must be the fast food emporium with the choicest location anywhere – patrimonially speaking, at least. For me, that's just fine. Back in 1987, it was a ruinous shell.

It was a stop on a hard-hat tour of restoration sites I took during a conference on architectural conservation. After gingerly climbing a rickety stairway and positioning ourselves around the second-floor scaffolding, we listened to the foreman explain the challenges this project entailed. While the structure itself was so far gone from recent fire damage that restoration would largely be a matter of “façadism” (normally a much criticized practice), they planned to return the exterior to its original appearance. Not so simple, however: this late eighteenth-century house had been heavily remodelled in the 1830s, leaving no useful trace of how it had “originally” appeared; one would have to extrapolate from other, presumably similar buildings that had survived. Moreover, there was a procedural issue, and perhaps a moral one: restoration dogma required scraping away all the intervening alterations to get back to the original builder's intended look – and yet the alterations had been carried out by none other than John Ostell, one of Montreal's greatest nineteenth-century architects. Would it be right to destroy a structure by the designer of the Customs House and McGill Arts Building simply to pay lip service to purist theory? The project leaders eventually opted to restore the house to its 1830s appearance rather than retreat further back into questionable historical territory. The building was given the

name “Maison Cuvillier-Ostell” in honour of both the original owner and the man largely responsible for the design Montrealers had known for a century and a half.

My fellow conference attendees were fascinated by this idea that one should acknowledge the work of intervening builders rather than insist on artistic purity at all cost. The Cuvillier-Ostell case went against most established thinking, which tended to hold the efforts of nineteenth-century architectur-



al meddlers in low regard. Certainly the gold standard of sensitive restoration was Eric McLean's meticulous work on the Papineau house in Old Montreal, which returned a grossly scarred flophouse to its pristine pre-Victorian condition, inside and out. This had been a painstaking process, involving the demolition of two storeys that had been brutally added in the 1870s and their replacement by a roof built with reference to a contemporary sketch; drawings also formed the basis for the reconstruction of countless fixtures and features that had been removed from the house over the years. The result was architecturally satisfying, but its impact was even more sensational. McLean's restoration of the

Papineau house launched Old Montreal on its road to recovery as a proud feature of the city's much-touted livable urban space.

Gold standard indeed – and yet the result was so different from the building anyone alive could remember it was as much innovation as restoration, a conscious rejection of one vision and the imposition of another: the Papineau house as it ought to be, at least according to McLean. One could even argue that it would have been a more honest act of restoration, one more respectful of the patina of time, to have simply cleaned up the four-storey flophouse, leaving the extra storeys, and maybe the Coca Cola signs, intact. Perhaps the restoration of the Papineau house amounted to a kind of cultural cleansing, a denial that the much-abused flophouse, or the streets around it, had any heritage value. Or perhaps we should interpret such a restoration project less as a statement about the past than as a vision of the future – an architectural leap of faith.

When it comes to the built environment, the question of authenticity is rarely straightforward. We tend to value old buildings and quaint streets for their “human” scale – meaning presumably their ability to accommodate our preferred human activity in a way that cliff-like skyscrapers and desert-like plazas can't. And beyond the matter of scale, there is something about old styles that appeals to us – something reassuring and tangible, linking us to a sense of heritage, like home cooking and artisanal beer. And yet, so many of our “old” urban spaces have been carefully designed to look that way. Though starting from original structures, restorers have typically added layers of detail to give

buildings and streets a look that we have come to recognize as “authentic.” Visitors certainly flock to such spaces: the more “authentic,” the more popular. For some, that is reason enough to be critical. Blanche Lemco, who along with her architect husband Sandy van Ginkel virtually coined the name “Old Montreal” back in the 1960s, later lamented that the area had become a tourist trap. Lemco’s actions, of course, like McLean’s, helped to erase the old town’s gritty, ad-hoc commercial market quality and replace it with an “authenticity” that people came to love. By contrast, no one loved the flophouses, the abattoirs and the cabbagy streets. Even so, people lived and worked there, and, as in most development projects, they were displaced to make room for casual visitors.

These sorts of issues would have seemed nonsensical a couple of centuries ago. Until then, most people felt no romance about the past, and did away with the old when they had no further use for it – or if they lacked the funds to build new they grafted some new onto the old. The rise of History as a discipline brought a new fascination for the forces that had shaped the present. This fascination involved not just Big Important Ideas, such as the advance of British parliamentarianism or the transition to capitalism, but also the identification, even the invention, of historical epochs, such as The Dark Ages or The Renaissance. Scholars positioned themselves and their own time periods in relation to these forces and epochs. The late eighteenth century saw a conviction that classical forms represented the pinnacle of civilization and a bulwark against barbarism, and so orderly columns and triangular pediments featured in all civic and religious buildings from Thomas Jefferson’s Virginia State Capitol to most early Quebec churches. Some decades later, soaringly vertical Gothic became the defining feature of civilized society; scholars promoted buildings with spires and arches, and rejected Classicism as old-fashioned. They preferred what they saw as the purer style



of the Middle Ages – what one group called “Pre-Raphaelite,” meaning the time before the onset of corrupting Classicism. This rejection could take on essentialist and even racist tones: for many, Gothic was quintessentially Northern, the natural product of a colder climate where long ago free peoples with blond hair had resisted the advance of decadent classical Rome.

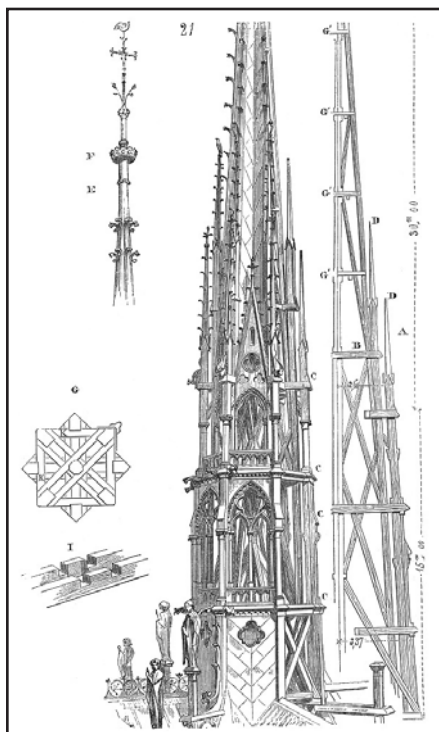
High degrees of nonsense notwithstanding, the nineteenth century’s passionate embrace of historical styles did result in a growing interest in the surviving bits of long-neglected buildings. For the first time, intellectuals began to think of Heritage, and authorities began to authorize restoration – even if they were a long way from our own postmodernist preoccupations.

I found myself thinking a lot about this process in the course of a recent trip to France, which in every other respect took my brain about as far from the world of Anglophone Quebec as it could get. Much of the trip was focused on family history, but I had long wanted to explore Languedoc, where 800 years ago crusaders from northern Europe

massacred their way across the south in an effort to cleanse the region of the Cathar heresy. And so, our travels took us to the extravagantly medieval Carcassonne to feast our eyes on centuries of stone, and then to Nimes, which is by contrast a showcase of things classical. Both towns are case studies in the complexities of heritage restoration.

Carcassonne is famous for being both a dazzling display of Gothic splendour and a riot of Victorian fakery. Yes, it is both these things, but for my money all the more fascinating as a result. Carcassonne continues to exist, along with a great many famous places in Europe and North America, thanks to the hard work and imagination of well-meaning intellectuals who despaired at the sad state of old buildings around them and wanted to restore them – in every sense of the term: not just to their previous appearance but to their rightful place within the historical narrative.

In France, the natural attrition of time had been radically fast-forwarded by the destructive hand of revolutionaries, who directed their ire at Ancien Regime monuments, especially churches. After the political Restoration, Romantics began to call for a cultural restoration of bygone glory. In his 1829 novel *Notre Dame de Paris*, Victor Hugo devoted hundreds of pages solely to describing the Gothic splendour of France’s most famous, yet woefully neglected, church. (In English, the book would be known more for its hunch-backed protagonist, given top billing in the title.) A year later, the new constitutional monarchy created the position of Inspector-General of Historical Monuments, the first attempt on a national scale to oversee heritage preservation. This office was soon filled by the writer Prosper Mérimée, whose extensive travels in Spain (fodder for his later novel *Carmen*, which inspired the Bizet opera) gave him the necessary tools to tour the countryside and write a seminal report listing critical at-risk historic monuments. Along the way, the inspector-general acquired a protégé in the form of a gifted young amateur draughtsman



named Eugène Viollet-le-Duc, who had also travelled extensively and boasted a portfolio of detailed architectural drawings.

With an authority that would make present-day preservationists envious, Mérimée forced local governments across France to cancel planned demolition of old buildings and then promptly embarked on their restoration. Viollet-le-Duc was entrusted with the supervision of several major religious projects, culminating in Notre Dame de Paris itself, whose façade was missing all the sculpt-

ed figures that had been within the revolutionaries' reach; he also rebuilt the medieval spire, replaced missing stained-glass windows, and added an army of gargoyles posed artfully about the rooftops. In this, as in other projects, Viollet-le-Duc was guided by Mérimée's belief that restoration should result in as complete a structure as possible; where the original appearance was not known, restorers should rely on evidence from other buildings built at the same time. Of course, what constituted "evidence" to mid-century restorers had more to do with Victor Hugo and an essentialist reading of history than with anything archival or archaeological. Restorers wanted Gothic, and so Gothic is what buildings got.

Carcassonne was one of the sorriest sights in France when Mérimée first visited it in 1835, its walls serving as props for slum housing and its gates as refuges for beggars; the army garrisoned in the city had made good money systematically selling the stones to anyone in the area needing construction material. Mérimée encountered at least one sympathetic soul in local lawyer and journalist Jean-Pierre Cros-Mayrevieille, who had been a vocal opponent of the city's steady demolition. Inspired by Mérimée's visit, Cros-Mayrevieille founded a literary and scientific society in Carcassonne that promoted the city's military heritage, citing its yet-extant ramparts and defenses as unique, certainly in scale. But it was the city's



fourteenth-century church of St. Nazaire that secured for Carcassonne the attention of Viollet-le-Duc, who in 1845, fresh from Notre Dame in Paris, started restoring its vaults and buttresses. It was not long, however, before government approval was secured for more extensive restoration of the city's walls and gates, which began (after the rise and fall of the Second Republic) in 1852.

As always, Viollet-le-Duc applied Romantic notions of what constituted Medieval architecture, notably the (now characteristic) conical roofs he placed atop all turrets despite sketchy evidence that they had ever existed. Furthermore, his plans made little distinction between different phases in medieval design, let alone between the Gothic he identified unquestioningly with Carcassonne and earlier styles. This was a significant oversight, given the city's turbulent history: Gothic, whose origins really were in the North (essentialist mystification notwithstanding), had been imposed on the South by triumphant crusader carpetbaggers supported by the expansionist King Louis IX (later canonized for his efforts and made France's male patron saint). The restoration of Carcassonne, which continued after Viollet-le-Duc's death in 1879 and into the twentieth century, looked back (however over-imaginatively) to a Gothic vision of the city of the later thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a time after the heretic Cathars had been wiped out and their supporters expelled. And, like the Cathars, the slum-dwellers of Carcassonne were incompatible with this Gothic vision. The 1850s and 60s saw the expropriation of hundreds of houses clustering against the walls, and the eviction of families



Top left: Viollet-le-Duc, *Dictionnaire raisonné de l'architecture française du XIe au XVIe siècle*, 1854-1868, tome 5.

Top right: L.-O. Merson, "The Hunchback..." in Alfred Barbou, *Victor Hugo et son Temps*, 1881. Bottom: Carcassonne, c.1880. Photo: Arch. dépt. de l'Aude.

that had lived there for generations.

This “scraping” of supposedly incongruous architectural (and human) elements had its passionate detractors within nineteenth-century society – especially in England, where George Gilbert Scott was at work restoring the iconic Westminster Abbey with all the zeal of Viollet-le-Duc and just as dubious a command of history. Scott’s medievalism initially appealed to the proponents of Gothic, including the formidable critic John Ruskin and many within the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Opposition grew, however, as the implications of “restoration” became clear: historic buildings were being returned to a particular state, often one they had never actually experienced, and in the process anything added later was unceremoniously removed. In 1877, a group led by artist and social reformer William Morris formed the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings (SPAB), often known as the “Anti-Scrape” society. They argued that old structures should never be deprived of the extra layers they had acquired over time. From Morris’s point of view, Viollet-le-Duc’s fanciful additions to Carcassonne (to say nothing of Notre Dame’s gargoyles) and the expulsion of squatters from the base of its walls amounted to artistic fakery as well as pointless cruelty. The SPAB has been a force for sensitive heritage preservation in Britain ever since, playing an activist and educational role not unlike that of our own Heritage Montreal.

