Montreal's Legendary Record Stores of the 1970s and 80s

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Quebec Heritage News

Vol 11, No. 4 Fall 2017

Two Countries Celebrate Canadian Identity

Montreal West and Westmount

Good King Billy's Canadian Followers

A Different Take on the Orange Order in the Outaouais

Young Karshes and Gallants

QAHN's Heritage Photo and Heritage Essay Contests

Quebec Heritage News

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Cover photo: Phantasmagoria, c.1979.
Photo: Kirk Bennett.

EDITOR's DESK

Fighting Plaque

by Rod MacLeod

I was rather sorry to hear recently that the Bay had forcibly removed the plaque marking the former home of Jefferson Davis, ex-president of the Confederate States, from the side of its downtown Montreal store. I remember fondly a cold January afternoon many years ago when Kevin O'Donnell (who is also an ex-president, albeit of QAHN) and I strolled over to Union Avenue to check out the plaque he had told me about. I was familiar with Davis' exploits in Montreal, but I had not realized that they had been commemorated in this way. The plaque struck me as a bizarre bit of awkward history, along the same lines as the painting of Mussolini in the Madonna della Difesa church: vaguely embarrassing but part of our heritage.

I was a good deal less sorry after reading the discussion around the plaque's removal.

Which came in the wake of a similar controversy surrounding another plaque marking the spot in Old Montreal where Maisonneuve defeated the Iroquois in 1644 ("killing the chief with his own hands," the inscription reads, with all the tact of a presidential tweet), which the Bank of Montreal is hoping to remove – except that the building's heritage status complicates things. Also in the background was the debate in Halifax over the statue of Edward Cornwallis, who arguably advocated genocide. And overshadowing everything, of course, was the ugly violence in Charlottesville, Virginia, in the midst of which the (current) president of the United States publicly justified the actions of the mob protesting the removal of the equestrian statue of Robert E. Lee, claiming they were only trying to preserve their history.

We in the heritage field should be very sensitive to this argument. Most of the time we strive to have things commemorated, not obliterated. We should also be sensitive to diversity: not all cultures see things the same way. At the same time, are there not limits to our tolerance? Do we really want to honour racists? Those who want to remove monuments to the likes of Davis and Lee say that is what we're doing by keeping these plaques and statues around. Their opponents claim that removing such markers on the charge of racism is a slippery slope that will lead to the replacement of huge numbers of names now adorning our streets, buildings, metro stations, and even entire towns – a kind of retroactive witch hunt. Wouldn't doing this amount to erasing history?

Let's think about public monuments for a moment, and the purpose they serve. Why do we put up statues to certain individuals? On one level, it's so that we don't forget these individuals and the great things they did – an argument that would make more sense if most of the statues one sees weren't of people who are already pretty famous. A more cynical view would be that statues are an indication of what sort of actions a society wishes to tout; people whose actions we don't approve of don't tend to get monuments. Moreover, the mere presence of a statue registers approval of what the figure represents in a way that is hard to ignore. Monuments to military leaders are particularly insidious: they posit the victory of a particular cause and make us feel good about that cause whether or not we know much about it – and even if we do, and are painfully aware of bad things that happened in the name of that cause, it's hard to ignore the massive presence and often noble gaze of the commemorated hero.

Statues and plaques, in other words, are not history. They are a big part of mythology, however. What is important is not that we remember Edward Cornwallis's actions, but rather that the impression we have of the past is one in which the values Cornwallis stood for are correct. Statues do that very well.

This effect is even more remarkable when it comes to Confederate leaders, given that the cause was lost. As if to deny that loss, or as if by honouring those who were defeated the past could somehow be rewritten, descendants of Confederate veterans have festooned the Southern States with variations on Charlottesville's heroic likeness of Robert E. Lee. These statues are not history, although they do represent an imaginary, counterfactual history that might have existed had the South won. Such implicit rewriting of history by the losers has few counterparts. To my knowledge, there are no public statues in Germany of any Wehrmacht generals – though there are a number of moving monuments to the victims of National Socialism. (Are there any monuments in the Southern States to the victims of slavery?) Normally, when your cause loses, you don't get a statue. Lee shouldn't. His name liveth quite enough in the title of that popular steamboat song, immortalized by Al Jolson (whose seeming espousal of certain Southern State values had an entirely different motivation, of course…)

Among the people commissioning these statues were the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a group dedicated to keeping the Lost Cause (yes, with capitals) alive. In 1957, they offered a plaque honouring Jefferson Davis to the

William Notman, "Jefferson Davis' children," 1867.
Photo: McCord Museum, I-28152.

good people of Montreal, and this flat bit of iron was affixed to the Union Avenue side of Morgan's department store (now the Bay), near where Davis had lived ninety years earlier. The gesture must have struck Montrealers as some variation on the blue plaques that one finds in England marking the former homes of famous people – or, more significantly, a variation on the "George Washington Slept Here" signs adorning lucky American buildings. No doubt the United Daughters were delighted to encourage any association between these two presidential men.

Today, we are much more sensitive. Given the current state of the world, and particularly the recent Charlottesville violence, it seems truly distasteful for a man like Davis to continue to be honoured in Canada. Davis was both a racist and a slave-owner. One could even argue that *not* removing the plaque would have amounted to an endorsement of racism and slave-holding. Besides, according to some who commented on the plaque's removal, it made no sense to have a monument like that in Montreal, a place far removed from the problems of the Southern States. Quite apart from being racist, the plaque's presence here was incongruous.

Well, but here's my problem. We're actually not that far removed, certainly not historically. Canada, and Montreal in particular, was largely partial to the South during the Civil War. We harboured the terrorists who would shoot Abraham Lincoln, and we welcomed the exiled president of the Confederacy and his family. Certainly John Lovell did (yes, he of the invaluable *Montreal Directory*), helping to install the Davises in his home on Phillips Square. He even got William Notman to take photos of the Davis family: not only Jefferson and wife Varina Howell (whose mother is even buried in Mount Royal Cemetery) but their adorable children. The Davises were not here long, but they left their mark.

Now, it's quite reasonable to argue that Jefferson Davis was a racist: he stood at the helm of a state apparatus that upheld slavery. No doubt Robert E. Lee was racist as well, for he defended that state on the field of battle. Making this point about Confederate racism is important, since it is often argued that the Civil War wasn't about slavery. At the same time, I wonder if racism is really the best yardstick by which to judge plaque-worthiness, or lack thereof. It would be difficult to point to anyone in the 1860s who wasn't racist, at least by today's standards: I'd bet most abolitionists wouldn't have wanted their children to marry former slaves, for instance. To me, harping on racism kind of misses the point. Surely the really awful thing about slavery was not that its proponents were racist. It wasn't even that people owned slaves, which does kind of follow when slavery is an integral part of the economy. To go picking at historical figures even here at home and holding them up to some abstract ahistorical standard is to miss a great deal. Blaming an individual who lived two or three centuries ago because he or she owned a Black slave distracts from more important questions, such as how a slave-owning economy functioned, how owning slaves fit into normalized social relations, and why so many people today are still surprised to find out there was slavery in Canada at all.

We shouldn't be honouring either Davis or Lee, not because they were racist in an abstract sense, but because they did what they did. Davis was, for heaven's sake, the leader of an evil regime, and Lee very nearly won the day for that regime. Had they succeeded against the North, slavery would have persisted – not just human trafficking but the brutal oppression of millions of people and the horrendous economy on which the South depended. To argue that monuments to such men are part of history (real or imaginary) is to endorse something we should all reject as a barbarism long since outgrown. That we have clearly not outgrown it is one of the central tragedies of our time – and not just for the Southern States. An American president claiming moral equivalence between racists and their opponents, and failing entirely to encourage soul-searching and reconciliation, is going to make social implosion all the more likely.

But we in Canada have to acknowledge our own contribution to this tragedy, and we can start by owning up to our history. Beyond merely pointing fingers at individual culprits whose possible erasure might make us feel better, we need to accept that the past we have come from, and that has shaped us, includes a great deal that we should not be proud of. Some part of our Canadian heritage explains why we accepted putting the Davis plaque on the Bay's wall in the first place and why we've kept it there for sixty years, even through expansions and alterations to the building. It's part of the same heritage strain that saw us aiding and abetting the Confederacy and harbouring the Davis family. The charge could be extended to centuries of racial discrimination and, yes, slavery. In a way, the Davis plaque is a symbol of that history, and by removing it we now run the risk of positing another kind of myth, that of a racism-free Canadian history.

At the very least, the plaque should go in a museum, where it can be presented in the proper context – not the context of Davis' racism, but of ours. The Bay might also have taken a cue from Michael Rice, the Mohawk teacher who for a quarter century has been complaining about the "killing the chief" plaque on the Bank of Montreal. Significantly, Rice argues against removing that plaque, calling instead for the bank to put up an additional marker explaining the historical context. Either solution works. The status quo, leaving such monuments in place without context, does not. But we need to be thoughtful before we start chipping away at these relics of history as aggressively as a dentist fighting – well, plaque.

