QAHN Scales the Walls of Sherbrooke for its 16th AGM

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Quebec Heritage News

Vol 10, No. 3 Summer 2016

Today's and Yesterday's Universities

Concordia and Khaki

Heroes and Heroines

Housewives, Typhus and Royal Engineers

From the Dniester to Rivière du Nord

Val David's Determined Ukrainians

Quebec Heritage News

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Cover photo: "Heart, Culture and Education" mural, Sherbrooke, June 2016.
Photo: Matthew Farfan.

EDITOR's DESK

Black Rock Heroes

by Rod MacLeod

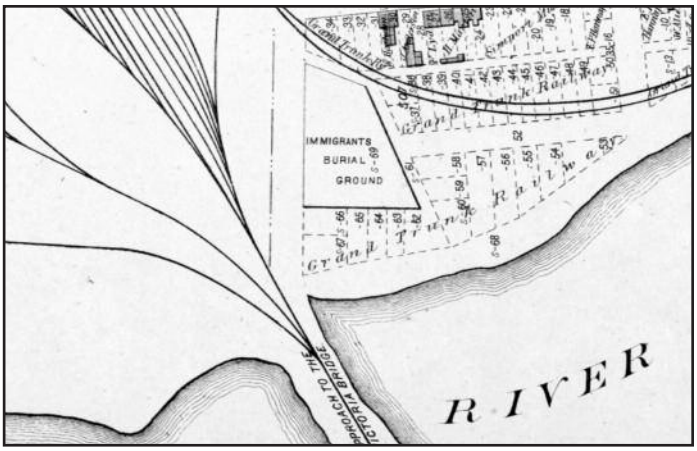
John Easton Mills seems an unlikely hero. A New England businessman of Puritan stock, he moved, like a great number of his compatriots, to an increasingly multicultural Montreal in the wake of the Napoleonic wars. In 1826, he married Hannah Lyman, a young woman of similar background whose father was so handy with the Bible he earned the name "Deacon" – even though "Deacon Lyman" ran a tavern at the bottom of McGill Street which doubled as a kind of ex-pat American community centre. Hannah Lyman's brothers were drug dealers – that is, they imported medicines across the border for sale in Montreal, later diversifying into a highly lucrative drug manufacturing company. Mills pursued the fur trade in Canada, a racket that was fairly old hat (pun intended) by the 1820s, but still required people who were good with numbers, which John Easton was; in time, he turned to banking and even opened his own bank. He and Hannah bought a suburban house on the lower slopes of Mount Royal, far removed from the growing misery of Griffintown but handy to the American Presbyterian Church off Victoria Square. In the winter of 1846, Mills ran for a seat on the city council, and by May was chosen mayor. A year and a half later, he was dead from typhus, which he contracted caring for the thousands of Irish Catholic immigrants who had been staggering sick off the coffin ships and into the makeshift sheds of Point St. Charles. Montreal acquired its "martyr mayor."

Mills shared his martyrdom with other Montreal heroes, notably members of the Catholic and Anglican clergy, British soldiers, and especially the Sisters of Charity, the home-grown religious order of health providers usually known as the Grey Nuns. It was to honour these "beautiful ladies" (as Fergus Keyes calls them) that two Irish academics recently put together an exhibition called *Saving the Famine Irish: the Grey Nuns and the Great Hunger*, which was on display for a year at Quinnipiac University in Connecticut until this past March. Christine Kinealy, Director of Ireland's Great Hunger Institute at Quinnipiac, and Jason King, a Montrealer who is now a postdoctoral researcher at Galway University in Ireland, assembled a collection of documents, including official Grey Nuns correspondence and a painting of the nuns tending the typhus victims commissioned in 1848 by Montreal Bishop Bourget, all mounted on attractive storyboards with accompanying maps and diagrams. The exhibition's run at Quinnipiac was logical, given the presence there of the Great Hunger Institute. Even so, Fergus Keyes and Victor Boyle, directors of the Montreal Irish Monument Park Foundation, suggested to Kinealy and King that it would be nice to bring the displays "home" to Montreal. Like many good ideas, this one naturally meant a good deal of work for Keyes and Boyle, fundraising, drumming up partners, and even driving to Connecticut themselves to collect the displays. But the work paid off, and the exhibit came home.

Wanting a memorable start to what they hope will be a travelling exhibition over the course of the next year or so, Keyes and Boyle approached the Centaur Theatre in Old Montreal. The Centaur isn't a place one usually associates with exhibition space, but I was surprised by how well it worked. The *Saving the Famine Irish* storyboards were attractively positioned along the well-illuminated walls that are usually reserved for photos or other secondary material pertaining to the plays currently in production. And there's a bar. Keyes and Boyle also approached Paul Quinn, recent Grand Marshal of the St. Patrick's Parade and owner of the Montreal Irish Embassy Pub; he proved willing to provide all the refreshments for the launch. In addition to the array of scrumptious finger foods on overflowing trays, invitees could head to the Centaur bar and pick up not one but two drinks each – in my very appreciative case, Guinness. Needless to say, there were plenty of rounds of thanks to Mr. Quinn. Even more in the limelight, however, were the evening's special guests, representing some of the 1847 martyrs: the Right Reverend Mary Irwin-Gibson (standing in for the Anglican clergy who tended to the typhus victims), Sud-Ouest borough councillor Benoit Dorais (standing in for John Easton Mills), and five honest-to-goodness Grey Nuns, who were as beautiful as their heroic predecessors.

It was all appropriately convivial, but one never lost sight of the solemnity underscoring the event; indeed, it was there on the walls just beyond the rim of one's glass. Over 6,000 men, women and children lost their lives on the shores of the St. Lawrence in 1847, most of them already weakened from the treacherous Atlantic crossing, to say nothing of years of starvation back in Ireland, itself one of history's great tragedies – except that the word "tragedy" is misleading: it suggests that the countless deaths essentially amounted to miserable luck for the Irish, instead of an act of official indifference,

Exhibition launch, Centaur Theatre. Photo: Donovan King.



even malevolence. Suffice it to say that "Great Hunger" is now the preferred term for this horror. In any case, when people survived the famine, and the crossing, only to die in a burning fever in a makeshift shed, "adding insult to injury" hardly begins to describe it. Numbers of dead were such that bodies were interred on the spot, without markers or in most cases records of who they were. A decade later, workers constructing the Montreal-side support for the Victoria Railway Bridge uncovered vestiges of corpses. This experience was so unsettling for them that they pooled their own precious resources to build a monument on the site, which became known as the Black Rock. The monument has served "to Preserve from Desecration the Remains of 6000 Immigrants Who died of Ship Fever A.D. 1847-48," as its description reads. "This Stone is erected by the Workmen of Messrs. Peto, Brassey and Betts [the contracting firm] Employed in the Construction of the Victoria Bridge A.D. 1859." At the exhibition launch, a large scale model of the Black Rock glowered in the Centaur's lobby, a further grim reminder of this complex story.

There is more than commemoration at stake, however. Fergus Keyes and Victor Boyle represent the Montreal Irish Monument Park Foundation, an organization actively campaigning to improve the site where the Black Rock stands. Once, the rock was a sentinel at the base of the Victoria Bridge approach and at one end of the working-class community of Victoriatown, aka Goose Village. That community fell victim to the wrecker's ball in the renewal-crazed 1960s, but the Black Rock was saved – that is, by allowing it to continue its existence in the median between the two lanes of Bridge Street. This is hardly dignified and not at all conducive to a visit: indeed, the only time I have ever managed to get a decent look at the Rock was when I was stuck in an endless traffic jam crossing the Victoria Bridge. The Foundation aims to correct this situation by creating a green space around the monument so that visitors can contemplate the Rock and the thousands it commemorates without risking their own lives dashing across traffic. Ideally, the park would also be home to an interpretation centre explaining the history, not only of the events of 1847-48 but of the entire area, back through Goose Village to its occupation by First Nations. The result would be a highly attractive entrance to the city, and the reconnection of this isolated part of town to the St. Lawrence River. Keyes and Boyle and their fellow volunteers are hard at work petitioning all levels of government to get behind the plan, as well as the private sector. Predictably, hurdles include questions of land ownership and zoning – but there is also much evidence of support from a great many corners, and, of course, the city's 375th anniversary is fast approaching, with its promises of commemorative projects.

One might hope that Montreal's current mayor would be inspired by the heroism of his predecessor of nearly 170 years ago. Not to the point of martyrdom, of course, but certainly to the extent that John Easton Mills showed a remarkable degree of social commitment, particularly given his social and ethnic background. Indeed, a second glance at Mills' career reveals a great deal. As a banker, he strove to help working-class families establish savings accounts, and to finance projects such as the building of St. Patrick's Basilica, the church for the city's Irish Catholic community. This devout Presbyterian also supported the efforts of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart to provide schooling for Catholic girls. Mills entered politics in a spirit of reform, echoing the drive towards responsible government that was currently proceeding at the provincial level. He was one of the founders of the Montreal Immigrant Committee, a body established in 1840 to coordinate the settlement of newcomers, who were already arriving in larger numbers than the "national" societies (St. Patrick's, St. Andrew's, etc) could cope with. Mills soon became the committee chair, and, by 1847, was actively petitioning the British government, via Governor General Lord Elgin, to adopt a more responsible policy for transporting and accommodating the huddled masses. Even so, Mills' hands-on dedication to the typhus victims was not a requirement of office, either as committee chair or as mayor, and at the end of the day simply reflected his basic humanity.

Top left: Exhibition launch, Centaur Theatre. Photo: Donovan King.
Top right: Detail of Goad's Atlas of the City of Montreal, 1881.

Bottom: Alfred Walter Roper, "Stone Commemorating 6,000 Immigrant Deaths, Point St. Charles," 1898. Photo: McCord Museum: MP-1977.76.64.

But here is one more possible ingredient in the man's instinctive charitable makeup. By the spring of 1841, John Easton Mills and Hannah Lyman had six children, the youngest born just the previous year. In late April, Scarlet Fever struck the Mills household, and, on May 2, George died, two months shy of his sixth birthday. His two younger brothers also caught it: Edwin died on May 7 at two years, eleven months, and then Albert, the baby, died on May 9. Although this sort of heartbreak was far from uncommon in the nineteenth century, it is easy to imagine Mills seeing the faces of his own boys in the dying children in the fever sheds, and hearing their cries as he rolled up his sleeves. Seven years later, Hannah supervised the removal of her husband, her three young sons, and her older son John (who had also died of scarlet fever in 1849) from the Protestant Burial Ground, and their reburial at Mount Royal Cemetery, where the Mills family monument is set amid shady landscaped grounds, and where it can be visited in dignified tranquility.

Now, let's give the other Black Rock heroes the setting they deserve.

With thanks to Fergus Keyes and Donovan King.

Sources:
http://www2.ville.montreal.qc.ca/archives.

Bellelle Guerin, *John Easton Mills: the Martyr Mayor of Montreal*, 1911.

Letters

My epiphany: How a concert at Baron Byng opened my eyes

Rod MacLeod's "My Jewish Education" (Spring 2016) reminded me of a revelation I experienced during the 1960s. At that time, as a member of the Trafalgar School for Girls choir, under the direction of our singing teacher, Dr. D. M. Herbert, I attended a concert he conducted at Baron Byng High School (now the headquarters of Sun Youth at 4251 St. Urbain Street in Montreal). Dr. Herbert, who came from Wales, was a strong proponent of choral singing, and formerly director of music programs for the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal (PSBGM). Before that, he had been head of the music department at Baron Byng High School (BBHS, also referred to by Rod Macleod). In 1967, graduates of the school who had belonged to Dr. Herbert's school choir organized the Baron Byng Graduates' Choir. Dr. Herbert invited the Traf choir to attend.

I believe it may have been the first evening event I attended alone. I was actually a bit nervous. As I had no idea of where St. Urbain Street was, nor how to get there, my father offered to drive me both to and from the concert. No one else from Traf planned to attend, and I didn't expect to see anyone there whom I would know. To my complete surprise, however, I actually recognized some members of the BBHS Graduates' Choir. Several were also members of the Montreal West Operatic Society, of which my father was a member and my piano teacher the stage director. A few members of the choir – Sid Flanders and Evelyn Hirsch Maxwell – even played principal roles in the operettas. I wondered if their interest in singing could have started at Baron Byng. How, though, had they found their way to the MWOS?