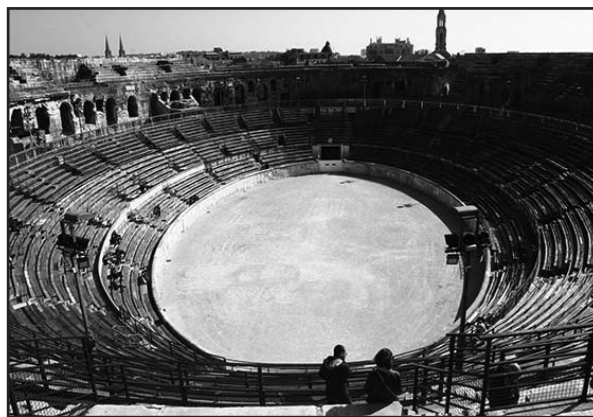
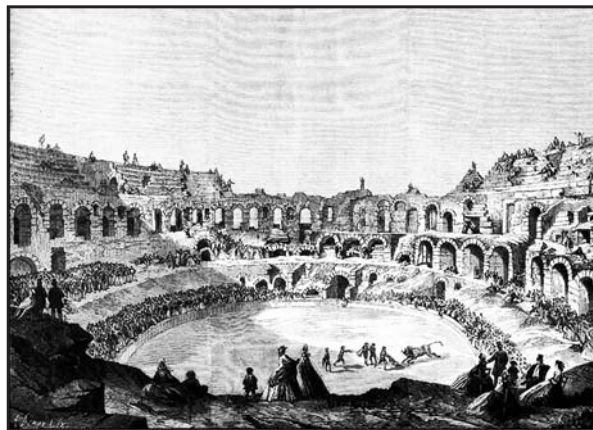
I find such down-to-earth devotion to respecting the layers of history immensely appealing – and emotionally satisfying, given my firm belief that buildings and other objects have their own stories that we ought to respect in all their complexity. Old buildings, after all, are documents, from which we can learn much about the past. The problem with Anti-Scrape is that it limits old buildings to the role of document: while its past is deeply revered, a building can never move on to serve any other function in the present, let alone the future. Morris’s minimalist approach (not necessarily characteristic of the SPAB today) would have left Carcassonne a

ruin: a playground for archaeologists, perhaps, but not a place the average person could actually visit. By the same token, old master paintings would never get cleaned or repaired; Rembrandt’s *Night Watch* would remain a dingy arrangement in brown and black with huge slashes through it, and the Sistine Chapel ceiling would be a grimy scene to be squinted up at by those disappointed few who might venture that far into the Vatican. By insisting on respecting the past, Anti-Scrapers would effectively have pickled it. It was the restorers, iron-

season; I visited in April, and outside of a few focal areas it was quiet and charming.) And I’d venture to say that, while tourists in Carcassonne may not be getting an unadulterated slice of medieval authenticity, they are getting a pretty good sense of a fourteenth-century built environment – and a much better sense of the Middle Ages than they get from Hollywood or those gimmicky banquet evenings with jousting knights and wenches pouring mead. Thanks to Mérimée, Cros-Mayrevieille and Viollet-le-Duc, Carcassonne exists as a place that is eminently visitable.

Besides, with a little patience and a keen eye, you can still see all the layers of history, down to the Roman bricks at the lower parts of the city walls. Far from obfuscating all the nineteenth-century tinkering, Carcassonne sports helpful plaques illustrating what Viollet-le-Duc did, often with before-and-after comparisons. Some of the stuff that got scraped away remains on display inside, and diagrams assist in the mental reconstruction of key parts of the wall defenses – particularly what was built in wood, which tends to disintegrate over the centuries. In any case, the restoration undertaken by Viollet-le-Duc and his successors is now an integral part of Carcassonne’s historic layers, and itself a cultural phenomenon worthy of the attention it gets. To wish away the Romantic additions would be to reduce the city’s appeal considerably.

A couple of days after reaching this conclusion about Carcassonne, I found myself sitting on the topmost stone bleachers in the Roman amphitheatre in Nimes, peering down like a gargoyle at a tiny kid gleefully scuffing up the arena’s smooth oval of golden sand while his parents stood about taking selfies. Two centuries earlier, the amphitheatre was a mess of rubble, its walls framing a warren of slum housing that had occupied the space for over a millennium. Associating restoration with a slightly later period, I was intrigued to read that the first efforts to clear out the arena and recreate some of the building’s original appearance had occurred under Napoleon. This was



ically, who kept it alive for people to enjoy.

Again, we could complain about *tourism*. We could argue that much of what motivates heritage conservation these days is the dollars generated from tourists who prefer their historic sites intact and accessible, rather than dark, crumbling and rarely open – the way even I remember much of Spain and Italy being in the 1970s. Certainly anyone visiting Carcassonne today expecting to see towers and ramparts and twisted staircases will not be disappointed. It isn’t the city’s fault if a great many people want to do this. (At least in the high

Romanticism of a different kind, Neoclassical in inspiration rather than Gothic, and rooted in admiration for a civilization that was far older and reputedly far nobler than either Cathars or crusaders – not the France of medieval kings but the Gaul that Cesar had come and seen and conquered. But these early restoration efforts were only half-hearted, lacking political drive. The heavy work of slum clearance was launched at mid-century by Mérimée, who called these structures “parasitical.” The full restoration of the amphitheatre was motivated in large part by tourism – namely bullfighting, a legacy the city continues to exploit. Nimes’ first *corrida* was held in 1853, an event that attracted Standing Room Only crowds (to judge from contemporary drawings) – although this was largely because the ancient seating had disappeared. The massive task of reconstructing this seating has preoccupied restorers ever since, and again it is entertaining trying to date the various stone slabs on numerous levels about the arena. The latest project to restore the amphitheatre began a decade ago and the city expects it will be the 2030s before this vast and versatile place of entertainment is once more complete.

Feeling somewhat saturated by the topic of restoration, we packed our bags, ready to catch an early train back to Paris for our flight home. Restoration, however, put itself back on our agenda with a vengeance. A quick check of the news before bed blasted horrific images that kept us awake half the night.

Notre Dame de Paris was on fire.

With a three-hour layover before

heading to the airport, we were able to assess the damage ourselves – at least in so far as one could from behind the hastily-installed ground-zero-like perimeter fencing. The flames had only been quenched a few hours earlier, and a vague smell of barbecued eight-centuries-old wood snaked up one’s nostrils as if reluctant to vanish after such a long run. In the company of several thousand Parisians and visitors standing on the banks of the Seine, we gazed in stunned awe up at the cathedral’s agonizing lack of roof. The building was missing a huge chunk of its shell, and looked painful and alien, like a soldier missing limbs. People craned their necks (or, like me, trained telephoto lenses) to see what had survived, relieved to spot a beloved gargoyle or a favourite bit of window still intact. At street level the crowds milled along, navigating the traffic, the police, and the still-bloated fire hoses. At one bouquiniste I spotted a forlorn copy of *Notre Dame de Paris* and noted a woman gazing wistfully at an old postcard of the cathedral she had plucked off a stand. We also passed rows of television reporters shouting at their respective cameras in a cacophony of languages. It was a mass of humanity, united in their shock at the very, very near destruction of one of the world’s greatest buildings.

Restoration was on everyone’s lips over the following days. The French president promised the cathedral would be rebuilt post haste, adding oddly that in five years it would be better than before – suggesting to some that the roof might be replaced with some modern



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glass and steel substitute. The Yellow Vesters ranted that the huge cost of restoration would be better spent on the poor. Experts speculated on what could be saved and how, while confessing that damage to ancient monuments occurs all too often during the course of restorations, as unfortunately it did in this case.

After seeing the burned cathedral and the awe of the crowd the morning after, I found two themes in the subsequent discussion irritating. One was the Yellow Vesters' claim; theirs is a tired old argument, which to pursue further would prohibit any money from being spent on culture. The other irritant was the constant remark that Catholics the world over were mourning the cathedral's loss. Well, maybe they were, and, sure, it's a Catholic church, but that hardly gets at the sense of loss so many of us who are not Catholic feel – or should we infer that this building is not really ours? Both claims overlook the significance of Notre Dame cathedral as a work of French culture and a major source of French civic pride – heck, as a work of world culture and a source of human pride. Most people who visit Notre Dame (“visited,” I should say, as well as “will visit”) do so not out



of religious duty but because it is a gorgeous structure and a wonderful space. From the twelfth-century groundbreaking innovation of flying buttresses (allowing for the insertion of vast windows) to Viollet-le-Duc's ubiquitous gargoyles, Notre Dame fills visitors with wonder – and to lose a monument of this sort is to lose an opportunity to feel wonder.

All this left me with conflicting thoughts about restoration. I'm inclined to say that there is no universal rule as to when and to what degree we should restore old buildings and sites. There are cases where leaving a site in ruins is the best option, even though it may mean inconvenience if it's in a populated area. The Tanneries site uncovered in

Montreal a couple of years ago is a good example of this, and its destruction in the interest of building a freeway shows how little we value sites with no obvious economic benefit. For the most part, however, if old buildings and sites are to continue to have meaning for us, most will have to be repaired and renovated, typically involving some distortion of their original appearance.

We can also, of course, recreate that appearance – and with today's technology and dedicated craftspeople it is easier than ever to do that, and to do it well. Does such reverential restoration constitute fakery? I suppose so, but when it comes to a building like Notre Dame de Paris it is hard for many of us not to want to see those familiar glories back in place again, even if it means having modern day Viollet-le-Ducs painstakingly reproducing an ancient look. Sure, it might be interesting to put a twenty-first century modern stamp on the old structure, but I think that would mean breaking some vital link to the past – not necessarily the actual past, but one that we find meaningful, that gives comfort, that we can believe in.

Sometimes it's a matter of faith.

Letters

No Balance, No Bomb

Letter writers Daniel Parkinson and Linda Buzzell (*QHN*, Summer 2019) make several cogent observations regarding our article dealing with Quebec history teaching (“Fake and Foul: Quebec's New History Textbook,” Spring 2019).

Parkinson's observation that teachers of history must bring “some balance” to their history curriculum is a valid plea that sadly will not be rectified. The major teaching role of this history course is to have students pass the mandatory examination: that is what parents expect, what administrators demand, and how the teacher will be judged internally within the school. Passing the formal examination needed to graduate is the

teaching goal – not learning balanced history!

Buzzell's positive suggestion that teaching about other areas might enhance the Quebec curriculum is also, unfortunately, equally difficult. The Quebec history program is centred on Quebec, not on Canada and world events. Even the atomic bomb ending World War Two is absent from the textbook. It is interesting to note that French settlers and missionaries are never seen as conquerors and there is no discussion of forced religious conversions or Aboriginal slavery perpetuated by the Jesuits!

However, in our view, a major defect of this Quebec history course is the use of “fake” narratives. Whatever one may feel about the content of any history course, deliberate fabrication must not be allowed to permeate the content.

Intentionally using fictional characters throughout a senior secondary compulsory textbook leads to the logical question, “What else is false in the book?”

*John Bradley, Sam Allison
Montreal, Qc.*

Grey Matter

I enjoyed reading the article on Bill 21 (*QHN*, Fall 2019). It's such a complex issue here in Quebec, and I thought the article was very good in that it was not just black and white, but looked at the “grey” areas of both sides.

*Olga Llewellyn
St. Lambert, Qc.*

DONORS & DREAMERS

THE PERFECT FIT

Finding the right foundation for your organization

by Heather Darch

When it comes to tapping into foundations, very few participants at QAHN's recent "DREAM" fundraising conference series were even trying. "There's something intimidating about approaching a foundation," said one conference attendee. "I feel like they would ignore little non-profits like us."

Professional fundraiser Camilla Leigh makes a few things clear. Foundations exist to give away money. By not approaching them, we are missing out on opportunities that could potentially change the way we work and impact our communities.

Here are a few tips to get going. Start by identifying the foundations you are eligible for, based on what you do and the community you serve. A good place to begin is the Canadian Revenue Agency which lists foundations on their website. A subscription research tool like "Grant Connect" also provides data on both private and public foundations in Canada. Foundations have charitable objectives and giving interests and they will say up front what they support. Most will outline these priorities on their websites. It's important to find out how foundations work, why they grant their funds, and where their particular interests lie. It sounds simple, but you'll need to define your own organization's mission and goals to determine if you fit within a foundation's guidelines.

The golden rule is never to write one proposal and send it out to many foundations. You'll send the message that you can't be bothered to research the foundation. Camilla Leigh warns that those looking over your proposal will "see through your lack of initiative and deem you unworthy."