The repainted Union Avenue side of The Bay, a week after the plaque's removal. Photo: Rod MacLeod.

VOLUNTEERING MATTERS

Volunteer Training

Please, No Rice Cakes!

by Heather Darch

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

My first volunteer experience in a museum was an interesting one. I learned how to roll a quilt under the direction of a long-serving volunteer who was assigned as my supervisor, or "peer trainer." We donned white cotton gloves and I was then instructed on how to care for the quilt collection. Instructions included how to carry quilts, to never wear rings or watches while handling textiles and to always look for and remove hair and other organic materials from quilts before rolling them up for storage. It was all good information except for the fact the volunteer training me kept a rice cake clenched between her teeth as we rolled up a beautifully-worked appliqué quilt.

That's a big no-no, by the way!

A volunteer's first intensive interaction with an organization will often come in the form of a training session, so there really needs to be a training program for your volunteers that's smart, well-executed and leaves them feeling that they have learned something. Volunteers don't want to feel like they're wasting their time.

Volunteer Marie-Ange learned how to carefully pack museum boxes in a hands-on training session.

From the perspective of your organization, training will allow a person to do a good job for you and make a meaningful contribution. From the point of view of the volunteers, training will give them an understanding of the policies and rules, the proper skills to carry out a task, and the knowledge that the organization understands its mission and takes its role in the community seriously.

According to the publication *Understanding Canadian Volunteers*, many people volunteer in order to challenge themselves, to learn new things, and to practice new skills. They are eager for new experiences and knowledge. Your volunteer training program can fulfill volunteers' desire to learn, but can also fulfill part of your mission, which in heritage organizations likely includes imparting knowledge and educating your fellow citizens about the history of your community.

Many of us work primarily with episodic or event volunteers. Their one-day contribution of time will not require much training beyond making sure that they have their instructions for the day and are clear about their responsibilities. For volunteers willing to commit to long-term projects or ongoing activities, however, their training will either come from a volunteer manager, who may also be a volunteer, or from the staff in your organization. It is vital that paid staff understand and support the concept of volunteerism within the organization. They have a vested interest in making sure that volunteers feel positive about what they're doing and that they are contributing and are being appreciated.

Training involves providing the best information and skills that volunteers need to do their specific jobs. *Best Practices of Volunteer Management* advises that training should involve making sure that new volunteers receive basic information, including task training or customer service training, and then build on that good foundation by offering specialized training sessions. Continuing education and ongoing learning opportunities will only increase volunteer support for your organization's mission and will increase satisfaction and generate a higher commitment.

Training should also be ongoing for as long as the volunteer is working with you. It should be about building capacity and strengthening commitment and job satisfaction. Training can generate a great sense of teamwork between staff and volunteers and is a good way to reward your volunteers for work well done and to keep them engaged in your group.

While training may be viewed by many small groups as "a luxury that they just can't afford," it doesn't, in fact, have to cost anything. Once you identify the skills and knowledge your volunteers will need to know, you can build an information session around these requirements. Decide on a format, such as a one-day session or a series of smaller hands-on sessions. You can organize take-home reading materials, create a PowerPoint presentation, print out worksheets and information pages or simply review a formal series of regulations and one-page handouts. The point is that you do train your volunteers and the more hands-on training you can do, the better.

I actually loved my training sessions with that museum of my youth; so much so that I volunteered there for years. Rice cakes aside, I was hooked because I was engaged, I felt that I was going to be learning something, and I knew from that first training session that I was moving the mission of the museum forward in a positive way.

Photo: courtesy of Missisquoi Historical Society.

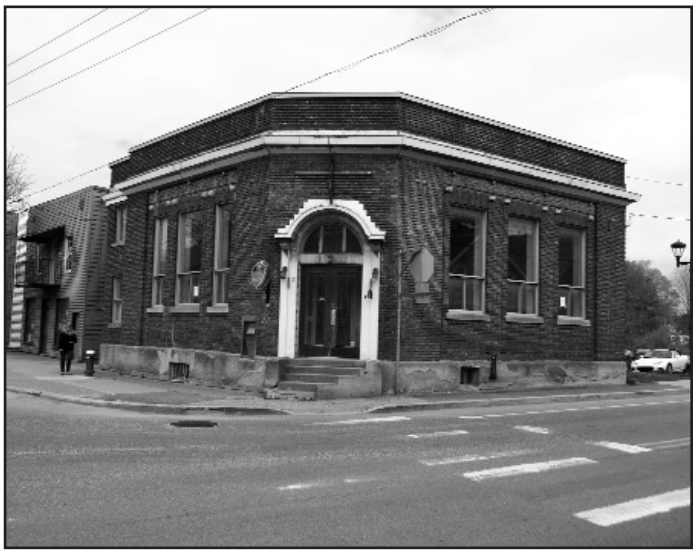
Efforts Fail to Save a Historic Bank

by Heather Darch

Situated in the town of Bedford, Quebec, on the corner of du Pont and Principale streets, the Bank of Montreal (still popularly known as the Molson's Bank) had a long and distinguished history in the community. The red-brick structure was constructed in 1920. The most distinctive feature of the building was the truncated angle of the main entrance door. This unique element provided a visually interesting detail to the busy intersection of the town. The structure housed the Molson's Bank for several years before the Bank of Montreal acquired the corner building in 1925 and conducted its business there until 1979.

In countless images of the street, the bank building anchored the intersection and represented one of Bedford's most architecturally interesting heritage buildings. Unfortunately, once the Bank of Montreal vacated the premises, the building was not maintained and changed owners numerous times. In 2009, it was purchased by the Ministère des Transports du Québec (MTQ) which argued for the removal of the building to facilitate heavy truck transport through the town. The town of Bedford likewise supported the action, citing a public safety concern for its citizens.

Efforts to save the building began in earnest and support from the community was strong. Numerous letters were sent to the MTQ and to the municipality of Bedford to encourage them to reconsider the demolition project. QAHN too was an advocate for the cause. Some thought was given to moving the building, but the cost was enormous with the original vault still in place within the edifice.



Public consultations were held concerning the plans for the site but when an elderly woman was killed accidentally by a transport truck in February 2017, the old bank's fate was sealed. The community also lost interest in saving the structure and a last ditch effort by the Missisquoi Historical Society garnered little support. On July 15, 2017, the Molson's Bank was demolished.

"When a community loses its past, it is poorer for it."

Photos: Heather Darch (top right), Katherine Greenwood (bottom left and right).

What Lurks Below: Montreal Under the Ground

Part 3: Many Tunnels and One Natural Cave

by Sandra Stock

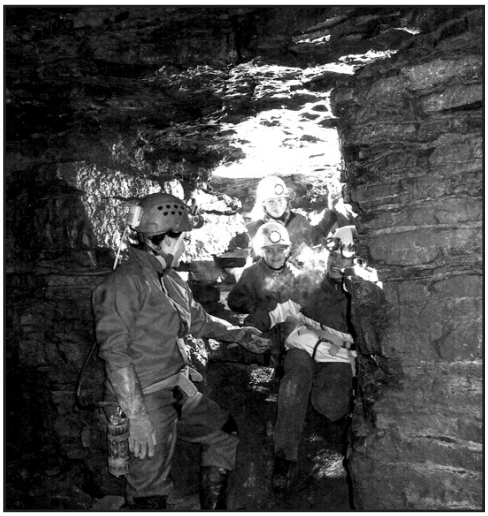
Montreal Island is full of holes – and not just those delightful potholes so beloved of vehicle drivers. Most of our many underground passages are man-made, of course; for nearly four centuries, Montrealers have been digging downwards for safety, storage and escape from weather, as well as for ease of travel on the road network as it expanded. We have tunnels that range from the grandiose – the Louis-Hippolyte La-Fontaine under the St. Lawrence comes to mind – to the many underpasses of the street grid, as well major industrial works like the rail tunnel through Mount Royal. There is also our extraordinary underground city complex, aligned to the metro, but that extensive emplacement must wait for another article.

Trou de la Fée – the Fairy Hole

This is our one known natural cave. It is located in St. Leonard close to Rivière des Prairies on the north shore of the Island. This cave was discovered, at least officially, in 1835, before this area was developed or had much population. There have been stories that native peoples used the cave and that the Patriotes of the 1837 Rebellion hid weapons there, but none of these tales have been proven. No Little People (Fairies) have been spotted there either, but it's a catchy name.