This event was an education for me. I began to "connect the dots." For perhaps the first time, I began to visualize an interconnected English community with links to my own everyday world. At that time, the physical limits of that world were bordered

as follows: the West Island to the west, the Eastern Townships and Vermont to the south, Morgan's store to the east, and Mount Royal to the north. Baron Byng High School was just outside those boundaries – only by a few streets, but still outside. So near and yet so far!

It would take several more years for me to enter and explore that part of Montreal, made famous through the writings of Mordechai Richler (shown as the class president in the photo accompanying Rod's article). When the opportunity to work as a VON nurse in Mile End presented itself, I was ecstatic. Finally, I would get to explore a part of Montreal I knew nothing about. While I imagined streets, small shops, and lanes, there was yet another surprise in store. Driving over Mount Royal, and passing the parking lot for the very first time, the entire east side of the island opened up to me at the lookout. I stared in amazement. Where had it been before?

I came to love "my area" with its back alleys, outdoor staircases, famous bagel shop and oh-so-interesting Greek butcher and pastry shops. Mile End was, in VON terms, a "walking area." The houses were so close together and parking so limited, that I took the bus to the area in the morning, bag over my shoulder, and walked from house to house all day and in all kinds of weather. Thanks to those outdoor staircases, I became extremely fit, easily surpassing my husband's pace on the Vermont hiking trails we explored during our honeymoon.

How long would it have taken for me to find out about the existence of the rest of Montreal had I not attended that concert at Baron Byng High School? While there's no way of knowing, I suspect that the event opened my eyes to the existence of people and places beyond my "comfort zone" as well as the interconnected web of English organizations within the province of Quebec.

Janet Allingham
Wakefield, Qc

Note. Dr. D. M. Herbert (aka "D. M." in Montreal music circles) was obviously held in high esteem by the BBHS Graduates' Choir. In 1967, its members established the "Dr. D. M. Herbert Award for Leadership" in the Music Faculty at McGill. BBHS boasted 59 years of graduating many accomplished students, a large number of whom went on to become part of the professional elite of Montreal and Quebec. Because of its location, most of the students during the time Dr. Herbert taught there were Jewish.

Baron Byng Spring Music Festival, 1961. Photo: courtesy of Gladys Barg Blank. http://www.baronbynghighschool.ca.

Canadiana no Disneyland

When Rawdon is mentioned in *QHN*, my interest is always pricked. I thought Sandra Stock ("The Notman House and Garden," Spring 2016) was a bit harsh in terming the former Canadiana Village in Rawdon as a mini-Disneyland. In my recollection, it was closer to Upper Canada Village or Black Creek Pioneer Village. It certainly had its failings with the movie set church and fake cemetery, but it was an attempt to rescue old buildings from oblivion, which without doubt would have been the end for many. I think it is sad that this endeavour, with its original community focus, is closed to the public.

William Colles Meredith, for whom Notman House was built, was the stepson of J. E. Burton, the first clergyman of any faith to minister and live in Rawdon Township. Meredith was born in Dublin in 1812, and arrived at Rawdon with his mother and siblings after her marriage to Burton in 1826. Meredith lived and studied at Rawdon with his stepfather until 1831, when he began legal study in Montreal. He was a resident of Montreal when he married in 1847, and in 1848, when his eldest daughter was baptized in Quebec City – which seems to have been his primary residence until his death in 1894. There is a detailed chapter on these families in my book *Up to Rawdon,* and further information at: http://uptorawdon.com.

I was intrigued to know that the original Notman House garden is intact and could be saved as a park. Please, may this come to pass.

Daniel B. Parkinson
Toronto, On

New Orleans omission

I finally received the Winter 2016 *Quebec Heritage News*. It took so long to arrive because the address was listed as 1650 instead of 1560. I can only acknowledge that the Royal mail has lost the efficiency that existed in the time my father was a mailman; he would have made the correction himself and distributed the mail with diligence.

I was pleased with my article ("The Engineers of 1812"), but unfortunately three errors occurred. The first two are minor: John met his future wife in Trois-Rivières, not Montreal, and Pierre de Rigaud and Jeanne-Charlotte Fleury were married in New Orleans. The third error is more serious: the omission of two sentences, which makes the paragraph impossible to understand. "The chief engineer had a son named Gaspard-Joseph who, to differentiate him from his father, is often named Joseph-Gaspard. He is to have his apprenticeship as an engineer in New-Orleans." That was the second link between my story and New Orleans.

Jean-Pierre Raymond
Dorval, Qc

Forestry heroines

The Housewife Heroines series is an interesting exposé of the important roles women played in the urban history of Quebec. However, in the late nineteenth century and the first half of the twentieth, there was another group of women who contributed to the Quebec (and Ontario) economy. At this time, there were still more rural dwellers than urbanites so this group would include a large group of ladies who should not be ignored.

Forestry was a large part of the provincial economy. Winter was a long, difficult season, especially on the farms. Every fall, a good number of rural men went to "the bush" to earn much-needed money to keep their family's heads above water. They left in October to return in March or April, depending on the spring break up. Some went home at Christmas, but many did not.

The women were left to look after the family and the farm. Many were pregnant with a baby being born before their husbands got home. The hardships these ladies endured would be unthinkable today.

I, and at least one other person, have documented life in the shanties. Is there a lady out there who either lived this experience, witnessed it or has first-hand knowledge of it? Would they be willing to share this with us and record for posterity the hardships and heart breaks, the joys and successes of these heroines? They, too, supported the provincial economy. Without them looking after the farm and family, the forestry industry would have been greatly diminished. There must be someone with intimate knowledge of these heroines of the farms.

Beverly Blagrave
Rawdon Historical Society

Top left: Taxidermy shop, Canadiana Village, Rawdon. Photo: www.canadianavillage.com.
Top right: Notman, "Chief Justice Meredith," 1872. Photo: McCord Museum: I-77791.

Bottom: Notman, "Farms at Amos, Quebec," c.1916. Photo: McCord Museum: VIEW-6021.1

QAHN News

by Matthew Farfan

"FOREVER"

The third instalment in QAHN's "Volunteering Matters" conference series, part of the 15-month, Canadian Heritage-funded project "Fostering Organizational Renewal through Enriching Volunteer Experience and Recognition" (FOREVER), took place in April at the Colby-Curtis Museum in Stanstead. Coinciding with International Volunteer Week, the event was filled to capacity. Representatives from many of the heritage organizations in the Townships participated, including Eaton Corner Museum, Missisquoi Museum, Brome County Museum, Colby-Curtis Museum, Uplands, the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society, the Georgeville Historical Society, the Haskell Free Library and Opera House, and Richmond County Museum. Also attending were representatives from two regional CLCs, Townshippers' Association, and the Old Stone House Museum in Brownington, Vermont. Headlining the event, with a presentation entitled "Organizational Renewal: Recruiting New Volunteers," was Alison Stevens of the Montreal Volunteer Bureau. A panel discussion on youth involvement featured Gerry Cutting, president of Townshippers' Association, Kira Page of the Centre for Community Organizations, Bob Hunt of the Old Stone House Museum, and Alison Stevens.

The fourth day-long conference in this series, also very well attended, took place in May at the Wakefield-La Pêche Centre in Wakefield. This event featured sessions with Tara Walker, of John Abbott College ("Engaged Volunteers, Vital Communities: Tools for Organizational Renewal") and Sharmaine Nelles, of the Michaëlle Jean Centre for Global and Community Engagement ("Appealing to Youth: How Do We Welcome Younger Generations?"). A fifth conference took place in June at the Musée de la Gaspésie in the Town of Gaspé. Feedback from all of these events has been extremely positive. One final conference is scheduled for Knowlton on September 13, while a series of smaller, individual workshops is currently under development. For more information, or to register for any of these events, contact the QAHN office at: (819) 564-9595 / toll free at (877) 964-0409.

"Housewife Heroines"

"Housewife Heroines: Anglophone Women at Home in Montreal during World War II," concluded (officially, at least) at the end of March. Among other activities, this project featured a bilingual traveling exhibition that was shown in February and March at venues in Montreal, Montérégie and the Eastern Townships. In April, the exhibition traveled to the Laurentians where it was hosted by the Morin Heights Historical Association. It is currently at the Fairbairn House Heritage Centre in Wakefield, where it will stay until July 15; during the second half of the summer, it will head to the Richmond County Historical Society in the Townships.

"DREAM"

Healthy local institutions are essential for community vitality. "Diversifying Resources to Ensure the Advancement of Mission" (DREAM) is the name of an exciting new QAHN project that is scheduled to get under way in August. The aim of this 15-month initiative, funded by Canadian Heritage, is to help not-for-profits in the heritage and cultural sectors explore new ways of diversifying their sources of revenue and in-kind support, thus insulating them, at least to some degree, from forces that are out of their control – such as changing priorities within funding agencies, the elimination of programs, declining membership, and economic downturns. Project activities will include regional

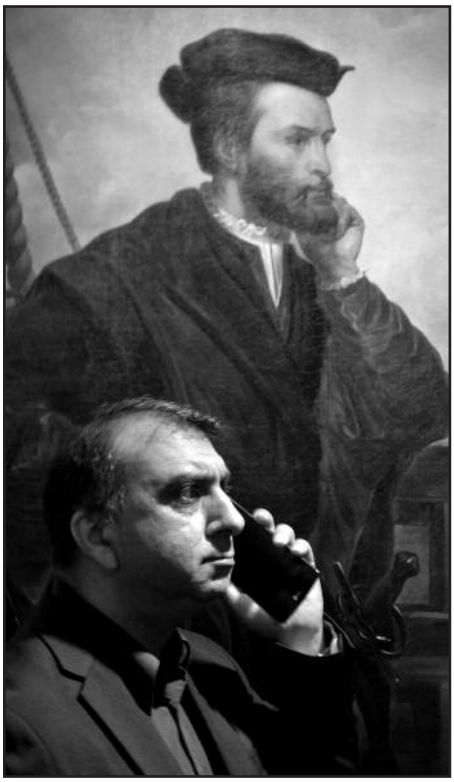
Top: Panel discussion, "Volunteering Matters" conference, Colby-Curtis Museum, Stanstead. Photo: Matthew Farfan.

Bottom: Housewife Heroines at Avante Women's Centre in Bedford. Photo: courtesy of Avante.

conferences, resource materials, and a community heritage fair. Stay tuned for updates from QAHN in the coming weeks.

3rd Annual Montreal Wine and Cheese

It was standing room only at QAHN's 3rd Annual Montreal Wine and Cheese, held in April at the historic Château Ramezay in Old Montreal. The event, which was organized by QAHN's Montreal Committee, attracted about a hundred people from around Montreal, most of them representing heritage or cultural organizations. The featured speaker this year was Château Ramezay director André Delisle who gave an overview of the history of the splendid museum that is considered the country's oldest National Historic Site, as well as one of the "Top 1001 Places to See Before You Die." Billed as an informal chance to network for members of Montreal's Anglophone and Francophone heritage communities, the wine and cheese has seen its attendance increase yearly since it was begun in 2014. This year's event would not have been possible without the support of the Château Ramezay, which generously provided the venue and staff. Thanks are also extended to "Les Marchands des Amériques Inc," who donated their excellent Bulgarian wine, Leva.



Photos: Rohinton Ghandhi, Matthew Farfan.

CURATOR'S HANDBOOK

Where There's Smoke...

Fire prevention and safety in heritage buildings

by Heather Darch

On September 15, 2014, a four-alarm fire broke out in the Musée de la civilisation in Quebec City. Renovation equipment in the museum's roof ignited, resulting in fire, smoke and water damage to the east wing of the building. Most of the damage was contained to an exhibit hall under construction but nearby was a permanent exhibition housing the collection of First Nations artefacts. The exhibition space was affected by fire and smoke but priceless objects escaped permanent harm thanks to quick-thin king staff.

It can happen to best of us.