Foundations know where they will give money and the types of causes and geographical areas in which they will concentrate their funds. Their board members will be well connected experts who will ensure that the foundation keeps within its giving parameters. "It will be up to you," says Leigh, "to align your funding needs with their funding priorities."

To shape "your ask," you will need to study the application process. Review the rules that have been established and respect

them. Observe the deadlines for submissions, too. Your request for support must be complimentary to a foundation's giving range. Be attentive to the materials and details required for a proposal. Some foundations will want to see two years' worth of financial reports, for example. Don't ruin your chances because you didn't follow their directives.

It is important that you create a narrative in your case for support that reflects the foundation's world perspective. The foundation has to see "the fit" with your organization. To make this easy for them, you must apply the "Funding 180°" and think of how the foundation will see you. You will either fit or you won't, but it's an intellectual process that you must undertake.

Camilla Leigh advises that a proposal must include your case for support in clear easy-to-read language. If you're restructuring and editing repeatedly, you're doing it right. "You have one opportunity to put who you are and what you want on the table; don't mess it up with poor grammar and spelling mistakes and in a text that is too formal and difficult." Use the language and the same "trigger" words the foundation uses.

The basis of all fundraising is building relationships, so build a relationship with the foundation. Call their office before you submit a proposal to make sure you are a good match. Unless they say otherwise, call the foundation after your submission to confirm they have received it. Be patient, too. The sheer volume of applications may mean that you will have to wait months to hear a response. If you are not successful, contact them again and have a conversation. Don't be discouraged; it takes time to learn how to get fundraising through foundations right. If you are successful, keep in contact with them. You have a relationship now, so be sure to look after it.

Foundations can significantly enhance your bottom line, over and above your usual fundraising activities. Experts recommend that the average non-profit should be able to raise 10-20% of their total fundraising revenue from foundations. Regardless of your size, aligning your non-profit with a foundation can result in a transformational change to your organization.



Defining your organization's mission and goals will help you determine if you fit within a foundation's guidelines.

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HERITAGE IN BRIEF

New Carlisle: Our Community, Our Heritage

by Carolyn Taylor

Perhaps you are familiar with New Carlisle on the Gaspé Coast as the birthplace of René Lévesque, founder of the Parti Québécois. But what do you know about the history of English-speakers in the municipality? Family Ties, a local community organization, decided to encourage members of the official language minority population to learn about and celebrate their culture by raising awareness of how Anglophones have contributed to the town's development and sharing what they discovered with visitors and inhabitants alike.

The *Our Community, Our Heritage* project, which was made possible with funding from Canadian Heritage, took almost a year to complete and involved several community groups as well as individuals of different ages. In all, 73 people participated in researching, writing, locating documents and photographs, proof-reading and translating in order to create eight bilingual panels to be placed along the boardwalk in New Carlisle. The coordinator, Brittany Flowers, was able to use her knowledge as a history graduate along with her local connections to ensure the success of the project. She began by recruiting interested members of the public and meeting with community groups such as the IODE,

the local branch of the Royal Canadian Legion, St. Andrew's Anglican Church, the Gilker Residence and students of New Carlisle High School. Newcomers to the town were also encouraged to take part in the project, to improve inclusivity in this small town where most people can trace their roots back over hundreds of years.

The culmination of the project took place on a sunny July day on the boardwalk, with the Chaleurs Bay as a backdrop. Following a short presentation by the coordinator and the Family Ties director, the panels were unveiled to the public and the first guided tour took place with an appreciative audience. Over the following weeks, eight trained ambassadors led guided walks in French and English. Rory, aged eight, was the youngest of these: "I was proud to take people on the tour because I like learning about our history and I want to share it with everyone."

So, next time you are visiting the Gaspé Coast, make a point of stopping in New Carlisle and heading down towards the beach. Take a stroll along the boardwalk and discover for yourself why English-speakers here are so proud of their heritage.



New Carlisle

LE QUAI THE WHARF

Vers la fin du 19^e siècle jusqu'au début des années 1900, le quai entraîna une ère de prospérité pour la municipalité de New Carlisle, offrant de nouvelles opportunités d'emploi et ouvrant la porte au commerce international.

La pêche dans la baie des Chaleurs était un mode de vie pour de nombreuses familles à l'époque. Afin de faciliter les activités commerciales et l'exportation de la pêche au saumon et au maquereau, une nouvelle pêchierie fut construite à l'est du quai, propriété de Weston Chisholm. Cela permit aux pêcheurs de vendre les poissons pris dans la baie directement à la pêchierie pour être exportés par bateau.

De par sa proximité à la voie ferrée, le quai favorisait les échanges et la distribution de nouveaux produits importés tels que la mélasse, le sucre et les épices dans les municipalités avoisinantes de la côte gaspésienne. La voie ferrée se prolongeant jusqu'au quai, permettait le chargement des produits arrivés par bateau et assurait en retour le transport de produits de la pêche et de coupes de bois vers l'exportation. Le transport ferroviaire jusqu'à New Carlisle facilitait l'acheminement des produits depuis les villages et marchés environnants et favorisait l'exportation de produits de pâtes et papier dans les cours à bois sur la côte, pour être ensuite chargés sur des bateaux en destination d'outre-mer.



Le « wagon réfrigérant express » était utilisé pour le transport par voie ferrée des aliments frais, sur glace. Cette voiture circulait devant les voitures des voyageurs afin de minimiser toutes pertes de temps pouvant affecter la fraîcheur des aliments périssables.



The "Express Refrigerator Car" was used to transport fish from the wharf which was packed on ice, but not frozen. Due to its perishable nature, the car travelled in front of the passenger train to ensure the shortest possible travel time.

SAVIEZ-VOUS QUE?

Lors de la saison hivernale, de grands blocs de glace étaient coupés au Lac Noir, au nord de New Carlisle. Ils étaient ensuite transportés dans des traîneaux tirés par des chevaux jusqu'aux installations de la pêchierie, où ils étaient recouverts de bran de scie pour mieux les isoler et assurer la fraîcheur des cargaisons de poisson à l'année, en direction de grandes villes telles que Montréal, Boston et Chicago.

DID YOU KNOW?

During the winter, ice was cut at Black Lake (north of New Carlisle) in large cubed blocks and then hauled by horse and sleigh to the sawdust-insulated ice house at the fish plant. This ice was used to pack the fish in boxes and barrels which would preserve it during year-round transportation by rail to Montreal, Boston, Chicago and other cities.









PARTNER(S): Catherine Chisholm, Helen Hall, Andy Gullan, Diane Sawyer, Elaine Aronoff, Patricia McGee, Leika Chisholm-Scott
 COORDONATEUR/COORDINATOR: Brittany Flowers

QAHN News

by Matthew Farfan

“Heritage, Culture and Communication” project a wrap

The 15-month QAHN project “Heritage, Culture and Communication: Balancing Traditional and Digital Media in a Changing World,” managed by QAHN project director Dwane Wilkin, came to a successful conclusion at the end of October. The final event in this innovative project was a day-long “Communication Matters” training session at the Kempffer House in New Carlisle. QAHN partnered with a number of organizations throughout, notably the Centre for Community Organizations, which delivered several training sessions related to communications strategies for non-profits in the heritage and culture sectors. The event in New Carlisle included seminars on social media and marketing. Feedback after the event, as with others in the series, was positive. One participant called it a “great information session,” saying: “I’m further away from taking a hammer to my computer now!”



West Quebec Heritage Fair

QAHN’s first ever West Quebec Heritage Fair, organized as part of the “Heritage, Culture and Communication” project, took place at the Fairbairn House Heritage Centre in Wakefield in late September. The event featured displays by twelve heritage organizations, including the Fairbairn House, Gatineau Valley Historical Society, Pontiac Historical Society, Pontiac Archives, Aylmer Heritage Association, Cantley 1889, Symmes Inn Museum, the Centre régionale d’archives de l’Outaouais, the Société Pièce sur pièce, the Réseau du patrimoine de Gatineau et de l’Outaouais, Kitigan Zibi Anishinabeg Cultural Centre and QAHN. There



were also performances by local musicians, and presentations by Michael McBane (on Irish immigrant John Egan) and Kitigan Zibi Anishinabeg First Nation elder Lionel White-duck (preserving the Algonquin language and cultural practices). Lucie Bazinet, President of the Fairbairn House, called the heritage fair “a great opportunity for groups to exchange and get to know each other better.”

“Diversity and Achievement in Anglophone Quebec” winds down

The 15-month QAHN project “Diversity and Achievement in Anglophone Quebec” came to an end this fall. Project directors Heather Darch and Rod MacLeod were pleased with the



Top right: Final Communication Matters conference, held at the Kempffer House, New Carlisle, October 2019. Photo: courtesy of Heritage New Carlisle.

Middle right: Fairbairn House. Photo: Rod MacLeod. Bottom: West Quebec Heritage Fair, Wakefield. Photo: courtesy of S. Gibeault / GVHS.

3rd Annual Eastern Townships Heritage Fair

QAHN's 3rd Annual Eastern Townships Heritage Fair took place on October 6 at the Colby-Curtis Museum in Stanstead. This event, funded as part of the "Diversity and Achievement" project, featured displays by 14 regional heritage and cultural organizations, including the Colby-Curtis Museum, the Brome County Museum, Missisquoi Museum, the Cowansville Historical Society, the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society, the Eastern Townships Resource Centre, the Georgeville Historical Society, Copp's Ferry Museum, Richmond County Museum, Townshippers' Association, Sir John Johnson Branch, UEL, Patrimoine Ascott / Little Forks Branch, UEL, and QAHN. Other activities during the day-long fair included guided tours of the museum; presentations by



activities that were carried out through this initiative. These included the publication of a new bilingual book, *Diversity and Achievement in Anglophone Quebec: Your Story, Our Story*, and two bilingual heritage walking tours: "Loyalist Philipsburg and St. Armand," featuring the area's Loyalist origins, and "Remembering Black Little Burgundy," spotlighting the commemoration of key people and institutions that make up Montreal's historic Black community. All three of these publications are available by contacting QAHN at home@qahn.org.

Also key to this project was a 24-panel bilingual traveling exhibition on the history and achievements of Quebec's diverse English-speaking communities, along with a series of presentations at high schools around the province. The traveling exhibition was displayed at no fewer than 13 heritage or cultural venues or community events and at six high schools.

Presentations by contributors such as Dorothy Williams (Black history), Fergus Keyes (Irish history), Kevin Deer (Indigenous history), and, of course, the project directors, accompanied many of the events. Feedback was enthusiastic. Deb Stephens, the principal at Pontiac Regional High School in Shawville, for example, wrote that "it was an absolute pleasure to have you join us. It's so important to provide our students with new experiences, especially in our rural and somewhat isolated setting... We would love to work with your organization any time." Similarly, Michael Cooper, of the Fairbairn House Heritage Centre in Wakefield, wrote, "Thanks for this excellent initiative and for carrying the story of Anglophone Quebec so effectively."



Colby-Curtis Museum director-curator Samuel Gaudreau-Lalande (historic photography), métis elder Paul Carignan (Indigenous cultural traditions), and project staff (the "Diversity and Achievement" project); live fiddle and guitar music by Glenn Patterson and Brian Morris; and heritage woodworking and blacksmithing demonstrations by the Rhicard family of Stanbridge East. After the event, Don Healy, of the Richmond County Museum, wrote: "As always, QAHN has had another good event for us to come to and stay involved with our fellow historical societies. Thanks so much for making this happen for all of us." Similarly, Samuel Gaudreau-Lalande of the Colby-Curtis, described the event as "a very interesting day full of activities... We definitely need to find ways to have more events like that in collaboration with other institutions."





New QAHN Project: “A Different Tune: Musical Heritage in English-Speaking Quebec”

QAHN is excited to announce that it has received support from the Department of Canadian Heritage for a 15-month project that will promote and document the richly diverse musical landscape of English-speakers across Quebec. This project, which is being overseen by project director Glenn Patterson, will showcase and strengthen the musical traditions that are core to the cultural fabric of our communities, traditions which nourish and express our unique senses of history, place, and belonging in Quebec and Canada.

The first project of its kind with a Quebec-wide scope, “A Different Tune: Musical Heritage in English-Speaking Quebec” will provide an opportunity for English-speaking Quebecers to share their musical heritage within and beyond their communities. The talents and knowledge of local musicians, dancers, and enthusiasts will be featured at free performances, dances, workshops and presentations throughout the province. Further, by

working with local and provincial archives and through a project blog and podcast series, QAHN will strengthen access to these musical traditions for current and future generations, providing listeners near and far with an earpiece into the musical pulse of Quebec’s English-speaking communities.

