

TRIBUTES TO QAHN'S PAST PRESIDENT KEVIN O'DONNELL

\$10

# Heritage

Quebec

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News



## Gold in Them Thar Colonies

The Scenic Route to Magog

## A Tale of Three Campuses

Champlain's Complex History

## Hate It, Love It, Kill For It

Snapshots of Quebec, 1971

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# Quebec Heritage News

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Cover photo: The Ottawa River at Hudson, 2013. Photo: Rod MacLeod.

## EDITOR'S DESK

*Last Call*

by Rod MacLeod

Whenever we met, it was always at an Irish pub. One in particular, that is. We called it “the usual.”

It wasn't that we were there so often that the name of the place went without saying. It was hardly our “local,” since we both lived miles away from downtown Montreal. I suspect the phrase just fitted nicely into the pleasant fiction that we were two jaded habitués. “Let's meet at the usual,” we'd say, the tongue-in-cheek implicit. Good friends have their own codes.

Our “usual” featured front and centre in an article Kevin wrote for this magazine shortly after he took over from me as president of QAHN (“The Gray Factor,” *QHN*, March 2009). He described arriving at the pub and finding me already seated and pouring over a book – which sparked a conversation that touched on the American Civil War, Kevin's sister Mary-Frances, and the origins of Montreal's Heritage movement in the 1960s. These topics were all related: the book I was reading reminded Kevin of one he had borrowed from his sister half a century earlier (and felt guilty for never having returned) concerning Confederate spies in Montreal, written by Clayton Gray, who happened to be one of the founders of the pioneer preservationist Historical Council of Greater Montreal. Gray's *Conspiracy in Canada* had sparked in Kevin a life-long fascination for history. “This is a book I would never part with,” he declared. “Except perhaps to surrender it to its rightful owner some day.”

Making these sorts of connections, and at lightning speed, even after the

second Guinness, was typical Kevin. Bells were always ringing somewhere. He seemed to know at least something about any topic, at least enough to meet you part way in a discussion. I could refer to what I considered an arcane academic theory and he would draw on some distant memory to comment on it. He recalled passages from books, the names of historical figures, and even slogans from ancient advertising campaigns that I had long forgotten. Once,



thinking to intrigue him with trivia, I told him that he shared a last name with Leopoldo O'Donnell, a nineteenth-century Spanish prime minister whom you don't hear referred to very often on Jeopardy – but Kevin had heard of him. He had clearly paid attention in school. Moreover, he had learned to store it all away in an efficient inner archive.

In many ways, Kevin never left school. For most of the time I knew him he worked for the Quebec Ministry of Education, supplying books and teaching aids to schools around the province, and then after “retiring” he worked for a company developing educational software. My daughter's grade school teachers knew him: they would come up to me and say “I hear you're friends with

Kevin O'Donnell!” They spoke fondly of helpful encounters at trade fairs and teachers' conventions, emphasizing his non-aggressive delivery, sage advice, and clear devotion to the cause of education – what one might call a good book-side manner. I had little difficulty imagining Kevin in this role, and reflected how well his job tapped into his skills and aptitude – more than another outlet he might well have chosen, such as an academic career in History.

I could never hold a candle to Kevin when it came to trivia, but I am no slouch in that department myself, and it was over this, above all, that we bonded. Anything could get us started: if not the item one of us had been reading prior to the other arriving at the pub, it could be something in the news or an issue from an event that one or both of us had attended. One time it was the many old-fashioned bar signs (many in

Gaelic) festooned about the room, which prompted a discussion of heritage plaques – including the (now removed) plaque on the side of Montreal's Hudson's Bay store that marked where Confederate leader Jefferson Davis once slept. This plaque was news to me, but Kevin had known about it for years (probably since reading *Conspiracy in Canada*) and was determined to introduce me to it. So we drained our Guinneses, licked our plates of butter chicken clean, and headed over to Union Avenue to inspect this curious and politically awkward anachronism. (See “Fighting Plaque,” *QHN*, Fall 2017.) I always learned something from Kevin.

Clayton Gray notwithstanding, Kevin's fascination for history also

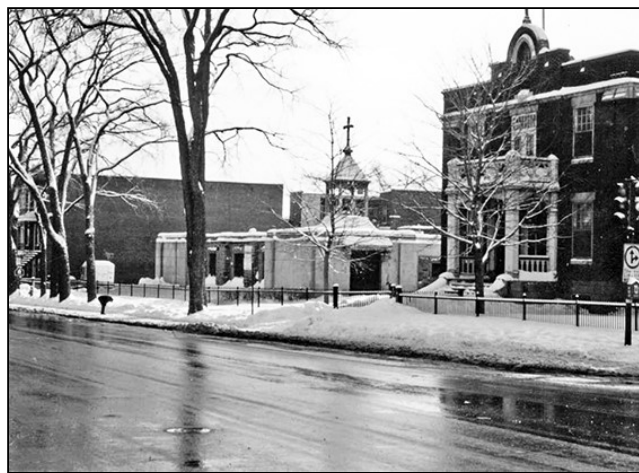


stemmed from watching the disappearance of the community where he'd grown up: St. Dominic's parish, created in 1912 to serve the English-speaking Catholics of Montreal's east end. The parish church, built on the corner of De Lorimier and Gilford streets, was a curious squat little building capped by a boxy bell tower. During Kevin's childhood the population served by St. Dominic's was already shifting westward, and by the time he left there were only a few active families. The church was sold in 1975, and for 15 years the congregation met in a makeshift shopfront on Mount Royal Avenue before the parish was dissolved. Today, there is almost no trace of this once-thriving community. Kevin always spoke warmly of his childhood there, and eagerly took part in efforts to preserve the memory of St. Dominic's. Such interests gave him a natural affinity for the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network, which has often found itself documenting the history of places that have all-but-entirely vanished.

The other community whose history absorbed much of Kevin's time and energy was Hudson, where he and his family lived for many years. The town enjoyed much firmer heritage foundations than St. Dominic's parish, although the Hudson Historical Society was always anxious about the survival of the old Macaulay barn, which stood a stone's throw from Kevin's home. This barn, along with the Mount Victoria Farm on which it sat and the famous Holstein cows raised there, became a particular passion for Kevin. Alas, despite the historical society's best efforts, and the farm's status as

the country home of Sun Life president Thomas Bassett Macaulay, the barn was demolished, in 2013. And not only was the barn an important building in its own right, but it also housed valuable documents relating to rural life in the area and even to Sun Life. I still get a frisson recalling the day Kevin phoned me in a panic: I realized he was sitting in a dumpster in the midst of the barn wreckage, frantically digging through mountains of papers, wondering what he ought to save. There was little I could do, and he knew it; he just needed to vent at the archival tragedy of it all. He filled a few garbage bags, hauled him-self out of the bin, and trudge home.

Although he and I had crossed paths on a few earlier occasions, the first time I really met Kevin was at St. James Anglican Church in Hudson, where the historical society had invited me to speak. I managed to get lost on the way, obliging the gathered crowd to entertain themselves while the society's president arranged a search party. Fortunately, Kevin was on hand. For a good half hour, he managed to fill the void by recounting his own anecdotes and then coaxing others to offer their own. By the time I sheepishly arrived, Kevin was clearly frazzled, though not so I noticed; I learned of his heroism only much later. After my talk he sought me out to ask about some of the people and places I had mentioned, reflecting his trademark knowledge



and curiosity. He also took the fateful step of expressing admiration for QAHN and a willingness to get more involved. Hudson stands on the shores of the Ottawa River, but Kevin had just crossed the Rubicon.

In 2006, QAHN's long-serving representative from Western Quebec, Michael Cooper, stepped down from the board, and promoted Kevin as his replacement. (Hudson was considered part of Western Quebec in those days.) Great idea, I thought, but could we twist Kevin's arm a bit further up? Over the proverbial pint, I asked Kevin if he would agree to be vice president, with the expectation that he would roll into the presidency when my own five-year term was up. His navel gazing lasted to the end of the drink. Kevin proceeded to dive into the job with enthusiasm and delight – but he also developed, and cheerfully maintained, the fiction that he'd been coerced by my heavy-handed tactics. Such ribbing included regular references to my supposedly exalted rank within the organization. To Kevin, I was "Fearless Leader" – a nod



Top: St Dominic's church. [histoireplateau.org](http://histoireplateau.org).

Bottom: Hudson: St. James Church and the Macaulay barn. [parishofvaudreuil.com](http://parishofvaudreuil.com), [communitystories.ca](http://communitystories.ca).





either to North Korea or to Rocky and Bullwinkle, I was never quite sure. He would also tug on his forelock in mock deference whenever it became clear that a particular administrative or diplomatic task fell to me, as president. And he knew that the shoe would soon be on the other foot.

Kevin was always ready to roll up his sleeves – often literally. As a keen member of QAHN’s fledgling “Montreal Committee,” he helped plan the “Montreal Mosaic” symposium, held in April 2007 at the McCord Museum. On the day of the symposium, he happily hoisted boxes and arranged tables with the QAHN staff while I did the more glamorous meeting and greeting. As it was a classy event, we’d rented real plates, cups and glasses for the buffet meal and coffee breaks. We thought we had sufficient service for every guest, but we forgot that an animated crowd goes through crockery at a much faster rate than each person would normally do at home, taking a second plate for a second helping and leaving half-sipped coffees on all surfaces. Half way through the morning it was clear that somebody had to wash

dishes – lots of dishes. This task Kevin stoically undertook, and he proceeded to spend the rest of the day up to his elbows in suds in the McCord’s tiny basement kitchen: a vice-presidential *plongeur*. He missed out on most of the fun, but he saved the day.

Kevin took over as president of QAHN on a stiflingly hot June afternoon in the upstairs hall of Montreal’s Black Watch Armoury, where we held the 2008 AGM. As past-president, I naturally offered to remain available for guidance and support – an offer that came with the clear benefit of being able to catch up with Kevin whenever possible. At this stage, the “usual” became an institution. But Kevin had plans for me beyond a lazy retirement: not only the editorship of the *Quebec Heritage News*, but participation on committees and direct involvement in various QAHN projects.

When it came to projects, there was always something that Kevin was devising, formulating, developing, and adjusting. His ideas came thick and fast, most of them great, many of them doable. A couple of times I found myself trimming his sails: when planning a conference, Kevin would think of all kinds of topics it would be fascinating to discuss, but it wasn’t always easy to find speakers on exactly those issues; it usually made more sense to get good

speakers, and adjust the program to fit their expertise. But whatever the result, Kevin would be its greatest champion: promoting the event or product, praising its producers, and presiding over its launch with his usual dignified cheer. It was a privilege for me to work on several stellar projects under Kevin’s captaincy: devising the panel (including the two of us) on “Writing the History of Quebec’s English-Speaking Communities” at the 2010 Canadian Historical Association meeting at Concordia University; the 2011 “Ways of Memory” conference, also at Concordia, on which QAHN partnered with a great many community organiza-



tions; and “Mapping the Mosaic: Montreal and its Diverse Neighbourhoods,” which produced an interactive map featuring events, images and stories, launched in 2012. But the jewel in Kevin’s crown was undoubtedly “The Identity of English-Speaking Quebec in 100 Objects,” an idea that came to him after visiting the British Museum and seeing its “History of the World in 100 Objects” (all drawn from its own collections); why not do this for Quebec and draw on museum collections across the province? The project was great fun to work on, and produced a DVD and a website (which I still use). Kevin also made sure that QAHN had a presence at

14:00 – 15:30 / 14 h 00 – 15 h 30	LB-1019.00
<p>54. <b>Writing the History of Quebec’s English-Speaking Communities / Écrire l’histoire des communautés anglophones du Québec</b></p>	
<p><b>Participants</b>                  Lorraine O’Donnell, Concordia University                  Patrick Donovan, Université Laval                  Kevin O’Donnell, Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network                  Roderick MacLeod, Research Consultant and Writer</p>	
<p>Facilitator / Animateur : Brian Young, McGill University</p>	

Top: Montvic Ribbons (Kevin’s entry, 100 Objects project). Photo: R. Garber.  
 Bottom: Program, Canadian Historical Association, 2010.

Right: Kevin staffing a QAHN table at Townshippers’ Day, Stanstead, 2011. Photo: Matthew Farfan.



the annual Arts, Culture & Heritage Working Group meeting, which brings community members together with government representatives – even if that presence was just Kevin; eventually, however, he drew me in as the Heritage person on the group’s planning committee. It was hard work, but then there was beer afterwards.

As president, Kevin worked so hard he put my earlier efforts to shame. I felt my term had been intense, particularly during my first year when QAHN was undergoing considerable growing pains, but then I was between jobs when I took on the presidency, and even later on my schedule was always very flexible. Kevin worked full-time, in an office, 9 to 5, right through his term – and still managed to attend meetings: not only QAHN’s, but a whole slew of consultations and interactions with other community and government bodies. And he wrote articles, researched technical programs, and helped prepare grant applications. He suffered when he could *not* do something: I once stood in for him when QAHN was invited to present at a senate committee on minority languages – but almost missed my entrance because Kevin had me on the phone suggesting addition-

al comments to make that he had just thought of. Ever ready energy indeed.

On top of it all (which he always was), he did all this using public transport. There was a car somewhere in the O’Donnell family economy, but Kevin rode the rails to work every day, taking the one early-morning train from Hudson to Windsor Station (later Lucien-L’Allier) and then the one late-afternoon train back. To get out to the QAHN office in Lennoxville, he would take the bus to Sherbrooke from the downtown terminus. Of course, if I was heading out there too, I would pick him up at a M o n t r e a l metro station – although this was not necessarily fast, since with all our banter I was likely to get lost on secondary Eastern Townships roads or even end up at a United States border crossing.