The cave was forgotten until 1949, and then was fenced off and blocked after it became a rather scary playground for local children. In 1979, the site was taken over by the city. In 1981, it was opened to the public as part of Pie XII Park. Organized tours, led by the Société Québecoise de Spéléologie (Quebec Caving Society), are available from May to August. When not under supervision, the cave is securely locked. The cave is fairly extensive and requires proper gear for exploring: hardhats, headlamps, and climbing boots. It is quite damp and muddy but a good cool escape for a hot summer day for the very fit and the not claustrophobic.

The St. Leonard Cave was formed by meltwater from the glaciers during



St. Leonard caves. Photo: www.speleo.qc.ca.

their big thaw and retreat that ended around 8,000 years ago. As Montreal is a predominately limestone island, it's amazing that there aren't more caves. Maybe others just haven't been discovered yet, especially if they have no known openings to the world above.

Old Tunnels

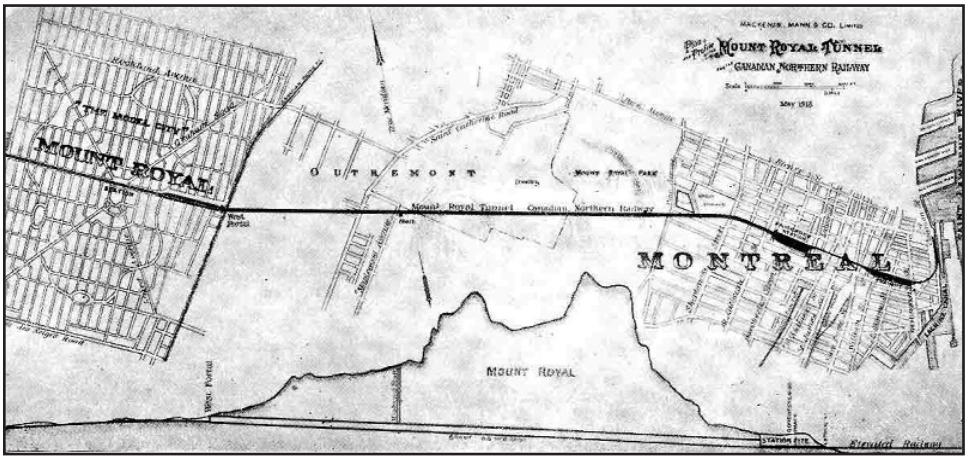
The city's oldest known tunnel is in Old Montreal and runs from the east wing of the Sulpician Seminary (1657) to a point under Notre-Dame Street where it would have connected with the first Notre-Dame Church. This church was located right in the middle of what is now Notre-Dame Street, in front, and a bit to the east, of the second and present Notre -Dame Church, which replaced it in 1829. The tunnel spread into two branches, one to the eastern part of the church and one northeast to the belfry. Like the St. Leonard cave, this very well-built tunnel was forgotten – until around 1900 when Notre-Dame Street began to sink. "Beneath the street lay a tunnel," historian E. A. Collard wrote in his *Gazette* column. "It was about eight feet in height, eight feet wide. The masonry was ancient, in the manner of the 17th century. The tunnel had begun to collapse, bringing street pavement and church stairs sliding down with it." There has been speculation as to why this tunnel was built. It may have been defensive: an escape route plus access to the bells to ring an alarm if attacked. The church could have served as a fortification for the rather small colony at that time. It may have been for less exciting purposes: to avoid the winter cold and snow and provide a discrete entry to the church for the clergy.

A similar tunnel leads out of the vaults of the Château Ramezay (1706), but where it went is unknown as it is blocked by earth fill after a short distance. It may have led to the river (a means of escape) or it may have just been a passageway to storage bins for winter vegetables and wine.

By the nineteenth century, tunnels were no longer needed for defence but some people kept on making them – for what purpose, we do not know. In 1818, for example, the wealthy financier Thomas Torrance built a large mansion, Belmont Hall, on the northwest corner of Sherbrooke and St. Lawrence streets. This area was then still rural, and Torrance had a farm south of Sherbrooke Street, attached to this property. A large network of tunnels was constructed under the street from the old house. These tunnels were discovered in 1937, when Belmont Hall was demolished. Where they went, or why they were built, remains unknown.

Under the Mountain

In Montreal's peak period of unbridled development and barely restricted

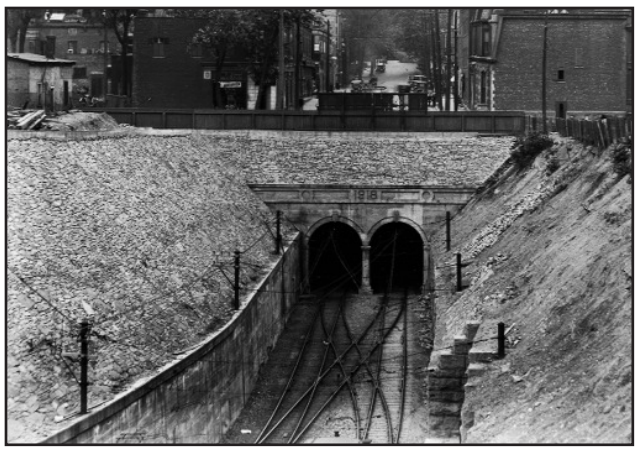


capitalism that spanned the time between the mid-nineteenth century and the start of World War I, several grandiose railway and real estate ventures were proposed. One of these, although ultimately a flop for its proponents, resulted in lasting benefits for Montreal: the railway tunnel through the Mountain, begun in 1911 and functionally completed by 1913. The tunnel's primary purpose was the development of the Town of Mount Royal, a commuter suburb, linked to what is now Central Station on René Lévesque (then Dorchester) Boulevard in the growing downtown business sector. The rail company was known as Canadian Northern, later to become part of Canadian National. The developers of this project, Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann, had purchased enormous stretches of property in both the downtown area and north of the mountain, where they hoped to build a "Model City" and profit from selling lots.

This project was both an achievement and a disaster. As an engineering endeavour it was highly successful. When the work gangs from both directions finally met under the Mountain, they were only one-quarter of an inch apart in grade and three-quarters of an inch apart in line. The general planning was directed by Henry Wicksteed, the Canadian Northern's chief engineer, and by S. P. Brown, chief engineer of the subsidiary company formed to build the tunnel. The "Model City" was laid out by Frederick Todd, a landscape architect engaged by Canadian Northern. This was the first large model city in Canada and Todd took Washington, D.C., as his template – which is obvious when we look at a street map of the Town of Mount Royal. These planners had their sights on the Big Picture, reflecting the Victorian optimism that Montreal would become North America's major metropolis, outdoing New York.

For Mackenzie and Dunn, the venture was ultimately a failure and never paid off. They became insolvent and Canadian Northern had to be rescued by the federal government. The tunnel was one of many great Montreal projects that didn't achieve its desired outcome. It is very doubtful that drilling a tunnel through Mount Royal would be allowed today. The tunnel runs under all the main downtown streets, the McTavish water reservoir, and the McGill University campus.

Yet, the CN rail tunnel has operated now for over a century, has had no major accidents and has not caused any major damage. The railway line – now part of Montreal's complex transportation system of metros, trains and buses – continues above ground beyond the Town of Mount Royal station northward to Laval and Deux-Montagnes.



A small, almost inconspicuous sign on René Lévesque Boulevard near University Street (now Robert Bourassa Boulevard) warns heavy vehicles to go slowly as they are above this 1913 railway tunnel.

No cave-ins yet.

The Golden Age of Tunnels

One of the busiest and best-known structures from Montreal's infrastructure history is the Atwater Tunnel. Unlike the Wellington and the Brock tunnels that we'll discuss later, the Atwater is still functioning and, in spite of the odd flooding in super deluges, is in fine condition. Like the Atwater Library, the Atwater Market, and the street itself, the tunnel is named after Edwin Atwater (1802-1874), one of the fathers of Montreal's water system, whom we met in Part 2 of this series. Built in 1871, the tunnel goes under the Lachine Canal, linking western downtown to Verdun, Little Burgundy and Point St. Charles. The tunnel was seen as superior to the bridge it replaced, as it speeded up the flow of traffic and was safer in the winter compared to an icy bridge.

As this area is now connected to several busy highways, we don't pay that much attention to the tunnel itself. However, it was the first of several diggings that attempted to enable passage under the canal and the many railway tracks. Montreal has always been a difficult city to navigate: its odd geography comprises an island with a relatively large mountain in its midsection, and its infrastructure includes rail lines, the canal and the aqueduct. Tunnels help, but don't completely remedy this situation.

Two other Montreal tunnels no longer function. The Wellington was built in 1931 as a Depression-era make-work project and closed in 1995. This Art Deco tunnel is in the same style and from the same period as the Atwater Market and the Botanical Gardens – which were also built to create employment in that period. The tunnel has not weathered well, due to the freeze/thaw cycle and water seepage. At one point, trespassers were skating inside. The two end towers still remain and are quite substantial buildings. The north side tower is abandoned but the south tower

Top: Plan of the "Model City," Mount Royal, for the Canadian Northern Railway. MacKenzie, Mann & Co. Ltd.