QAHN is grateful to Canadian Heritage for its support. We also acknowledge the enthusiasm of the following community partners: the Black Community Resource Centre; the Centre for Oral History and Digital Storytelling at Concordia University; the Conseil Québécois du patrimoine vivant; the English-Language Arts Network; Hemmingford Archives; KlezKanada; the

Morrin Centre; Saint-Gabriel-de-Valcartier Historical Society and the Municipality of Saint-Gabriel-de-Valcartier; the Quebec English-Speaking Communities Research Network; and Vision-Gaspé-Percé-Now.

For more information on this project, please contact QAHN at home@QAHN.org.

Roving Consultations with Quebec’s Secretariat for Anglophone Relations

QAHN took part in two of the roving consultations hosted by Quebec’s new Secretariat aux relations avec les Québécois d’expression anglaise (SRQEA) during October and November. These events, chaired by MNA Christopher Skeete and Secretariat Director William Floch, provided local, regional and sectoral organizations serving English-speaking Quebec with an opportunity to exchange views on issues of importance to the community. QAHN’s representatives, Executive Director Matthew Farfan and Past President Simon Jacobs, raised a number of issues at the consultations in Sherbrooke and Quebec City. These ranged from the existential threats now facing some of Quebec’s rural Anglophone museums, to the province’s high school History curriculum, which the network considers woefully biased, to recent policies proposed by the CAQ government, including the use of the ill-defined and highly divisive term “historic Anglophone” in connection to restrictions on whom in Quebec should receive government services in English.



Top: “Musical Heritage in English-speaking Quebec” got under way in Valcartier, November 2019. Photo: Glenn Patterson.

Bottom: The Secretariat’s final consultation in Quebec City. Photo: M. Farfan.



Launch Event, *Quebec Heritage News*, Fall 2019 edition

The official launch of the Fall 2019 edition of *Quebec Heritage News* took place on November 11 at the Centre for Oral History and Digital Storytelling (COHDS) at Concordia University. This issue of the magazine was produced in collaboration with Professor

Steven High, a director of COHDS, and it featured contributions from staff, grad students and former students at Concordia who make use of Oral History in their work. This issue marks the third such collaboration with Concordia's history department.

MARK YOUR CALENDARS!

2020 Heritage Talks Lecture Series

QAHN's 3rd annual Heritage Talks lecture series will get under way in early 2020. Overseen once again by project director Christina Adamko, and sponsored by the Chawkers Foundation, Townshippers' Foundation and the Department of Canadian Heritage, this series will feature a range of fascinating speakers at historic and cultural venues around Quebec. Check QAHN.org for programming details in the coming weeks.



Wednesday, April 22, 2020, from 5 to 7 p.m. A tradition on Montreal's heritage calendar, this event is an occasion for heritage enthusiasts, both English- and French-speaking, from across the Island of Montreal, to network in an informal setting. This year's event will be preceded (also at the BANQ) by a conference by Gérald Tetrault on Montreal's art deco masterpiece, Eaton's famous Ninth Floor Restaurant. This conference will take place as part of QAHN's 2020 Heritage Talks series. Check QAHN.org for more details in the weeks to come. But most importantly, mark your calendars!



20th Anniversary QAHN Convention & AGM

QAHN's 20th anniversary convention will take place on Montreal's West Island and in Vaudreuil, over the weekend of June 6-7, 2020. Venues will include John Abbott College in Sainte-Anne-de-Bellevue and the Musée régionale de Vaudreuil. Check QAHN.org for more details in the coming weeks. For now, circle those dates!

Indigenous Heritage: 2020 Colloquium

QAHN is now in the early stages of organizing a colloquium on the theme of Indigenous heritage in Quebec. This day-long event, which will take place in the spring of 2020 (date and location to be determined) will feature both Indigenous and non-Indigenous speakers, and will look at ways that competing views of history and heritage can be reconciled in our modern world. For more information on this event, contact QAHN project director Dwane Wilkin at dwane@qahn.org.

Call for Nominations!

2020 Volunteer Recognition Awards

The Marion Phelps and the Richard Evans awards are presented annually by QAHN in recognition of outstanding contributions by individuals and organizations to preserving and promoting the heritage and history of Quebec's Anglophone communities. The deadline for submissions is March 31, 2020. To learn more about how you can submit a nomination, visit QAHN.org.



7th Annual Montreal Wine and Cheese

QAHN's 2020 Montreal Wine and Cheese will take place in the Atrium of the splendid Bibliothèque et Archives nationales du Québec, located at 535 Viger Street East near Old Montreal, on

Left: William Notman & Son, "Main building, Macdonald College" (today's John Abbot College), 1908. Photo: McCord Museum, VIEW-4297.

Right: Archives Nationales, Montreal. Photo: banq.qc.ca.

2019 QAHN Heritage Photo Contest Winners

FIRST PRIZE

Keira Morcos

Grade 10, West Island College, Dollard-des-Ormeaux, Qc.

“If This Dress Could Speak”



If this dress could speak, it would tell you how it was lovingly made by my great, great grandmother. How the material cost more than a week’s worth of food, but to her it was worth it. For this dress has been worn by three generations of women in my family. Women who have grown up to be mothers, professionals and artists. Each one strong and confident in themselves. With each generation the dress becomes a little more worn, but this only adds to its beauty. For each stain, pull or tear shows the strength of those who wore it. It also shows the love, quality and workmanship of the woman who made it. One may think that it is the dress that has produced and influenced such a group of impressive women. This is not the case. It is actually the woman who made the dress that started the line of such successful women. As she instilled in her daughter, the first one to wear the dress, the qualities to empower her. This legacy has been passed down to each little girl who has worn this dress. If this dress could speak, it would tell me in the voices of the women who have worn it that I can achieve anything I want in life, because I am a girl.

SECOND PRIZE

Kahlyn Lawson

Grade 8, West Island College, Dollard-des-Ormeaux, Qc.

“Time with Nonna”



Food has always been an important part of special occasions with my family. My mom’s side of the family is Italian. My mother’s Nonna and Nonno, my great grandparents, arrived in Montreal from Italy in 1929. Ever since then, the Italian culture has been part of our heritage in Canada. I spend all the holidays with my Nonna and Nonno and we always have a big feast of traditional Italian food.

The dessert we enjoy is called Zeppole. It is a deep-fried pastry filled with custard or ricotta cream. Zeppole are only available at one time of the year. This delicious dessert is used to celebrate the holiday of Saint Joseph. This holiday is celebrated on March 19th and is to honour the life of the stepfather of Jesus, the husband of Mary.

Recently my Nonna came to visit me and she brought me to an Italian bakery to buy Zeppole. This was my first time trying this dessert. They were so good! As we ate them, my Nonna explained the importance to me of the Zeppole.



I hope that throughout the generations this tradition continues so that everyone in my family can experience the Italian culture that came to Canada by my great grandparents.

THIRD PRIZE

Maygan Auger

Grade 11, Rosemere High School, Rosemere, Qc.

“The Chair”

This is the chair that my mother rested in as she battled cancer. As she grew weaker everyday this chair became more and more of a comfort to her. For me, this chair represents so many memories of my mother. Some sad, but mostly spending time with her and just talking about everything and anything. This chair represents the importance of time, and how life is precious. How we need to put down our phones and spend time with each other. My mother is no longer here but the memories I have of her while she sat in that chair will always remain.

2019 QAHN Heritage Essay Contest Winners

FIRST PRIZE

“My Hero”

by Isabella Arkolakis

Grade 6, Gardenvue Elementary School

St. Laurent, Qc.

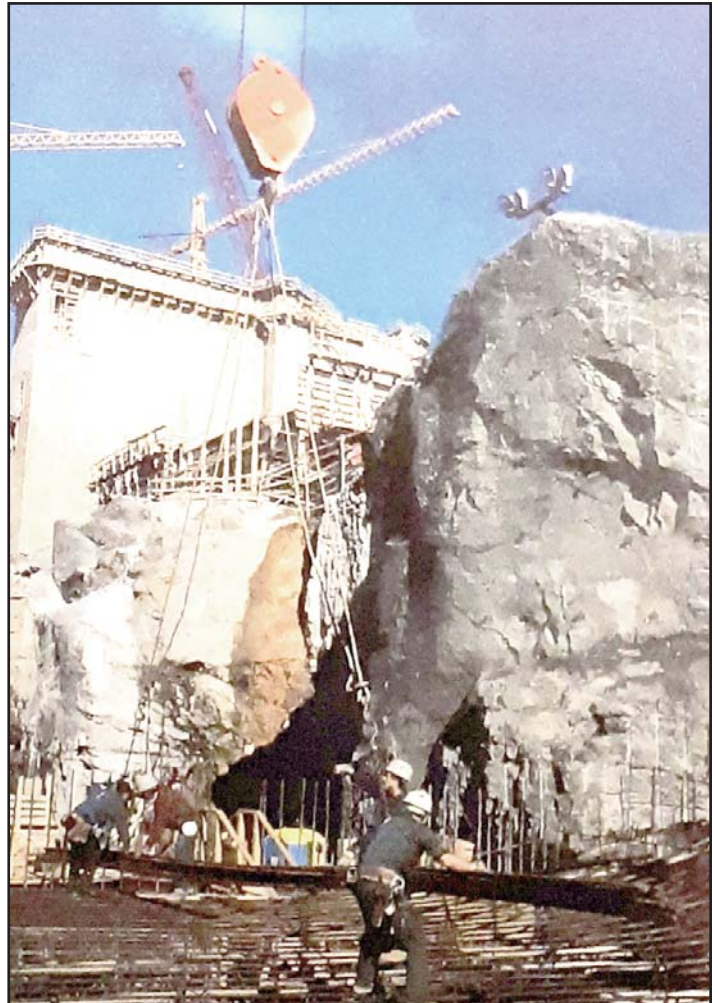
The person I am writing about today is not a famous person, he's not rich, and he's not written up in history books, there is no statue in his honour. However, he did contribute greatly to our community and province.

He is of Italian descent, born in a small town called Poggiona di Riese in northern Italy. Born into a family of 10 children. After his father died at the young age of 9 he went to work, soon after. By 14 he had his welding license and by 18 had immigrated to Montreal, Quebec, for a better life.

With Robert Bourassa in power as prime minister in the 1970s, he had the idea of taking back control of our natural resources and started construction of the dams in James Bay, northern Quebec. A massive project that went on for many years and helped create lots of jobs and revenues, especially construction workers. Without them "La Grande" wouldn't have been built. Thousands of workers were flown in, put up in motels, fed 3 meals a day and only returned home to visit family every 2 to 3 months.

I'm very proud to say the person I'm talking to you about is my very own grandfather, my nonno Sante Fanzolato. He worked in James Bay for close to 8 years, amongst other places like Brazil, Belgium and Algeria; sacrificing quality time for this province. My mother still remembers going to the airport to pick him up, being so excited to see him after months away, almost not recognizing him with his full beard and moustache.

So, even though he is not a politician or a person in a high position, he is someone who had a specialty in his field: welding, pile driving and foundations. Who helped shape our



The James Bay Hydro project. Photo: courtesy of Isabella Arkolakis.



province, which helped Hydro become the biggest company of our province, but mostly who helped all Quebecers near and far get affordable electricity.

My grandfather remembers his time in James Bay with fondness, the friends that he made, the people that he met and yes even the bitter cold! It wasn't always easy, often lonely and missed his family terribly but he did it for them so in my eyes he will always be my hero.

SECOND PRIZE

“George Foote Foss”
by Raya Girard
Grade 4, Lennoxville Elementary School
Sherbrooke, Qc.

I chose George Foote Foss because I think that learning and writing about an inventor is fun. Foss was born in Sherbrooke September 30, 1876. When he was twelve he swept out the local post office. He got his training in electrical work, while also working with a company in Massachusetts. Two years later he started working for Stanley Electrical Company in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. While he worked there he learned more things. At age eighteen Foss returned to Sherbrooke and opened his own shop. In 1896 Foss went to Boston to find a tool and while he was there he rode in an automobile. After only thirty minutes the automobile died. When he got back to Sherbrooke he started to design and build his own automobile. He made the first gasoline car in Canada. He built his automobile four years before Henry Ford. He worked on it all



winter long. In 1900 Foss met with Ford who gave him a chance to help him build a company that he wanted to build for some time. Foss said no. In 1902 he went to Montreal and started to sell automobiles. Foss finally tried out the Ford automobile and he thought it worked pretty well. Foss didn't end up making any money because he never sold his automobile that he made.

THIRD PRIZE

“Jacques Beauvais dit St. Gemme”
by Itay St James
Grade 6, Gardenview Elementary School
Saint-Laurent, Qc.