It cannot be emphasized enough. Risk assessment and control measures to prevent, detect and respond to a fire are *the* most crucial considerations in any museum. A cavalier attitude and saying that "a fire won't happen in our museum" is the worst view point you can have when you are responsible for an historic collection.

A charred stationary motor on a burned wagon – the only objects left from an April 2015 fire that destroyed over 200 objects in the Missisquoi Museum's collection.

Think of the cost of fire detection and suppression systems compared to the value of your collections. If you are permanently shut down because a fire resulted in the complete devastation of your site, the loss will be deeply felt by your community. The cost in the end will not mean dollars. Remember this fact: no historic building and no historic collection is immune.

This warning was echoed by North Hatley Fire Chief Mike McKenna at a "Security for Heritage" conference held by QAHN at the Eaton Corner Museum. A fire detection and suppression system can be the difference between a minor fire and a major catastrophe. If your systems have not been updated recently or you do not have a regular inspection programme in place, have a conversation with your local fire department. Invite them to come and review your equipment and site and ask their advice. Fire and smoke detecting systems will be of no use if they do not function properly in a disaster.

It is too common a belief in heritage organizations that sprinkler systems could damage collections. In buildings protected by sprinkler systems, over 99% of fires are controlled by fire sprinklers alone. Each sprinkler runs independently when a certain heat level is reached. Because of this, a sprinkler will only work if it is near the fire, so normally only one or two will activate, minimizing the water damage to a building.

A sprinkler unit that releases 113 litres of water per minute is preferable to a fire hose stream that will emit 1,135 litres of water per minute into your building. In addition, a sprinkler unit will trigger within 3 to 4 minutes whereas a fire department may take 5 to 7 minutes before they arrive at your site with additional time to set up equipment. Each second that passes, the fire grows stronger requiring more water for your building.

Speaking from first-hand experience, this point cannot be taken lightly. The fire that completely destroyed a storage building and its contents of nineteenth-century sleighs, wagons and buggies belonging to the Missisquoi Museum in April 2015 likely smouldered for hours before the flames took hold of the structure. Without a sprinkler system to douse the flames, the dried wood of the wagons and straw-stuffed buggy seats became kindling for an out-of-control fire. This disaster had an immediate and negative consequence on the organization and will continue to have a significant long-term impact on the life of the museum.

Of course, unsafe on-site practices such as smoking, renovation issues like leaving welding tools unattended, and a lack of good building maintenance all pose significant risks to a collection. And general inattention to such details as leaving doors open between rooms, clutter in stairwells, and unsafe storage of flammable materials will only add to the level of risk.

Smaller museums at the very least need a good fire extinguisher programme. It's common sense to know

Wagon. Missisquoi Museum collection, A264. Photo: Heather Darch.

where all the extinguishers are located in your building, to know how to use them, as well as having a regular maintenance plan in place for the extinguishers. Confer with your local fire department and involve them in your emergency planning decisions. The fire department will be glad to inspect your premises and make recommendations. Most certainly they will train your personnel on how to properly use a fire extinguisher.

Remember: the stress of an emergency is not conducive to reading how-to instructions. You must know what to do immediately.

Avoid, Detect and Respond: these terms can serve to define the mission of fire safety in your organization. Addressing fire safety measures, defining responsibilities and strategies for fire prevention, and collaborating with your local fire department to create positive and manageable objectives for your building will elevate your security measures for your site and will result in the tangible benefit of better preserved collections for future generations.

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

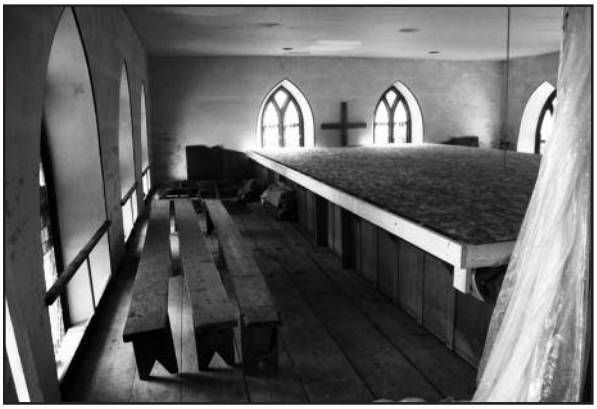
St. Mungo's Homecoming 2016

Celebrating 180 years

by Cecil McPhee

Hidden away amongst the houses along the Ottawa River in Cushing, Quebec, is one of the oldest churches in the Lower Laurentians. With its central tower, big windows and Georgian proportions, St. Mungo's is a typical Scottish country parish church from the early nineteenth century – in a quaint little Quebec village.

According to folklore, this architectural gem was built by the Scottish stonemasons who worked on the Ottawa River canals in the 1830s. The first minister, Rev William Mair, served Presbyterians on the North Shore of the Ottawa River from Carillon to Avoca and points north, as well as the South Shore from Point Fortune to Hawkesbury in Ontario. Hundreds, if not thousands, of early British settlers took up land in the Lower Laurentians before moving on to other places further west in Ontario, the U.S. and Western Canada. Many of their births, marriages and deaths are recorded in the parish registers.



This year marks the 180th anniversary of the construction of St. Mungo's, and to commemorate this milestone, we invite all and sundry, to come home to St. Mungo's. This two-day celebration will take place on July 23 and 24, 2016, and will include history displays, genealogical consultations, a barbecue, a church service and the skirl of the pipes.

A hundred thousand welcomes!

For more information, contact Cecil McPhee at: avocaqc@gmail.com or (514) 937-2131.

Top left: St. Mungo's. Photo: courtesy of Cecil McPhee.

Top right: St. Mungo's churchyard. Bottom left: St. Mungo's gallery under restoration, 2015. Photos: Rod MacLeod.

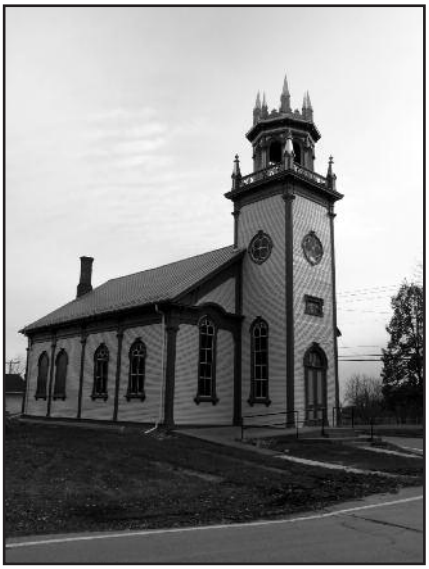
OVERLOOKED QUEBEC CHURCHES

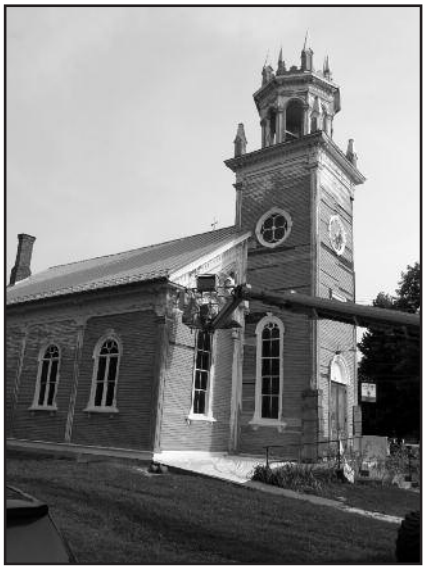
St. George's Anglican Church, Clarenceville

by Mark W. Gallop

A fresh coat of paint can make a world of difference.

This is certainly true of a historic wooden church in the hamlet of Clarenceville, where new paint makes a striking difference not just because of its freshness. Like most other rural clapboard churches, it has worn a white coat for most of the last century. However, restoration experts were fascinated to examine an Edwardian postcard in the collection of a parishioner which showed the church painted a sand colour with a striking dark caramel trim. Analysis of original painted boards confirmed that these were indeed the church's nineteenth-century colours.





As with any renovation or restoration project, fresh paint is only the most visible element of extensive preliminary work on the foundation and exterior. The church and the wider community have been hard at work raising funds to supplement a grant from the Conseil du patrimoine religieux du Québec and donations from the municipal council, foundations and individuals. Concerts have been held featuring a local Swiss German choir and guest organists. Fundraising continues and donations are gratefully acknowledged with tax receipts.

As the oldest wooden Protestant church in Quebec, St. George's is of significant historical, as well as architectural, interest. (The Roman Catholic Petite Chapelle de Tadoussac is Canada's oldest wooden church, dating from 1747.) Construction of a simple rectangular wooden building began in 1818 and was completed in 1820, under the direction of the minister appointed to the neighbouring parish of St. Thomas, Noyan, from which the Clarenceville church sprang when the residents of the "east side" desired their own church. Originally a Vermonter, the recently ordained Reverend Micajah Townsend arrived in 1815 and served the twin parishes for almost six decades. The monument over his grave is one of the few remaining in the cemetery on the north side of the church.

The first significant changes to the building's structure came as a result of the Oxford church reform movement of the 1850s. Also called the Catholic Revival in the Church of England, this movement espoused the reintroduction of certain traditional elements to Anglican theology and liturgy that had been stripped away by the Protestant Reformation. An extension on the east side added a raised sanctuary, a vestry and a sacristy. The impressive bell tower with its wedding cake air was added in 1879, along with exterior decorative elements. It is likely then that the church donned its sand and caramel colours.

The church also has a notable pipe organ. Originally built in the 1870s by Samuel R. Warren & Co. of Montreal for St. James' Anglican Church in Berthier-en-Haut, it was transferred to Clarenceville in the 1950s when the Berthierville church closed. Major restoration work was done on the organ in 1994 and 2001. Warren was the preeminent Canadian organ builder of the nineteenth century, and the Clarenceville organ is one of only a handful not substantially altered and still in good working order.

Clarenceville is only a few kilometres from the Vermont border, on the tongue of land that dips south to separate Missisquoi Bay from Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River. The original settlers of the area were United Empire Loyalists and the connections with Vermont that started with Canon Townsend continue to this day. With a small but active congregation, Sunday services are held twice a month under the ministry of the Reverend Thora Chadwick of the Diocese of Vermont who has joint responsibility for the Clarenceville and Noyan parishes and St. Luke's Episcopal Church in Alburgh, Vermont.

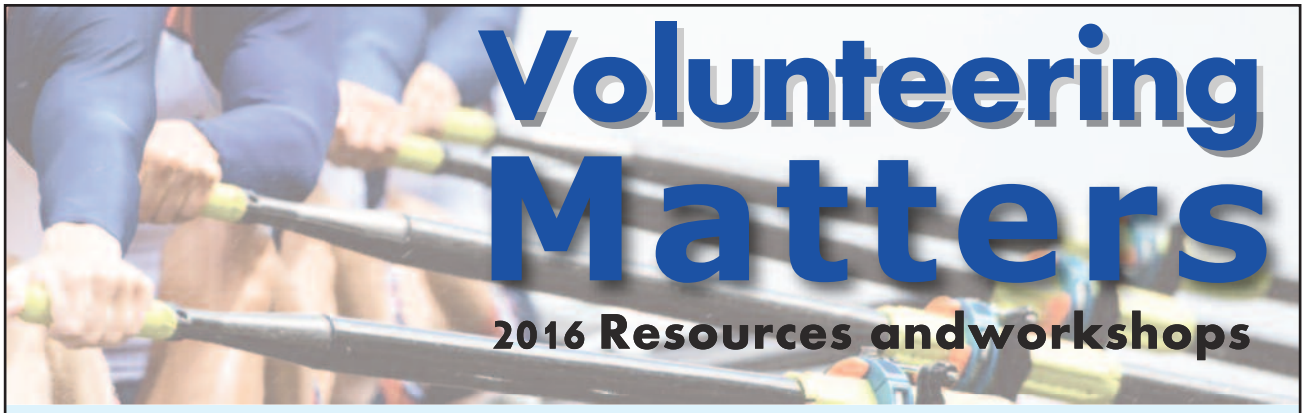
St. George's celebrates the bicentennial of its building in 2018. The ongoing restoration will leave it in fine shape to welcome worshippers and visitors well into its third century.

Source:

The Borders Regional Ministry: Historic Roots & Current Formation, pamphlet by Rev. Thora L. Chadwick, 2009.