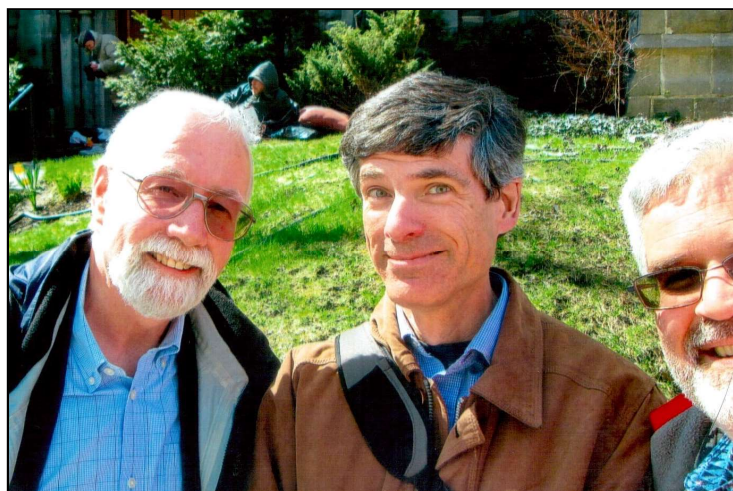
On one of

the few occasions when Kevin resorted to renting a car himself, he ran into torrential rain, only to discover that the windshield wipers did not work – and (he gleefully recounted) spent the whole trip with his head out the side window, regularly wiping his glasses with one finger.

Kevin would typically arrive at events red in the face, laden down with books and reports from both paid and volunteer work. This gear was all part of his methodical approach: despite having an excellent memory palace (or perhaps because of it), Kevin accumulated literature, and could produce supporting documentation at a few minutes’ notice. If he’d had a car to get around in, the back seat would have been a warehouse of files. Without wheels, he was amphibiously nimble.

Of course, if circumstances required it, Kevin could travel home on one of the later trains that went as far as Dorion or Vaudreuil, where a family member would pick him up. On the last occasion when he and I attended an early evening Montreal event together, he had time to kill before his late train. I was happy to keep him company – at the usual.

We ate and drank, and eventually, reluctantly, I bid him farewell, even though he still had an hour of his vigil remaining; I wanted to get home at a respectable hour. I hit the metro and bus for Montreal West, but missed a connection and was stuck in traffic, so it took much longer than I’d expected. And then, as I staggered on foot in the dark to the level crossing I had to wait for a train to pass. As I stood at the barrier, wincing at the loud clang of signal bells, I glanced up at the train as it chugged by – and saw Kevin at one of the brightly-lit upper-level windows, shuffling through



Top: Kevin launching a project.  
Photo: Renee Arshinoff.

Kevin’s last visit with Rod and Matthew Farfan, Montreal, March 2015.  
Photo: Matthew Farfan.





papers as he worked through whatever he'd planned to pass the next hour's journey. Oddly, that's the image of him that sticks with me: Kevin, alone in a near-deserted train, still thinking. Still planning.

After his retirement from both QAHN and paid work, Kevin lived for some years in Beijing, where his wife, Laurie, had a consulting job. Our now infrequent rendezvous were enlivened by Kevin's extraordinary stories about life in China: the crowds, the intense commercialism, the tricky manoeuvring around places (Tiananmen Square, for instance) where one was not supposed to linger. He returned a few times to clean out the Hudson house, put it on the market, and eventually sign the deed of sale.

After they moved to Vancouver, he and I only met once – the last time I saw him. He seemed frailer, and only managed

one glass of Guinness, which he did not quite finish. Such is the toll of years, of course: at our backs we always hear Time's winged chariot hurrying near (a reference I am sure Kevin would have recognized). Even so, it was a profound shock last December to learn, out of the blue, that Kevin was at death's door – and then, barely a week later, that he'd stepped through.

I realize, despite all the talking he and I did, that I have little sense of his take on the afterlife. Nor, for that matter, do I myself have it all worked out. If there is a place we go to, I can picture Kevin arriving in a fluster with lots of ideas and plenty of supporting documentation in his shoulder bag. Whatever the scenario, it would sure feel good to meet up with Kevin and hear all about it.

At the usual.



Top: Kevin preparing for an AGM, Morrin Centre, 2011.  
Photo: Rod MacLeod.

Bottom: Hudson Railway Station / Hudson Village Theatre, 2022.  
Photo: Veillg1.

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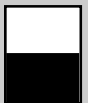
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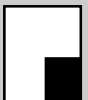
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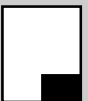
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# LETTERS

## Sometimes the walls do speak

Congratulations to Yolande Allard and *Quebec Heritage News* for your special edition on “My Dear Mrs. Millar,” the moving story of an old letter found, of special bonds between our forebears, and of the rich history and early connections between the Eastern Townships and the Lower North Shore. And the bonus of Reverend Allnatt’s beautiful poetry: “A love most sure,” indeed!

Yolande’s story of finding the letter in her wall reminds me of two other renovation-wall discoveries. In 2011, when I was considering buying the old farm near Island Brook where I now live, the owner at the time, Gerald Goddard, greeted me at his stoop with “They used to hide their money in the walls of these old houses, you know!” – before even saying hello.

I’ve since torn all the old finishings off those square log walls – and found no such money. Of course, I didn’t really expect to get rich; quite the opposite! I just wanted to expose the hand-hewn logs. When we restore and preserve these old houses, we are searching for, and saving, something much more profound, both public and personal. One of the material things I did find, though, on a square log to the right of the front door, was the signature of one of the farm’s builders: Hugh Riddle, who bought the property in 1896 for \$284 from the British American Land Company (according to research by my son,



**BANTAM TRACK & FIELD 1957-58**

*Front Row: N. Howard, S. Fairhurst, T. Evans. Second Row: Miss Walbridge, T. Bell, L. Lawson, C. Hobbs, D. Greenbury, J. Trenholm, D. Mayka, S. Issenman.*

Nathan Stevenson, and my mother, Barbara Verity). Riddle signed “Hugh Riddles S[illegible].” in surprisingly flowing handwriting for pencil on rough-hewn log.

In the late 1970s, my father, Ken Stevenson, and his tenant, Harry Isbrucker, renovated the old house at our farm of the day – the former LeBaron-McVittie Farm on the Stanstead Highway. Where they first tore into the finishings on the living room wall, they discovered another beautiful handwritten signature, in the plaster covering the lath: “Robert Spendlove finished the house July 3, 1850.”

What wonderful stories our old houses have to tell!

Scott Stevenson  
Newport, Qc.

## Remembering Edith

Once again you have rung my memory bell, with the Walbridge barn story (*QHN*, Winter 2024).

The article sent me looking into my high school “Torch” year books for my former gym teacher, Miss Walbridge, whose first name I believe was Edith. Mount Royal High School opened in 1951. She coached their girls Basketball, Volleyball and Tennis teams that often won the championship among eight Montreal high schools. I admired her energy, determination, and good posture that look similar to your Walbridges. Were they indeed related?

I heard indirectly about the family’s old barn that they wanted to preserve and publicize on their property in Mystic. The red-painted, restored barn has been featured on its own Facebook page since 2022, apparently.

Congratulations to all the Walbridges. You mention six daughters including the talented Lena Elizabeth. We may also admire Edith for developing the success of her student teams who competed in the eight high schools of the PSBGM (Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal) mentioned in the year books of 1948, 1949 and 1951. Many of these students of 65 years ago went on to build successful careers and families.

Mary McCutcheon  
Montreal, Qc.



# REMEMBERING KEVIN

Matthew Farfan

Kevin O'Donnell was the president of QAHN for five years; the final two years corresponded to my first two as executive director. I have many fond memories of Kevin. One of my favourites was the first time he met me as my boss. He took the bus from Montreal to Sherbrooke, as he did regularly on QAHN business. I met him at the station and we sat down for a working lunch.

Because Kevin cared so much about QAHN and its mission, he tended to fret. About finances. Insurance. Signing things. Attending things. Taking a stand on important issues. Kind of everything. He took his volunteer job as president seriously.

It was no secret that I'd never been crazy about admin, but I'd decided I wanted to try the executive director's job. So Kevin was a bit nervous that day when I met him at the station. But we sat down for a sandwich and a beer. Or maybe it was two. We chatted for several hours.

I think my main goal for the meeting was to convey a sense of confidence. Just be zen, I thought, and all will be well. Kevin's goal was probably to figure out whether he'd hired the right guy, or made a huge mistake.

It was a great meeting. Mostly what I remember is how reassured Kevin seemed when he headed back to town. I appreciated the trust he gave me.

Let's talk regularly, Kevin had said before he got on his bus. And we did. Over the next two years, we spoke by phone at least once or twice a week. He'd call me, or I him. Sometimes he'd speak in hushed tones, which I soon realized was because he was calling from work. Our conversations were always collegial. Yes, he was the boss, and I the employee. But we were partners, working for the good of the organization and the advancement of our mission. It was serious business, but there was also a sense of accomplishment and, quite often, humour.

Kevin was a guy with vision. He was always ready to help – both as fearless leader and spokesperson, but also as someone who wasn't afraid of hands-on work. Whether it was arranging chairs or washing dishes at some event, or coming up with a project idea and actually writing the application. I remember the time he wrote a proposal for a federal grant worth \$85,000. He

worked on it all night and handed it off to me to polish up and submit at 3 a.m. on deadline day. (I waited up for it, what else could I do! We got the money, by the way). The time Kevin put into his volunteer job was legendary, and can only have come from passion. His commitment was inspiring.

God help any exhausted board member who tried to hurry along a meeting! Kevin's view, which he didn't hesitate to express, was "we only meet 3 or 4 times a year, and we're darn well going to take as long as it takes to get through the business – all of it." I recall one meeting I attended as a staffer. It was shortly after Kevin had joined the board. Coincidentally, the meeting lasted six hours.

Kevin was never afraid to represent QAHN or the heritage community. Public speaking took him to Ottawa, Quebec City, the Gaspé, and many places in between. Appearing before a Parliamentary Committee is a bit nerve-racking. My first year on the job, I had to do that with Kevin. I was nervous as all hell; Kevin seemed like a pro.

A number of people, board and staff, have been instrumental in making QAHN what it is today. Kevin is one of the stand-outs. Always the team player, ever modest, he was never about

the glory. Long before his retirement from the QAHN board in 2013, we'd become good friends. Kevin remained an active QAHN member up until the time of his death, even contributing to occasional projects, such as serving on the editorial committee of our 2021 anthology *Historical Views*.

Kevin was an excellent colleague and boss, but also a good friend and, I'm not shy to say, something of a role model for me in my own volunteer career. I miss him.

I'd like to conclude with a verse from a poem I wrote on the occasion of Kevin's retirement in 2013.

*Yes, QAHN did quite well while you wielded the  
presidential gavel.  
We never worried it would all unravel.  
We were never up a creek. Never without a paddle.  
And now it's time for you to take a break. Time for  
you to travel.*

Safe travels, Kevin.





# THE HISTORY OF ENGLISH-SPEAKING QUEBEC IS FASCINATING!

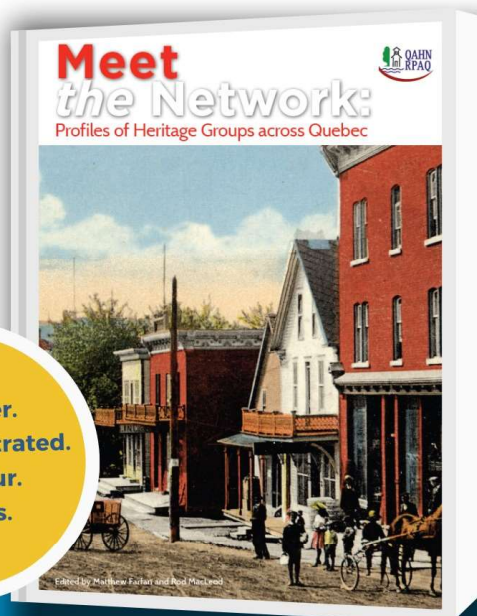
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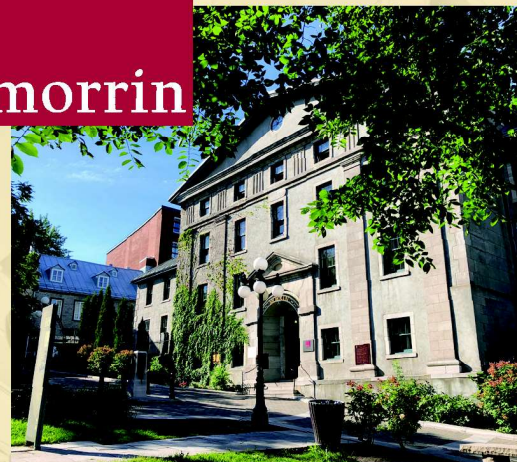


PHOTO: JULIEVOYER

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# A WORD FROM LAURIE

*Remembering Kevin O'Donnell, my husband*  
Laurie O'Donnell

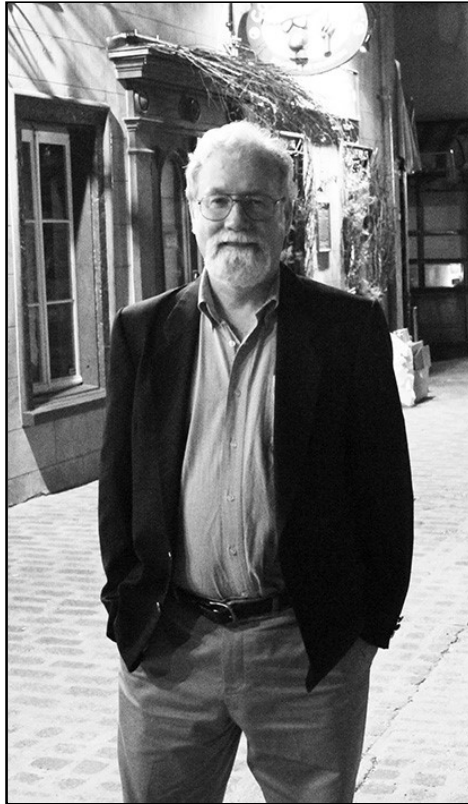
**M**any who read this magazine will have crossed paths with Kevin over the years. You may share similar goals and have the same dedication to preserving the stories and the history of the English-speaking people of Quebec.

For almost fifty years, I shared my life with a man passionate and committed with the same aspirations. He found like-minded people at QAHN, and he cherished the many friendships made and kept over decades.

I treasure the many years we shared, loving and respectful of our different interests in life. I am an extroverted businessperson working with clients and colleagues located internationally and loving it. When I received an offer to work in Beijing, China, many years ago, Kevin understood my deep desire to accept this life-changing opportunity.

Both of our lives changed drastically.

Fortunately, we found the Bookworm Bookstore in Beijing. The Bookworm was the gathering place of the huge expatriate population in Beijing working for multinational corporations, for embassies, or for nonprofit organizations. The embassies would invite authors from their home countries to speak



at the Bookworm.