Jacques Beauvais dit St Gemme was my great great great great great great great grandfather. He was the first one of my family to arrive in Canada while it was still known as New France. He was born on November 22, 1623, in Orne, Basse-Normandie, France. He immigrated to Canada in 1652 and passed away on March 20, 1690. When he finally decided to settle in Montreal the population was about 600 people.

One of the main reasons why he chose to settle in Montreal was that he would receive 30 acres of land to work on. The 30 acres of land that he worked on was given to him from the King of France and if you look on a map today it's where the Bell Centre is. His occupation was to provide lime for the people to build buildings for the city. Like the city hall, houses, churches, schools, etc.

Paul de Chomedey and Jeanne Mance were the officiators for his marriage to Jeanne Solde on December 11, 1653.

WRITE HERE, WRITE NOW

Memoirs



Editor's note: these three memoirs were produced as part of the memoir-writing project "Write Here, Write Now," led by Townshippers' Association in partnership with QAHN.

You left her WHERE!?!??

by John LeBaron

Whether we like it or not, each one of us eventually matures toward "a certain age." At any given moment, some of us are more certain than others. When my quite certain mother was spirited away from North Hatley's Connaught retirement home in an enormous blue Oldsmobile Toronado roughly the size of Saskatchewan, the entire village fell into a tempest of a tizzy. That electrifying day remains forever etched in the village's cultural memory.

While it still operated as a senior residence, the Connaught Home was a caring, compassionate facility for "people of certainty." (Now, follow me carefully here.) When very certain residents were urged to venture outdoors, these venerable folks were often released temporarily under the care of younger, less certain cohabitants who were nonetheless more certain than the most certain to find their way home. (If necessary, please read this again.)

Such it was when Mum's kindly roommate (Maizie she was, as sweet and gentle a lady as you'd ever care to meet) took Mum shopping on foot to my cousin Josephine's grocery store, a mere thirty-metre meander from the Connaught. Josephine's store features an airy front porch with a bench that surveys the bustling Main Street of the village.

Because the early spring day was uncharacteristically sunny and warm, Maizie suggested that Mum take a short siesta on the bench while Maizie dashed inside to stock up on a few alimentary staples. "Why yes," agreed my mother as she eased comfortably onto the bench, "that would be just fine!"

Just a few seconds later, her unfailingly courteous brother-in-law, and my uncle Étienne, emerged from the store on his way to his mammoth blue Oldsmobile, wedged awkwardly into the four still-remaining spaces of the parking lot in front of the store.

"Well hello, Ann," (my Mum's name) he effused warmly.

"How nice to see you! Would you care to join me for a cup of tea?"

"Why yes, that would be just fine!" affirmed my mother, and off she tooted with Étienne, looking for all the world like Cleopatra-on-Geritol. Mum settled snugly onto the plush front passenger seat of her fancy blue river barge, gliding elegantly along Main Street away from Josephine's store.

Étienne was not yet quite as "certain" in his life as Mum was in hers but he was certainly certain enough. Always large in spirit but diminutive in physical stature, Étienne had begun to collapse physically into himself. While driving his merry blue Oldsmobile he was neither visible to passers-by through the windshield nor through the side windows. Pedestrians could see nothing but a pair of hairy white knuckles clamped to the top of the steering wheel.

After a wobbly three-point turn out of the parking lot, Étienne and Mum inched toward the Village centre, past the Connaught Home, a white Auberge called "La Chocolatière," the village dépanneur formerly known as "Earl's," and an erstwhile brown shingle United Church directly across from the lakefront's Dreamland Park.

I can still conjure up the vicarious sensation of Maizie's blood freezing, droplet by droplet, when she exited Josephine's store noting the empty bench that my mother had so recently warmed. At first, Maizie feared that Mum had taken a short stroll into oncoming traffic, so she repeatedly called Mum's name, louder and shriller each time.

Yielding no response, Maizie darted back into the store, hailing my mother, upstairs and down, at the head of every aisle, only to encounter silence and quizzical glances from shoppers and staff alike. She queried the butcher, shelf stockers, the check-out lady and Josephine herself. No luck!

You can imagine Maizie's horror. A buzz of growing

concern arose among the customers and employees of the store. This foreboding sense of urgency soon spilled out into the parking lot.

Unsuccessful calls for eyewitnesses were hollered up and down Main Street. Nobody had seen either my mother or the giant blue Oldsmobile pulling away. Eventually, an elderly gentleman's voice cried out from the back, "I seen some hairy white knuckles grippin' a steerin' wheel just to the left of a blue-haired lady glidin' along the street, just as prim an' proper as the Queen of Sheba. I'd rekkanize them knuckles anywhere. They belong to Étienne!"

No surnames were needed. Those disembodied white knuckles had long become a significant feature of town lore. At that moment, however, a little logical thinking might have helped quench the growing panic in favor of some simple common sense, saving a lot of angst into the bargain.

For some mysterious reason, people assumed that the white knuckles had sped with the regal, white-haired lady toward Route 143, formerly known as the "Gummit Road" three kilometres east of town. In a clever serpentine avoidance manoeuvre, however, the Olds had simply crept like a mutant blue snail some 300 metres around the northern tip of the lake and onto rue Magog.

Meanwhile, a posse had been formed to find the white knuckled steering wheel with my Mum propped primly alongside, riding shotgun. As the misguided posse arrived at the 143, cars split up, some headed north to Sherbrooke and others south toward the U.S. frontier.

Now breathlessly beyond hysteria, Maizie carried her few groceries back to the nursing home to report the alarming development for which she felt sickly responsible. "You did WHAT? She disappeared WHEN!? You left her WHERE!!?" came the calming response from the Connaught's on-duty nurse. "I'm calling the police NOW!"

Nobody had thought simply to drive to Étienne's house, or to phone him, even though his knuckles had been positively identified and everybody in town knew full well where he lived. Summoning the Sûreté du Québec into such a kerfuffle might aptly be described as "overkill."

The crowd outside Josephine's store had not yet thinned, rendering constabulary work difficult if not impossible. "Allez-vous en, allez-y; y'a rien à voir 'cittle!" the gendarmes hollered to the expanding mob; "Rien à voir!"

Suddenly a youthful voice piped up from the back of the crowd: "Why don't you just drive over to Étienne's place?"

The crowd reflected for a moment, and then the elderly gent who had spied the white knuckles in the first place helpfully concurred, "Yeah! Why don't we?"

Soon the crowd congestion had thinned. A police car gathered speed toward Dreamland Park, lights flashing and sirens blaring. Careening right onto rue Wadleigh, the cruiser soon screeched to a full stop beside Étienne's large, white Victorian home overlooking Lake Massawippi like a dowager Empress in complete possession of it.

Two cops alighted and scooted smartly to the front door where they rapped repeatedly with their nightsticks. Étienne answered. Both gendarmes wedged their way past Étienne into the tastefully decorated living room.

With a warm blaze crackling in the hearth, a nearby



mahogany table exhibited a fine Spode blue Italian teapot with a sweetly knitted tea cozy and two matching cups poised prettily on a dainty beige Belgian lace doily.

"Moodzie, c'est b'en nice 'cittle!" muttered one of the cops as his gaze took in the elegant tableau. The other inquired: "You h'are Madame LeBaron?"

"Why yes I h'am, Monsieur Constable" replied Mum, briefly forgetting the often-stifling straightjacket of her unilingual Anglophone bubble.

"Désolé Madame, but now we 'ave to take you 'ome to de Résidence. Please come wit' us."

"Why yes," my mother sweetly agreed. "That would be just fine!"

Note: On the advice of the author's attorney, certain names have been changed to protect the unindicted. Like most memoirs, this one recounts the truth as best known, with a minuscule license of shameless embellishment for dramatic effect.

John LeBaron grew up in the Townships. He attended public school in Sherbrooke, completing high school in Massachusetts. He earned his B.A. from McGill University and completed his graduate studies at the University of Massachusetts. His career in education has ranged from middle school teaching through university teaching and research in the United States and abroad. Now retired, John splits his residence with his wife, Faith, between North Hatley and Acton, Massachusetts.

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Meeting Bullwinkle

by Tom Standish

It was just one month and one day after starting a new job for a paint company as the delivery guy, when I had an experience that I will not easily forget.

My principal duties are to drive and deliver paint to designated points of service in Quebec and parts of Ontario. A normal shift is an eight to ten hour drive; on this particular night it turned into a 12 hour fiasco.

That Thursday evening at 8 p.m., I started on my journey from Sherbrooke, Quebec, in my already loaded minivan, heading down Autoroute 10 west towards Granby.

I remember this as if it were yesterday: a beautiful sunset, a bright, pale blue sky with shades of red and orange. I recall thinking a photo would be beautiful. My mind was on getting the job done before daylight, or a bit after. It was 9 p.m. Granby was done, and then a few more places in the area as well. Things were going well; a beautiful night, warm breeze, and again I found myself wanting to stop and savour the weather and the freshness of summer night air. But once again, it was time to go. I crossed over into St. Jean-sur-Richelieu and then Carignan, followed by Montreal, Laval and Terrebonne.

Leaving Terrebonne for Trois-Rivières, my GPS suggested the 40 east. I, for some reason, didn't want to take that route, but it was the quickest one according to the lady in the box.

Away we go...

I was set for an hour and a half ride, thinking I'd arrive at my destination by 2 a.m. and would easily be home by 5 a.m. This was a Friday, a start to the weekend, so I like to be home early.

I needed fuel by 11:30 p.m., and so did my minivan, so I decided to stop at Berthierville. Not being a person to hang around, I got my cup of java to go and headed off again. The GPS said "45 minutes to final destination." This is where the story changes.

At kilometre 185, out of nowhere, I saw a spot, a checker-like light brown spot and then BANG, I hit a moose or a deer. The airbags deployed, there was a scent of gunpowder, tires screeching and breaking glass. Now I've heard, seen and smelt it all. I was weary, confused, but not panicked and yet not completely able to think of my next move, which was to get out of the minivan. At this point I was not able to see that the impact had totally smashed the front end of my van. The windshield was smashed but not shattered. I undid my seatbelt and, miraculously, I was able to open the driver's side door. As I shut the

door, the horn beeped, making me jump, simply from shaken nerves. I then realized I was on an autoroute, a busy one, usually. What should I do now? I did know that I needed to find a way to warn oncoming traffic. My van was in the middle of the road, immobilized with only its parking lights visible; the four ways would not work



Because I work at night I always have a mini flashlight in my pocket. I heard some traffic approaching, so there I was in the road, flashing my light with everything I had. I was hoping that someone would see me and the imminent danger before another catastrophic moment. I think I counted four or five vehicles that saw the movement from the flashlight and they were able to move to the other lane without problem. Everything turned amazingly quiet at this point and my van's horn began beeping again. Thanks.... just what I needed, an audible warning.

I heard another vehicle coming down the highway. I was standing not more than 20 feet away from my van, facing an oncoming semi-truck. He did not appear to see me as he got closer and passed beside me. I now knew my fears were correct: he did not see me. At this point, I was truly feeling the fear of another serious problem. My feet were peddling me backwards as fast as I could go. I was watching him: surely he must have seen my van by now. I saw his brake lights, milliseconds before he careened into my van. Suddenly there was a burst of flames. I could feel the heat on my face, now wet from tears. I was then doomed, frozen in time, crying, screaming and literally unable to move my body from shock. What could I do? I felt totally helpless. Still crying, I made a panicked call to my boss. I told him that I believed the driver to be dead. Just as I said that, out of nowhere, the driver appeared, walking towards me.

The miracles of that night remain fresh in my mind. Based on the severity of the accident, there should and could have been two people lying dead along with the moose. With the fire and smoke, it was easier for us to be seen by oncoming westbound traffic. Upon seeing the accident, these people told us they feared the worse. The same was told to the 911 operators. Soon police cars, flares, ambulances and fire trucks were on scene. Now I can put this fiasco to rest, I told myself. I convinced myself that it was best to get in the ambulance. I was taken to Centre hospitalier régional de Trois-Rivières and treated for shock. I wonder why!!