Bottom: William Notman & Son, "C.N.R. tunnel under Mount Royal," 1918. Photo: McCord Museum, VIEW-6423.

was refitted as a pumping station attached to Montreal's water collection and sewage network. The towers still maintain a rather faded Art Deco appearance.

The other decommissioned tunnel is the Brock, located near St. Antoine and Beaudry streets. When the Brock Tunnel was built in 1895, its purpose was to provide access from Craig (now St. Antoine) Street to the Port of Montreal refrigeration warehouse at the harbour. It was designed by the city of Montreal engineer, P. W. George. This tunnel was part of the old Quebec Faubourg, which by the 1890s had become mostly industrial. The Brock was built of brick and mortar, and photos show it looking like a sturdy aqueduct from the Roman Empire. According to urban explorers, it is still in excellent condition, better than the mostly cement Wellington tunnel. Both entrances of the Brock tunnel have been blocked, as there was a problem with squatters – as happens with these places. This tunnel is still there – under the parking lot of the Molson brewery.

Under the River

The 1960s was another era of mega-projects in Montreal: Expo 67, the Metro, several expressways, new hotels and office blocks like Place Ville Marie. Many of these are either totally gone or slightly diminished from their optimistic beginnings. However, one of the best survivors of the sixties boom is the somewhat overlooked Louis-Hippolyte LaFontaine Tunnel – actually a "tunnel-bridge" – running under the St. Lawrence River to Longueuil on the South Shore. Construction started in 1963 and was completed by 1967. The L.-H. La-Fontaine takes Autoroute 25 across (and under) the river to Île Charron, and then continues a short way as a bridge to Longueuil. It is 1.8 kilometres long, one of largest, longest pressed-concrete structures in the world. It lies from 15 to 20 feet under the riverbed and has never had a serious leak. Even though the idea of driving under the St. Lawrence is rather creepy to some, it is actually one of our safest modes of crossing and more protected from weather than the bridges. Very recently, the L.-H. LaFontaine celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. On March 11, 2017, the chief engineer from 1967, Armand Couture, was quoted on CBC News: "It is one of the most solid and enduring road structures in Quebec."

The only downside to the L.-H. La-Fontaine tunnel was the demolition and disruption its construction caused to the former village of Longue-Pointe. A neighbourhood with 220 years of history, one of the oldest parishes on the Island of Montreal, more or less disappeared. A few vestiges of the old village remain – a former hotel, some houses on St. Just and Curatteau streets, and the St. Jean-de-Dieu Hospital (now called I'Institut universaire en santé mentale de Montréal) started by the Sisters of Providence in 1875. Again, a project like this would have met with much more local opposition today.

Other than the extensions to the Metro, tunnel building on a public scale in Montreal appears to have entered a dormant period since the 1960s. Like our great collector sewers, our pumping stations, the aqueduct, and the Lachine Canal, these elements of our infrastructure are part of Montreal's built and natural heritage. Our mole-like desire to escape winter, find security and move around easily is one of our more typical urban characteristics.

Sandra Stock *has been digging up stories for the* Quebec Heritage News *for many years, but always manages to see the light at the end of the tunnel.*

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Philippe Renault, *Secret Montreal: An Unusual Guide*, *Saint-Leonard* Cave, Éditions Jongles, 2013.

www.explorationurbaine.ca/abandonne - Excellent photos and information (in French) about old tunnels and other now defunct structures in Montreal.

Identity Formation and National Celebration

Canada 150 Edition

by Rebecca Friend

Measure out a teaspoon of friendliness. Add a dash of diversity. Fold in a handful of assorted hockey jerseys, some maple syrup, and a splash of quality craft beer. What you should end up with is the perfect recipe for a Canadian citizen.

Does it suffice? As Canadians across the country celebrate 150 years of Confederation, questions concerning the root of Canadian identity and the value of conventional historical narratives have surfaced. The array of functions sponsored by the Department of Canadian Heritage have showcased differing displays of Canadian patriotism, each event expressing views contingent on each specific region's priorities.

Having grown up in an Anglophone community in Montreal, I've found myself influenced by the historical narratives told by local history buffs and presented through various town projects. With high expectations for Canada 150 looming over the many events planned in Anglophone communities, I began to consider the ways each locale would juxtapose their own heritage with that of a grand Canadian narrative. Would they push their own local history to the forefront, or engage in a more homogenous telling of Canada past, present, and future?

To better understand expressions of identity in Anglophone communities, I decided to attend local events put on in collaboration with Canada 150, hoping somewhere to grapple with projections of collective identity and the construction of imagined communities. What I came to observe was a rich exploration into the ways in which communities tell their stories, communicate their character, and participate in a dialogue with a shared Canadian identity.

Public rituals and performances are important ways to display a community's values and opinions. Often a crucial part of nation-building strategies, they reflect the ambition to create a collective identity, consequently forcing the invention of tradition. Coined by historian Eric Hobsbawm, the term "invented traditions" comes to represent the construction of a unified national identity. This is often done through the implementation of rituals and customs that promote certain values and that insinuate a shared linkage with the past. Since Canada's formation in the nineteenth century, a series of pageants – the Dominion Day parade, the Victoria Day holiday – have been deliberately imposed by the state and have influenced generations of Canadian citizens. While local community events may not have similarly grand national agendas, they nevertheless serve as a reflection of encouraged customs and force an implicit perception of a community's traditions.

A large part of the Canada 150 agenda sought to highlight the diversity of cultures that make our country the cosmopolitan haven it is. In local communities and large-scale events, organizers strove to showcase the diverse backgrounds of their residents, promoting inclusivity and providing those in attendance with a means to learn about certain unfamiliar cultural activities.

Two of the events I attended this summer placed the celebration of multiculturalism on a pedestal: Montreal West's Multicultural Night and the citizenship ceremony performed as part of Westmount's Canada Day celebrations. This inclusion of numerous voices in local community narratives served as an example of a dialogue with the roots of Canadian identity. However, while certain events participated directly in the conversation, others chose to remain on the sidelines.

On a warm June evening, Montreal West hosted a multicultural night. A small Anglophone community boasting one main commercial stretch, the town has been known to put on weekly festivities throughout the summer, celebrating a diverse range of peoples and past times. On this particular night, a series of performers of various origins, and with different acts, were invited. While the performances were entertaining, they featured no tangible engagement with the crowd. Lacking were introductions to the different acts, descriptions of the cultural significance of each performance, and an opportunity to learn more about what was being

Canada Day Celebrations in Montreal West. Photo: Rebecca Friend.

shown. Viewers were instead left to marvel at the costumes, music, and dance moves, without acquiring any knowledge about the cultures they were meant to be embracing. Organized this way, the cultural performances seemed isolated and "othered," juxtaposed with the normalcy of the pizza and barbeque food.

While the night was put on as part of Canada 150, it felt more like a scene from Expo 67. In that setting, according to folklorist Annette B. Fromm, cultures were passively admired, serving as a reminder of the technological and social advancements found in the West. Given that we ought to have progressed a great deal since then, a higher level of engagement might have been expected. Montreal Westers chose to celebrate the cosmopolitan aspects of Canada's identity, yet placed themselves on the outskirts of this experience.

Partaking in a tradition developed due to the regionalization deriving from the aftermath of World War II, Westmount's inaugural citizenship ceremony featured the type of inclusive interactions with multiculturalism expected of a day marking Canada's 150 years. The tradition of celebrating the achievement of Canadian citizenship can be traced back to the efforts championed by Cabinet Minister Paul Martin Sr. He fought to build a collective Canadian identity through the implementation of Canadian citizenship; until that point, Canadians had been considered British subjects under law. The Canadian Citizenship Act came into effect on January 1, 1947. Prime Minister Mackenzie King was the first to participate in a citizenship ceremony, publicly swearing allegiance to King George VI and the laws of Canada.

For the first time, Westmount decided to incorporate this display of Canadian pride into their July 1 celebrations, adding a special touch to their Canada 150-themed event. Gathering in the recreation centre, 40 people from 19 countries participated in a public declaration of the oath of citizenship, supervised by a judge and attended by local officials and residents young and old. What transpired was a tangible example of Canadians from varying origins coming together and taking part in the construction of a singular Canadian identity, a blending of cultures and ethnicities all proudly displaying their support for the country they call home. No one was made to feel like an outsider; instead, a resounding chorus of unique voices unanimously declared their love for Canada.

Attempting to balance the constant changes affecting the cultural makeup of Canada has been a key factor in Canada 150 celebrations. Multicultural traditions have been incorporated more than ever into this year's programming. What set certain community interactions with multiculturalism apart was not only the ability to provide a variety of ethnicities with a platform to showcase their heritage, but the inclusion and acceptance of these cultures into the community itself, allowing for a redefinition of local identity.