As a lover of fiction, I thought it was wonderful. I met so many authors, and read everything I could get my hands on. Kevin, on the other hand, was meeting authors of books he had already read. The authors, of course, were thrilled. After speaking (very often Kevin would be the interviewer), the authors were invited to share food, wine and of course ideas. Kevin would be deep in conversation into the wee hours of the night.

Kevin was in his element. Halfway around the world, still actively volunteering in this very public forum, and in so doing he continued to spread his enthusiasm and respect for ideas and people.

Easy to see that my life has been blessed. Kevin never tried to direct me towards any path, but living with a person who takes the events of the world to heart and informs himself, is a gift. He read the news every day from several sources globally, we both did.

We were partners in life. I too share his enthusiasm and respect for ideas and people.



Top: Kevin in Quebec City, 2011.  
Photo: Elena Cerrolaza.

# THE LEGACY OF KENNETH YOUNG

*The Hague Family*  
by Joseph Graham

When Margaret Young first met H. McLeod Hague in Paris in 1922, the Great War was still a strong presence, especially in the Young family. McLeod was a reservist, an artillery man who had made it to England just as the war ended. He had been too young for the experience of active duty, but Margaret's brother Kenneth had been a year older.

Kenneth Ellegood Young was a gunner with the 2nd Canadian Trench Mortar Battery. A trench mortar was a nasty piece of business invented during the war to counter the German *Minenwerfer*, or mine launcher, designed for clearing objects from the path of an advancing army. A small, wheeled cannon manned by engineers, it proved devastating when trained upon an entrenched enemy line. The British rapidly developed a series of portable mortars ranging up to a nine inch bore. Each mortar depended on a small army of up to 25 soldiers and, because of its heavy appetite for ammunition, many of these soldiers found themselves running through the mud to feed the squat, solid metal monsters. Just three months before the end of the war, Kenneth Young took a direct hit from a high-velocity gun while transporting some of these shells. He probably never knew.

There was no war in 1927 when McLeod Hague and Margaret Young married. A practicing lawyer and reservist, Hague kept his artillery training appointment every year at Petawawa, and both he and Margaret shared a consciousness of the Great War. They probably rapidly agreed on the name Kenneth for their first-born son the next year. Another son was born in 1930, and a daughter in 1937. The next war arrived calling out to the experienced men of the reserves, those who had kept up their military readiness. Major H. M. Hague was named second in command of the 5th Field Regiment.

We have little information about Margaret's life on the home front during those years. In each generation, men assumed

they would eventually have to go to war. It seemed to have always been that way, but war had changed and Margaret had intimate knowledge of what that could mean. When wars come like clockwork for excited young men, women face new urgencies, forced to turn off switches that could lead to questions suddenly too great to be answered. In 1939, Margaret did not even have the right to vote in Quebec, but that right came quickly with the war. In Lower Canada, the vote was first accorded to people with property but the word 'male' was added in 1849, disenfranchising many women. On the federal side, the first franchise for women coincided roughly with the death of Margaret's brother, and even then it was accorded only to women directly involved in the war effort.



When the Allies invaded Sicily in July 1943, McLeod Hague, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, commanded the 2nd Canadian Field Regiment in a battle near Nissoria. Having discovered that his forward observer had been hit, Hague walked through rough terrain under heavy enemy fire, ascertained enemy positions, returned through the same dangers and redirected the regiment, silencing the enemy positions. He

was decorated with the Distinguished Service Order. In early December, moving north up the Adriatic coast of Italy, approaching Ortona, almost straight east of Rome, he was hit by a shell fragment and lost his right arm at the elbow. He survived. From the invasion to the German surrender in 1945, between 120,000 and 220,000 German, Italian and Allied soldiers died on Italian soil.

McLeod Hague wrote a letter to Margaret that began "Dearest, I am writing with my left hand..." His letter contained no excess sentimentality, and was reassuring, but it was only after a long convalescence that he arrived home. The family knew he was coming, and when he stepped out of the taxi, smiling, Margaret, who had shown no emotion since he left years before, ran down the stairs with tears in her eyes.



The colonel had been assigned as a military advisor for discharge and chairman of the Joint Services Committee. He spent the balance of his career working with veterans and amputees.

McLeod Hague lived until he was 95, never missing Remembrance Day, and died on November 11, 1994. His son Kenneth never had to serve.

It was Kenneth Hague who was the most drawn to a lake-front cottage in Ivry that his father had purchased, together with Margaret and her sister Florence.

Kenneth was a mechanical engineer and he guided his employer to play a major role in the construction of the Montreal metro, taking numerous trips to Paris to examine the Paris metro, which served as the model for Montreal's. With that goal completed, he moved on, chairing a Canadian subsidiary and then, as general manager the Canadian Electrical Manufacturer's Association, dealing with the impact of low-cost imports flooding the country. Always at the top of the industry, he finished his career as the CEO of Bestpipe, merging it with Lake Ontario Cement.

His son, also called Kenneth, was drawn first to engineering, but found a position instead with LeBlanc, Eldridge and Parizeau, where he and several college friends embarked on careers in reinsurance and underwriting. They worked internationally for Gérard Parizeau, the father of the late

premier. Even though he can boast an impressive CV, Kenneth's heart was always in the Laurentians, and when the opportunity came for him to put down roots, to stop travelling to the many countries where his employer sent him, he found his way back to Ivry-sur-le-Lac and the property his grandparents had acquired after the war.

The families, cousins and in-laws in the Hague line had always been very close. McLeod Hague's sister Rachel even married her cousin, Robert McLeod. It was their line that took over the St. Lucie property that had been originally acquired by their father, Henry Hague. A good-sized lake on their property still carries the name Hague but the Hague family name today is more generally associated with Ivry-sur-le-lac, where Kenneth took on new challenges as mayor following his retirement from the insurance business.

*This story is dedicated to the late Kenneth Hague, 1952-2023.*

*Joseph Graham's new book, Insatiable Hunger, reinterprets our historic understanding of the colonial period, here and in New England. It tells some of the stories that we were not taught in school.*

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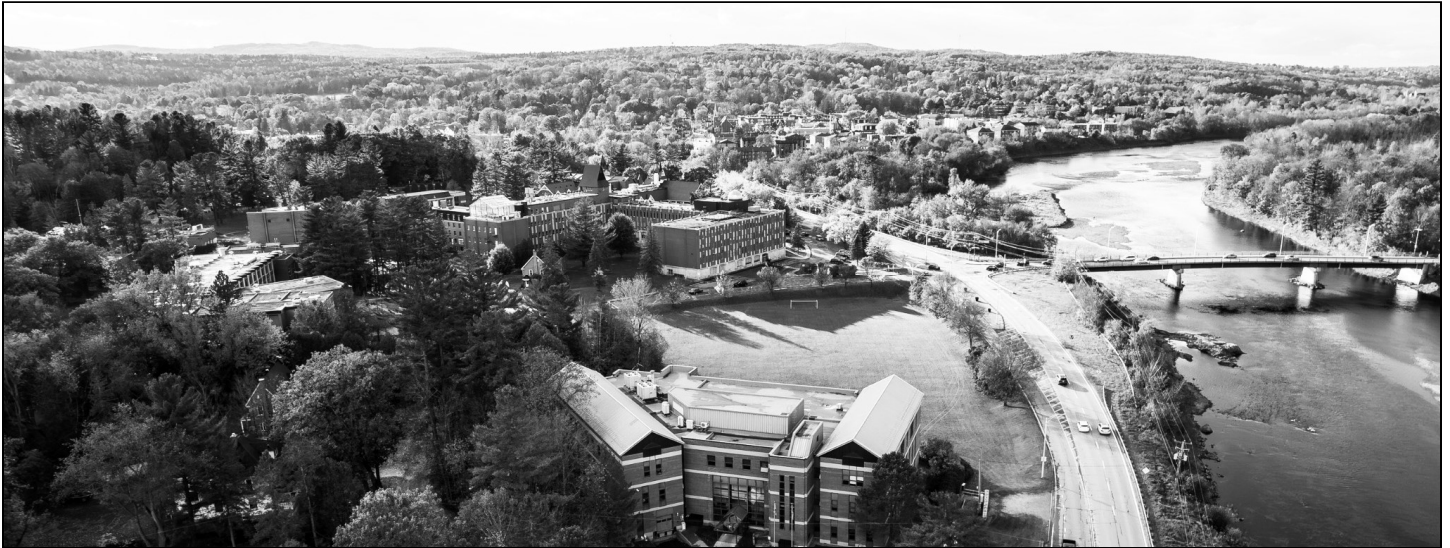




# OFF-ISLAND EDUCATION

## *The History of Champlain Regional College*

by Gerry Cutting



Champlain Regional College of General and Vocational Education was granted letters patent to begin operations as a CEGEP by an Order in Council of the National Assembly of Quebec on April 7, 1971.

However, behind the founding of this institution is the story of how three separate groups of dedicated citizens (located in Lennoxville, St. Lambert and Quebec City), eventually joined forces.

Why?

To overcome numerous obstacles to securing access to English-language post-secondary education for their respective communities.

It is a story of intense personal involvement, collaboration and commitment to a purpose that led to success.

### The Need for CEGEP

If we are to grasp the intensity of the need to establish an English-language college off the island of Montreal in the later 1960s, an understanding of the social and political climate operating in Quebec society is essential.

In what became known as the Quiet Revolution, Quebec underwent a drastic change in values and orientation. Of par-

ticular concern to our discussion was the secularization of the post-secondary education structure.

In 1967, under the leadership of the Minister of Education at that time, Paul Gerin-Lajoie, Quebec's National Assembly adopted into law the creation of a post-secondary system that was to completely revolutionize public education in this province. Based on the recommendations contained in the Parent Commission Report, released in the early 1960s, a network of colleges was established, each to be known as a *Collège d'enseignement général et professionnel*, or simply CEGEP. These CEGEPs, located throughout Quebec, would have a well-defined mission: to provide accessible educational opportunities to Quebecers from all walks of life, and in all the regions of the province. The system was hailed as the democratization of education, much to the chagrin of Quebec's universities, who lost one full year of enrolment to the CEGEPs, as well as substantial funding. In the French-speaking community, a number of established technical schools and classical colleges lost their charters completely.

From that moment on, in order to gain admittance to a baccalaureate degree program at the university level, all

secondary school students would now have to complete a two year pre-university program in a given field at a CEGEP. Students wanting to follow a program of studies in a technology would complete a three year terminal path. At the end of the program, all successful students would receive what is called a DEC, short for *Diplôme d'études collégiales*.

In response to the reality of a publicly funded system that would provide both pre-university and technical education in all regions, and do so for both the French and English linguistic communities, educators and parents throughout the province formed planning committees. In many English-speaking communities, groups were eager to have an institution of this sort, operating in English, available for their students. They made their desires known. The Ministry quickly approved charters for three English-language Montreal area CEGEPs: Dawson in 1969, Vanier in 1970 and John Abbott in 1971.

However, the committees in Lennoxville and St. Lambert found themselves in quite a different position: their requests met with outright rejection by the Ministry. The initial response was a clear refusal to authorize any more

English-language CEGEPs due to the linguistic tensions at that time.

The first official request was presented in March of 1969 by the committee in the Eastern Townships, following two years of detailed study into the feasibility of such a venture. The response from the Ministry was to say no, but it was made clear that an arrangement with the Collège de Sherbrooke would be seen in a very favorable light. After months of difficult negotiations, a proposal was presented to the Corporation of the Collège de Sherbrooke for approval whereby the English sector would have considerable autonomy over pedagogical matters and staffing and share equal status with the Collège de Sherbrooke campus in Granby. Due to opposition from faculty and staff opposed to any form of cooperation with the English-speaking community, the proposal was not approved.

On December 1, 1970, the committee from the Townships met with representatives of the Ministry, at which time it was suggested that perhaps a “regional” college could be established in collaboration with a planning group active in St. Lambert, on the South Shore of Montreal.

This group had formed in 1967 with the specific mandate to obtain authorization for an English-language college in this region. As early as May of that year, the group sent a proposal to the Ministry. In the fall of 1969, the Ministry informed the planning group that an attempt to create a bilingual college on the campus of the French CEGEP in Longueuil, Collège Édouard-Montpetit, had provoked a rather hostile reaction from faculty and students.

The St. Lambert group continued its efforts to convince the Ministry that their proposal to establish a college to serve the South Shore was indeed well founded, based upon a projection of a starting enrollment of two thousand students, but to no avail.

Then, following informal discussions initiated by the planning committee in the Townships, the two groups met with Claude Beauregard and Germain Halley of the Ministry on December 10, 1970. It was agreed that a regional college would be acceptable to both committees, provided that the Ministry proceed with no further delays.

A joint committee was struck to prepare a brief requesting the establishment of an English-language regional college. Losing no time, the committee presented its brief on January 15, 1971, which led to the signing of the letters patent by the Lieutenant-Governor on April 7, 1971.

Champlain Regional College had come into being.

## Setting up Operations

The next step in the process to establish a working college was to name the first five members of the board in accordance with the General and Vocational Colleges Act. The Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council named the following individuals, all of whom had been active in the Planning Committees:

Mrs. Joy R. Smith, Chairperson  
Varenes, Quebec

Mr. Howard Dempsey  
Chambly, Quebec

Mr. J. Edward Perry  
Lennoxville, Quebec

Mr. Kenneth Sullivan  
St. Lambert, Quebec

Mr. Alan C. Webster  
West Brome, Quebec

Mrs. Dorothy Smith, Secretary to  
the Corporation  
St. Lambert, Quebec

With a governing body in place, a director-general was required to set up a skeleton staff and begin work to open the new college for operations in the fall of 1971. On May 27, 1971, Frederick E. Turley, Executive Administrative Assistant at Massey-Vanier Regional High School in Cowansville, Quebec, was appointed as the first Director General of Champlain Regional College.

On June 1, 1971, Turley assumed his duties. He secured a space to operate in the basement of Lennoxville Elementary School. He hired staff to fill key positions dealing with finance, public relations and buildings and equipment. Given that the board had decided that the Lennoxville campus was a priority, preparations had to be put into place quickly for the upcoming fall session. Meanwhile, the decision was made that

St. Lambert could not be pushed ahead in the absence of a building.