A few thoughts stick in my mind:

1. NOBODY, from the four or five vehicles that passed by,

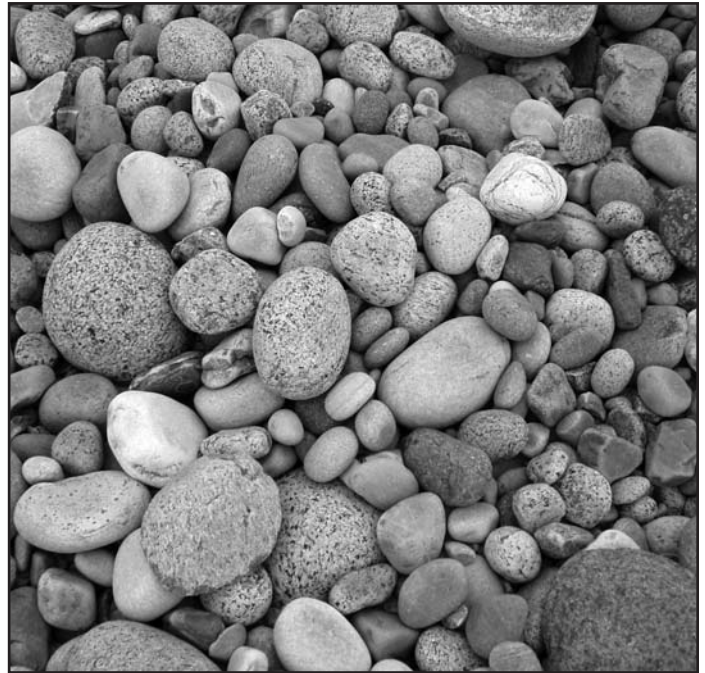
stopped to see if there was anything that could be done. This bothers me, and I know why. I was always under the impression that the first one to arrive at the scene of an accident had a responsibility to stop and help to the best of their abilities, even if that just means calling 911.

2. Do deer whistles actually work?

3. I realize that the number of traffic fatalities from collisions with animals is not very high throughout the country. This accident, like others, was without human fatalities, but there is a definite need to find a way to keep the highways safe for animals.

4. How much would it cost to build fences or solar sound barriers, maybe something like those whistles (if they work) in areas prone to animal crossings? I am trying to find a solution to a very terrifying problem. We were two extremely lucky fellas who were able to return home that day. There are many more who do not.

Tom Standish was born and raised in one of the most beautiful areas of Quebec, the Eastern Townships – in his opinion, there is not a more beautiful place to live. He likes to photograph this beauty and, at times, express his feelings in words. He spends a lot of his time capturing shots in his head as he drives around the Townships. For many years he held various delivery jobs, which was really what he wanted to do. He currently lives in Waterville, Quebec, where he and his wife share their love for German Shepherds, photography and those Sunday drives....



Stones

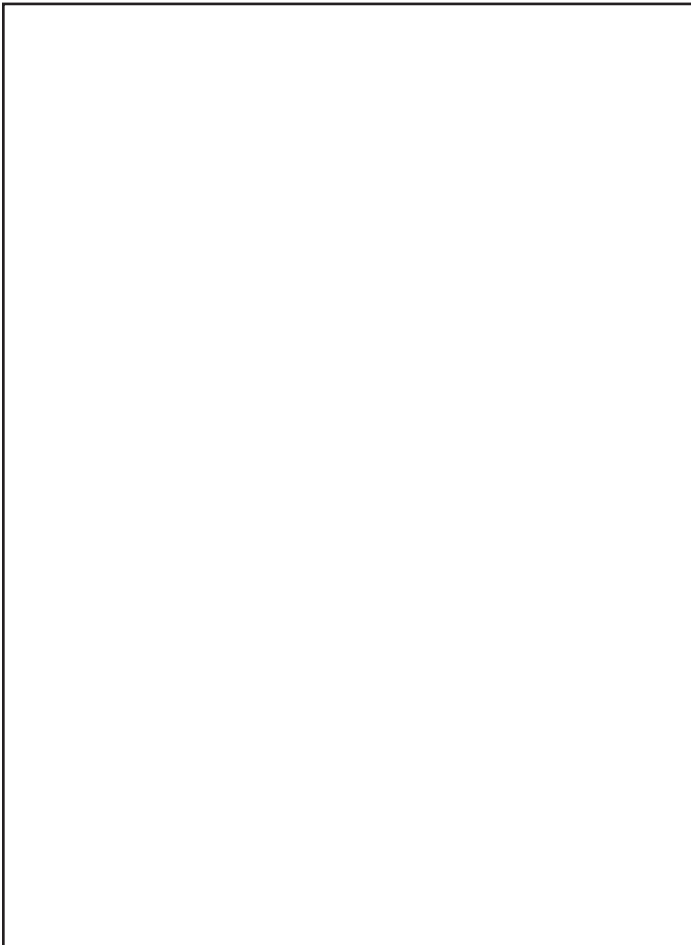
by Sandra Vago

The storm had freshened the air and immediately I resumed my task of collecting stones for my walls. I wore my sturdy shoes as I picked my way amongst the broken-up concrete, where stones were to be found hidden.

I stopped in my tracks as a vision of a small girl with bouncing reddish locks filled my view. I was remembering this very same activity, which had taken place over 40 years ago. Instinctively, I stopped to allow the scene to replay. I was a joyous child, skipping happily amongst the stones in a brook on our land in Sutton, with my older sister. Our task was to collect stones for our parents to build a chimney for the fireplace of our home. Our mother picked larger stones with us and we all clambered from rock to rock in the brook, chortling with glee. Many trips were made back and forth to where our father and his friends from the railway positioned one rock carefully one on top of each other while another applied the already mixed mortar to the next layer of stone.

My parents would smile at the recollection of our joint past. As the memory faded, I resumed my activity storing all the new found stones under my deck for future use. How fascinating life is with past memories being re-enacted as in a play, but in a different time and location! I looked up at my stone chimney and smiled at the resemblance to our original one, built in Sutton so many years ago. My parents would have appreciated the irony.

Sandra Vago is a native of Montreal, and the Eastern Townships are where she spent her childhood summers and holidays. She considers the Townships her home and soulful retreat. As an architect working mainly in Europe since graduation, she increasingly felt the urge to come “home,” which, since 2015, she has been able to do for part of the year, for which she feels truly blessed!



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BLUEBIRDS

Quebec's Nurses in World War I by Sam Allison and Jon Bradley

Dunkirk, Vimy Ridge, and the Normandy Landings have revived interest in Canada's wartime activities, but Canadian women are conspicuous by their absence in remembering our wartime experiences. Nevertheless, the Canadian "Bluebirds" were a remarkable and very important female presence during World War I.

The nickname "Bluebird" was given to Canadian nurses by the troops because of their stylish blue and white uniforms. The nursing sisters in the Canadian Army Medical Corps (CAMC), renamed the Royal Canadian Army Medical Corps, were military personnel with the rank and pay of a lieutenant. The Canadian experience of the Boer War made it clear that trained nurses were now an essential part of modern warfare. This gave nurses more pay, perks, and status than British, American, and other Allied counterparts who still played an auxiliary role in their armies. A total of 3,141 Canadian Nursing Sisters served, 2,504 of them overseas in England, France, Belgium, Gallipoli, St. Petersburg (Leningrad), Alexandria, South Africa and Salonika. Bluebirds worked in more areas than did the Canadian Army.

Many English-speaking Quebec nurses served with distinction in World War I, and a great many of their letters, diaries, and books survive in places such as McGill's Rare Books Room. Canadian Hospital Units were established, including Number Three General (McGill) Hospital commanded by Doctor John McCrae of "In Flanders Fields" fame. McCrae, of Montreal's Royal Victoria Hospital, enlisted qualified volunteer nurses from the Royal Victoria and Montreal General hospitals. The French, British, and Belgian forces were so overwhelmed by casualties that they were forced to recruit unqualified personnel to nurse their forces. This meant that there was a great deal of professional respect yet some socio-economic resentment felt towards Canadian nurses who were, quite rightly, held in high regard by the Allied Forces. In fact, when King George V fell off his horse while inspecting troops in France, Sister Vivian Tremaine of Montmorency, Quebec, was chosen to accompany him back to Buckingham Palace and to tend to him there.

We should remember that most Canadian soldiers returned home in 1919 when the Treaty of Paris officially ended hostili-

ties, not in 1918 when the Armistice came about. Riots in 1919 by Canadian soldiers in places such as in Kimmel Park, Wales, occurred because the soldiers wanted to go home. The Americans were last in but first out in World War I. Canadian nurses were still tending to the war wounded and sick overseas in 1919.

The diaries and letters of two Quebec nurses, Norah Pedley and Mabel Trenholm, are filled with fascinating details about their lives as Bluebirds.

Norah and Mabel crossed the Atlantic wearing lifejackets all the time because the *Lusitania* had been torpedoed just before they left. On May 27, 1915, they wrote that they were "chased by a sub-marine and although they fired on us, missed by about two hundred yards, the ship took a tremendous swerve out of its course and then we zig-zagged for several miles."

These two nurses were sent to a Belgian hospital and met the King of the Belgians several times, and in one letter stated that "Nothing much of importance has happened except that Mabel and I were presented to the Queen of the Belgians." On another occasion, they wrote that "royalty is getting so common to us now that we hardly mind even a King."

They also visited Canadian friends and relatives such as Norah's brother Frank Pedley, who was stationed in the McGill Hospital unit commanded by John McCrae. They were also close to the front lines, bombarded by zeppelins, and subject to the sound of gunfire day and night.

Mrs. Annie G. Sare of 352 West Hill Avenue, Notre-Dame-de-Grace, Montreal, never knew the details surrounding the death of her daughter, Gladys Irene. Nor did the Dussaults of 673 Cadieux Street, Montreal, know how their daughter, Alexina, perished. Both nurses died on Thursday, June 27, 1918, with the official cause of death listed as "Killed in Action."

These two gallant nursing sisters were among the 234 lives lost (including 74 medical staff and 14 nurses) when the Hospital Ship HMHS *Llandovery Castle* was torpedoed by German submarine U-86 some 120 miles off the Irish coast. This Hospital Ship was clearly marked, with large red crosses visible over a white background, and was running with all lights ablaze. It was struck by a torpedo and sank within ten minutes.



William Rider-Rider, "Funeral of Nursing Sister G.M.M. Wake, who died of wounds received in a German air raid." Photo: LAC, 3194231.



Several lifeboats with scores of survivors managed to leave the stricken ship. However, all but one lifeboat was destroyed by gunfire from the surfaced submarine that was trying to eradicate survivors, who would provide evidence of this illegal action. In

1919, the submarine captain was found guilty by an International Court, the first person in history to be treated by an International court for War Crimes. These two nurses, along with all others lost on that June day, are commemorated on a plaque at the Halifax Memorial in Nova Scotia.

In total, some 2,500 Canadian nurses served overseas in the CAMC. An equal number served in Canada at the several military hospitals and convalescent centers established to take care of returning wounded. For example, the St. Anne de Bellevue Hospital was opened in 1917 and was one of nine such hospitals and convalescent centers scattered across Canada.

Of those nursing overseas, approximately 45 were killed directly by enemy action, not including those killed on the HMHS Llandovery Castle. Two nurses climbed from the rubble of bombed Canadian #6 Hospital, located at Joinville-le-Pont, and, although wounded themselves, began immediately to attend to others. Their efforts galvanized other shell-shocked survivors into action, and so many of the already wounded were saved – again. The heroism demonstrated by Eleanor Jane Thompson of Valleyfield, Quebec, was officially recognized

Memorials in Ottawa

The Nursing Sisters' Memorial is located in the Hall of Honour in the Centre Block on Parliament Hill. The sculptor was George William Hill, R.C.A., (1862-1934) of Montreal. Hill did his work in Italy and found a beautiful piece of marble from the Carrara quarries in northern Tuscany. The completed panel was mounted in the Hall of Honour during the summer of 1926.

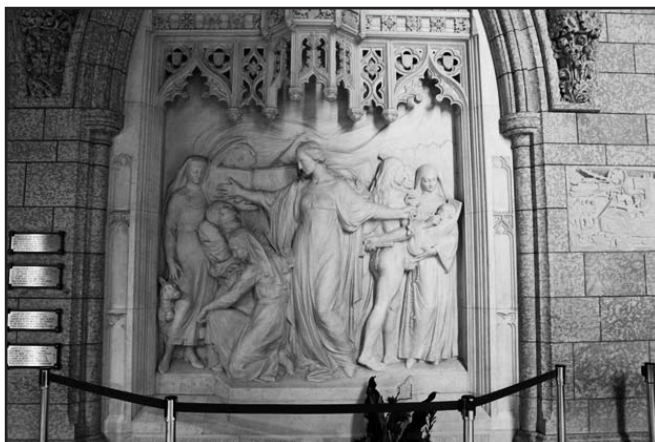
In the programme of the unveiling ceremony of the Canadian Nurses' Memorial, the artist interprets the sculptured panel:

The design for the sculptured panel embraces the history of the nurses of Canada from the earliest days to the First World War. The right-hand side of the bas-relief represents the contribution made by the religious sisters who came to Canada from France during l'ancien régime, and depicts a sister nursing a sick Indian child while an Iroquois warrior looks on suspiciously. To the left, a group of two nursing sisters in uniform tending a wounded soldier symbolize the courage and self-sacrifice of the Canadian nurses who served in the war. In the centre stands the draped figure of "Humanity" with outstretched arms. In her left hand, she holds the caduceus, the emblem of healing; with the other hand she indicates the courage and devotion of nurses through the ages. In the background, "History" holds the book of records containing the deeds of heroism and sacrifice of Canadian nurses through almost three centuries of faithful service.