***Mark Gallop** spent three decades in the investment and financial services sector, and now devotes his time to historical research and writing. He is a Trustee of the Mount Royal Cemetery and a past President of the Atwater Library.*

Photos: courtesy of Mark Gallop.



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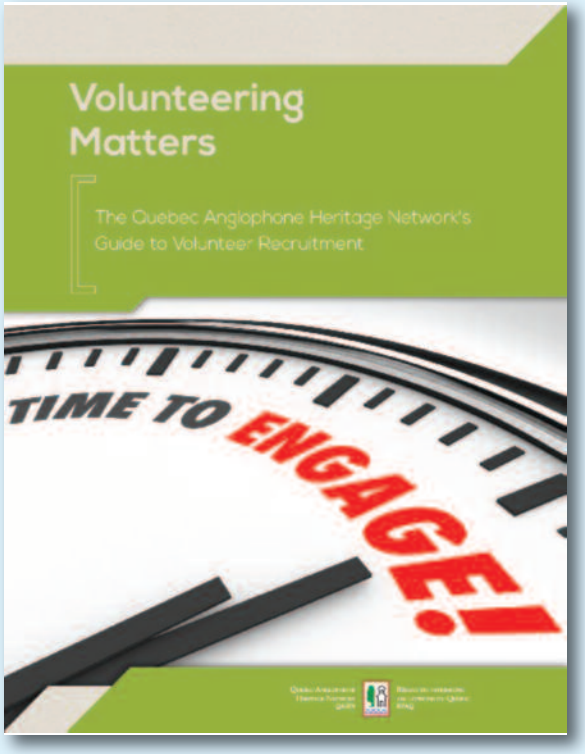

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GEORGE "HARRY" BAKER and the Eastern Townships

… 100 years later (1916-2016)

George Harold Baker (1877-1916).

On the left, Baker in 1911, at his *Glenmere* residence in Bolton-Est.

On the right, Baker in his Commanding Officer uniform, *5th Canadian Mounted Rifles*. The mustache was probably worn to look older.

George Harold Baker (1877-1911) was born in Sweetsburg (now Cowansville), and spent his summers in East Bolton. He became an attorney in 1900 and was elected MP for Brome in 1911. At the beginning of the First World War, he recruited (largely from the Eastern Townships), and commanded a regiment – the *5th Canadian Mounted Rifles* – that he led to the front. George Baker was killed at Ypres in June 1916. To date, he is the only Member of Parliament killed in action.

Descending from an Anglo-Protestant upper-class family, Harry Baker was a young idealist and a supporter of the British Empire. While the Canadian Army was disorganized, he showed courage and determination, and tried to lead "his men" properly. The experience of Trench warfare was difficult; Harry Baker felt he aged rapidly, but he remained optimistic until his death.

This summer, three Eastern Townships organizations will present different facets of the military and personal life of Harry Baker and his regiment. Don't miss this opportunity to discover an exceptional man who once lived in our region!

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Lt.-Col. George Harold Baker and the 5th Canadian Mounted Rifles

Until July 10th

Brome County Historical Society, 130, chemin Lakeside, Knowlton

http://www.bromemuseum.com/events/ • 450 243-6782

Sherbrooke

The Sherbrooke Hussars (including Lt-Col. Baker)

Until October 31st

Sherbrooke Historical Society, 275, rue Dufferin, Sherbrooke

info@histoiresherbrooke.org • 819 821-5406

• *Lectures in Bolton-Est*

Sunday, July 10th, 1:30 pm

Holy Trinity Church, South Bolton

The life and letters of G. H. Baker's sister: an Independent & Cosmopolitan Woman of the Early 20th Century

***Jim MANSON**, Historian*

Sunday, August 14th, 1:30 pm

Holy Trinity Church, South Bolton

G. H. Baker: Unknown aspects of his Political & Military Career

(presented in French)

Serge Wagner

Information: info@boltonheritage.org / 450-292-3456, ext. 228 / www.boltonheritage.org

Patrimoine Bolton Heritage

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16th Annual QAHN Convention, Sherbrooke

by Matthew Farfan

The 16th annual convention of the Quebec Anglophone Heritage Network was a three-day affair, showcasing historic sites in Sherbrooke's historic downtown and in nearby Lennoxville.

Day 1 (Thursday, June 2) included several open houses in the Borough of Lennoxville, including at the QAHN office; Uplands Cultural and Heritage Centre (1862); the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society (LAHMS); and the Eastern Townships Resource Centre at Bishop's University. A highlight was the new quilt exhibition at LAHMS, with demonstrations by the Lennoxville Quilters.

Activities on Day 2 (Friday, June 3) took place mainly in downtown Sherbrooke. The morning began with a stop at the superb Plymouth-Trinity Church (1855), on Dufferin Street, with a tour led by church volunteer Stuart Robinson.

This was followed by a visit to the Société d'histoire de Sherbrooke, located in Sherbrooke's grand old post office (1885). Here participants took in a conference on the history of murals by Serge Malenfant, founder and president of the not-for-profit Murales Urbaines à Revitalisation d'Immeubles et de Réconciliation Sociale (M.U.R.I.R.S.), which has been overseeing the creation of giant heritage-themed outdoor murals around Sherbrooke.

Following his talk, "From Lascaux to Sherbrooke," Malenfant led the group on a lively tour of several nearby murals, offering up anecdotes about the people and objects featured in each artwork.

Visitors could either take a shuttle from mural to mural, or walk. For those who walked, a highlight was the Magog River Gorge, with its views of the falls and of Sherbrooke's old industrial core.

In the afternoon, participants congregated at the Musée des beaux-arts de Sherbrooke, the magnificent Second Empire former Eastern Townships Bank head office (1876) on Dufferin. Here they were given a tour by QAHN director (and former MBAS president) Ann Montgomery. This was followed by a conference by art historian Michel Forest on Frederick Simpson Coburn, the Eastern Townships' most renowned painter, whose work is a specialty of the museum.

Attendees paid a quick visit to the nearby (and very foreboding) Winter Prison. Sherbrooke's oldest stone building, the Winter Prison (1865) was condemned 25 years ago and was, until recently, threatened with demolition. Closed as a correctional facility in 1990, the prison was cited for its cramped and inhumane living conditions, with some cells measuring as little as 2 by 8 feet -- not much bigger than a coffin. In the evening, cocktails and dinner were served at the Delta Hotel and Convention Centre.

Day 3 activities (Saturday, June 4) took place in the Salon Sherbrooke at the Delta. The AGM took up most of the morning, with reports from president Simon Jacobs, executive director Matthew Farfan, treasurer Richard Evans, Montreal Committee chair Sandra Stock, and project directors Dwane Wilkin and Heather Darch, each outlining various QAHN successes and challenges of the past year.

There were spirited discussions on several topics, including Quebec's proposed new high school history course. The province's proposed new lobbying bill (Bill 56) was also on the agenda. In its current form, this bill designates not-for-profits, including historical and cultural groups, along with their personnel, as "lobbyists" if they interact in just about any way with any level of government. Delegates voted unanimously to request Quebec to "remove not-for-profits from the provisions of the bill." A petition was circulated to this effect, as well.

Another resolution that passed unanimously called upon the Canadian govern-

Photos: Matthew Farfan.

ment to purchase the historically important but dilapidated Louis-Hippolyte La-Fontaine house in Montreal. The resolution, spearheaded by architect and heritage activist Michael Fish, called upon the federal government to develop the house as a "national monument to the attainment of responsible government; the unique friendship of two Fathers of the Nation; and the unique national character of the united country that was to become the sharing, caring Canada that will always exist."

The resolution further stated QAHN's belief that the "association of the site with LaFontaine and Baldwin and their successful re-establishment of French as an official language of Canada makes the environs of the house the unrivalled site of a museum of the French language."

Following elections (six directors were re-elected), networking, and the appointment of the new executive (Simon Jacobs, president; Grant Myers, vice-president; Richard Evans, treasurer, and Carol Meindl, secretary), participants gathered for a buffet lunch, conference, and awards ceremony.

Guest speaker Michel Harnois of the Société d'histoire de Sherbrooke gave a talk on the Winter Prison, "Sherbrooke's Wrongly Built Jail," which is currently the focus of a major fundraising -- and re-purposing -- campaign on the part of the historical society and its partners.

QAHN's 2016 Marion Phelps and Richard Evans awards were then presented to this year's winners. The Phelps Award went to Doreen Lindsay of the Westmount Historical Association for her "energy and commitment, and her tireless efforts to preserve local heritage and expand knowledge of Westmount's history."

The 2016 Evans Award went to M.U.R.I.R.S. in recognition of that organization's work creating a series of "dynamic, colourful tableaux of aboriginal, pioneer, nineteenth century and twentieth century life, reflecting the economic and cultural development and changes in the city of Sherbrooke," many of them depicting historical figures and events, and a number of them "reflective of the English-speaking community of Sherbrooke and Lennoxville." Accepting the award on behalf of the group he founded was Serge Malenfant.

QAHN's 2016 Convention would not have been possible without the support of the following partners and advertisers:

Scenes from the 16th annual QAHN Convention, Sherbrooke, June 2-4, 2016

Scenes from the 16th annual QAHN Convention, Sherbrooke, June 2-4, 2016

Photos: Matthew Farfan.

Dorval's Royal Engineers

War heroes and their heritage

by Jean-Pierre Raymond

This article commemorates the one hundredth anniversary of the First World War with the story of two engineers who lived in Dorval after the war and who participated in this terrible conflict as Royal Engineers, one in the Canadian Corps and the other in the British Expeditionary Force.

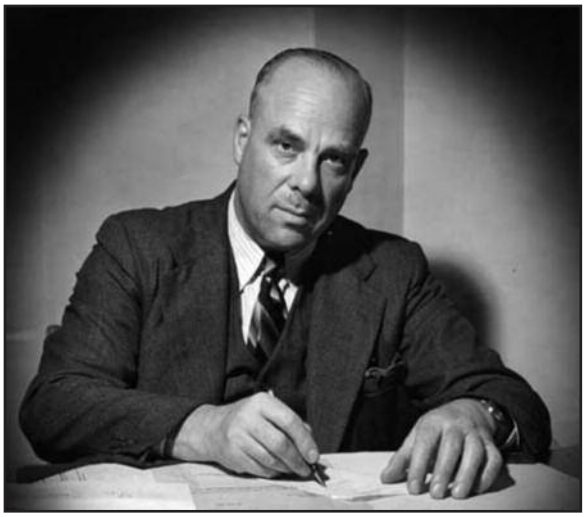
Visiting the Dorval Museum with an architect from Vancouver, I saw a First World War uniform and realized that it had belonged to a Royal Canadian Engineer. I contacted Beverley Rankin who used to be in charge of the Museum for the City of Dorval. The uniform had belonged to a Dorval resident, engineer Harold Stanley Weldon, who distinguished himself during the campaign referred to as the Hundred Days Offensive, in 1918. We will probably talk about it in 2018. Until then, I extend an invitation to all to visit the new permanent exhibition at the Dorval Museum, which allots a spot in its Hall of Honor to this engineer and displays his complete uniform on the Second floor.

I recently found another engineer who had lived in Dorval and who had participated in the First World War: Major Éric-Henry de Lotbinière Greenwood. Believe it or not, he was one of a dozen engineers, of which four were generals, who had likewise served and who were descended from the first engineer born in Canada, Michel Chartier de Lotbinière and his father-in-law, the chief engineer of New France, Gaspard-Joseph Chaussegros de Léry.

Éric-Henry's father was Colonel Henry Smith Greenwood of the Royal Corps of Engineers who was killed in 1916; I am still investigating the circumstances. He had married Mathilda-Florence Joly de Lotbinière, one of the four daughters of Sir Henri-Gustave Joly de Lotbinière, who was the only non-Catholic Premier of Quebec and the only Francophone Lieutenant-Governor of British Colombia. Two of his three sons were engineers as well as generals and his four daughters married engineers.

The eldest of the family, Julia-Joséph a, married George Boswell, the only one in the family who did not go to war in Europe because he was the Engineer-in-chief of the port of Quebec City. His son Hugh Brabaron served as engineer in the First World War and was a general in the Second World War.