Raymond McGrath from the CEGEP in Gaspé was appointed as Campus Director for the Lennoxville location on June 21, 1971, and David Sewell from McGill became Director of Student Services on June 28, 1971. It soon became clear that their tasks would not be easy ones, given the complexity of the situation they encountered. The ensuing negotiations with Bishop’s University to secure space to offer courses and services would prove to be one of the college’s most difficult and complex undertakings, ever.

The three principal players in the negotiation process were Champlain Regional College, Bishop’s University and the Ministry of Education. All three parties had valid but mutually exclusive positions. Champlain had a mandate to begin offering programs of study beginning in the fall of 1971. This undertaking would require classroom space, laboratories, and a library, as well as office space for faculty and staff. Because many of the students would require accommodation while living away from home, access to a residence facility became another complicating priority.

Bishop’s University found itself in the position of becoming a three year institution, not four, as had been the tradition for all universities in Quebec until the creation of the CEGEP system. This factor led to an immediate drop in enrollment and a shortfall in the corresponding funding. Bishop’s became a very small university, indeed.

Having carried out a rather extensive survey of the physical space available on the Bishop’s campus, the Ministry determined that it far exceeded the university’s current needs. It moved quickly to the conclusion that Bishop’s would have to accommodate the space needs of Champlain. There was never any question of a building project at that time.

The Ministry also had complete control over the funding that could be allocated for a rental agreement, which placed it in a firm position to set the agenda. This attitude immediately set two English-language institutions at odds with each other, and created an underlying tension that persisted for years.

A last minute agreement was

reached between Champlain and Bishop's on August 24, 1971, regarding space and services for Champlain to allow for the fall startup to proceed. This agreement was then extended in December of that year to last until June 30, 1974. As of that date, all space and service contracts were to be negotiated for a period of five years, subject to the approval of the DGEC (*Direction générale de l'enseignement collégial*, the section of the Ministry responsible for CEGEPs).

This agreement meant that the courses would be taught and supervised by Bishop's University, even though the amount paid to Bishop's did not cover their costs: the amount allocated per student had always been lower at the college level, even though the semester at the college level is four weeks longer.

As of the fall of 1972, Bishop's found that its student population was less than that of Champlain, a reality that persisted well into the 1980s. Many members of the Bishop's faculty sought employment at Champlain and were eagerly hired, given their superior academic credentials.

The space contract immediately permitted the Champlain executive staff the luxury of moving from their quarters in the basement of Lennoxville Elementary School into Yarrill House, a vacated residence building on the Bishop's campus, while the campus administrative staff moved to occupy the Old Lodge wing of the oldest building on campus, McGreer Hall. Beginning in the fall of 1972, the agreement also included the required classroom space, laboratories and faculty offices allowable under the funding regulations established by the DGEC.

The service contract was the agreement whereby college students would have access to the services already in place for university students. These services included the library, sports centre, medical centre, and cultural centre. Few if any colleges in the system could even dream of offering their students comparable services.

With a decreased need for university residence space on campus, almost half

of all the rooms became available to Champlain students. This was the ideal situation for the college, since the majority of its students had to live away from home. In the years to come, students from all regions of the province were applying to the college in order to have residence accommodations on a university campus.

However, by the time a new lease was due to be drawn up in 1973, Bishop's was already taking back residence rooms because of increased enrolment. In order to guarantee continued access for its own students, the college moved to rent the building once used as a private girls' school in Compton, known as King's Hall, some 16 kilometres away from Lennoxville. This venture proved to be both expensive and troublesome, due to the transportation issues of shut-



tling students and staff from one location to another. Finally, with the financial backing of Habitation Québec, a six building apartment-style complex accommodating 315 was opened in the fall of 1979.

To prepare for the complete transition of all services from Bishop's to Champlain to take effect in the fall of 1972, an enormous hiring project had to be planned and executed to ensure that faculty and student services staff were in place to handle the influx of first and second year students. This need led to the engagement of Louis Sontra as Director of Pedagogical Services (DSP) for the College, and Peter Hill as the Lennoxville campus Academic Dean. These individuals immediately went to work with their colleagues, and, through

their extraordinary efforts, completed the task begun by the ad-hoc Planning Committee in the late 1960s, whereby Champlain-Lennoxville became a fully operational CEGEP in the fall of 1972.

Space and shared services to this day remain a hot topic of negotiation between Bishop's and Champlain. In 1990, a joint Federal-Provincial grant provided funds so that a new building could be constructed specifically for Champlain's use. On September 24, 1993, the building was officially dedicated by Claude Ryan, Minister of Education.

## Establishing Champlain-St. Lambert

The next step was to create a campus for Champlain on the South Shore. A grant in the amount of \$110,000 was obtained from the Ministry in late June, 1971, to establish a planning office in the St. Lambert-Longueuil area. Once suitable quarters were secured in the Seaway Building, the college proceeded to hire Guy Gauthier, formally of Cambrian College, Ontario, to take on the duties of Campus Director. They also hired Adrian Groenberg, Dean of Students at Mount Allison University, as Director of Student Services, and Dorothy Smith as the Community Liaison Officer. Smith would soon move on to become the Director of Continuing Education, a post which she held for many years.

The first major undertaking was to secure a building or a place to construct a building. Prolonged negotiations ensued with the City of St. Lambert, as well as with the Crown Assets Corporation. It was eventually agreed that eight acres of land, which were already leased to the City of St. Lambert, would be released by the Seaway Corporation to the college. However, this offer came with two conditions: St. Lambert would have to pass a by-law to re-zone the land for educational purposes, and the college would have to purchase an additional 13 acres in the City of Longueuil immedi-



ately adjacent to the original eight. This agreement meant the construction of at least one of the buildings of the new complex to accommodate an incoming class of 2,000 students could begin immediately.

What would appear to be a rather straightforward arrangement quickly turned into an exhausting political procedure.

In keeping with its own regulations, the City of St. Lambert had to post the proposal to change the City's by-law to re-zone the eight acres along the St. Lawrence Seaway; this step would allow for the transfer of this property to the college. A local chapter of the anti-pollution group known as "STOP" challenged the by-law and forced a referendum. The group was soon joined by an association representing the local business community. After much debate, the referendum was held on April 24, 1972. The "yes" side won, thanks to a group of concerned citizens calling themselves "The Civic Committee for the CEGEP."

Once again, alternative plans had to be put into place if the St. Lambert campus was to open for the fall semester of 1972.

It was decided that the first year student population would have to be reduced by fifty percent, down to 1,000. The St. Lambert campus opened in September of 1972 in rented quarters provided by Royal George High School in Greenfield Park, as well as by the



Quebec Motor Vehicles Building on Green Avenue in St. Lambert.

### Establishing Champlain-St. Lawrence

In November of 1971, a position was submitted to Champlain's board of directors to officially invite St. Lawrence College of Quebec City to become the third campus of Champlain College. This arrangement would allow St. Lawrence, which was struggling for its survival, to expand to obtain the financial stability it so desperately needed. It would also strengthen Champlain's mandate to provide English-language education to a much larger population in its role as a regional college.

St. Lawrence had been founded in 1958 as a private Irish Catholic classical college for boys. Affiliated with Laval University, it offered an eight-year program beginning in Grade Eight and leading to a Bachelor of Arts degree. In 1965, the Institution became coeducational when the neighboring girls' school, Marymount, closed. Once the law was passed creating the CEGEP system, St. Lawrence lost its charter to operate as a classical college and became a CEGEP.

By then, St. Lawrence College had moved into facilities on Wolf Avenue and affiliated with College St. Foy as they took on the role of a public English-language CEGEP. However, this relationship did not last for long, so a contractual arrangement was worked out with Vanier College in Montreal. Vanier also withdrew, due to factors mostly related to distance, leaving St. Lawrence without facilities and administrative support.

Given the openness of Champlain's

regional structure, negotiations to integrate St. Lawrence proceeded smoothly and rapidly. In July of 1972, Champlain issued a formal statement that St. Lawrence had become the third campus of Champlain Regional College.

True to form, the first problem arising from the acquisition of St. Lawrence was the need to find a building in which to operate. Due to heavy indebtedness, the Corporation of St. Lawrence had to liquidate all of its assets. This task proved to be as time consuming and difficult as anything that had been undertaken to date. In 1972, St. Lawrence moved into temporary facilities in what was referred to as the "Old Bowling Alley," on Avenue Jean-Dequen, where they resided until a new campus facility was completed in 1977 at 790 Avenue Nérée-Tremblay.

Unlike the other two campuses, St. Lawrence came with a full complement of staff and faculty. Under the leadership of Campus Director Edward Murphy, the campus moved quickly to focus their attention on the task of providing CEGEP-level education to an expanded student population.

Early on it became evident to the board of governors that the three campuses were distinct institutions. Their historical and geographical differences required a management approach that permitted a certain amount of campus autonomy. This flexibility proved to be a key factor in Champlain's survival over the following decades. During the same period, regional colleges in the French community dissolved due to irreconcilable differences.

Because of a lack of space on the Bishop's campus, the board decided to move Champlain's central administration to the second floor of a building located at 1257 Queen Victoria Boulevard North, in Sherbrooke. In 1980, an elementary school located on the corner of Dominion and Ontario Streets was acquired from the Catholic school board for \$1.00. It was then renovated, and on September 14, 1982, officially renamed the Joy Smith Building, in honour of the board's first chairperson. This building



Top: Champlain Regional College. Top: St Lambert. [champlainsaintlambert.ca](http://champlainsaintlambert.ca).

Bottom: Quebec City campus. [slc.qc.ca](http://slc.qc.ca).



remained the location for the central administration of the college until April 1995, when Central was moved to a heritage residence constructed in 1928 at 1301 Portland Boulevard. This building had also been used as a convent and private elementary school for a short period of time. With this move, the Joy Smith Building was turned over to Lennoxville Continuing Education Services, which had expanded to the point where there was no longer sufficient space for dedicated classrooms on the campus.

In the 1971-1972 end-of-year reports, we find some very interesting student enrollment figures. Lennoxville reported a total of 830 full time students, 797 registered in the pre-university program and 33 in the technologies. St Lambert had registered a total of 1,000 students in the fall semester, and St. Lawrence had a total student body of 300, all in pre-university. The college budget for that year, according to the minutes of the board of governors, dated August 17, 1971, was \$1,078,000.00.

The period from 1971 to the end of that decade were really the formative years for the college. As we can read in the first Annual Report of Champlain Regional College of General and Vocational Education, several important trends were set. All three campuses would be primarily pre-university in terms of their program offerings, despite numerous attempts to increase the number and variety of vocational programs. Both Lennoxville and St. Lambert developed extensive programs in their Continuing Education sector, going well beyond the concept of what was known as “night school” at that time.

After 50 years of service, the

College named after Samuel de Champlain, the famous seventeenth century explorer and administrator of New France, has established itself as an institution dedicated to the highest standards, be they in the classroom, on the playing

field or within the vast array of support services in place to enhance the concept of lifelong learning and student success.

*Gerry Cutting, an eighth-generation Townshippier, graduated from Coaticook High School and studied Philosophy and Psychology at the University of Prince Edward Island, West Georgia University and McGill University. He spent 26 years at Champlain Lennoxville, employed as a teacher, Director of Student Services and Campus Director before becoming Director General of Champlain Regional College. Since retiring in 2008, he has served as Chair of Townshippers’ Association (2010-2022), and is in his ninth year as the representative of the English-speaking community on the Board of Directors of CIUSSS de L’Estrie-CHUS.*



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# VITAL STYLE

by Rod MacLeod

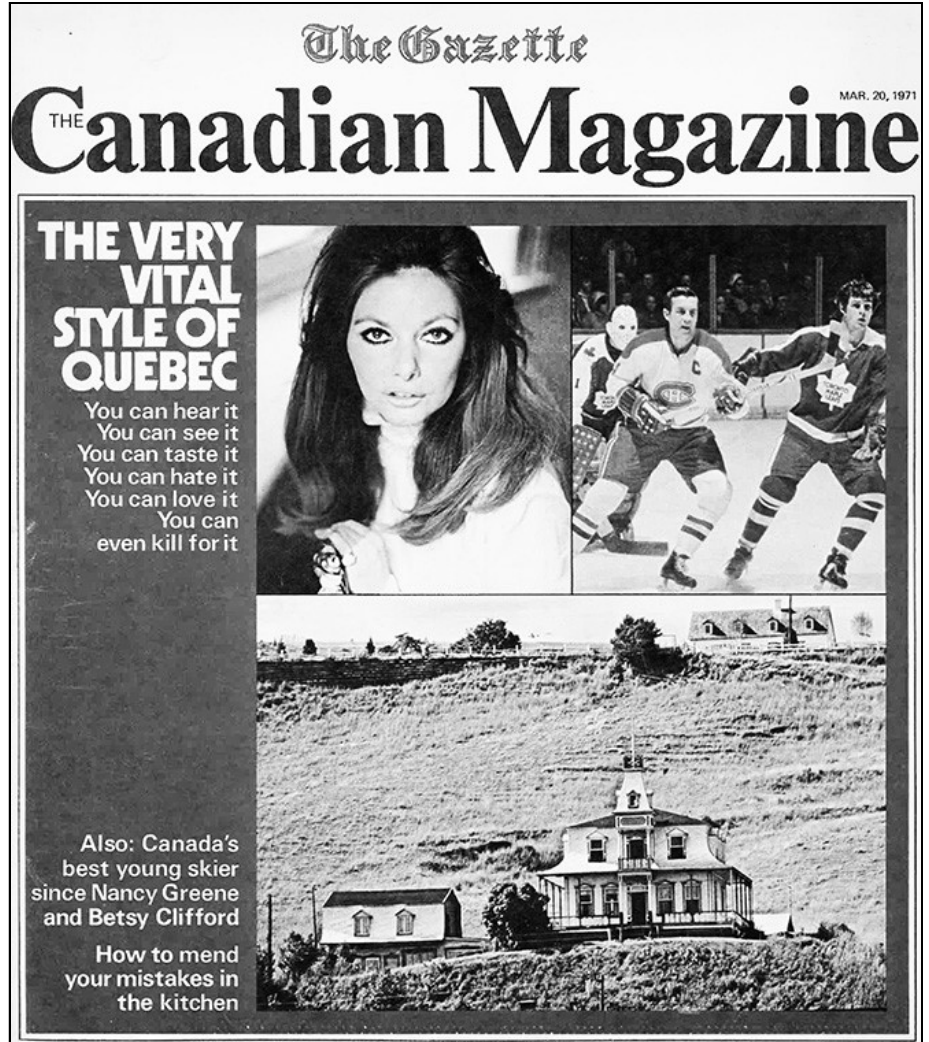
I'm old school: I still get the paper every Saturday. And only then; other days, there isn't time to do more than poke about on a screen. But Saturdays I get a treat. I like spreading the section out in front of me and casting about for a headline or image that grabs my attention. That may be the editor in me, assessing the layout. Let's face it: despite some attention to logos and mastheads, online newspapers have no layout – just articles you can open and scroll through, huge ads for luxury cars battling text for your attention. The printed page is quiet.