Dame Emma Maud McCarthy (1859-1949), the wartime Matron-in-Chief – British troops in France and Flanders, addressed the assembly. She was followed by Major Margaret C. MacDonald (1873-1948), Matron-in-Chief, who read the roll of honour containing the names of thirty-nine

matrons and nursing sisters of the Canadian Army Medical Corps Nursing Service and eight others who had been seconded to Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service Reserve, or who had service with the American Army Nurse Corps.

After the observance of two minutes of silence, the Canadian nursing sisters and the invited guests on the platform moved indoors to the Hall of Honour, where Major MacDonald unveiled the memorial panel. There followed the sounding of the last post. The poignantly familiar notes of the



bugle echoing through the corridors of the Parliament building must have recalled to the silent sisters the passing not only of loved comrades in the nursing service but of many a soldier patient so seriously wounded that all the care they could give him had not been enough to save his life. The singing of the national anthem brought the moving ceremony to a close.

From the "Report of the Unveiling Ceremony of the Memorial to the Canadian Nursing Sisters," The Canadian Nurse (October 1926).

when she was awarded the Military Medal for Bravery.

Yet, Norah and Mabel wrote to their parents requesting them not to put their letters in the newspapers again; they felt people might think that they were suffragettes, which was then a term of derision. Unlike their American and British counterparts, Canadian women did not resort to violence or hunger strikes to obtain female suffrage. Canadian women who had served overseas, along with war widows, received the vote in 1917. All women over 21 could vote by 1918. Canada gave women the franchise before the United States and Britain, partly because of the Bluebirds. Indeed, in 1917, the Canadian Bluebirds in Europe voted just before voters in Canada, so that all the votes could be counted together. The photo (page 25, top) of the very first women to vote in a Canadian Federal election should be remembered throughout the country. Gallant but sadly

forgotten women won the vote for all women in Canada by their hard work and sacrifice overseas. Something we should all think about.

Sam Allison recently retired after 35 years teaching in the secondary classroom. His most recent book, Driv'n by Fortune: The Scots' March to Modernity in North America, 1745 – 1812, was published in 2015 by Dundrun Press.

Jon G. Bradley, former professor with the Faculty of Education at McGill University, is a co-author of the second edition of Making Sense in Education: A Student's Guide to Research and Writing, published in 2017 by Oxford University.

MONTREAL & SOUTHERN COUNTIES RAILWAY

Transit service to the South Shore

by Kevin Erskine-Henry

Montreal evening newscasts often feature stories on the West Island commuter problems, but for life-long South Shore residents these problems were once part of the daily routine.

The extended roots of the English-speaking community on the South Shore began with the Victoria Bridge, which was tied directly to the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway. The opening of the Victoria Bridge in 1859 also shifted the South Shore economic pole away from Longueuil to St. Lambert, which became the gateway into Montreal. Crossing the river was now an all-season event. New factories were opened on the Montreal side of the bridge along with working class tenement housing in places such as Griffintown.

The Victoria Bridge was first used only for train traffic. Passenger lanes opened in 1896, allowing people with cars to get away from the noise and grime of the city. With Montreal's industrial heart now based along the Lachine Canal and the Glen Yards, it was an easy leap for workers to begin looking to move to the South Shore.

The Southern Counties Railway, Canada's first commuter electric trolley line, would open up the South Shore as Montreal's first off-island Suburb. It allowed easy access into the city

for work, and a means of returning home in the evening to the calm and cleaner air of the country. Owned by the Grand Trunk Railway, and later the Canadian National Railway, the Montreal & Southern Counties Railway began operation in 1909. The tram ran from Youville Square at the bottom of McGill Street in Old Montreal across the Victoria Bridge into St. Lambert. From there, passengers could continue into Montreal South and Longueuil or switch trains into the then open country of Greenfield Park, Mackayville and the junction villages of what is now St. Hubert.

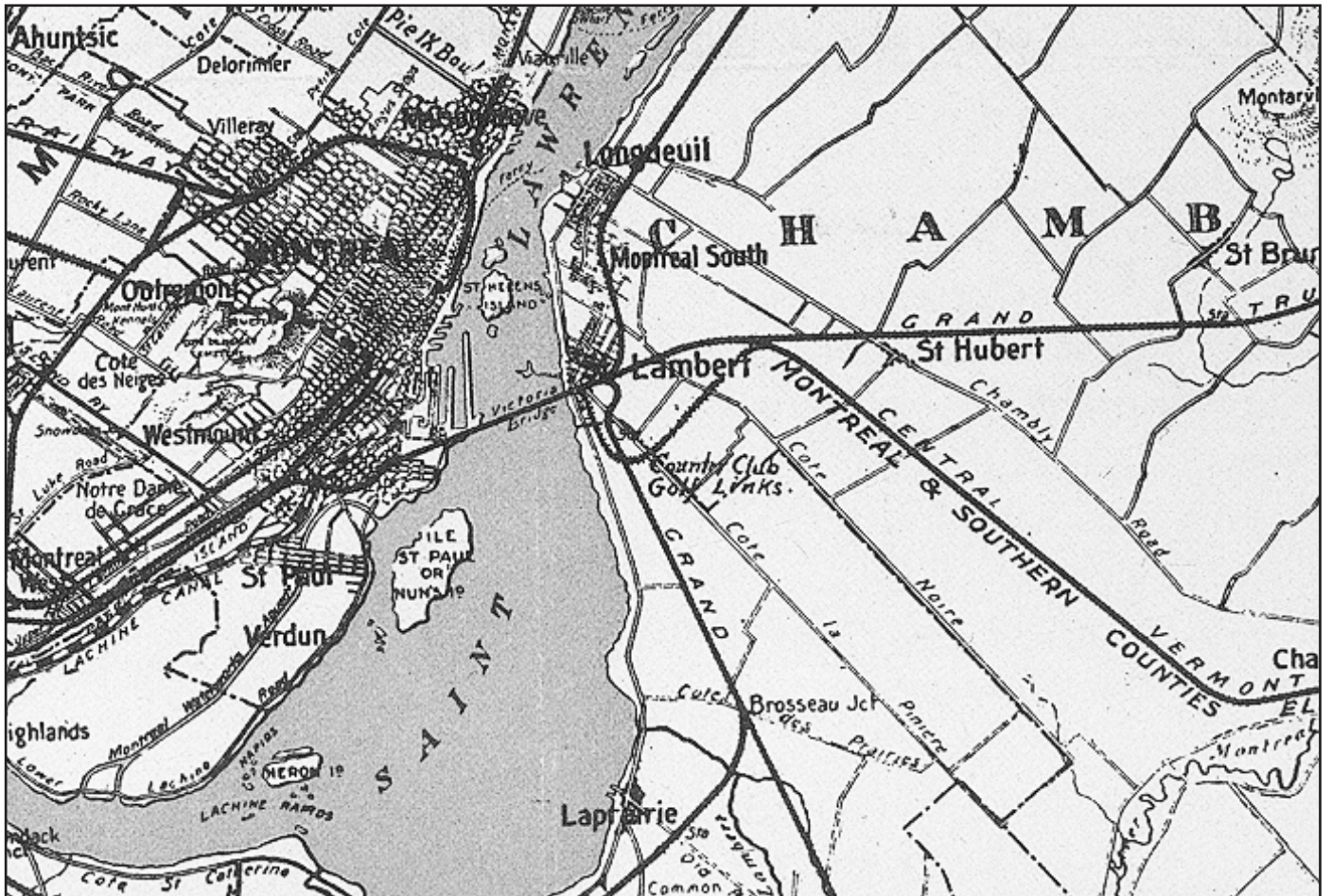
Most early commuters were tradespeople, especially immigrants from the British

Midlands. Access to the new tram meant that they could purchase cheap land in the countryside far away from smoky industries, and yet be able to reach their jobs in less than an hour. Between 1911 and 1921, the South Shore population doubled, mostly because of the influx of new English-speaking settlers. By the 1930s, a majority of the population of the communities of St. Lambert, Montreal South, Greenfield Park, Mackayville, Croydon, East Greenfield, Brookline and Pinehurst were English-speaking. Even Old Longueuil had a sizeable English-speaking population. The *Courrier du Sud* newspaper was bilingual up to the late 1950s.

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M&SCR streetcar on Churchill Blvd in Greenfield Park, 1949. The present ARC office is in building on the left. Photo: courtesy of Kevin Erskine-Henry.



For almost fifty years the M&SCR was the centre of South Shore life. Workers would board the train in the morning to travel into Montreal and return each evening. For housewives, it the M&SCR allowed them to travel into St. Lambert to shop and take their older children to high school. It was the M&SCR that brought mail from families back in Britain and the troops returning home from the war. Communities along the train line developed their own social network of support services through their local churches. Baseball was a popular weekend pastime, each community fielding a team to compete against each other with families armed with picnic lunches cheering nearby. During the winter, the same players would lace up their skates at the outdoor hockey rinks found in each village.

By the 1950s, with improvements to roads and more passengers travelling by car and bus, traffic along the M&SCR line was reduced. On October 13, 1956, the M&SCR had its last run and was soon replaced by commuter bus lines.

For the South Shore's early residents, losing the M&SCR was a blow: "During the winter we froze and on rainy days we got wet and boiled during the summer," writes long-time St. Hubert resident Joe-Ann Clark. "But we always knew the trains would get us there almost on time."

When we were setting up our new offices for the Anglophone Referral Centre (ARC) and the South Shore Community Partners Network (SSCPN) in Greenfield Park, I brought along a heavy oak chair that had been given to the Youville Stationmaster on his retirement from the M&SCR after its last run in 1956. I thought having this chair was appropriate, since our Churchill Boulevard office overlooked where the

original M&SCR streetcar would have passed, carrying the first South Shore commuters to and from Montreal. Fitting also because the focus of both the ARC and the SSCPN is on English-speaking community development. After all, it was the M&SCR that once led the way in the development of many of our English-speaking South Shore communities.

Note: Two of the remaining Montreal Southern Counties Railway cars can be visited at the Canadian Railway Museum in St. Constant. See: www.exporail.org



Kevin Erskine-Henry is Community Outreach Director for the Anglophone Referral Centre (ARC) and Chair of the South Shore Community Partners Network (SSCPN), which both work on South Shore community development programs.

A CANADIAN HEROINE

The Determination of Maria Smith Wait

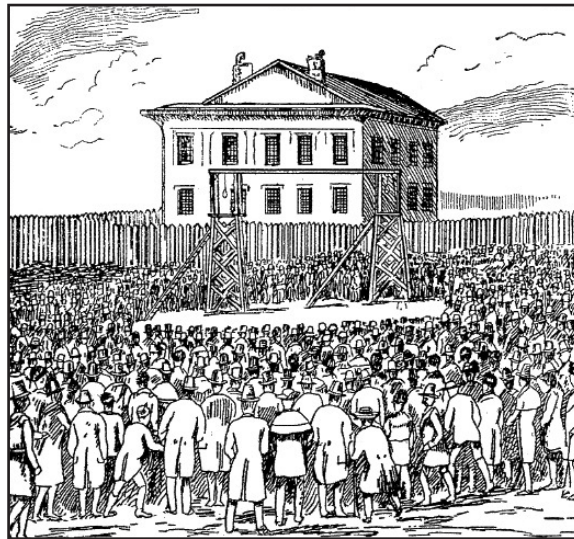
by Joseph Graham

As Quebecers, we've heard a lot about the Patriotes, those noble early rebels who wanted to create a republic and throw the Brits to hell out. Louis-Joseph Papineau, their leader, has become an iconic figure, and the independence movement has rewritten that part of our history as a nationalist, all-French hagiography. The movement, however, was not a French-English conflict and the Patriotes would not have passed a law protecting the French language as their first action had they won. Theirs was a genuine rebellion, a class struggle, and it happened right across both Lower and Upper Canada – Quebec and Ontario. The enemy was a powerful British elite, or more accurately an elite composed of colonial business leaders who sucked at the teat of the colonial office advising the governors sent over from Great Britain, always with a view to protecting their privilege.

The Upper Canada patriots called themselves the Reformers, and originally their demands were reasonable, as were those of Lower Canada's Patriotes. Eventually, though, they were pushed beyond the point of reason and took up arms to throw off the yoke of the Family Compact, the disparaging name they gave to the colonial elite. Their rebellion was bloody, but no more effective than that of the Patriotes, and it also had its heroes and martyrs. One of its heroes, in fact a heroine, was a young woman named Maria Smith Wait, a woman whose story should not be forgotten.