The historical narratives belonging to both Montreal West and Westmount share a common link to Quebec's Anglophone heritage, yet both neighbourhoods left room to incorporate other voices in their discourse. Without challenges to conceptions of heritage and reminders that Canada is a complex mosaic and not an all-consuming melting pot, we would find ourselves celebrating a very different country on this 150th anniversary.

Rebecca Friend *is completing her Honours degree in Public History at Concordia University. She interned with QAHN in 2017.*

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2017 QAHN Heritage Essay Contest Winners

Editor's note: Once again, the top three essay contest winners all came from Ms. Nina Wong's Grade 6 class at Gardenview Elementary School, and this time one of the Honorable Mentions did also. Attending the class's end-of-term party has become a familiar experience for me, but one that never fails to delight and impress. Not only did I get a chance to meet four budding young writers – Luca Valiante, Abdulhameed Asif, Zoe Gabrial, and Emily Foltyn – but I was able to chat with the proud parents, with the engaging Ms. Wong (whom I learned with humility is actually a Math specialist!) and the supportive vice-principal Mr. Sifoni. QAHN wishes the winners all the best in their future endeavours.

FIRST PRIZE

The Festival Sant'Anna

by Luca Valiante, Grade 6
Gardenview Elementary School, Saint-Laurent, Qc.

For over 50 years in Montreal, the Italian festival of Sant'Anna takes place every year on the last Sunday of August. This festival is also called La Sagra del Grano, which means the wheat festival.

On July 26, 1805, Sant'Anna saved the city Jelsi, in Campobasso, Italy, from total destruction during an earthquake. From that day on, every year on that day they honour her by organizing this festival. This festival is celebrated all over the world, for example Montreal, Buenos Aires, the USA, Australia, etc.

In Montreal, it takes place in a neighbourhood of Ahuntsic, and begins with a special mass honouring her at Saint-Simon Church. It is followed by a long procession of many carts covered in wheat called tragile. This process begins months before the festival. The wheat is harvested, cleaned and worked. The wheat is worked and glued onto different structures and designs. This takes many hours of hard work, preparation and volunteers. This tradition has been passed down from generation to generation.

During the festival, there are many things to do, like enjoying different foods, watching a soccer game, listening to live music, and watching spectacular fireworks. Also, there are many volunteers to make it a great success, such as help serving the food, like sausage sandwiches, drinks, popcorn, cotton candy and ice cream.

Every year, rain or shine, this tradition of honouring Sant'Anna brings friends and family together.

SECOND PRIZE

Saint-Laurent and My Celebration

by Abdulhameed Asif, Grade 6
Gardenview Elementary School, Saint-Laurent, Qc.

Saint-Laurent is the place I am growing up in. It is one of the most diverse places I know. There are mosques, churches, synagogues, temples and shrines, and many other places of worship I'm sure I haven't heard of. As I am in Saint-Laurent, I am privileged to go to ICQ mosque, the oldest mosque in Quebec!

Because I'm a Muslim I celebrate Eid. There are two Eids, Eid-ul-Fitr and Eid ul-Adha. Both are the same, except Ein ul-Fitr is three days. Eid ul-Fitr celebrates the end of Ramadan, but Eid ul-Adha commemorates the prophet Abraham and celebrates

Top left: Rod MacLeod, Luca Valiente, Abdulhameed Asif, Zoe Gabrial, Emilia Foltyn, and Gaetano Sifoni. Photo: Nina Wong.

Top right: La Sagra del Grano, Foglianise, Italy. Photo: Decan.
Bottom right: ICQ Mosque, St. Laurent. Photo: www.icqmontreal.com.

hajj. Eid takes place on different days from year to year, because Muslims follow the lunar calendar. It is an important day in Saint-Laurent because there is a large number of Muslims, and the mosque has an important role to make Muslims feel at home.

On that special day, we go to the ICQ mosque for Eid prayers, and to thank God for the blessings He has bestowed on us. Thousands of people come. There are so many people, and not enough room, that the mosque has two prayer times, one at 8:00 a.m., and another at 9:00 a.m. The mosque also organizes an Eid feast, where they cook delicious food for everyone to enjoy!

I am glad to live in such a diverse city, as it makes life more interesting.

Ice storm. Photo: Rod MacLeod.

THIRD PRIZE

Montreal's Ice Storm

by Zoe Gabrial, Grade 6
Gardenview Elementary School, Saint-Laurent, Qc.

On January 4, 1998, a simple storm of ice and snow started, but didn't stop until six days later. The storm caused many problems to all Montrealers. It was one of the largest natural disasters in Canadian history!

During the time of the ice storm, over 1,000 of the electric transmission towers fell. Most people had no electricity for many weeks. It was hard to cook and keep food cold because ovens and fridges had no power. There was also no light and no heating in the houses. People used candles to keep warm and cook food.

Outside there were no cars or no buses. All the trees had layers of ice on them. All the bridges around Montreal were closed. The streets were so icy that the mailman couldn't deliver the mail. My aunt was getting married in February and she had to give the wedding invitations to her guests by going door to door! During the ice storm, many people got sick because it was so cold. In Quebec, 25 people died during the storm. The total cost of the ice storm was 5.4 billion dollars.

My parents lived through the ice storm and they told me all about it. I can't imagine what it must have been like to have no cars, no electricity, no heat, and no lights. It would have been an interesting experience for me to live through, but I'm happy that I didn't have to.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Philemon Wright

by Caitlyn Mcdonald, Grade 6
Greater Gatineau Elementary School, Gatineau, QC

Did you know that Philemon Wright High School has a special meaning to its name? Philemon Wright High School was named after a man named Philemon Wright who was the founder of Hull. Mr. Wright was raised as a farmer in a small village in Boston. When he was a kid he was only a boy with big dreams, however he grew to be well known throughout Canada.

When Philemon was 16 years old he quit farming and was thrust into service for two years with the rebel forces. Then when he turned 18 years old on September 3rd Philemon Wright went off and fought many battles including The Battle of Bunker Hill in 1775. Thirteen years later on May 16th 1782 Wright got married to Abigail Wyman. Abigail and Philemon then had nine children.

After all nine children were born Philemon decided that Woburn was too overpopulated to continue living there. So Wright went to find a new place to live in Ottawa valley. Wright went and returned a couple times until he felt the best location for a new settlement was next to Chaudière Falls. Philemon Wright chose to be next to Chaudière Falls because he found acres of fresh soil which was an advantage to growing crops.

Philemon retired to another farm named Onslow Township which is now the province of Quebec. He then died a happy man on June 3rd 1839. Wright died a great leader and role model.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Our Traditional House

Emilia Foltyn, Grade 6
Gardenview Elementary School, Saint-Laurent, Qc.

After World War II, my Grandfather came to Canada from Poland in 1948. He decided to build a summer home. However, this took a long time, as he did not have much money at the time.

To build the house, he first hired a contractor to dig the main frame of the building. When that was done, my Grandfather made the frame of the house with a few friends of his. It took a whole year to build the walls and roof. But the inside took more than 10 years!

For the walls, my Grandfather hired a brick layer. However, he "tested" the fireplace's bricks, and by "tested," I mean kicked it. It fell, and he made him redo it because one, it wasn't properly made and two, it didn't fit his design.

Ah, 1966... the year my Grandfather met his future wife and had my mother. However, what little Krystyna didn't know, was that in a few years, my aunt was to be born. And even later on, my uncle! Speaking of family, this County Home became a Summer Family Tradition; my Grandfather would go with his wife and children to the cottage as a break from the city. This Tradition even continues now! I go to the homey cottage with my parents for a few weeks and have fun in the wilderness. And now, we even occasionally go there for other holidays such as Thanksgiving and Christmas, where we are joined by my aunt and uncle.

2017 QAHN Heritage Photo Contest Winners

FIRST PRIZE (1)

Chloe Grill
Grade 8, West Island College, Dollard-des-Ormeaux, Qc.
Title: "Shutter the Thought"

A shutter brace may not be much, but it means the world to me. It represents my home and family. The brace hangs on a shutter in my country house. But it was not my generation which the house first belonged to. 1899 was the date it was built, and the first owner was my great-grandfather. The house was passed down to the next generation, my grandfather currently owns my playground.

Growing up in Montreal, late night drives on the highway would make me light up with excitement. On the road to the country house, I would plan my weekend in my head. During summer, tumbling down the green hills, swimming in the warm lake, playing in the playhouse, and even taking a nap would never make me feel empty handed. Winter break with my family is what I always look forward to during the year. Roasting marshmallows in the fire, skiing in the peaceful snow, making snow angels and just being around my family makes me feel safe and warm inside.

This country house holds so many memories that I will never forget. Holidays, birthday parties, family gatherings all happened in that house. Closing the window with this antique shutter brace reminds me of the times I laughed here.

I am proud to call that 1899 house my second home.