The first, Edmond, was a lawyer and became the *Seigneur* of Lotbinière. Louisa-Maude died at a young age. Then came Alain-Chartier-de-Lotbinière Joly de Lotbinière. It seems strange that the Lotbinière name appears twice in his name but when he was baptized his family name was simply Joly. It was when his grand-mother the *seigneuresse* Julie-Christine Chartier de Lotbinière died that Sir Henri-Gustave had the family name changed by a private bill to become Joly de Lotbinière, so his son wound up with the Lotbinière name twice. He became Major-General and Chief Engineer of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (I ANZAC) at Gallipoli in 1915, at the Battle of the Somme in 1916, at Messina and Passchendaele in 1917 and at the Hundred Days Offensive in 1918. In the official history of Australia in the First World War (available on the Internet), he is identified as Alain C. de L. Joly de Lotbinière and the Joly name is used in the index as well as in several references.



Éric-Henry de Lotbinière Greenwood.
Photo: McGill University Archives, 0000-0481.04.54.

The next daughter, Margharetta-Anna, married a friend of her brother Alain, Herbert Colborne Nanton, who became the Engineer-in chief of the Indian Corps and participated, like Éric-Henry, in the First Battle of Ypres. Like Alain, he graduated from the Royal Military College in Kingston. In his case, I have proof that it was his family's friendship with Colonel Casimir Stanislaus Gzowski (one of the founders of the Military College) that led him to attend the College to become an engineer. I firmly suspect that the same applies to the two sons of Sir Henri-Gustave and those of Charles-Étienne Panet. The latter married Henriette-Cordélie de Lotbinière Harwood, another descendant of the King's Engineer via his son's other daughter Louise-Josephte Chartier de Lotbinière whose six sons became engineers of whom three were also generals. Yet, even more extraordinary is the fact that Gzowski, who was born in St. Petersburg in 1813, knew Engineer Gaspard-Roch-George Chaussegros de Léry, one of the grandsons of Gaspard-Joseph. I suspect that Gzowski chose the profession of engineer because he was encouraged to do so by Chaussegros de Léry, who lived in Grodno at Princess Czetvertinska's, like Count Gzowski, his father, who was a friend of the Princess's. After the transfer of the Indian Corps to Palestine, Nanton took the position of Engineer-in-chief of the XVth Corps, and eventually of the XVIIth Corps. He participated in various campaigns: the Somme, Arras, and the

Hundred Days Offensive, and was promoted to Brigadier-General.

Mathilda-Florence came next, and as we've already stated, she was the mother of Éric-Henry and Harold, who also became an engineer and, during the Second World War, a Brigadier-General. Éric-Henry probably had another brother who was an engineer according to the rolls of the Canadian Expeditionary Corps (CEF), but I haven't found him yet. He also had a son who served in the Royal Canadian Artillery during the Second World War.

The next child was Henri-Gustave, who followed his brother Alain to the Royal Military College and later became Brigadier-General and Engineer-in-chief of the VIIIth Corps. Unfortunately, he was under the command of one of the worst British generals, Lieutenant-General Aylmer Hunter-Weston. During the assault on the Somme, on July 1, 1916, he gave the order not to use the tunnels built by Henri-Gustave but to walk, not run, towards the German trenches, which he believed had been pulverised by the artillery. It was the VIIIth Corps which suffered most of the 57,000 British losses (20,000 deaths) on the first day of the offensive. Henri-Gustave then contributed to the construction of the tunnels in the Vimy sector, which were used with great efficiency by the Canadian Corps during its assault in April 1917.

Ethel-Blanche was the last child to survive into adulthood. The next three died in early childhood. Ethel-Blanche married engineer Dudley Akland Mills who was a captain in the Royal Engineers and died in 1938.

But to get back to Éric-Henry, he was born in Cornwall on November 28, 1892, and died in Dorval on June 6, 1977. On October 2, 1943, an article published in the *Montreal Gazette* related that Major Greenwood followed in the footsteps of almost all of the descendants of the King's Engineers by graduating with Honors from the engineering program at the Royal Military College in Kingston. Like his uncles, he had completed preparatory studies at Bishop's College School in Lennoxville. Then he did post-graduate work at the Military Engineering School in Chatham, UK.

Why this additional training, which might seem to be redundant? The four-year program at Kingston trained civil engineers, whereas the British system trained strictly military engineers in only two years. The Canadian civil engineer training proved to be most valuable under combat conditions during the First World War and the British did not hesitate to give the position of Engineer-in-chief with the rank of General to six Canadians out of the twenty positions available in the Empire. Three of the Canadians were descendants of the Engineer-in-chief of New France and his son-in-law and a fourth married a descendant of these same engineers.

In August 1914, Éric-Henry was in France with the British Expeditionary Force (BEF). One record states that he served in the 55th Engineering Company, which was attached to the First British Infantry Division of the First Army Corps. However, my research indicates that this 55th Company was attached to the 7th Division which only arrived in October and that it was the 23rd and 26th Companies that were attached to the First Division. At First, the BEF had one Cavalry Division and three Army Corps (i.e. the I, II, and III) with two Infantry divisions each. During the First battle of Ypres, the BEF had been augmented with the arrival of the IVth Corps (consisting of three divisions), the Indian Corps (with two divisions), and one naval division at Antwerp. The cavalry division was joined by one other division to form a Cavalry Corps.

Apparently, in August 1914, Éric-Henry was in one of the two companies of the First Division and would have been transferred to the 55th Company of the 7th Division in October. It was in December 1914, just after the First Battle of Ypres, that Éric-Henry was severely wounded and lost a leg. After rehabilitation in the United Kingdom, he was assigned to the War Office in the operations direction section. He was then engineering instructor both in the UK and France at the Second Army School until 1917. He then returned to Canada and served as adjutant at the Royal Military College until his retirement in 1924. (Do not confuse these two terms: *adjudant* applies to a Senior Non-Commissioned Officer whereas the *adjutant* is the officer in charge of the administration of a unit.) At the RMC he was nicknamed 'Hippo' and, as football coach, he was often seen hobbling along the sidelines with his wooden leg.

Back in civilian life, he was a real estate agent and was secretary of the Royal Montreal Golf Club. (Their Club House is now the Académie Sainte-Anne, formerly the Queen of Angels Academy.) Éric-Henry later worked at Dominion Steel and Coal Corporation.

During the Second World War, Major de Lotbinière Greenwood taught map-reading at McGill University to the Canadian Officer Training Corps (COTC). This was likely similar to the military engineer training that he had received at Chatham, enriched by the lessons learned during the First World War. In October 1943, he was promoted to s econd-in-command of the COTC contingent at McGill.

Today, several descendants of these two King's Engineers of New France are still alive and they deserve to be proud of the exploits of their family members.

Jean-Pierre Raymond *is a retired professional engineer, now a researcher and lecturer, who writes frequently for Héritage, the magazine of the Dorval Historical Society. He is past president of the society, and is currently its secretary. Louise Dineen, who translated this article, also sits on the DHS's board.*

55th Field Coy, Royal Engineers, 7th Division, BEF.
Photo: McGill University Archives, 0000-0481.04.2.

Higher Learning

Concordia: a next-generation university

by Tim Favot

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

Concordia University opened in 1974, although its story begins much earlier. The university was born out of the merger of two schools: Loyola College (founded in 1896) and Sir George Williams University (founded in 1926). Since it opened, Concordia has graduated approximately 175,000 alumni worldwide, and in the 2014-2015 academic year, had 46,378 students enrolled. The university operates from the two institutions' original locations and buildings within Montreal, plus buildings that have been erected post-merger. Concordia's Loyola campus is located in the west-end neighbourhood of Notre-Dame-de-Grâce, while the Sir George Williams campus is located in the downtown core.

Over the past few decades, Concordia has worked to improve its downtown campus, including the 2001 purchase of the historic Grey Nuns Motherhouse for $18 million and construction of the new John Molson School of Business building. The university also undertook Quartier Concordia, which was designed to create a green space around the Sir George Williams campus. Montreal is consistently ranked as the top city in Canada to be a student, but also ranks eighth in the world. This is an honour that Concordia holds in high regard.

The John Molson School of Business building, built 2009. Photo: Tim Favot.

Bram Freedman has been the university's Vice-President of External Relations and Secretary-General since 2008. Prior to his appointment, he was the Chief Operating Officer and Director of External Relations at Federation CJA, and he has actively volunteered for organizations such as CLSC Métro, Jewish Family Services, Jewish Eldercare Centre and the Reconstructionist Synagogue of Montreal.

What is your role within the administration?

I am the Vice-President, Advancement and External Relations. This means that I am responsible for fundraising, alumni relations and external relations at Concordia. In the past, I have overseen our government relations functions, as well. I have sat on the senior management team of Concordia for the last seven and a half years.

Of the English universities in Quebec, Concordia is unique in terms of its founding and history. Does this serve as an advantage, disadvantage, or both, and how so?

Each university is unique in its own way and has its own origins and history that continue to shape its current existence. In Concordia's case, we are the result of the merger of two distinct backgrounds: the Jesuit, classical education offered by Loyola College since the 1890s, and the hands-on, night school approach of Sir George Williams College/University, which originated within the YMCA movement. Those traditions came together in 1974 to form the modern Concordia.

To this day, those two founding traditions run through the DNA of Concordia. We offer our 46,000 students excellent education and research opportunities while continuing to provide opportunities to first-generation and non-traditional students and remaining firmly committed to being engaged with the community around us. We feel that this history serves as a distinct advantage. We call ourselves a next-generation university: cool, urban, bold and engaged. We are not stuffy and ivory tower, but rather try to be a part of the city, province, country and world around us.

How has Concordia fit into the Quebec university system? Have Bishop's and McGill had an influence on Concordia's direction as an institution?

To a certain extent, all universities keep an eye on what their sister universities are up to, so there may be some influence that we have on each other. That said, each university has its own distinct mission and role within the Quebec university system. We see Concordia's role as being the accessible, big city, urban university, open to the public, to new and bold ideas, and as providing a great opportunity for students to mix and meet people from over 150 countries and cultures. We are not overly pre-occupied with what the other universities are doing. We want to be the best possible Concordia that we can be, period. We are not

competing with Bishop's or with McGill. We feel that we are all complementary to one another.

What is the profile of the students at Concordia? What percentage of students come from Quebec, from elsewhere in Canada, from the rest of the world? What percentage are native French-speakers versus native English-speakers? How has this changed over the years?

75% of our students are Quebec residents; 9.2% are from elsewhere in Canada; and 15.8% are international students. In terms of mother tongue, 49% speak English; 24%, French; and 27%, other languages. That said, many of our students speak more than one language. These numbers have remained relatively stable over the last decade.

Have the "language laws" in Montreal affected Concordia? If so, how and do you think they will continue to affect the institution in the future?

I would say that the language rules have had little effect. The only challenge that we do sometimes face relates to attracting new faculty members and staff members from outside of Quebec or Canada, and the fact that they may need to send their children to French schools. For many, this is an adventure, but for others, it can be seen as a challenge. Montreal is a unique city with so much to offer in terms of culture, quality of life and the diversity of cultures that we promote those aspects of moving here.

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

That is a very political question, of course. As we all know, there were major protests in the spring of 2012 against a rise in tuition fees, although those protests morphed into much more than that. Universities in Quebec are still feeling the impact of the aftermath of those protests, in terms of applications from Canadian students from outside of Quebec. The sometimes violent nature of the protests with riot police and tear gas in the streets are images that linger in people's minds. The Quebec government has tied the tuition rates to the rate of inflation so there are, at least, some modest increases each year. The reality is that the costs of providing education rise each year (salaries, utilities, and so on), and we have to find a way for everyone to pay their fair share of the total.