Maria was a young mother when her twenty-four-year old husband, Benjamin Wait, was arrested and tried as a rebel. Wait participated in one of the few successful campaigns of the rebellion. On June 20, 1838, they surrounded ten

members of the Queen's Lancers who were sleeping at Overholt's Tavern in Thorold (then called Saint John's West). After an exchange of volleys in which three people were wounded, the rebels stacked straw around the foundation and threatened to set the tavern on fire. The troops surrendered and were marched off into the woods, stripped of anything



useful and left. Soon, though, the rebels were running to the American border in the face of a huge contingent of Loyalist militiamen and Wait was captured on June 24. While the Loyalists continued looking for the other rebels in the woods near the border, Lieutenant Governor Sir George Arthur visited Wait in prison and offered a free pardon and money if he would inform on the others. His adamant refusal consigned him to the gallows. His sentence, to be carried out on August 25, was to be “hanged by the neck until you are dead, and your body shall be quartered.”

His young wife, Maria Smith, was the ward of Robert Randal, a radical member of the House of Assembly. She had a rebel's heart. She moved with her baby near to the jail, bringing her

husband food and solace, but was pushed away as often as she was successful, one time with a bayonet against her chest. Finally, she determined to seek his release by going over Arthur's head, to Governor General Lord Durham. Everyone around her warned her against going to Quebec: not only would it be an arduous, expensive journey, but she would call down the wrath of Lieutenant Governor Arthur.

Before he was knighted, Colonel George Arthur was the governor of Van Dieman's Land, the prison colony on the island that we now call Tasmania, south of Australia. He had accepted the posting on condition that he would have dictatorial powers, and he holds the distinction of having been the most vicious governor in the prison's history, erecting the gibbet so that it was visible from his house, and hanging 1,508 people during his thirteen-year tenure. He was also responsible for instituting the system that would result in the complete extinction of the original people of the island. When he finally left in 1837, both the colonists and the prisoners celebrated for days. This was the man that the young Maria was confronting.

For her trip to Quebec, Maria took with her Sarah Chandler, the eldest daughter of another prisoner. Maria was told that bringing Chandler would weaken her case, because then she would be asking for two men to be saved. Again she rejected the advice. People rallied around Chandler, the eldest of several children, feeling she would have a better chance of being heard, speaking for her condemned father. Friends supplied her with a letter of introduction to Lord Durham, but when Maria asked her to get one for her too, she declined, “either from excessive bashfulness or some other reason unknown to me.”

Together they travelled to Quebec, marching off the steamer right to Durham's lodgings. The aide-de-camp, Colonel Couper, was not encouraging but took Chandler's letter of introduction, indicating to Maria Wait that there was nothing he could do for her. After being told for two days to return later, with the departure of their boat and any chance of returning before the executions becoming slimmer, Chandler dissolved in tears and Wait put her foot down, telling Couper she would not leave, saying, "Any further delay is the equivalent of a refusal by Lord Durham ... and that means we'll get back to Niagara just in time to embrace the bodies of our loved ones ... I can't leave here until his lordship listens to me."

They never met Durham, but he was touched by their intervention and ordered a stay of execution to give himself an opportunity to examine the facts. Lord Durham, nicknamed Radical Jack for his progressive position, would have been well aware of his lieutenant governor's Australian reputation, and he had already stopped the hangman many times in Lower Canada, choosing instead to exile the Patriotes, the first group of whom went to Bermuda.

With an official copy of his letter in hand, the two young women boarded the next steamer, hoping to return to Niagara in time to save Maria's husband and Sarah's father from the noose. The letter, requesting a delay of the execution, had to be delivered and its orders enacted before August 25, the day scheduled for the hangings.

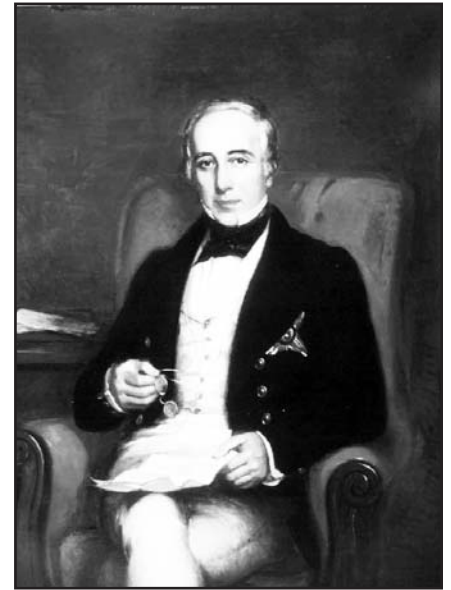
Their journey home took them to Coteau du Lac with a few days left. There, they learned that if they took the next boat in the morning Lieutenant Governor Arthur would be on board. The ruthless Arthur was determined to hang these two men to make an example to the people of Upper Canada. He was a monster by any definition, but eighteen-year-old Maria was not fazed by his reputation and requested a meeting in the ladies' quarters of the boat in order to personally present Lord Durham's letter. At that meeting, she did not back down either. Arthur told her, "I cannot accede to the request and prevent the

due course of the law upon offences of this nature." Maria's response was vehement, reminding him that she was bringing instructions from his senior, Lord Durham, who had personally assured her that her husband would be spared, at least until he, Durham, could investigate the matter. When Arthur insisted on his course, the young woman responded, "Will the execution of these men restore to the people... the lives and property which they have lost by previous aggression?" "By no means, but the example may deter others from similar transgressions," was Arthur's answer.

Maria Smith Wait proceeded to lecture the lieutenant governor on the causes of the rebellion, citing examples and criticizing the "lamentable state of Canada," but afterwards Arthur voiced his rejection and brusquely left the cabin. Undeterred, as though he had simply behaved like a recalcitrant child, she penned a letter to Lord Durham, explaining the behaviour of his lieutenant governor, but before she had finished, Arthur returned with his private secretary. He requested she tell the secretary of her communications at Quebec, which she readily did, and informed him of the letter she had just written.

"Before you communicate my answer to Lord Durham... I have granted a respite to your husband... but there must be more executions."

When Maria reached Cornwall, she sent the letter to Lord Durham anyway, not trusting Sir George Arthur. Her doubts proved to be well-founded since from there on she was obliged to play a cat-and-mouse game to ensure that the instructions arrived before the scheduled hanging, which was to take place between 11:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. on



August 25.

Arriving home on the 22nd, she found the hangman preparing for his task and he would not accept her testimony of the stay of execution. The sheriff, Alexander Hamilton, was away. To complicate matters, she learned that her baby, in the care of its grandmother, had become ill. She resolved to go back to Toronto, where she discovered the Assembly was in session, but she was simply patronized by officials there. Next, she approached Bishop George Mountain of Montreal, who happened to be visiting, and he reassured her he would do what he could. Her only course remaining was to return to Niagara and hope that the reassurances she had received were true.

Sir George Arthur delivered the stay to Sheriff Hamilton, but delayed their meeting until it was impossible to catch the last boat back to Niagara. When Hamilton realized the seriousness of the situation, he stood up to the bully and managed, with difficulty, to get hold of the governor's own boat for the return. Arriving six hours before the execution, he delivered the orders to the hangman and the lives of the two men were spared.

Their misfortunes, though, were far from over. Their sentence was commuted to exile in the very prison that Sir George Arthur had ruthlessly run on Van Dieman's Land. Their voyage, with other rebels from both Upper and Lower Canada,



passed through London and took 150 days, covering 16,000 miles, in chains, in darkness, under the deck. Extremely crowded conditions, non-existent sanitation and poor food led to illnesses and deaths. Upon their arrival at Hobart, Van Dieman's Land, some could not walk and were forced to crawl from the ship. On dry ground, their first sight was a scaffold and the imminent hanging of four prisoners, while further on they saw 200 half-naked men in heavy chains working on a road. The French Canadians had been kept on board, destined for Norfolk Island, the "Isle of the Doubly Damned," the worst of the prison colonies. But in their case, the Catholic Church of Lower Canada managed to get a message to Bishop Polding, who met the prison ship when it stopped at Sydney. After interviewing the prisoners, he took personal responsibility for them and their fate was less severe.

There was no Catholic Church available to intercede in the cruel fate of the Protestants in Van Dieman's Land, but Maria Smith Wait did not give up. She begged for favours and scrounged enough money to find her way to London, England, to continue the fight for her husband. She even sought an audience with the Queen. Contacts she made did their best to dissuade her from her plan of following her husband to the other side of the world, and instead they bought her passage home and gave her letters of introduction in order to allow her to lobby the new governor.

Upon her return, she did just that. She even succeeded in getting the Assembly to request leniency for Canadian prisoners in Australia and, over time, stories of her lobbying arrived among the prisoners. She was their hope, and her name inspired the prisoners to keep on in desperate circumstances. Some were locked into harnesses and made to pull rock-filled carts for miles under the hot southern sun while their footwear and clothing rotted. The treatment of the resisters was worse, from the lash to solitary confinement. None knew the length of their sentences and were told they were there for life.

Most of the prisoners in the camps were from the poorer parts of England. They had been arrested for petty crimes often committed in order to survive, and a good number of them escaped into the

wilds of Van Dieman's Land, giving rise to dangerous gangs who raided the colonists' homes. The fate of Benjamin Wait and Samuel Chandler proved to be a blessing. Wait was so ill he was sent to the hospital but he soon recovered, and he and Chandler were set to comparatively light tasks on the commissary general's farm.

The Canadians were educated men, many of whom had owned property, and they contrasted with the common felons from the slums of England. That alone was not always enough to get them out of chains, but good behaviour was rewarded after six years with a ticket to leave. That meant simply the right to work for individual colonists on private properties for virtually no wages, if they could convince a colonist to hire them. It did not guarantee them food, or even a roof. It was far from being free but was preferable to chains. Their only hope of escape was to stow away on American whaling boats, but these boats were thoroughly searched and fumigated before they could leave the harbour and fines were levied against the whole crew if a stowaway came coughing out of the hold.

Maria's efforts to have her husband pardoned contributed to reducing all the Canadian prisoners' time in chains to two years before they were considered ready to have a ticket to leave. It contributed as well to their ability to at least try to take control of their own destinies. Many attempted escape and failed, sending them back to the camps and the chains. Wait and Chandler's turn to try came in August 1841, three years after they had faced the noose in Niagara. Chandler, a Freemason, used his small allotments of free time to meet and shake hands with American whaling captains. He was patient, and one day a sea captain recognized the secret Masonic handshake and offered to help him escape.

Their plan was as desperate as they were. Neither had knowledge of the sea, but they agreed to meet the whaler 40 miles out to sea in a channel that they could only imagine. As the day approached, they made their getaway dressed as fishermen and used their little bit of money to hire a boat that they did not really know how to use. Still, they found their way out to the channel, but in their anxiety arrived several days ahead

of the agreed upon time and soon ran out of food and water. Drenched and numb, they eventually decided to row back to the shore, but at the last minute a sail appeared. They signalled it a few times until it finally hove to and took them on board. It was the American whaling boat.

After seven months at sea and time spent in South America after a shipwreck, they finally arrived in the United States. They were not the first escapees to do so; James Gemmell, another prisoner, got there before them, and when they arrived they learned that Gemmell had declared that it would have been impossible had he and others not obtained a pardon thanks to the lobbying of Maria Smith Wait. Another convict, an American who had been captured aiding the rebels' cause, wrote in his memoirs, "Her devoted and heroic services, embalmed in our hearts, shall be handed down to other generations as a bright example of conjugal fidelity and active philanthropy, worthy of an immortality of honour."

By August 1842, Maria, her daughter Augusta, and Benjamin were reunited in Niagara Falls, New York. They spent their first months together writing *Letters from Van Dieman's Land*, a compilation of his letters and her petitions. In May 1843, a mere nine months after their reunion, Maria gave birth to twins, but their lives together were not to be. Both she and one of the twins died from complications.

Today, if you look through Canada's *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, you will find a short entry describing Benjamin Wait (795 words) and one describing Samuel Chandler (349 words). You will also find the biography of Sir George Arthur (4,495 words). Benjamin Wait's entry, though dismissive in tone, does include a few mentions of Maria, but she is absent from the other two – and don't bother looking for her own biography. It's not there.

Special thanks to Heather Calhoun for Jack Cahill's book Forgotten Patriots.

Joseph Graham, author of Naming the Laurentians, is writing a book that re-examines much of our early history, the elements that drove European society, and the extraordinary damage these ideas inflicted on North America.

Couleurs Manifestes

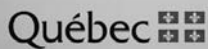
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