Mind you, I miss the heft of the old Saturday papers, the extra stuff that slid out into your lap: the TV listings (a whole booklet), the colour comics (the “funnies,” we called them), and some kind of feature supplement. Like the comics, and unlike the rest of the paper, the supplement was in colour, so photos came alive and ads offered a riot of hue, from the baby blue of a sports car to the vivid beige of a hostess' pant suit. The weekend supplement I remember often featured paintings by Miyuki Tanobe on the cover, depicting the city's busy urban streets full of playful people and sparkling shop signs.

The joys of the colour supplement came back to me recently when a friend passed along one that she had unearthed: *The Canadian Magazine*, from March 20, 1971. Not that I spent much time admiring the colour. What caught the attention and tickled the eyebrow was the issue's thematic focus: Quebec. “You can hear it,” the headline declared. “You can see it. You can taste it. You can hate it. You can love it. You can even kill for it.”

Oh, really? Interesting. Written five months after the October Crisis, of course.

“The Very Vital Style of Quebec” is the issue's umbrella title, bedecking the cover along with the aforementioned series of things you can do to Quebec and three images by Don Newlands: a pouty glamour shot of model Elaine Bédard, a scene from a hockey game, and an



unidentified country house that to my mind doesn't look especially Québécois – although you can spot a roadside cross in the distance. These images may have been chosen more for their curb appeal than for being archetypally Quebec – even the hockey pic shows a Maple Leaf as prominent as a Canadian. The images do foreshadow two of the issue's tropes, however: women with prominent lashes and hair, and a focus on rural, or at any rate Off-Island, Quebec.

The main article (“What Makes Quebec Quebec”) stems from the pen of famed Canadian journalist Peter Desbarats, who does a good job of pointing out to readers who obviously hail

from elsewhere how distinct Quebec is. Religious programs on the radio in French. Beer for sale in grocery stores. Hot dog steamée [sic] stands. Pepsi-Cola. Mae Wests. Allo' Police. Definitely not in Kansas anymore.

Much of this reads pretty cringy half a century on, although I suppose let he who was not sexist or ethnocentric in 1971 cast the first stone. “The average Québécois is shorter, lighter and sicker than other Canadians,” Desbarats writes, but “he is also tougher” – all factors attributable to “his” less-than-privileged upbringing and limited diet. “Physically, he's still the runt of the Canadian litter” who stands out on New England beaches



# CHILDREN OF THE QUIET REVOLUTION

They're the first generation to feel that they — not the "English" — will determine the future of Quebec

When Jean Lesage and his Liberal Party defeated the remnants of Maurice Duplessis' Union Nationale machine in the 1960 provincial election, Véronique Leflaguais was 12 years old. She was 14 when René Lévesque entered politics. Now a part 22, she's a true child of the Quiet Revolution in Quebec, a member of Lévesque's Parti Québécois because "what else could I be?"

No matter how hard you try, you can't superimpose Véronique's compact, impertinent face on a mental image of Duplessis. The two of them seem to belong to different races. It's even a bit difficult to make her jibe with Montreal's Mayor Jean Drapeau, or to imagine his reaction if he could hear her say that the most memorable day of her life was April 28, 1967, "because Expo opened and I smoked pot for the first time and I saw Expo like no one ever saw it again."

Véronique belongs to the first generation of Québécois to feel a sense of responsibility for its own destiny. Before 1960, most French Canadians felt that the English were responsible for everything that happened to them, good or bad. Their only freedom consisted of occasionally saying, "Non!" — as when the English proposed military conscription in two World Wars. (It was the unhappy fate of the French Canadian to practise draft-dodging 50 years before it became fashionable.) Now the submissive negative attitude has been replaced by one of "let the sunshine in." Independence already has been achieved — within the soul of Quebec — and the old defensive reflexes are less and less in evidence.

Toward English-speaking Canada, for instance, Véronique feels a kind of sympathetic affection. "They're scared," she says in her fluent English, "of us, of the Americans, of everybody." And she doesn't speak from the traditional know-nothing isolation of the old French Canadian. Two years ago, after graduating from the National Theatre School in Montreal, she worked at Regina's Globe Theatre for a season. Last winter, with five other members of a Quebec troupe, she barnstormed across Canada staging a one-hour "collective production" (an original, unscripted work created by members of the group) for high school and university audiences. The

highly nationalistic, mildly erotic performance was applauded by students everywhere except Toronto, where school authorities banned it. This season, she's on the road again with the Canadian satirical review, *Love And Maple Syrup*. The daughter of a French-born philosophy professor who heads a Parti Québécois constituency association in suburban Montreal, Véronique closely fits the pattern of Quebec youth which is now being defined by sociologist Jacques Lazure of the new Université du Québec

in Montreal. Dr. Lazure is still in the early stages of surveying 6,000 young Québécois, but he already has sketched out some basic characteristics:

This is the first truly educated generation in the history of Quebec; three quarters of them are students. They have only a slight interest in religion. About one out of every five claims to have a regular sexual relationship and one out of every four has used drugs. Most of them believe that separatism is an irreversible trend unlike any previous nationalist movement in French Canada. They are willing to give political independence priority over economic development and 80 per cent believe that separatism is the only possible solution for Quebec and Canada. They think that English-speaking Canadians, whom they regard as being completely absorbed by U.S. culture, eventually will come to understand and support the idea of Quebec independence.

Véronique herself does not believe the fight for independence must involve violence. She says the fight can and should be carried on by peaceful means. "I don't see the necessity for any violence to achieve separatism and I would be opposed to the use of violence to achieve it," she says.

The future of Quebec is such an intense pre-occupation for Véronique and other young Québécois that they tend to show only passing interest in trends not related to it. For example, she isn't at all curious about Women's Lib because she thinks it's unrelated to male-female relations in her own world. "The mother is the one who's always been in charge in Quebec," she says. "I'm not speaking about my own parents, who were born in France, but in the families of most of my friends, the fathers drink too much and the mothers hate men. It isn't anyone's fault. It's just the way things have been in the past."

Even in her own generation, she finds that many girls have a hostility toward men, a feeling passed along by their mothers, and many young Quebec males still show the effects of being educated by priests in segregated schools.

"The men are not used to girls and they still go a little crazy," she said, "but that won't last. Even in the few years since I left school, the whole system has changed."

Like Quebec itself, Véronique is a mixture of ambition and apprehension: "I want to be famous, but I'm still not sure exactly where I belong."

Véronique Leflaguais (left) feels a kind of sympathetic affection for English Canadians. "They're scared," she says in her fluent English. "Of us, of the Americans, of everybody." A separatist, she is opposed to the use of violence.



Apart from reducing "the Québécois" to an ethnic stereotype, the text shows its age by constantly referring to this stereotype as "he." Considerably more disturbing are the few appearances by women: "Why is it that women in Montreal and Quebec City are among the most attractive in North America while the Quebec countryside seems to be populated mainly by rather withdrawn, plain-looking farm girls?" Desbarats cushions this statement by claiming that when the latter ("Anne-Marie from Ste. Lucie") arrive in the big city they instantly resemble Geneviève Bujold. This generalization is belied by photos of two girls riding a scooter in Chicoutimi, another in a striped singlet

What's so special about Quebec? Why are the restaurants better and the bank robbers faster? These pictures present a part of what makes Quebec so different. And Montreal journalist Peter Desbarats goes further — on the following pages, he explains...

## WHAT MAKES QUEBEC QUEBEC

The crude hand-lettered highway signs advertising "Uncle Sam" restaurants and motels with hot "chowers" tell you that you are not in California. When you turn on the radio and get the evening rosary in French with commercials (obituaries sponsored by the local undertaker), you just know that it isn't coming from beautiful downtown Burbank. When you walk along any Rue Principale, particularly on a Saturday night, you don't for a second mistake it for Main Street, U.S.A.

And that's why Quebec is not like anywhere else. In the rest of Canada, it takes panels of political scientists and hours of tedious television specials to convince you that you are not living in the United States. Quebec doesn't have to do anything but open its mouth. You can hear it. You can also see it, taste it, love it, get angry at it, even kill for it.

It's there and it's real. It's the style of Quebec. It's also a joy to describe. Because Quebec isn't so old or safe or rich that it bores itself. It has always had to fight for everything. Perhaps that's why everything — people, landscape and language — seems kind of battered.

Statistics show that the average Québécois is shorter, lighter and sicker than other Canadians. What they don't show is that he

There are splashes of the ludicrous and the ugly across the Quebec scene. You'll see a lonely piece of religious sculpture in a field beside the road to Chicoutimi, or meet two brothers on the road to Quebec City who are trying to start a local fad in stuffed foxes for the rear window of your car. Yet even the eyesores seem to have personality. True, the U.S. influence is evident — in the gaudy Taverne Texas in Hull, in the sock-it-to-me pop slogan. But generally, what predominates is distinctively Québécois. The goofy homemade birdhouses and the warm, crusty bread baked in outdoor ovens and sold at roadside stands, the exciting nightlife of cosmopolitan Montreal, the plodding days of both horse and farm wife in the quiet fields of Sept-Îles, the eye-catching outside staircases you see wherever you go; these could only mean Quebec. Outside the provincial capital, members of a motorcycle gang who are too young to own motorcycles stop for soft drinks. Not realizing they'll be older soon enough, they've customized their bicycles and affected jackets that are labelled Liberty Angels. The Québécois — whether a cocky kid in a Quebec City alley, or a girl who didn't miss a beat with her bolo bat when she was photographed — has a presence that's undeniable.

among his "taller, heavier, flabbier neighbors [sic — so much for Canadian spelling]." This sense of not looking like other North Americans leads to the feeling for "the French Canadian ... that the blacks, Indians, Spanish-Americans, the poor whites of Appalachia and parts of the Maritimes are his brothers in adversity." Sentiments that Pierre Vallières had made famous a few years earlier in a book whose title literally dare not speak its name. Sentiments that would also have been quite foreign to large numbers of professional families in Outremont and civil servants in Quebec City.



# WHY DO THE QUÉBÉCOIS ENJOY THEMSELVES SO MUCH?

Simple. They believe that they're the most entertaining people in the world

If you had been in Old Montreal at midnight last June 24, St. Jean Baptiste Day, you wouldn't have to read this.

You would have seen the cobblestoned streets teeming with people. You would have watched young girls invading all-male taverns and passing bottles to the crowds outside until the patters rattled with empties. You would have seen the fountain beside the ornate City Hall filled with revellers and you would have understood the essential fact about Quebec entertainment: Québécois think that they are the most entertaining people in the world.

Other Canadians have to appreciate this from the outside, like tourists in a



foreign country. They can visit the best restaurants, the friendliest bars, even the tiny boites where the chansonniers and satirists work in front of audiences who know the material better than the artists themselves – but the visitors are always spectators. They can be wined, dined and loved to perfection, but they can never be made to feel at home.

Language is the ultimate barrier. Among the crowds swarming in Old Montreal last June, it was unthinkable to speak English. Not dangerous... just out of the question. If you couldn't speak or at least sing in French, then you watched, like someone inside a silent plexiglass bubble. And if you were an English-speaking Canadian, you felt envious. The sense of closeness among Québécois, of belonging rich or poor to the same people, is something that still lies in the future for the rest of Canada.

But wait! There are two places where language is an important but secondary activity and in Quebec at least one of them is open to all: the table. For its size, Montreal has more good restaurants per capita than any other city in the world.

Robert Charlebois is the epitome of a Québécois entertainer. His trademark is a Canadian sweater.

and white shorts brandishing a bolo bat, and two more sitting on a step, grinning at the camera, their T-shirts emblazoned with "Sock it to me." (They were apparently familiar with Aretha Franklin. Or would it have been Rowan and Martin?) At least we were spared a description of how French-Canadian women would have looked on New England beaches.

Tellingly, a huge photo of actor Véronique Leflaguais dominates the page containing an additional article entitled "Children of the Quiet Revolution." And why not – since Leflaguais is featured throughout the article and the slight sneer on her lips suggests the kind of defiant menace that flustered men and sold newspapers in 1971. She is presented as being part of "the first generation to feel that they – not the 'English' – will determine the future of Quebec." Leflaguais' confidence even allows her to be magnanimous. Towards "English Canadians" she feels "a kind of sympathetic affection," given how afraid they are: "of us, of the Americans, of everybody." Readers, presumably all members of this fearful crowd, were likely to start feeling defensive – but the article goes to some trouble to emphasize that Leflaguais is not in favour of using violence in the struggle for independence. Even so, the cause is important enough to admit no distractions: we learn, for instance, that Leflaguais "isn't at all curious about Women's Lib because she thinks it's unrelated to male-female relations in her own world." Such a comment is intended to reassure readers that this woman deserves their sympathy, even as it positions women's rights as an outside cultural influence. In Quebec, even gender relations are apparently

distinct.

The threat of violence was more directly addressed in another article, by Peter Moon (the only identified writer apart from Desbarats): "What Price Terrorism? It could corrupt everything the Québécois are striving for." Moon sug-

## WHAT PRICE TERRORISM?

It could corrupt everything the Québécois are striving for

BY PETER MOON

The place is the entrance to the basement garage of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel in downtown Montreal and the time is shortly after 6 p.m. on Sunday, Oct. 18, 1970. Earlier, at 12:25 a.m., the police and the army had discovered the body of Pierre Laporte.

Suddenly, a phalanx of a dozen, anxious-looking policemen – all in plain-clothes – sweeps around the corner from the elevator to the entrance to the garage. Six carry sub-machine-guns and the others rest hands on the butts of their holstered pistols.