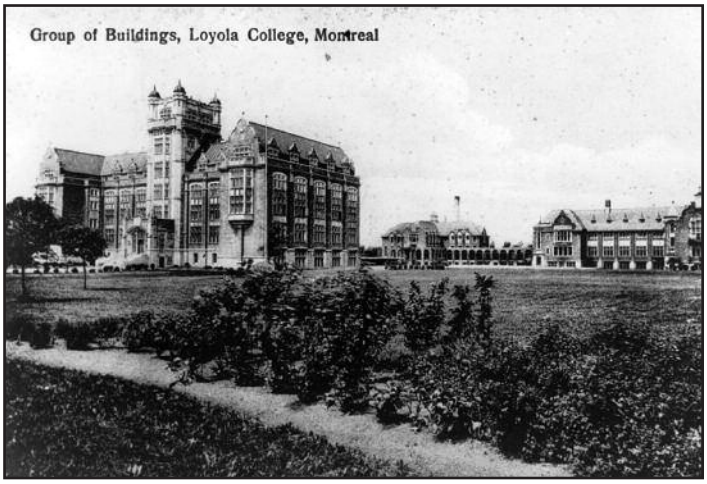
Over the past few decades, Concordia has made major strides to develop as an institution. Could you comment on the direction the university has taken?

Concordia has made remarkable advances in the last two decades. We have had significant growth in terms of students, professors, our research profile and our place in Quebec society. We now number 46,000 students and 6,000 faculty and staff, and occupy over 60 buildings. We generate over $1.6 billion a year in economic impact for Montreal and Quebec, and our research funding received annually is approaching $50 million. I often like to say that Concordia is the size of a mid-sized Canadian city: over 50,000 people with an operating budget of over $500 million per year.

We are a next-generation university, looking forward. Our nine new strategic directions encapsulate our aspirations: double our research, teach for tomorrow, get your hands dirty, mix it up, experiment boldly, grow smartly, embrace the city/embrace the world, go beyond, and take pride.

Concordia's development included the purchase of the Grey Nuns Motherhouse. What is the historic significance of this building, and what are Concordia's plans for it?

Nearly 150 years ago, the Sisters of Charity began construction of the Motherhouse of the Grey Nuns of Montreal. Acquired by Concordia, this landmark has a new purpose, all the while preserving its outstanding heritage. This great symbol of Quebec culture has become a site where history meets inspiration and creativity. Its distinctive architecture and embellishments complement a contemporary, innovative vision. Restoration work has been imperative to ensuring that the beauty of this edifice, parts of which date back more than 140 years, is maintained for future generations. As a custodian of this legacy, Concordia has preserved the building while repurposing the spaces for university use. Our renovations and restorations have allowed for almost 600 residence beds to help meet the need for quality student housing downtown. The magnificent chapel space has been transformed into a quiet reading room for up to 240 students, another pressing need for our community.



Can you tell us a bit about the Quartier Concordia? Did the community embrace this project, and what role did they play?

On the surface, Quartier Concordia is a four-square-kilometre

Top: Bram Freedman. Photo: courtesy of Concordia University.

Bottom: Loyola College, 1926. Photo: McCord Museum: MP-1988.52.10.

neighbourhood in the heart of downtown Montreal and home to Concordia's downtown campus. Look a little deeper and it's another story. Quartier Concordia is a place where ground-breaking research stems from a free exchange of ideas. It's also a neighbourhood full of diversity and life where the colours of our shared environment shine brightly. Cafés and restaurants, green spaces, extraordinary architecture, an active 24/7 vitality – it's all here. A $400-million project that's progressing on-time and on-budget, Concordia has become a key contributor to revitalizing this section of downtown Montreal.

We're working closely with the city administration, local businesses, organizations and schools to breathe new life into our community. One of Concordia's priorities is a pledge of progressive environmental stewardship, because there's an inextricable link between the histories of this exciting city and Concordia. The Quartier Concordia project is aimed at strengthening this link and creating a quality of life that is unparalleled. It's not only about a commitment to improve our environment but also about making our community better.

Through an ongoing series of meetings, discussions, town halls and interactions with both the Concordia community, as well as the surrounding neighbourhood groups, a consensus has emerged as to the role and place of Quartier Concordia. Concordia is truly an integral part of downtown Montreal.

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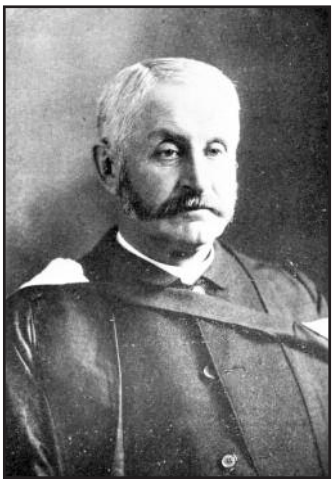
Theology for Soldiers

Elson Rexford and Khaki University

by Serge Wagner

Many Bolton citizens supported the First World War. A few enlisted; others sustained the soldiers in various ways. Among them was Elson Irving Rexford (1850-1936), an educational pioneer who made a remarkable contribution to an extraordinary educational experience that is now largely forgotten.

Elson's paternal grandfather built a farm in 1832 at the crossroads of a small hamlet, South Bolton, called Holland Mills at the time and later renamed Rexford Corner. Elson's parents were deeply religious and welcomed travelling missionaries – including those of the Anglican Church of England. In 1860, an Anglican missionary, Rev. John Godden, built Holy Trinity, the first church in the hamlet, on a piece of land bought from the Rexfords. The neighbours vehemently opposed the Anglican Church, and they criticized the Rexfords for selling the land and for joining the Anglicans. As such, young Elson Rexford learned about diplomacy from his parents in the strained relations between the Anglican Church and the other Protestant denominations.



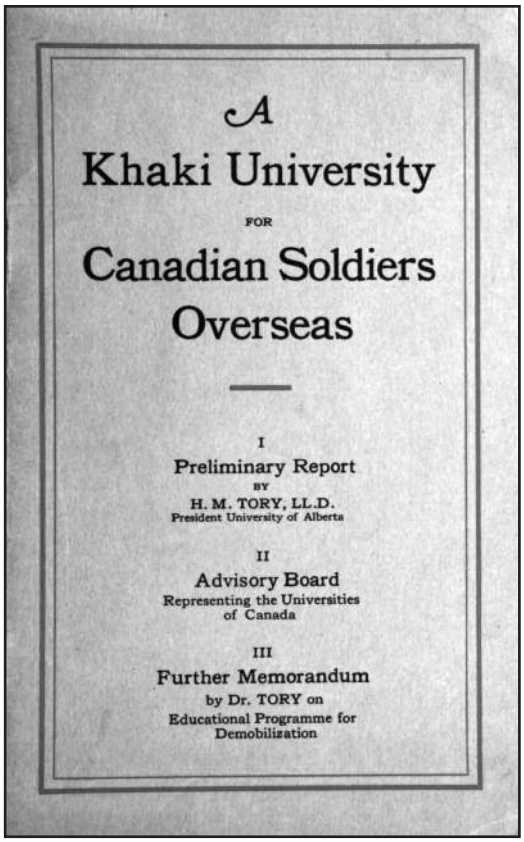
At 16, Elson Rexford studied at McGill University, where he became a teacher and later an Anglican priest. In 1891, he was designated Rector of the High School of Montreal. Then, in 1904, he was appointed Principal of the Montreal Diocesan Theological College, which trained Anglican ministers.

When World War I broke out, Reverend Rexford, at 64, was too old to participate, but he fervently supported the King, who was head of both the British Empire and the Anglican Church. Furthermore, the Reverend's three sons took part in the War. During this period, Rev. Rexford – in partnership with three other Montreal theological colleges and in conjunction with McGill University – helped establish one of the first ecumenical theological education curriculums in the world. It was thus not surprising that in 1918, the Canadian Army asked Rexford to establish an academic Theology Program. This responded to the need expressed by its soldiers for religious training – likely a result of the trauma experienced in the trenches by tens of thousands of them.

Top: McConnell Building, Concordia.
Photo: http://travel.webshots.com/photo/2210470610077880262UHXUjs.

Bottom: Rev. Elson I. Rexford. Photo: courtesy of Serge Wagner.

The request was part of a wider Canadian training project for soldiers stationed in Europe in the last two years of the Great War. The educational project was initiated, in 1917, by Dr. Henry Marshall Tory (1864-1947) and Colonel Gerald Birks (1894-1991), supervisor of the YMCA Canadian Overseas. With the support of the YMCA, the Canadian Army created Khaki University to offer quality education to the thousands of soldiers in the process of demobilization and awaiting repatriation to Canada.


A
Khaki University
FOR
Canadian Soldiers
Overseas

I
Preliminary Report
BY
H. M. TORY, LL.D.
President University of Alberta

II
Advisory Board
Representing the Universities
of Canada

III
Further Memorandum
by Dr. TORY on
Educational Programme for
Demobilization

Khaki University soon became a considerable educational institution where 50,000 soldiers attended courses in subjects like literacy, agriculture, mechanics, business education, and physical education. It also included university level courses, which were followed by 1,000 soldiers.

The Theology Program was created quickly. By November 1918, Rexford and two other Canadian teachers went to Ripon, England, the university's main academic campus. In January 1919, Dean Rexford established the Faculty of Theology with some Canadian professors, and renowned British scholars and clergymen. Courses began in February 1919. In total, there were more than 130 soldier-students: 71 full-time and 60 part-time. The program was intensive, and, in five months' time, 62 soldiers passed the equivalent of one school year.

Exhausted, Reverend Rexford declared that he had never encountered similar difficulties, adding, however, that difficulties did not arise from the soldier-students who were exceptionally motivated, even more than when they enlisted in the army. Tellingly, a young trained soldier-scholar, Harold F. Sanders, a young man of 25, expressed the effects of this ecumenical education:

> We realized how shamefully we had been divided by unnatural prejudices, dwarfed in the mould of sectarianism and that the lesson to be learned in those months of unity was that co-operation was not only a possible ideal, but a necessity of the spirit…. The work done in the class rooms… was delightfully fresh and inquisitive. The professors were men of sound scholarship, who appreciated the unique opportunity of guiding the investigations of students… and who responded to the eager criticism of the students with delightful patience and understanding… But more than all they contributed to the brotherly spirit of the whole college and, in turn, received a lasting inspiration from the fellowship.

Though modest compared to the overall Khaki University's activities, the Theology Program was a true accomplishment. And when Dean Rexford returned to Canada, the spectacular success of his educational blitz certainly contributed to his appointment in September 1919 as a member of the Protestant Committee of Quebec's Council of Public Instruction, of which he eventually became President.

Yet, Elson Rexford never forgot that he had first learned to "live together" during his childhood in East Bolton. And he eventually pushed for a major reform of the Protestant rural schools in Quebec.

***Serge Wagner** is a member of Patrimoine Bolton Heritage.*

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Photo: courtesy of Serge Wagner.

The Ukrainians of Val David

Part I

by Joseph Graham

Before the First World War, the country we know as Ukraine was occupied on the east by the Russian Empire and on the west by the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The borders of these empires were hotly contested and this led to the war that ultimately ended both.

Maria Varebok grew up in Nikolayev, not far from the Dniester River in Ukraine, then a part of the Russian Empire. Her family, Ukrainian Orthodox Christians, had no status. She was not a Pole, the landowners in Ukraine from an earlier invasion, nor a German, the skilled labourers and tradesmen, nor a Russian, the ruling class. She lived about a hundred kilometres east of Dnepropetrovsk, an important city on the Dnipro River, which runs to the Black Sea. Her prospects were those of the peasantry, working the land but not being entitled to its produce. A survivor of smallpox, she also survived a bold attack in the fields one day when horsemen charged through swinging their swords. While she was spared, she watched as one of the riders killed her childhood friend. Proof of the adage 'What doesn't kill you makes you strong,' Maria was blunt and stubborn. She asked why their Ukrainian Orthodox priest was eating lamb during Lent. When told that he had to keep himself strong to look after his flock, she responded that his flock, peasants working from dawn to dusk in the fields, had no meat. Thereafter she refused to go back into his church.

Still an adolescent, Maria decided to travel to seek her future elsewhere. She learned about a Canadian immigrant recruiting programme and applied. She convinced her father to front her the money, arguing that she could work in Canada and make enough to acquire a second sewing machine for their village. Her elder sister owned the only one. She felt she had nothing to lose and, at sixteen, when she was accepted, no-one else in her family had the courage to emigrate with her. She left for Canada on her own.