SECOND PRIZE (2)

Kayla Descoteaux Ellemberg
Grade 11, Rosemere High School, Rosemere, Qc.
Title: "The Colourful Male"

This picture is of a rooster: a confident, colourful rooster. I think this represents my Quebec heritage because we have been farmers for ages. This bird represents early mornings on farms as the first alarm clock is known to be the sound of a rooster as the sun barely reaches the horizon.

Quebecers were once Amerindians who farmed and worked hard every day to survive and then they were colonized and seigneuries appeared and still to this day we can see these farm land divisions as some are still farms while others were urbanized. The beautiful feathers of the rooster represent our hardworking ancestors because the bird works hard to groom himself and they also represent the indigenous peoples' traditional clothing and colourful garments.

Also, this picture was taken at a sugar shack aka "cabane a sucre," which is a tradition in Quebec. We go eat some ham with maple syrup, beans, beets, crispy pork rinds, and the famous taffy on snow as well as visit a little animal farm. It's just tradition.

I am a Quebecer and descendant of Amerindians and I think that farming, as well the typical sugar shack experience is exactly what Quebec's heritage is.

THIRD PRIZE (3)

Sara Leone-Bernabei
Grade 11, Rosemere High School, Rosemere, Qc..
Title: "Winter"

The one and only Canadian winter. Everyone talks about it. Americans tend to think we live in igloos and ride to work on our caribous. Instead of a dog they think we walk around with beavers. And apparently we all own maple trees and have our own cabane à sucre right in our backyard.

All these myths are quite funny to me, but the one thing they missed is how beautiful our majestic winters are. I always look forward to the first day of snow. It's absolutely breath taking and a magnificent sight to see. With winter comes hockey and figure skating, two things that bring me joy. Since I was 4 years old I've been a skater. I still remember sipping hot chocolate in a nearby Tim Hortons after a long figure skating practice. Winter has always brought me joy and it reminds me of my childhood in snow pants and extra-large mittens. As a Canadian, this season represents our nation and culture.

HONOURABLE MENTION (4)

Yoad Vered
Grade 11, West Island College, Dollard-des-Ormeaux, Qc.
Title: "Pocket-Sized Stories"

It was nine years after my grandfather had passed away when I celebrated my tenth birthday. It was then that my grandmother gave me his old coin collection, which he had gotten from his grandfather. This ensemble of old metal coins and banknotes contained every denomination since the creation of the State of Israel in 1948. My grandmother, Safta Eti, constantly reminded me of my grandfather's philosophy that "every coin and every bill, especially the old ones, has a story to tell." I didn't understand what that meant at the time, but as time went on, I realized the importance of my grandfather's words.

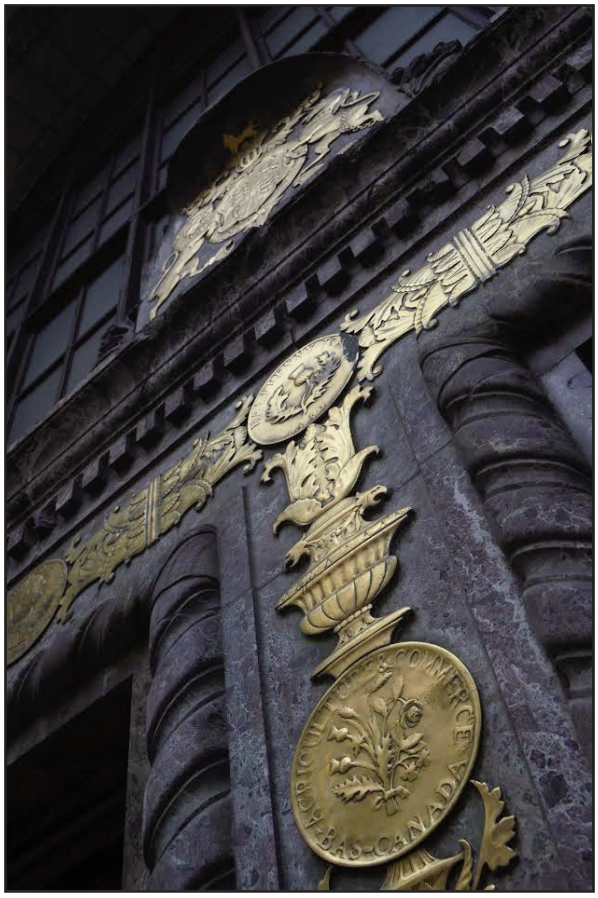
When my family and I moved to Canada in 2004, I made it my mission to add as many old Canadian coins and banknotes to my collection, to add onto my grandfather's "story-filled" treasure. When one holds a 100-year-old coin in their hands, they can't help but think where it has been, and who held it before them. Trying to imagine the path that a denomination took from the time it was minted to the moment it reached my hands sparked great curiosity in me. If only the coins and the banknotes could talk, they would tell the tales of their journeys from one pocket to another. These artifacts are time capsules, exchanged from one owner to another, and when looking beyond their face value, one would notice that these coins are really physical pieces of history traveling from one pair of hands to another.

Until this day, when I hold a coin, or a banknote, in my hand, not only am I adding on to its story, but I can't help but imagine whose pockets it sat in, and its century-long story about how it got into mine.

(1)

(2)

(3)



(4)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Tips for protecting old heirlooms and photos

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HONOURABLE MENTION (CONTINUED)

Kayla Descoteaux Ellemberg
Grade 11, Rosemere High School, Rosemere, Qc.
Title: "The Spark of the Blade"

This is a picture capturing the movement of my father sharpening the blade on his skates, creating a beautiful array of lights. For many generations, Quebecers have played hockey and gathered around this famous Canadian sport. Our long, freezing winters enabled us to play almost all year long, so this sport became something we were accustomed to.

The birthplace of hockey as we know it today was in Montreal and as a Montrealer myself I know that it has played a big role in our history. My father, and his father before that, and his father before that watched and have been watching and playing hockey since they were just little boys. It goes generations back so I see it as a part of my own heritage: my legacy to pass on to my children someday.

I feel like this picture represents my heritage particularly because I have been watching my father freak out about hockey games and play in them for so long, but that is also the case for most Quebecers. The sparks created by the sharpening of the blade represent, to me, the renewing of hockey as the blades of many have been polished before and as the love for this sport has been passed down through the years. Every generation of Quebecer has taken care of the image of hockey and as much as it is a part of Quebec, it is a part of me too.

HONOURABLE MENTION

Savannah Cherlet
Grade 7, West Island College, Dollard-des-Ormeaux, Qc.
Title: "The Story Behind the Structure"

This is the Pointe-Claire Windmill. The construction started in 1709 and finished one year later. There was a major renovation done in 1824. The owners of the windmill changed twice before it was sold to the Congregation of Notre Dame of Montreal in 1866. It was classified as a monument of Quebec in 1983. It is the oldest windmill in Montreal and is one of the last 18 windmills left in Quebec.

This windmill is part of cultural and architectural heritage of this area. Windmills were once very common in Quebec and represent a former way of life. The windmill is based on a design that was used in France and was brought here by the French settlers hundreds of years ago. When the mill was originally built, it contained elevated platforms beneath gun slits for defence. Fortunately, the mill and the land surrounding it near the shoreline were never attacked.

The Orange Order in the Outaouais

by Wes Darou
(in collaboration with Carlos Ruano Cantley)

I hope no one takes exception to a humoristic piece about the Orange Order. My Irish Catholic grandmother would be scandalized. It might seem akin to having a comic book about Residential Schools. (Hey, wait a minute. There *is* a comic book about residential schools: Jenny K. Dupuis and Kathy Kacer's *I am Not a Number*, published by Second Story Press in 2016.)

The following quote from Mark Twain's Pudd'nhead Wilson explains why I have used humour in this article:

> *The secret source of humor is not joy but sorrow.*
> *They tell no jokes in heaven.*

Background

The Orange Order was, and to some degree still is, an Irish Protestant, anti-Catholic, extreme Tory secret association, modelled on the structure of the Freemasons. Orangemen saw William III of Orange-Nassau, "Good King Billy," as the defender of the Protestant faith. (As did William himself. William and Mary used the titles "King and Queen of England, Scotlant, France and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith.")

The Order was founded in Loughgall, Ulster, in 1798. Its purpose was to impose some control over a series of bloody attacks against Catholics. It was composed mainly of small tenant farmers and labourers. To join the Order, recruits were required to be members of the Church of Ireland (or England) and to swear to maintain the Protestant Ascendency in Ireland – that is, the political, economic and social domination of Ireland by a minority of Protestant landowners, clergy and members of the professions. Various privileges had been conferred on Protestants by William of Orange after the Battle of the Boyne on July 12, 1690, the "Glorious 12th." Remember that date.