In the midst of the policemen is the slight figure of Robert Bourassa, Quebec's premier, who is rushed along to his waiting Cadillac at a pace somewhere between a very fast walk and a trot.

The detectives with the sub-machine-guns get into two unmarked cars, one in front and one behind the premier's Cadillac, and the three vehicles move off with an escort of two dozen Montreal motorcycle policemen.

It is a dramatic, frightening and sobering sight, and the concern of the policemen for the safety of the white-faced premier is undisguised. For the premier of Quebec must be protected by armed guards – like the uneasy head of some shaky South American banana republic – if he wants to move around in his own province.

Over the past decade, terrorism has become a part of the style of Quebec. The acts of terrorism have been many: spectacular raids to get guns and dynamite, armed robberies to finance the activities of terrorist cells, bombings and even deaths (seven of them resulting from terrorists acts by the outlawed Front de Libération du Québec).

In the early days of the mailbox bombings, there were many Québécois who, though they may not have sympathized with the FLQ, took a certain pride in the spunk their compatriots were showing. After all, the FLQ was scaring the hell out of the English in Westmount and Hampstead and the Town of Mount Royal.

But few Québécois admired the FLQ when people were killed by its bombs. Yet they probably didn't see the terrorists as murderers. Those deaths were accidents: a watchman killed by mistake, an FLQ member blown up while delivering a bomb.

Even when an army officer was

mained trying to get a bomb out of a Westmount mailbox, it wasn't *quite* the same thing as if the FLQ had picked out a victim and said: "Okay. You're English. So you die."

Then Pierre Laporte was murdered. Strangled, purposefully, with the chain of his religious medal.

And there was a new style of terrorism in Quebec. Nobody knew how it would strike next – or whom (Laporte, after all, was a French Canadian). Terrorism was no longer a series of adventures you could call flamboyant. And you certainly couldn't call it romantic.



Soldiers guard buildings in Montreal against possible bombings.

The terrorists make no secret of the fact that they are prepared to accelerate their violent tactics. They've copied from the terrorists of other countries. From the Tupamaros in Uruguay, for example. And from the Al Fatah guerrillas in the Middle East. Some policemen who are active in the battle against terrorism in Quebec feel that the FLQ's next step may be to load cars full of dynamite and let them explode on crowded streets or busy parking lots. Or to toss bombs into restaurants or theatres – or even attempt assassinations of the more prominent Québécois.

So today, Premier Bourassa and his cabinet ministers are escorted everywhere by armed guards. And the people of Quebec are quickly realizing that terrorism is nothing strangely exciting. It is destruction and murder and fear – a fear that could even stunt the new confidence of the Québécois in themselves and their future.

gests that the death of Pierre Laporte (again, only five months earlier) told French Canadians that anyone could be the subject of a terrorist attack – not just "the English" or unfortunate soldiers defusing bombs in a Westmount mailbox. The article appears on a page featuring a small black and white photo of helmeted soldiers in a downtown street – and a half page colour ad for Drima Coats Spun Polyester Thread modelled by a coy young woman in a pink blouse and slit skirt. "Wild New Threads" occupies a similar position at the top of the page as "What Price Terrorism?" One wonders if pink thread could also corrupt everything the Québécois are striving for.

Additional articles tackle the rise of Quebec business, sports, organized crime, and culture. The latter ("Why do the Québécois enjoy themselves so much? Simple. They believe that they're the most entertaining people in the world") features the least flattering photos of Robert

### WILD NEW THREADS

Evelling fashions and fabulous fabrics, Drima spun polyester thread puts them together! Drima costs a few pennies more than ordinary thread, because it costs more to make. Drima is low-spun... for greater strength in a finer thread. You can sew finer, stronger seams. And you can sew them in a wide range of high-fashion shades. Drima: fine, strong, colourful, and so easy to sew with. Ideal for use with a wide range of the new synthetic stretch and permanent press fabrics. Sew up some wild new "threads" with Drima. Now also available in the new 300-yard dressmaker spool.

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the thread maker

# IT'S NOT THE TEAMS THAT MAKE SPORTS SO DIFFERENT

**It's the fans**  
Like any sports fans, the Québécois prefer to back winners. But if they have a loser on their hands, let it at least be an entertaining loser. The Québécois will suffer losers like the Expos because the Expos lose colorfully, outrageously, snatching defeat from the jaws of victory. The fans turn out for fresh air, good times and a chance to indulge themselves in exaggerated tragedy. Whether they win or not has little to do with the afternoon's entertainment.  
It's different with the Canadiens. Just

as it's already tradition that the Expos lose (and, until last year, tradition also for the Alouettes to lose), it is also tradition that the Canadiens win. The past few years have been hard times indeed for the city that once rioted when Rocket Richard was suspended. But sustained by the feeling that the great days will return, the fans come out - not to sit on their hands and coolly assess the play as do Maple Leaf fans, but to yell and cheer and coax their heroes forward to another era of glory.



This is what the fans see, but you should see the fans. You can go to sleep in some arenas and in some baseball and football stadiums, but not when Sonny Wade (14) and the Alouettes (left) come up on the ball or Jean Beliveau (above left) leads the Canadiens up the ice on a rush. And at Jarry Park, there's a



Charlebois and Gilles Vignault I have ever seen - but an appealing shot of Chez Bourgetel, which we are told "features the best girl-watching in Montreal."

The last article in the magazine squeaks in with a question that would haunt Quebec long after Elaine Bédard, Véronique Leflaguais, Charlebois, Vignault, the FLQ and Drima Coats were no longer household names: "Has the church gone underground? Not really, though some Québécois think so. It's just that it's changed so much." The change in question referred to priests projecting a younger, hipper image - including Archbishop Paul Grégoire, who "shuns the purple like the plague and prefers to meet visitors in a black clerical suit in a Sherbrooke Street office building." The Catholic Church was clearly having trouble recruiting new clergy, and church attendance was clearly falling, but there is no sense here that Quebec culture is morphing into anything else. We are reminded that it was the writings of Marist Brother Jean-Paul Desbiens ("The Impertinences of Brother Anonymous") that "helped to spark the Quiet Revolution," and that Desbiens is now the editor of *La Presse*. Laïcité was a later generation's invention.

What is striking throughout these articles is the absence of Anglos. Lots of references to "the English" and "English Canadians" but no sense that there was a linguistic minority living in the midst of this confident new generation of Québécois. Desbarats

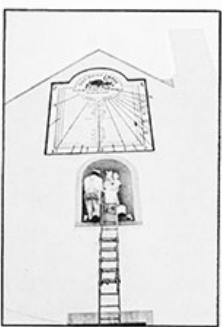
mentions Leonard Cohen, but only by way of contrast to how the rest of the world saw Charlebois: British audiences "know" Cohen is Canadian but "feel" he is American. This issue of *Canadian Magazine* captures a time before the rise of Anglo-Quebec. "The Very Vital Style of Quebec" is exclusively Francophone, and anything else (including Cohen) is from outside, or at best a subset of "English Canada." And that may have been true enough in 1971, since a much less quiet revolution in the lives of Quebec Anglos had yet to take place. Five formative decades later, it is Anglos who are promoting their "vitality" even as pundits and politicians point to that vitality as the biggest threat to the French language and Québécois culture.

If *The Canadian Magazine* were still around, it would probably devote an issue to Anglo-Quebec. Unfortunately, the days of colour supplements are long gone. Or, perhaps fortunately. I don't know.

I mostly miss the funnies.

# HAS THE CHURCH GONE UNDERGROUND?

Not really, though some Québécois think so. It's just that it's changed so much



The biggest religious news story in Quebec last year was the discovery, on a flatbed trailer beside a main highway, of a 22-foot bronze statue of Christ with a For Sale sign hanging on its chest.

The statue had cost \$30,000 when it had been placed atop the headquarters of a religious order north of Montreal 13 years ago. Now it was going for scrap. It contravened the municipality's new building code and its owners, the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, didn't have any other place for it. "It was just a symbol," one of them told reporters. The maker of the statue, Pierre Petrucci, looked about his half-empty religious art factory and complained: "The young clergy here in Quebec have removed everything. They haven't preserved a sense of balance, like in Ontario."

Changes in religion, particularly in the Roman Catholic Church, have affected life in Quebec more visibly than in any other part of North America. For a long time they were masked by the presence of Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger, a man who combined a progressive mind with an old-fashioned love of pagantry and drama. Cardinal Léger was always interviewed by journalists in style, in the Throne Room of the Archbishop's Palace, and even his departure for Africa in 1967 to work in a leper colony was about as quiet as John Diefenbaker's departure from the Tory leadership.

His successor, Archbishop Paul Grégoire, shuns the purple like the plague and prefers to meet visitors in a black clerical suit in a Sherbrooke Street office

block now inhabited by the bureaucracy of the church. He talks quietly and frankly about the problems of running Canada's largest diocese with a dwindling supply of priests and nuns. He admits that the 15 priests he lost this year, out of almost 400, would have stayed if they had been permitted to marry.

There is also the problem of recruitment for the old Grand Séminaire across the street from the archbishop's office, the "priest factory" that once supplied, with many convents in the city, not only Montreal but the long-lost mission fields in China and other missions in Africa and Latin America. Today Quebec barely has enough priests and nuns for its own parishes despite the fact that the workload in schools and hospitals, once run exclusively by religious orders, has now been largely taken over by lay people.

The church does not contribute, not the way it used to, to the style of Quebec life. The casock has been swept from the streets by ecclesiastical order. In this age of the midi, the nuns are more mini in their tailored suits than many young girls. The church bells are drowned out by electronic chimes from the top of an insurance building in downtown Montreal.

Some people say that the church has gone underground, has now infiltrated important new areas. They usually point to Jean-Paul Desbiens, the Marist brother whose book, *The Impertinences of Brother Anonymous*, helped to spark the Quiet Revolution in the early Sixties. Brother Desbiens is now the editor of *La Presse*, Montreal's largest French-language daily newspaper. I know of another priest, a Dominican, now active in television communication in Montreal but the fact is that these "freelance" priests are attached very loosely to the conventional structure of the church and in many cases, you half expect to find them in a few years as fellow members of your neighborhood home and school association.

Karl Marx once predicted that when communism is achieved, the Communist state will disappear and people will be able to get along without government. In an age when Quebec seems to be able to manage without the church, Rome seems to be fulfilling the prediction before Moscow.

It's enough to make Lenin turn over in his mausoleum in Red Square, and Brother André in his huge domed Oratory of St. Joseph atop Mount Royal.

If the Roman Catholic Church now plays a less powerful role in shaping the style of Quebec, its physical presence is still much in evidence. You see it in the starkly modern design of a church (top left) near Lévis, and in a garish contemporary Christ figure (top right). Older churches like this one (middle left) on the north shore of the St. Lawrence owe a debt to the Gothic, while private roadside shrines like the one on the south shore (middle right) are their own kind of art. On the wall of a Trois Rivières church (bottom left) there's a sundial over a shrine. The shrine of Ste-Anne-de-Beaupré (bottom right) endures near Quebec City.



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# CAPTAIN HOLMAN HUNTS FOR GOLD

by Michael Webb

*I have spent the past decade undertaking ancestral research, and it was while re-searching my great-great-grandfather, Josiah Holman (1821-93), that I discovered he had written a journal during one of his many mining ventures. Further research led me to Bishop's University, which holds a transcribed copy of that journal. I found it fascinating, and am continually astounded as to how Holman travelled around areas that had only been partially explored using local guides to help in his exploration. The maps at his disposal would have been very basic. And then there was the logistics of getting from place to place and coordinating supplies, transportation and accommodation during this arduous adventure. I became intrigued as to why Holman took on such a daunting expedition.*

*While the information written in the journal is historically correct, in many instances I have triangulated dates and places to check for accuracy. Any assumptions are deduced from information sourced and gathered through research as an adjunct to create the narrative. Passages from Captain Holman's journal have, where appropriate, been added in italics to the story. For the sake of brevity, I have condensed this story into five parts mainly based around the regions of Lower Canada Holman explored. I hope to publish a complete account in the near future.*

*For this research, I contacted many local historians and historical societies located in the Townships of Lower Canada where Holman visited. I am grateful for the information they were able to provide concerning the notable people Holman encountered. They also allowed me a glimpse into the lives and experiences of the early settlers during that time. I am indebted to Gwen Barry, who not only provided additional research direction, but kept me on track during my writing, and to retired professor Jack Little for critical editing suggestions and comment.*



## Mounting the Expedition

On April 15, 1853, a notice appeared in the *London Gazette*:

*British American Land Company's Offices, No. 35½, New Broad Street, London*

*NOTICE is hereby given, that a Special meeting of the General Court of Proprietors will be held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, on Monday the 2nd day of May next, at one o'clock precisely, for the purpose of assenting to or dissenting from a proposal, which will then and there be submitted, for the sale of a certain portion of this Company's lands to a Mining Association, upon terms and conditions which will be then stated by the Directors; and for other business.*

*By order of the Court of Directors,  
William C Prince, Secretary*

The British American Land Company (BALC), established in 1832, was what

we might call today a property developer. It had experienced turbulent times. In 1841, the company faced a financial crisis and was forced to return 799 square miles of the St. Francis land tract to pay for outstanding debts. Competition was fierce. Countries and companies strove to attract skilled immigrants and capitalists to help build and establish industries in their regions. In 1844, when Alexander Tilloch Galt was appointed commissioner of the BALC, he advocated a radical shift to industrial development in the belief that it would help attract further immigration to the area. But this would require additional capital, and given the huge sums already invested, and the current, somewhat uncertain nature of the company, his proposal was not well received by the BALC directors.

The California gold rush in 1848 saw a huge influx of immigrants from across the world to the Pacific coast, including from Canada. In 1851, the British government received reports from its colony in Australia of a gold discovery, and, within a year, over 350,000 people had immi-



grated to Australia. The 1847-1848 Geological Survey of Canada by William Logan identified mineralogical areas for further research. But it was the Richard Oatey's *Report of Experimental Gold Streaming Operations on the River Du Loup, in the Seigneurie of Aubert De l'Isle, Beauce, Canada East, in 1851 and 1852* that captured widespread interest. There was also much excitement in 1852 when gold was discovered along the Magog River near Sherbrooke. Fuelled by rumours and speculation, BALC shares suddenly surged, pushing up the price, which had been languishing at around £50 to £84.