The train took her to Hamburg, Germany, and from there she travelled via steamer to Halifax and then on to Montreal. Did she leave with dreams of reuniting her family some day? She did manage to stay in touch. Arriving in Canada early in 1914, she was not a war refugee nor an immigrant who might be considered as needing special handling. She was on her own, but a community organizer helped her find work as a dishwasher and she found lodging, sleeping on a wooden pallet covered in mattresses and shared with six other women. It must have seemed like the fire after the frying pan of home, but she refused to be fazed.

Andrey Yaruschevsky, c.1935. Photo: courtesy of Greg Yarrow.

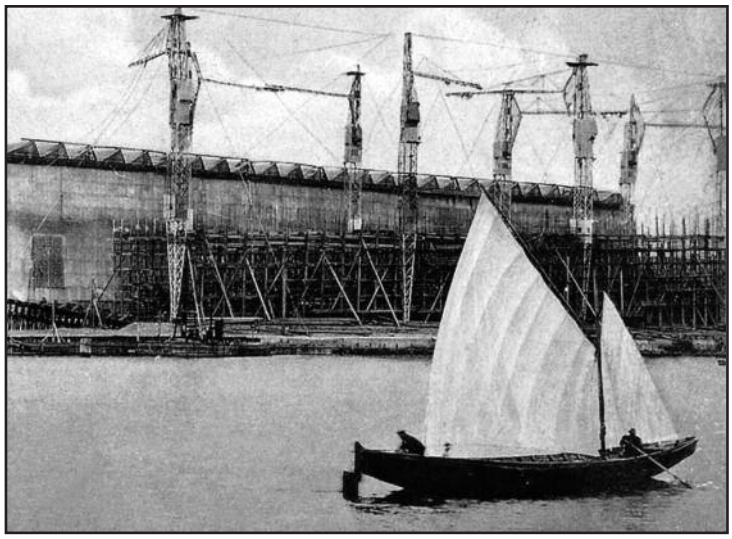
Unknown to Maria at the time, a young Ukrainian named Adrian Yarushevsky was facing conscription into the Czar's army. His father, the mayor of Stara Ushytsya, on the Dniester River, could not help him. Adrian was just finishing high school. There was no question of patriotism; he would be cannon fodder if he joined. The Czar's army was notoriously under-equipped. He left home under much different circumstances from those of Maria, swimming across the broad Dniester River and making it into Romania. There was no Canadian immigration recruiter waiting for him on the far shore, but he had heard of Montreal through his brother-in-law.

Canadian authorities had been soliciting Ukrainians to homestead the Prairies on the mistaken assumption that they all came from the steppe-lands of central Ukraine, a similar geography, and would know how to deal with our Prairie farm life. The farmers of western Ukraine were a generation removed from serfdom and the land they worked was like that of southern Ontario. In fact, Maria said that she had never seen rocks bigger than her fist until she came to Canada. As a Ukrainian, Adrian benefited from this Canadian assumption and was accepted as an immigrant. He made it as far as Montreal in the early part of 1914, finding work for himself on the streets, pushing a food cart selling hot dogs. When the war broke out later that year, he was grateful that Canadian immigration ignored an extradition order that had arrived from the Czar.

We don't know how Maria and Adrian met, or much about those early days, except that she called him Andrey and that soon everyone did. They were happy and had many children, living in a third-floor apartment in the immigrant ghetto, between St. Laurent and St. Denis streets, but their lives in Montreal would always carry the weight of a tragedy. At two years old, their first-born son fell to his death from a window of their flat. They had five children who survived to adulthood, all born in Montreal, but, perhaps partially because of their loss, there was something missing. Space, nature, room for the growing family. Some greater security, some greater autonomy. Andrey had also developed a respiratory problem and the

doctor was encouraging him to leave the city.

The Leesinskys, another Ukrainian family, were already farming up in Val David, and, in 1925, they offered to share their farm with the Yarushevskys. It was an opportunity, and Andrey and Maria did not miss it. Moving onto a subsistence farm in the bush sounds more romantic than realistic, but Andrey and Maria knew how to work and how to turn what someone else might dismiss as a romantic notion into a viable reality. Andrey had proven his resilience a few years earlier when the street food business disappeared and he proceeded to reinvent himself as a photographer; the family is still mystified at how he managed this. And now, this son of the mayor of Stara Ushytsya in Eastern Europe, having fled home right after high school, had to reinvent himself again, this time as a subsistence farmer in rural, Catholic, French Canada. In 1925, they arrived in Val David, Maria and Andrey with five children in tow, all under ten.



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Canada in the 1920s was a bustling ethnic mix full of hope and dreams that would contribute to our cultural and economic growth. There was no reason for the Yarushevskys to imagine anything less than a warm welcome wherever they turned. They moved to Val David to live among the *Canadiens,* who are probably the most fun-loving and adventurous people in North America. They had been the Voyageurs, those mythical men who travelled the continent in canoes, sleeping under the sky and trading with First Nations. They had intermarried with people who were already here, easily accommodating each other. They had built an embracing culture, an exciting people to get to know. There was only one problem: the Catholic Church, like some magical power, had cast a spell on them in the 1840s. After the Rebellion of 1837, when the *Canadien* intellectual elite lost its influence, the Catholic Church filled the vacuum, beginning the *Grand Noirceur*, that long period during which the Church put French Canada to sleep. It lasted 120 years, and it closed doors to the Yarushevskys and many other immigrants, even French-speaking, non-Catholic ones. When the Yarushevskys knocked on the door of the local school thinking of their children's future, the door was locked. The school was for Catholics only, and there was a 'religious' person telling them that.

To be fair to the Church, it supplied most of the health and social services, birth and death records, cemeteries and schooling. It paid for these things through collections from its parishioners. It wasn't about to give a free ride to anyone, but the downside of its thinking was

Top: Nikolayev, from Ukraine in Old Postcards.

Bottom: The Yaruschevsky clan: (standing) Nina, George, Mary, Alexei, (sitting) Andrey, Maria, Lena, (insert) baby Vanka. Photo: courtesy of Greg Yarrow.

that if you weren't Catholic, you were forced to join the Protestant communities and become Anglicized – even if you spoke French at home.

None of this was on the minds of Maria and Andrey when they realized they would have to find a different solution for their children's education. Maria had rejected the Orthodox Ukrainian Church before she even left home, and they had not looked for a church to attend in the Laurentians. They had not had any real trouble with their Roman Catholic neighbours, but then again, being a virtual subsistence farmer busy with five young children and all your chores, you don't see your neighbours too much.

It's just that there was a school right there, where all the neighbouring children went every morning.

There was an English Protestant school in nearby St. Agathe, and the door there was open. In fact, it probably wouldn't have had sufficient numbers to stay open if it hadn't accepted immigrants – from wherever. In their eyes, everyone was an immigrant. Even French Catholics were accepted, and those who came rapidly learned English.

In the meantime, the children would have to get all the way to St. Agathe every day. There were more than the Yarushevskeys now, more children that had to go to the Protestant school. The parents got together and found an old railroad caboose from the CPR, stripped it down and put wheels or runners under it, depending on the season. With horses hitched to it and a small woodstove going in cold weather, Baba Maria brought the children up the old Route 11, along the river, past the huge Préfontaine mill and on up the hill through St. Agathe to the English school and the caring hands of their teachers.

The three oldest of the Yarushevskys, Lena, Mary and Nina, began school, each in her turn. George and Alexei followed. School was fine, but they were growing up to become very different from the *Canadiens* around them. Their parents and the Leesinskys were adults when they arrived in the neighbourhood and it was expected that they would be different. At least they could be told apart. They called Andrey *le Russe Blond* and Leesinsky *le Russe Noir*. But the five little Russe Blanc children were doing everything in a different language, and it was bound to cause some problems. The girls, daughters of Maria, did not accept to be pushed around, and sassed their way in, ultimately learning French, but for the boys it wasn't that easy.

Of course, the *Canadien* spirit was still there, in spite of the Church's edicts; you could find it in places like the hockey rink. The rejection of the Yarushevsky children was something that the boys worked to solve for themselves by joining the local hockey league, with George on defence and Alexei in goal. Thanks to the sport, and the boys' willingness to put on skates, their relationships with the French-speaking neighbours were somewhat smoothed over, but the Yarushevskys were still different; they were English Quebecers even though they were fluently bilingual.

But all that was all before the Second World War…

This article and its sequel were adapted from a series first published in Main Street*, spring 2015.*

Special thanks to Gregory Yarrow, Brigitte Voss, Jay Voss and Peter Leesinsky for their help and the reminiscences they provided.

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Joseph Graham *(joseph@ballyhoo.ca) is the author of* Naming the Laurentians: A History of Place Names Up North *and a forthcoming book on the history of the Laurentians.*

Intensive Volunteers

Westmount women and the war effort

by Doreen Lindsay

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

I met Marigold Hyde, Sarah Stevenson, and Gwen Harris in Sarah's comfortably furnished bright sunny apartment in Westmount, on October 2, 2015, to talk about their volunteer experiences living in Westmount during the Second World War. All three women had attended The Study, a popular private girls' school, and have remained friends since graduation. In reminiscing about their volunteering days I realized that they shared many experiences. Volunteering was a way of life for them.

Marigold explained how she and her mother developed a "News from Home" newsletter for the men who were overseas. They cut out and glued articles from the local newspapers about hockey teams, marriages and deaths, and what was playing at Her Majesty's Theatre in Montreal. Marigold mailed these newsletters to her brother who was serving overseas, and he would pass them around to his friends.

Marigold also remembered that her mother, Mrs. Savage, took in one child who came to Canada from England to escape the bombing. Local Westmount schools took in 159 evacuee children. Some were alone without siblings or parents and were lonely. Others made friends for life.

All three women remembered that, as students at The Study, they bought war saving stamps and war bonds, among other things. Everyone saved elastic bands, buttons, silver paper from cigarettes and candy wrappers and metal foil from toothpaste tubes. Even the wrought iron fence around Argyle School on Côte St. Antoine Road was gathered for scrap to be recycled and reused. The local *Westmount Examiner* newspaper of April 10, 1942, announced that the newly formed Westmount Women's Salvage Committee had opened their headquarters on Green Avenue. They zoned off the city into four sections to conduct interviews with householders concerning salvage, and they arranged for the City to pick up salvage from apartment houses.

Barbara Whitley, another Westmounter, who is a friend of these three women, and known for her energetic volunteerism over the years, lives a few blocks away on the other side of Westmount Park. She graduated from McGill University in the class of 1940: "the first class that graduated into a war," she declares. Barbara remembers marching on Sherbrooke Street once a month to draw attention to the war. She was secretary of the Blood Donor Clinic on Bishop Street. Barbara and other women who volunteered there would drive the blood up to the University of Montreal where it was frozen so that it could be sent overseas for the wounded.

Barbara really wanted to join the Navy, but found her calling when she joined a Troop Show and started to entertain at Training Centres. Some professional actors would come from Her Majesty's Theatre on Guy Street. Barbara developed a lively skit pretending to talk on the telephone with men answering her back. She has repeated this skit many times to applauding audiences.

The Junior League was run by women for women. Sarah was 19 when she joined the Junior League. Marigold and other friends joined about the same time. It was created in 1912 in New York, and operated out of the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Montreal. During the war years, as well as operating a second-hand clothing shop, volunteers worked with the Red Cross to contribute to the war effort. Women rolled bandages, sewed garments, and knit wool socks that were sent to Canadian soldiers. They met in each other's homes and organized bazaars in Victoria Hall, the Westmount Cultural Centre.

Women could not buy nylon stockings because nylon was needed to make parachutes. Instead, they would draw a line up the middle of the back of their legs with an eyebrow pencil so it mimicked the seam in real nylon stockings. When sewing their own clothes, they made skirts short because material was limited.

Butter, meat, sugar and tea and coffee as well as gasoline were rationed. People felt patriotic when they used stamps. While looking through the local newspapers from 1939 to 1945, I found an announcement for the rationing of tea and coffee in the August 6, 1942, edition

Marigold Hyde, Sarah Stevenson, Gwen Harris. Photo: Doreen Lindsay.

of the *Westmount Examiner*. Two ration books with coupons and one gasoline ration booklet with one coupon still intact were given to the Westmount Historical Association years ago.