Alexis de Tocqueville visited Ireland in 1835 and made the following comment: "There is a terrifying exactitude of memory among the Irish peasantry. The great persecutions are not forgotten. All the Irish Protestants whom I saw speak of the Catholics with extraordinary hatred and scorn. The latter, they say, are savages and fanatics led into all sorts of disorders by their priests." This observation shows how the political positions of the Orange Order, and even in some cases hatred of Catholics, transferred so easily when the Irish emigrated. (Disclosure: In 1835, my maternal great-great-grandfather was Grand Master of the Orange Lodge in County Roscommon, Ireland.)

The Ascendancy led to 300 years of troubles in Ireland. Wikipedia gives a list of 19 rebellions. Many other smaller incidents are lost to history. But you get the picture: a semi-permanent state of civil war. (Disclosure: One of my possible relations, Thomas McDonagh, was an organizer of the 1916 Easter Rising in Dublin, and was put to the firing squad for his trouble. Yes, my family played on both sides.)

Now don't get me wrong here. This is not a White Hat / Black Hat situation. There have been secret Catholic associations such as the "Berets Blancs" who saw themselves as defenders of the Catholic faith. There were also massacres of Protestants in reprisal for massacres of Catholics in reprisal for massacres of Protestants, etc., etc. It takes two parties to make a bar fight.

Orange symbols

Like any secret society, the Orange Order used a number of arcane symbols. Their official documents and gravestones may show some of these symbols.

- An inverted U – the Holy Royal Arch, borrowed from Freemasonry.
- 2 ½ – the two and a half tribes of Israel, settled on the east bank of the Jordan River because of good conditions for farming. The 2 ½ is placed under the Royal Arch.
- William of Orange on a white horse.
- All-seeing eye (from Freemasonry).
- Star of the East.
- Jacob's ladder – faith, hope and charity (from Freemasonry).
- Orange banners.
- Twelve of anything (eg. 12 apostles, July 12).
- An open Protestant Bible (I have no idea how to tell if it was a Protestant or Catholic Bible).
- Two columns – the Temple of Jerusalem.
- Sun, moon and stars. (Houston and Smyth, 117)

The symbols on gravestones subtly indicate that the person was an Orangeman. In the Outaouais, these symbols are common in some Protestant cemeteries and totally absent in others. One stone had the 2 1/2 in the inverted U, the (Protestant) Bible and the sash. Overkill!

Building fund for an Orange Hall in Ottawa, Francis Clemow, President, 1885. BAnQ Gatineau, P176 1983-05-002\2.

I could find no Orange symbols after 1925.

The Orange Order in Canada

The first record of an Order meeting in Canada was in New Brunswick in 1783. (Tubman) Canada's first Orange Lodges were based in army regiments. After demobilization at the end of the War of 1812, a large number of Irish soldiers settled in Canada. They were drawn particularly to places where there were already Irish immigrants. (Houston and Smith) They brought the Orange Order with them. Thanks, guys.

In the early years, the Lodges in Canada had no central administration overseeing and coordinating activities. It was kind of like a Hamas of British North America. As a result, their activities and goals varied widely across the country, going from violent fanatics who burned churches to true fraternal organizations that held dances and supported orphanages. (Note that this was not necessarily pure altruism. An appeal to fund an orphanage in P. E. I. stated, "Roman Catholics have called for tenders for an orphanage… If we have to give up ours, it will mean that the children [in our orphanage] will pass over to the other institution, and this would mean a great loss." (BAnQ, Geggie fonds, 1983-05-002\)

By 1870, there were about 930 Orange Lodges in Ontario. There were probably never more than 200,000 Orangemen in Canada, reaching this peak around 1900.

In Ontario, Upper Canada at the time, the ruling elite, known as the Family Compact, never really engaged with the Order, whom they saw as low Anglican and low Tory and thus a threat to their own political power. "The Order was aware that it was considered a riotous and lower-class assembly bent upon continuing Old World conflicts in Canada." (Houston & Smyth, 127)

Order militias were belligerents in the 1837 Rebellions in both Upper and Lower Canada. They kept guard during the hangings following the Upper Canada Rebellion. Depending on how your historical rear-view mirrors are adjusted, this could be seen as either a positive or a negative contribution in the development of the Canadian body politic.

The Orange Order in Canada has been accused of being sectarian, supremacist, and supporting loyalist paramilitary groups while trying to enforce a kind of ethnic cleansing. They targeted French education and bilingualism with particular ferocity. Between 1839 and 1866, the Orange Order spawned 29 riots in Toronto alone. (Kealey, 54)

The Order was involved in both burning the Parliament Buildings in Montreal in April 1849 and the related Stony Monday riots in Bytown (now Ottawa) in September 1849.

Lanark County, Ontario

A look at how the Order operated in Eastern Ontario puts into perspective how differently it developed in Quebec. Here is a quote from a blog set up by someone who is apparently an actual living Orangeman. I haven't been able to find the person's name, which says a lot.

LANARK'S ORANGE LODGE

It was in the 1850's that the first secret fraternity unfurled its Orange banner in this village. ... But something happened one night that stopped a lodge career. From Buffam's Tavern to the lodge room the brethren cleaved the air with their discontent. An eye-witness says it was certainly a rough night and obviously he was not referring to the weather. When you hear a brother shout "Paice, bhoys, paice and brotherly love," while he belabours you with a drumstick it is high time to call a halt and that is exactly what the Orangemen of Lanark did.
(The Red Hand and Rose of Erin: https://rosamondpress.com/2016/10/07/the-red-hand-and-rose-of-erin/)

(Disclosure: My great-great-grandfather, Benoît Darou, a veteran of the War of 1812, was a French Catholic who settled near Lanark. He converted to Methodism in 1822, which was probably a good survival strategy. His son, Honest Sam Darou, bought the Orange Lodge building in 1890 and turned it into a bakery.)

There was lots of other Orange action in Lanark County and area:

- John Stewart was a founding member of the Perth Orange Lodge. "He was an Orangeman, the sheriff who selected the jury was an Orangeman, and they were of course all Orangemen," said the Reverend John Bell, referring to a trial. (Shaw, 52)
- Sheriff Alexander Matheson, "who had established the Orange Lodge at Perth in the same year (1824), ordered an attack on the Irish Catholic demonstrators in which one man was killed and several wounded." (Shaw, 120)
- "An arson was perpetrated by members of the Orange Lodge." St. Bridget's Chapel was built in 1820 and was burned down by them in 1863. (Shaw, 47).
- "Francis Clemow of Bytown, (1821 to 1902) was named Grand Master of the Orange Lodge of Carleton County." (Shaw, 124) Note that Clemow was an Ottawa merchant and, by 1885, a senator.

A close friend remembers seeing the Orange Order parade in Lanark in 1974. As a little girl, she was particularly

Top left: Gravestone from Hall's Cemetery, Wakefield, Quebec.

Top right: Monument to William of Orange in Breda, Netherlands. Photos: Wes Darou.

impressed by the white horse that led the parade, the rider representing William of Orange.

Here is the way a recent article in the *Ottawa Citizen* (Laucius) describes William Pittman Lett, a writer who grew up in Lanark County and served as Ottawa's city clerk from 1855 to 1891:

He was a life-long member of the Orange Order and a Freemason, which may have helped him put a foot on the first rung of power at City Hall. In his youth he was a radical journalist who wrote vehemently anti-Catholic editorials. Lett may have even participated in the Stony Monday riots of 1849.

Just a month after those riots, Lett eloped to a Methodist chapel in Huntley with Maria Hinton. Her father, Joseph, was warden of Carleton County, a Presbyterian and not fond of Orangemen. The elopement led to a rift between Maria and her family though all was eventually forgiven and Joseph paid for a well-appointed house for the growing family.

The Outaouais

According to writers Houston and Smyth, "Orangeism [in Quebec] came to embody… a group of intransigent Protestant, loyalist and English-speaking Canadians who adopted a general anti-French stance."(50) "All in all, Quebec Orangeism was a weak movement although it contributed the word *orangiste* to the French language, which is still enunciated with bitter contempt by older French Canadians."(56) (I have personally surveyed this matter, and it appears to still hold today.)

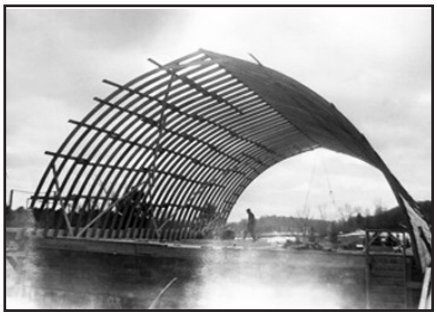
The Pontiac region of the Outaouais became the biggest rural core of the Quebec Grand Lodge. (Houston & Smyth, 53) Clarendon, today Shawville, saw the region's first lodge established, in 1843. (Tubman)

In Shawville in the 1870s, the Glorious 12th would start at 9:30 a.m. with music by marching bands. A procession would be formed, led by a rider on a white horse. This was *de rigueur* for all Orange parades. (I hope that contemporary custodians of the Orange Lodge won't attack me for using a French language term! Disclosure: Actually, I did get a death threat in 1989 for enjoying French. The caller claimed to represent an English rights group.)