The financial markets and shareholders were now wanting to know: was there gold, and how much? The Court of Proprietors was compelled to act – hence the proposal to sell company lands announced in April 1853. The Mining Association referred to in the *London Gazette* notice was the British American Mining Association (BAMA), established earlier by Alexander Galt and others.

Prior to that April 1853 notice, Thomas Devas, a director of the BALC, had approached a business associate, Humphry Willyams, who was well known in London business circles as an industrial financier, miner, smelter and copper merchant, as well as Member of Parliament for Truro. Devas asked Willyams whom he would recommend to undertake a mining expedition in Lower Canada. Willyams had no hesitation in recommending his “confidential mine agent,” Captain Josiah Holman, whom he had engaged to manage his St. Michael Penkevil and Creegbrowse mining interests in Cornwall. Willyams further mentioned that Holman had previously travelled overseas on mining ventures to the Philippines and Brazil.

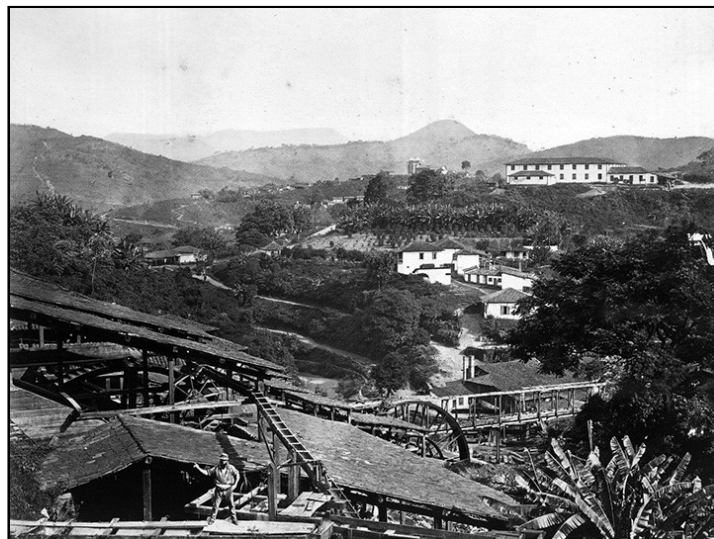
Josiah Holman was born into a mining family in 1821; his father John was a mine engineer and his elder brother John a mining captain working in Norway. At 14, Josiah began his mining career in Gwennap, Cornwall, an area often referred to as the “richest square mile in the Old World” that at one time was pro-



ducing almost a third of all Cornwall's copper. In 1847, Holman and his wife, Elizabeth, and their children Elizabeth Simmons and John Henry, had travelled to Brazil, where Holman was engaged as a “second agent” (deputy manager) at the St. John del Rey gold mine in Morro Velho. His daughter Emily Louisa was born there on November 15, 1849.

Devas contacted Holman and, after a quick introduction and broad outline of the plan, asked if he would be available to lead a mining assessment expedition to Lower Canada. Holman was to examine the likely long-term viability of various small mining operations, as well as determine the potential of such an opportunity within the property owned by the BALC. A gold discovery of significance would generate a huge influx of immigrants and thus impact the BALC's profitability. Holman was pleased to have been asked to undertake this venture. The recent economic downturn had created extreme hardship for many Cornish families, including Holman's, and the expedition, if successful, would likely open up further work opportunities: “The hope of making money and again meeting my family in better circumstances soothes the sorrow of being parted,” he wrote.

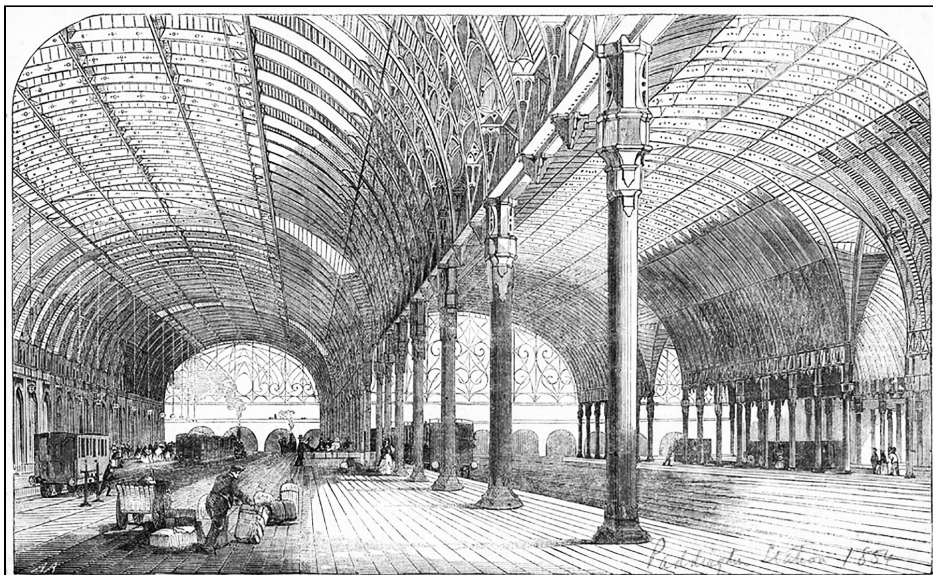
Terms and conditions were agreed. Holman would be paid £500 plus all expenses. He would leave in June for a six month expedition so the team would not be exposed unnecessarily to the harshness of a Canadian winter. The BALC had agreed to the employment of six miners for this expedition: men listed as Skews, Treweek, Whitford, Jennings,



Top left: Josiah and Elizabeth Holman. Courtesy of Michael Webb. Top right: Chimney and Pump House, Chacewater, Cornwall. Photo: Elmar Lackner. mindat.org.

Bottom: Saint John Del Rey Mining Company, Morro Velho, Brazil. Library of Congress, 2021669614.





James and Marrall. Holman had already worked with John Skews, and appointed him second-in-command, knowing he could be trusted in what was expected to be quite a demanding and hazardous venture.

On Saturday, June 11, 1853, Holman bade farewell to his wife, Elizabeth, and their three children: Elizabeth Simmons (aged 10), John Henry (6), and Emily Louisa (3). He assured them that he would be back in time for the birth of the child they were expecting in October, a promise clearly intended to calm Elizabeth at the prospect of his long departure.

At the railway station at Chacewater, in Cornwall, Holman joined his good friend William Henry Tregonning, director of the very successful Bissoe Tin Smelting Company, and Henry's brother John, accountant of the Miners Bank. The three men caught the 7:30 p.m. train to Truro, where it was a short walk to an inn.

At the coach office next morning, John Skews updated them on the travel arrangements of the other five miners, who would meet them in Liverpool. The coach stopped to change horses at Liskeard, where the men had breakfast, and reached Plymouth railway station in time to catch the noon train to London.

Arriving in London at Paddington Station just after 10 p.m. Sunday evening, Holman took a carriage to the Portugal Hotel, on Fleet Street. The following morning, he went to No.1 Queen Street Place to meet Devas, to whom he was to report while in Canada. Also present were Tregonning and Humphry Willyams, the MP who had recommended Holman. They provided Holman with documents and maps, which gave a good sense of the geography and geology of the area he was to explore. Finally, they discussed the various reports of mineral finds and the small ventures already in operation. After

the meeting, Holman and Willyams walked to a large mining equipment warehouse and purchased a theodolite, a surveying instrument with a rotating telescope for measuring horizontal and vertical angles. They spent £24/13/0 in total, a considerable sum. Holman then went to Lubbock's Bank on Lombard Street and withdrew £210, which he would use to pay the £150 passage from Liverpool to New York for himself and the six miners.

Later that afternoon, Holman and Tregonning made their way down Old Broad Street to the Virginia Coffee House at No.4 Newman's Court, St. Michael, Cornhill. This coffeehouse was a gathering place for Virginians in England and for London merchants and men with shipping interests who had business with Virginia. Sometime later, Holman, Tregonning, and two other men took a hackney coach to the Piazza Coffeehouse



Top: Great Western Railway New Terminus, Paddington, 1854. London Illustrated News, July 8, 1854. Right: Theodolite, 1851. Photo: Bautsch.

Bottom Left: Newman's Court, St Michael, Cornhill. london-walking-tours.co.uk. Bottom Right: Regent Street, London, The History of London, London, 1840.



in Covent Garden, which stood next to the magnificent Covent Garden Theatre. The coffeehouse, often dubbed a “temple of luxury,” was the most magnificent Holman had ever visited. Here, another man joined them for dinner, and then all five went to the Evans Music-and-Supper Room, just around the corner at 43 King Street, where they were entertained with some first-rate comic songs and a singalong for those who wished to partake. Cocktails were one shilling per glass. “A person may sit the evening and take only one, or a dozen glasses just to meet his taste and pocket,” Holman wrote. After a jovial evening, Holman returned to his hotel around 2 a.m.

On Wednesday, Holman presented a report to Willyams and the other owners of the Cornish mines that he had managed for the past year. After considering the report, Willyams proposed granting Holman a 100 guinea payment for past services and 5 guineas per month salary in future. (One guinea equaled 21 shillings, or £1/1s.)

At one o'clock on Thursday, Holman and Devas attended a meeting of the directors of the British American Mining Association, held at No.5½ New Bond Street.

*I had an introduction to the Directors excepting Mr Devas who it appears is the acting person... acquainted with Mining Matters, and the latter Gentleman has the cooperation and advice of Mr Willyams whose knowledge in Mining affairs are valuable, and it was through the recommendation of Mr Willyams that I was selected in this important expedition,*



*for which I am much pleased, and in return will do my best to promote the Company's interest and do honour to Mr Willyams selection of myself.*

Holman was handed a sealed letter of introduction and credit addressed to the BALC's Canadian Commissioner, Alexander Galt, which he was to pass on when he arrived in Montreal.

That evening, Holman caught the Liverpool Mail and Express, arriving at Liverpool in the early hours of Friday. On Saturday, he met with the six miners, who had travelled independently. They boarded the *Africa*, a steamship bound for New York.

In describing the voyage and ship, Holman wrote:

*Ate a good breakfast, played shuffles, felt quite well. In the afternoon foggy but mild. The Africa is a fine ship about 300 feet long, has two engines of 96 inches Cylinders 8 feet stroke*

*consuming from 70 to 80 tons of Coals in 24 hours. The sleeping apartments each contain two berths. The saloons for first and second cabin passengers are on deck Aft and Fore the Engine rooms. The After saloon is very long containing two flights of Tables the whole length of the same, with a roomy walk down the centre. The floor is covered with Brussel carpet, and the walk with an extra carpet in Shape of Stair carpeting but wider. Over the dining Table is a rack for holding decanters and Glasses which at dinner time is lowered by Screws to within 2 feet of the table. After the Cloth etc is removed the same is raised by Screws to 3 feet above the Tables. Every passenger has to provide his own wines, spirits etc. When a decanter or bottle of wine is ordered a ticket is given for the same and after dinner if any Wine is left in the bottle or decanter the same is put on the rack with the party name affixed on a card to it for his use at a subsequent time. The saloon is well ventilated and lighted by windows about 2½ feet apart the insertions having beautiful Landscapes and other scenery painted, with Gilt mouldings, looking very much like real pictures hung in frames. At the entrance of the Saloon either side are two large mirrors in Gilt frames. The saloon will accommodate 100 persons comfortably. Our party number about 70 persons including about 10 Ladies. A great number of the passengers are foreigners viz. Americans, Germans, French, Dutch and Spaniards. The second cabin Saloon is very good with the Sleeping apartments and food; in fact, the whole accommodation is excellent for this class. The tonnage of the Africa is 2300 tons started with 1000 tons of Coals and 700 tons of Cargo. The fresh meat including Beef, Mutton, Poultry, Hares etc are preserved in Ice houses on board ship and will keep good the voyage out.*

The *Africa* arrived in New York harbour late in the afternoon of June 29, 1853. A heavy fog halted safe progress, and it was not until 4 a.m. the following morning that the ship heaved anchor and



Top: Evans Music-and-Supper Rooms, from Henry George Hibbert, *Fifty years of a Londoner's life*, London, 1916.

Bottom: William Simpson, “Panoramic view of New York City and Brooklyn,” c.1850. Library of Congress.

drifted slowly towards the New Jersey docks. On deck, Holman observed that “the scenery entering and on either side of the New York harbour in as beautiful as any I ever saw if not exceeding.”

After disembarking, he was pleased not to have to pay any duty, although there was a \$2 inspection fee for the miners’ tools and the theodolite.

That evening, Holman hit the town.

*Took dinner, went up Broadway. Saw Barnum’s Museum with Theatre and bearded Woman – the latter having given birth to two children and has a beard and whiskers large enough for any man; she looked ugly in women’s apparel, in fact it was like a man’s head on a woman’s body. I should not like to go to bed with her.*

After the show, he walked to the Crystal Palace, which was still under construction.