While searching our archives, I found a typed sheet entitled "Home Nursing – Nutrition," dated October 1939. It explained the nutritional value of food: iron, calcium, and vitamins A, B, C, and D. Iron, it explained, was especially important in the diets of children and convalescents, and in pregnancy. When iron is insufficient a condition called anemia may result. It went on to point out that foods high in iron are liver, kidney, beef, fresh fruit, especially peaches and apricots, dried fruits, prunes, raisins, apricots, green vegetables, egg yolk, and molasses.

The January 22, 1942 issue, of the *Examiner* announced "Lecture Courses on Food Open for Health in War," which would be held on three consecutive Wednesdays (January 28, February 4 and 11) in Westmount Intermediate School on Academy Road. The lectures were intended for "every woman who runs a home so that she can help in one of the country's most vital war services – keeping the health of the nation high."

The Diggers and Weeders Garden Club of Montreal had been founded in 1932.

Sarah Stevenson was President of the Diggers and Weeders from 1974 to 1976, but did not join until after she was married. She learned that the club undertook various projects in the community such as sending seeds to Britain for Victory Gardens during World War II and providing perennials from their own gardens to the one at Grace Dart Hospital in the east end of Montreal.

From the booklet that the club produced in 2008, I learned that their most important project was undertaken in 1953 at the Queen Mary Veteran's Hospital in Montreal where a garden was designed and planted. Sarah writes in this 75th anniversary booklet how her friend Rose Dunsmore "designed the garden by tying blue wool around stakes to lay out the garden pathways." Volunteers from the club weeded and arranged flowers to decorate the wards and chapels. Miriam Tees, also a Study graduate and energetic volunteer, was president of the Diggers and Weeders twice: once from 1936 to 1938 and later in

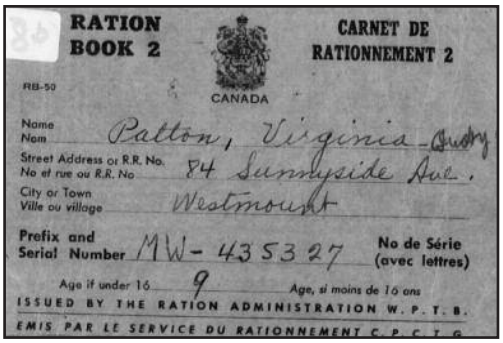
1996 -1997. She remembers her mother going every Friday to weed.

After five years the club transferred custody of the garden over to the hospital, and asked Veterans' Affairs to continue the garden for the good of the sick. "If you take flowers to the sick, you perform a kindness and pleasure, but if you teach that sick person to grow a beautiful flower or tree or shrub himself, then you are helping to heal a sick body and mind, and that is "Garden Therapy."

Club volunteers also planted and tended flower boxes at the Royal Edward Laurentian Hospital (now the Montreal Chest Institute) and the Montreal General Hospital. They planted a garden at Château Ramezay in Old Montreal.

In the 1960s, they continued their work by planting a garden at St. Margaret's Home on the corner of Sherbrooke Street and St. Laurent Boulevard, bringing shrubs and perennials from their own gardens. The home was owned by the Sisters of St. Margaret, an order of Anglican nuns. Two members of the club supplied soil and compost. Others continued to plant and look after this garden until St. Margaret's Home moved to Hillside Avenue in Westmount in 1990.

"Westmount women were leaders in the intensive volunteer effort at both the local and the national levels," writes historian Aline Gubbay in *A View of their Own*. "Mrs. Sam Bronfman, a long-time volunteer worker who had been active in community projects from the age of eighteen, established a branch of the Jewish Red Cross in Montreal: 'During the war…there were thousands of women who wanted to participate in some way. They wanted to knit and sew for the servicemen and also to offer them hospitality and help their families. I was on the Red Cross premises five days a week, all day long. We had over six hundred people to co-ordinate and supervise.' Mrs. Alexander Hutchison was another very remarkable volunteer. While actively involved in a wide variety of community concerns she served on the War Finance Committee promoting the sale of Victory Bonds."



The first meeting of the Westmount Soldier's Wives League was held on a Wednesday morning in November of 1914 in Victoria Hall. Mrs. William Rutherford chaired the meeting and it was decided to meet every Wednesday morning at 10:30 a.m. Groups of volunteers formed to sew and knit for the Westmount Rifles regiment. The League continued into the Second World War. Marigold recalled that her mother, Mrs. Savage, volunteered at H.M.C.S. Donnacona on Drummond Street, at St. Anne's Military Hospital in St. Anne de Bellevue, and at Queen Mary Veterans' Hospital on Queen Mary Road. Some of the women would make a sewing kit called a "Housewife" that a soldier could carry around with him to sew on buttons or mend socks.

Toward the end of the war, the women in Westmount would meet the soldiers who were returning from overseas at Westmount Railway Station and drive them to the Veterans Hospital on Queen Mary Road. This was the very same station where they had waved their husbands, boyfriends and brothers good-by as they set off to fight at the beginning of the war.

***Doreen Lindsay** is past president of the Westmount Historical Association.*

Ration stamps and ration book.
Photos: courtesy of the Westmount Historical Association.

Reviews

Beyond Balmoralty

Driv'n by Fortune: The Scots' March to Modernity in America, 1745-1812
Sam Allison
Dundurn, Toronto, 2015

The past is always interpreted by the present. This is inescapable, no matter how objective and well researched the historical writer attempts to be. In many cases, the historical writer starts with a particular, and often personal, thesis and proceeds to demonstrate his or her perceived truth about times, societies and individuals in a world now lost to us, even though we are its heirs. In Sam Allison's very readable history, *Driv'n by Fortune: the Scots' March to Modernity in America, 1745-1812*, many of us are this particular past's actual direct heirs.

Here we find the first large group of Canada's many Scots settlers and emigrants, the 78th Fraser Highlanders Regiment, who fought under Wolfe at Louisbourg and Quebec and won an enormous North American empire for Britain by 1760. These Highland soldiers, many of whom were rehabilitated Jacobites, were later settled directly with land grants, or after returning to Scotland, came back with their families to settle. Land was free for veterans and cheap for non-military Scots who also came to British North America after the Seven Years' War. The plan of settling retired military personnel on conquered territory is as old as Rome. The legions were implanted in Gaul and Britannia as Roman colonies, much as France and England later planted their retired soldiers in Canada in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

The Frasers came from a long tradition of Highland mercenary soldiers who had been fighting abroad since the Middle Ages. Highland culture had always been militaristic, with interclan warfare since before the Viking age. The challenging terrain of the Scottish Highlands could not support a large population. Sending these "surplus sons" off to fight provided much appreciated cash – real money – to a mainly subsistence economy. Highlanders fought for anyone who would pay them. They served on both sides of many European battles, often meeting relatives on the opposite side of the battlefield. Modern notions of patriotism didn't figure until the early nineteenth century. The Highlander's loyalty was to his clan chief, or whomever filled that position, be it a French king or a Polish prince. This was a very different culture from ours, and Sam Allison explains and illustrates this pre-Battle of Quebec history very clearly.

Like this mercenary past, other romanticized myths about the Scots are shown for the mostly literary devices, and somewhat convoluted propaganda for Empire, that they were. The novels of Sir Walter Scott receive a thorough drubbing as does the Victorian mania for tartans and other superficial trappings of Celtic life. There are "stage Scots" much like "stage Irish" still among us doing dress-up and drinking toasts often in a language not many understand. Allison's later chapters, which deal with the legacies (both good ones and a few that were cringe-making) of these Canadian Scots settlers, are in some ways the strongest part of his book.

The lives and careers of individual Fraser Highlanders are traced, such as Colonel Simon Fraser, who after serving through the American Revolution (all these soldiers proved to be Loyalists) ended up as Major General Fraser. Another was Captain (later, Lieutenant-Colonel) John Nairne, who after retirement from the military was active in upgrading local agriculture in Canada. So many of these retired veterans were instrumental in starting industries and modernizing the economy. Canada's strong banking system is owed to these Scots who invented branch banking.

The only difficulty – noted by Allison, as well as by anyone who attempts to research either genealogy or history – is the unavoidable confusion of Highland names. There are, for example, at least eight Simon Frasers and several John MacDonalds. The same families kept the same male first names for generations. The reader is often puzzled as to whether, say, Allan Stewart is himself or his grandfather. Furthermore, no-one was as fussy about spelling as we are now. In reality, this problem was handled by giving nicknames: for example, we'd have a Big John, a Little John, Red John, and a Black John. This society wasn't politically correct about using physical characteristics – height, hair colour – to differentiate.

The illustrations and maps are very well done, especially the maps of battles. There is an extensive bibliography and index, and excellent notes for every chapter. Descriptions of clothing and armaments are particularly good. Allison was a career high school history teacher and his writing has a definite individual voice. He was that teacher that we had if we were lucky, as he does bring history alive, even in print. There are, of course, some debatable opinions here: he certainly wasn't impressed with the American revolutionaries, who did have their downside (some were slave owners, for one thing), but the Loyalists also had people of mixed motives among them.

The impact of the Highland Scots settlement in Canada can hardly be measured. The modern thinking and inventions of the Scottish Enlightenment of the late eighteenth century led to the development of the lumber industry, banking, steamboats, further exploration and surveying of new territories and increased emphasis on education – McGill University was a prime example, but there were many other institutions. Most important, the Scots, for their time and place, were comparatively not class-conscious, more open to be inclusive, politically and socially, of the French-speaking inhabitants, and remarkably devoid of many of the prejudices of the time against Jews, other Europeans and aboriginals. They were generally anti-slavery and even had organized Black regiments to fight for Britain in the Seven Years War. They were from an ancient society, and many spoke a marginal Gaelic language that was dwindling even then. But they were at the forefront of creating the modern world and they set the tone for the Canada to come.

–Reviewed by Sandra Stock

Photo: http://www.78thfraserottawa.ca.

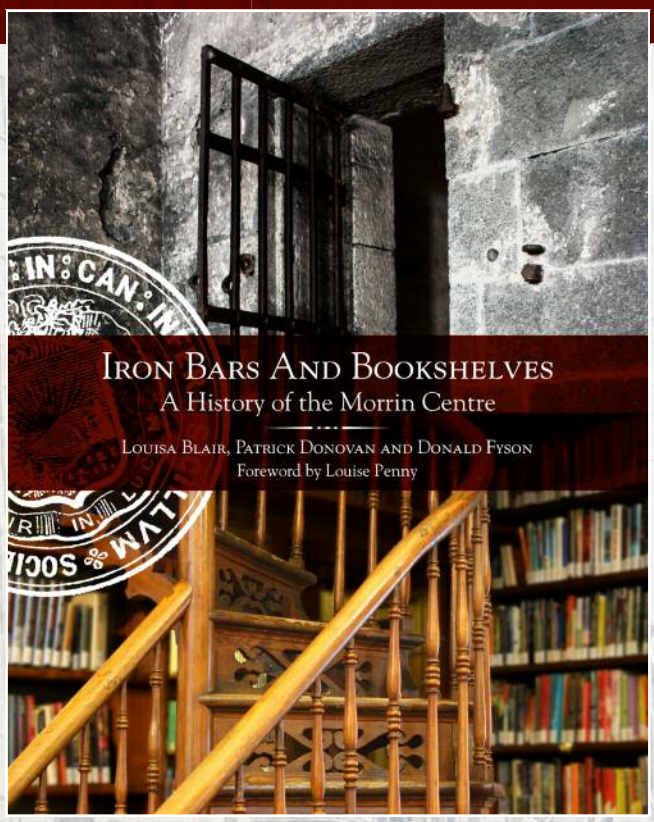
UNCOVERING QUEBEC CITY'S TUMULTUOUS HISTORY

Iron Bars And Bookshelves

A History of the Morrin Centre

Louisa Blair, Patrick Donovan and Donald Fyson

Foreword by Louise Penny



The Morrin Centre is at the heart of Quebec City's history. It once housed Quebec's common jail, the Presbyterian-run Morrin College, and the activities of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. Today, it is home to the city's main English-language cultural centre and library.

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