*Went around the exterior of the Crystal Palace which will be a tasty structure when complete. It is about 1/6 the size of the Crystal Palace of London in 1851. The little space of ground about the palace is tastefully laid out in turf and garden plots. The Croton Reservoir a noble structure in the rear of the palace. Saw a pair of oxen said to weigh 9000 lbs or almost 2 tons each. They are beyond comparison. The finest beasts I ever saw and well developed – but should say that they were overestimated in weight. There was a monster pig in adjoining apartment said to weigh 1300 lbs. This I did not see. A great number of trees are growing in the streets which has a pleasant appearance. The*

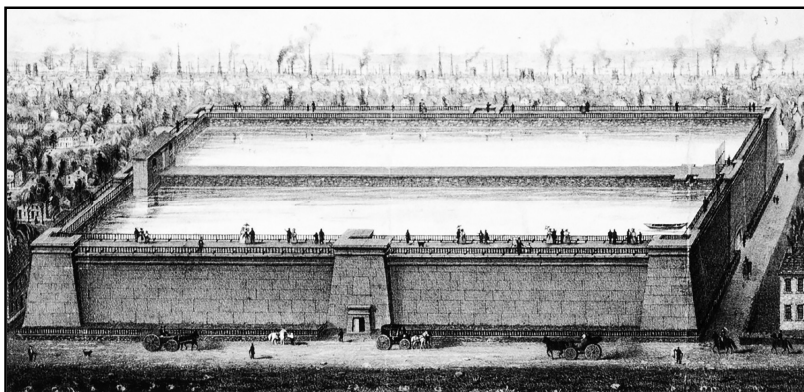
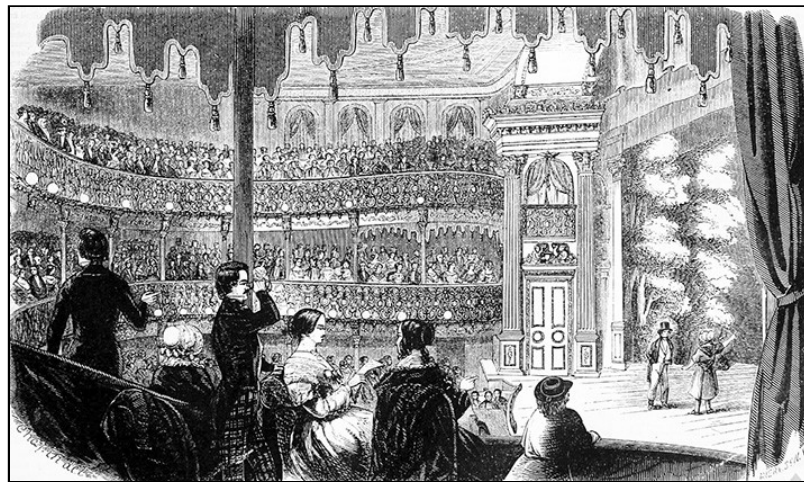
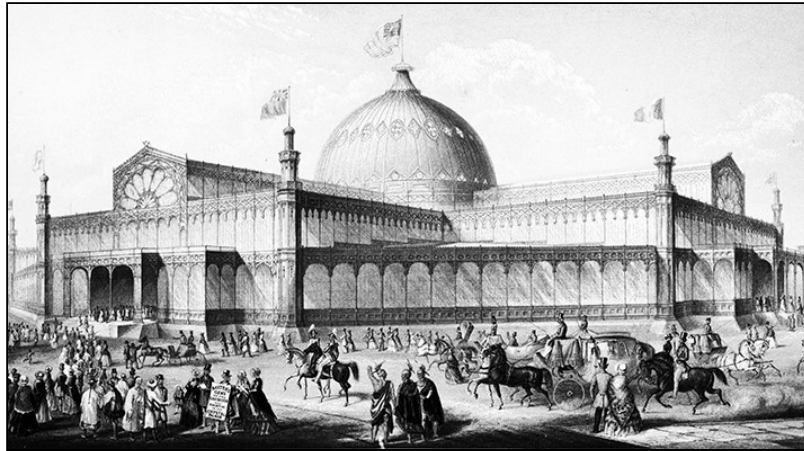
*bustle with buses, rail cars etc is only second to London, whilst the houses range from 6 to 8 storeys high. The buildings in Broadway are more ornamental and handsome than any street of houses in London but I do not see any public buildings here to compare with those seen in London.*

station to be so large. Once they found the ticketing office, they arranged for the heavy tools and equipment to be taken to the baggage car; then they walked quickly to the rail platform. The fare was \$6, which Holman thought a reasonable amount for a trip of 400 miles to Montreal.

Unfortunately, they did not know that there were two rail companies with lines to Montreal, and after travelling along the right bank of the Hudson River past Troy they realized that their baggage had gone on the other line. They alighted at the first station and walked four miles back to Troy. The next train arrived at 6 p.m. and got them to Burlington by around 11 p.m., where they spent the night. Their venture had got off to a less than ideal start and it was regrettable that this error cost them an extra day; they should have reached Montreal by 7 p.m. that evening.

Next episode:  
*THE SALMON RIVER*

*Michael Webb began his career in the computer industry in the mid-1960s. Since his retirement, he has been researching the extraordinary life of his great-great-grandfather, Josiah Holman. Living in Sydney, Australia, Michael has travelled to many of the mine sites managed by Captain Holman as well as to the church in Gwennap, Cornwall where Josiah was married and baptized. This Canadian expedition in just one chapter in the book he is writing.*



The following morning Josiah and the team caught a cab to Chambers Street Station to catch the Hudson River train to Montreal. They had not expected the



# UPTOWN VENUES

## *Creating Victorian Concert Halls in Montreal*

by Rod MacLeod

The availability of performance space in Montreal has been a concern for some time – since at least the 1870s, a period when the city began to be conscious of its place as the new nation’s metropolis. While Montreal did not quite go in for the cut-throat competition over who supported which concert hall that tore New York society apart (and dominates the second season of HBO’s *The Gilded Age*), there was definitely some one-upmanship at play.

Until that time, Montreal’s classiest venue was Nordheimer’s Music Hall, which English actor Morton Price called “the handsomest concert hall in Canada,” following his 1859 visit to the city. One assumes he knew what he was talking about. Located on St. James Street (site of the later Nordheimer’s store, parts of which are still extant), this venue was handy to business, but less and less convenient to the families now living away from the centre, especially in the elegant Square Mile.

Enter John Foulds. A dry goods merchant and fledgling real-estate developer, Foulds made the controversial move to purchase Balmoral Place, a 9-unit terrace of townhouses that had stood for over a decade on the north side of St. Catherine Street just west of University. Foulds proceeded to reconstruct the entire block into a commercial and entertainment complex. As of 1873, he rented the street-level parts of the townhouses out to high-end confectioners, hairdressers, florists, wine merchants, and the purveyors of “a large assortment of perfumery and toilet requisites of the finest quality.” On the terrace’s upper story, Foulds created a performance space known initially as the West End Music Hall, then the Queen’s

Hall. This space was accessed via one of the street addresses (No.921), where Foulds, touting himself as the “proprietor” of the hall, had his office. Patrons climbed a stairway to a concert hall that has been called the first in

did not prevent him from sporting an Italian title. Hazazer’s name and apparent credentials won him esteem as a man of culture in several out-of-the-way communities across North America, from Minnesota to Newfoundland. Since the 1850s, Hazazer had operated academies of deportment and dancing in a succession of towns, never for very long, before arriving in Montreal just as Foulds was completing the Queen’s Hall. Despite his itinerant tendencies, Hazazer settled comfortably in the city, and the Academy of Deportment and Dancing proved a successful enterprise. An illustration in the April 1873 *Canadian Illustrated News* of a masquerade ball held by Hazazer in his Academy suggests that it was a good-sized space that lent itself to social functions – even accounting for the inevitable distortion the *Illustrated News* typically projected.

Unfortunately, less than a year later, a devastating fire caused an estimated \$50,000 damage to the Queen’s Hall, and although the building was insured Foulds did not recover financially. What made matters worse was that the fire coincided with the onset of the major economic depression of the 1870s, a situation that took a heavy toll on cultural institutions. The Montreal Oratorio Society, for example, ceased to function at this time, while the Montreal Mendelssohn Choir went dormant – as did the Montreal Philharmonic Society, which had been launched confidently in 1873, possibly with the Queen’s Hall in mind as a permanent venue. Despite the damage to the hall itself, Signor Hazazer soldiered on in his Academy of Deportment and Dancing next door, but disaster struck again, in February 1875: the wall between the Hall and the Academy collapsed, nearly causing serious injury



Canada specifically devoted to classical music. Whether or not that is true, the Queen’s Hall was clearly intended as a rival to Nordheimer’s in the old town.

Foulds also created another space, adjoining Queen’s Hall on the building’s upper level, which he rented out as the Academy of Deportment and Dancing. Such institutions were gaining in popularity as status-conscious families sought ways to instill their children with social graces and sound habits. The Academy was run by “Signor” J. (Joseph) Hazazer, an extraordinary individual whose reputedly Brazilian origins



to the young students. Foulds declared bankruptcy and eventually left town. Hazazer lingered for a few years, and then also moved on to his next musical port of call. Eventually he settled in Baltimore, where in 1880 he published the no doubt insightful *Dancing and Deportment: Signor J. Hazazer's Guide for Young Beginners, on Entering Society (Whether They Dance Or Not)*.

At about the time that fire ruined Foulds' hopes for the Queen's Hall, another entrepreneur announced that he was about to build a rival structure at his own expense just around the corner, on Victoria Street. This was Hugh Allan, the city's richest man, who was undeterred by the depression. (Indeed, he seemed indifferent to any loss of public face in the wake of the 1873 Pacific Scandal and the consequent shelving of the transnational railway project he had bankrolled.) By the autumn of 1875, Allan had completed a 2,100-seat concert hall called the Academy of Music, designed by Montreal-born architect Alexander Cowper Hutchison. Depicted prominently on the cover of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, the hall received predictably glowing reviews, which praised the comfortable seating, the perfect sight-lines, and the superb electric lighting from the central chandelier. "Montreal may now pride itself on the possession of a fine theatre where the fashion can display itself to its heart's content," the magazine tellingly reported, quickly adding, by way of a general appeal to civic pride, that the Academy



"deserves the encouragement of all classes of the community." The Academy would serve as the city's premier venue for opera and recitals for the next 35 years. Calixa Lavallée would conduct Gounod's *Jeanne d'Arc* here in 1877. In 1886, the touring company of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* was staged at the Academy, with tickets costing 75c to \$1 and boxes going for as much as \$10. "All classes" was a relative term.

With the Academy of Music a thriving concern, Hugh Allan turned to the nearly adjacent and partly ruinous Queen's Hall. Buying up the entire block, Allan rebuilt Fould's former

performance space and opened it in 1880 as a concert hall nearly as large as the Academy of Music. Inspired, the Philharmonic Society regrouped and took up residence in the new Queen's Hall, as did the Montreal Mendelssohn Choir. The new "Queen's Hall Block" complex also contained shops at street level, and there was even an "assembly room" for fancy-dress balls that commentators claimed was "far superior to the old 'Hazazer' one."

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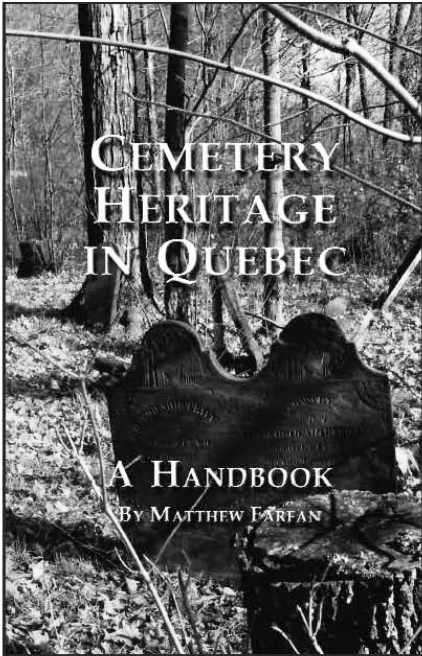
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Top: James George Parks, "The Queen's Hall Block," c.1885. McCord Museum, MP-1998.8.28.

Bottom: Academy of Deportment and Dancing Masquerade Ball. Canadian Illustrated News, April 26, 1873.



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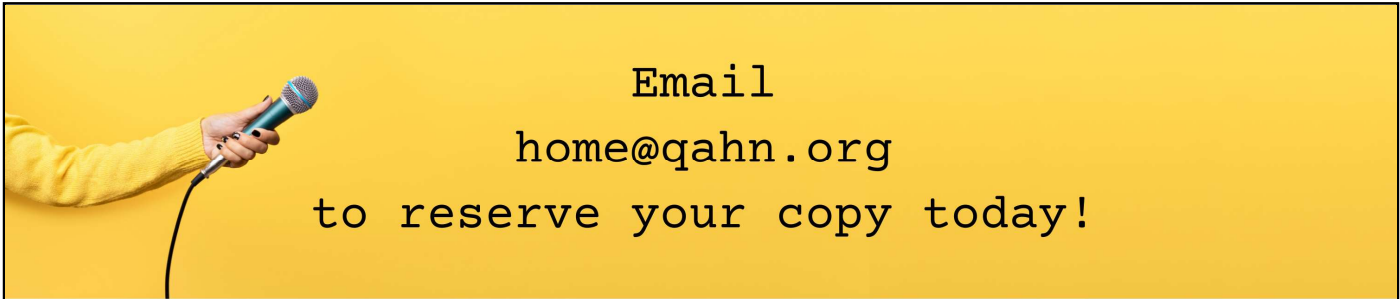
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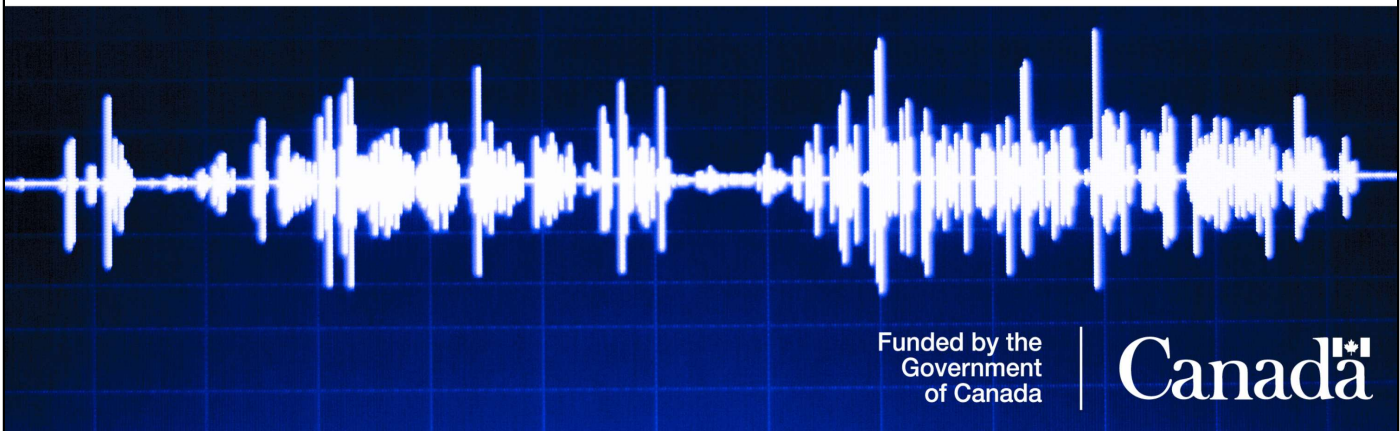
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