They would march to McDowell's Tavern and get drunk on liquor ladled out of tin pails into shanty dishes. The procession would march back and listen to roaring speeches by the town's Protestant clergy, who were generally, shall we say, somewhat slanted against those things and people they considered alien and foreign. The procession would reform to march around until the official closing ceremonies. Then everybody would go back to the tavern and get even drunker and settle scores. It is said that the amount of liquor consumed and the ensuing violence of the Glorious 12th led to the establishment of the Temperance Movement in the area (Armstrong).

In Wakefield, Quebec, the Glorious 12th involved a parade with onlookers who were not necessarily Protestant (or drunk). It ended with a picnic. The changing demographics and political interests in Wakefield meant that enthusiasm for the Order gradually dwindled and the Lodge died out in the 1960s. (Geggie) The Orange Hall on the Gatineau River was later converted to an attractive private home.

In my town, Cantley, Quebec, things were even mellower. Loyal Order Lodge No. 2116 was centrally located, halfway between the post office and St. Andrew's United Church. Its major function was as a community association at a time when there were no other social services available. The Orange Hall was mostly rented out for dances and other events. Even Catholics rented it! Money was spent on neither whiskey nor grog. Cantley's Orange Hall burned down in 1952 (by accident, not by Catholics, I trust). It was rebuilt in 1954. Unfortunately, in the 1990s, the very attractive roof caved in from snow load.



Top: Orange Parade, Shawville, 1890. Photo: J.Bell, C. A. Leurs. CRAO BAnQ P19 S2 D16 P1. Bottom left: Wakefield LOL No. 144, 1894. Photo: GVHS, 01692/CD13. Bottom centre: Former LOL No. 144, 2012. Photo: GVHS, 02576.209 CD45. Bottom right: New Cantley LOL No. 2116 lodge, 1954. Photo: GVHS, 02678.002 CD47.

The site was then sold. (Milks)

Until very recently, the Orange Order held 12th of July parades in the Ottawa Valley. Today, there is only one semi-active Orange Lodge, in Shawville. Cantley's Lodge has only one member and he doesn't live in Cantley.

***

"The history and origins of the Orange Order are rooted in the sectarian struggles that pitted the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland against each other," writes historian Claude Bélanger. "In Canada, the main target of the Order was French Canadians." As can be seen from Lodge documents and meeting minutes, Bélanger was only partly right. Yes, the Canadian version of the Order wanted one dominant language. But it also wanted a non-denominational school system, loyalty to the British Crown, maintenance of the Union Jack, white-only immigration and, oh yes, lack of bigotry among its members – I'm not making this up! (See: Protestant Platform, 1911 and Principles, 1925). In truth, these opinions were probably quite typical of nineteenth century Outaouais Protestants.

The Minutes

The following minutes were drawn from the Stuart Geggie Fonds at the BAnQ, 1983-05-002. Geggie was a dedicated and long-working physician in Wakefield – and, according to his wife Norma, not an Orangeman. Note that I have left the errors and quaint spellings as they were in the original documents, wherever possible. I have also generally removed names and used only the initials.

Shooting the bull

3rd day of June, 1855
To S. J. M.
By order of the Worshipful Master and brethren you are summoned to attend a special meeting ... to answer a charge by J. M…. for shooting his bull on Saturday the thirteenth day of January instant at the hour of 7 of the clock afternoon.
J. S., Master

Weird bribe

Rupert, May 6th, 1870
[*Regarding paying to have his level raised*.] Brother W. G. refused for to speak to the Lodges telling him he had all the money he wanted. Brother M. acknowledged that he never offered the money but that he offered to raise him.

Whoa! Papist!

Special meeting, Sept. 20th, 1853, Chelsea.
Br I. C. C. entered a complaint against Br J. I. for violating his Royal Arch obligation by marrying a papist, knowing her to be such.
It was resolved that as the charges involved expulsion, Br J. I. be notified to appear at the county meeting February next…
Lodge closed in due form, J. B., Dist. Master

Carnal Knowledge

Chelsea, June 24th, 1853
Resolved. That the district Lodge, taking into consideration the current report which is in circulation respecting Br R. N. living with the widow, F. M. in a life of immorality, do hereby authorize the Worshipful Master of the Lodge to notify Br D. S. Worshipful Master of No 28 of which Lodge Br R. N. is a member to institute an inquiry into the matter, as the conduct of Br R. N. is, if the report be true, a disgrace to a member of our order.

Rupert, July 1853
(Br R. N.) stated on his obligation ... that he never had any Carnal Knowledge of her during his existence. It was therefore on motion resolved to return his certificate. ... J. B., District Master.

Non-payment

Rupert, LOL No 66, Sept 6th 1872.
Moved by Brother W. G. and seconded by Brother W. M. that A. N. be expelled for contempt of summons and non-payment of dues, being 4 years in arrears. Carried.
[*The ninteenth century practice of conflict resolution was effective if a bit weird. In subsequent meetings, all these men were reinstated. Rupert LOL No 66 was a very brotherly place*.]

Pic-nic

Cantley, June 16, 1919
LOL 2116 have decided to hold a Pic-nic on July 12 at Blackburn Grove.
We take great pleasure in inviting LOL 66 to celebrate with us the two hundred and twenty first anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne.
Hoping you will find it possible to be present. I remain,
Yours truly and fraternally, R. H. E., Rec-Sec

Kindness

1. Loyal Orange Lodge No 66, August 7th 1866
Resolved by J. A. and seconded by G. M. that I. M. dues arrears and what will become due is to be struck off until such time as he be able to work. Carried.

2. Quyon, Aug. 1st, 1903
To the Worshipful Master and brethren of LOL No 66, Rupert, Que.
Sirs
One year ago today, while working in the field, a worthy Royal Arch Purple Brother in the person of J. L. took suddenly ill… his whole body becoming paralyzed. He was some time in hospital in Ottawa but to no benefit. We took him to the Orthopedic Hospital in Toronto where he now lies a "hopeless cripple". What money he had banked is almost exhausted. He has no relatives and we have done what we could. Now we must appeal for your help.
Will you kindly do what you can for us.
Yours fraternally, J. S. LOL 1686, Quyon, Que.

Glorious 12th parade, Kazabazua, Upper Gatineau, 1912. Photo: GVHS, 02608.017 CD 46.

Meanness

[*The following letter and response show a level of openness that is surprising considering the tensions of the period. The grammatical errors are as written*.]

Aylwin, April 27th '63

Sir

I taik this opportunity of in forming of one of your brother orange men who has told all the secrets. I don't think he has got much but what he got he has told it all to a young woman in Masham and there can be proof got that the young girl told it to another boy and that young man was F. McC., member of Lodge 66 but yous was in bad need of members when you took a French man in when he would not be be long in another lodge but he is not fit to be in a pig house let alone a lodge but I think yous would have better credit if yous would put him out.

Yours truly, R. B. orange man

Masham, May 18th, 1863

Sir

Next time you write to me you will please post pay your letter or say you are not able and I am satisfied to do it for you if I can find out that you are an Orangeman but I believe you are not or you would not express yourself in such a manner. However for the present I leave all the meanness with yourself for believe me I will have no part of it.

Thomas Grant (Master, LOL No 66)

P. S. I want you to write no more such stuff to me.

Grog

1. Expenses: Masham Loyal Orange Lodge 66, 1851

Whiskey: 4 s (shillings) 0 p (pence)

For the 5 day of November 1854:

3 gallons of high wine
one bottle of wine
one stone of sugar
1 £ 1s 6 p

2. Loyal Orange Lodge No 66, August 1869

Bill for 12th July
$2.00 fiddler
$2.00 sugar
$2.00 grog
Nails and fencing $ 0.15

3. 1922 By laws

1st Resolved that all spirituous liquors shall be prohibited in this Lodge during the present year.

2 Resolved that any member of this lodge who is known to be in the habit of drinking liquor to excess… be liable to a fine of 50 cents, which it shall be the duty of the lodge to strictly enforce.

Wes Darou *holds a doctorate in Counselling Education from McGill University and a Master's in Environmental Engineering from the University of Waterloo. He worked for 35 years in education, counselling and international development.*

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Loyal Orange Lodge No 31 and school, Rupert, Qc., constructed in 1902. Photo: Wes Darou.

For the Record

Montreal's Vinyl Runners of St. Catherine Street

by Rohinton Ghandhi

"It seems like yesterday, but it was long ago. We were young and strong, yet we were runnin', against the wind"

- Bob Seger

The newsflash was grim and felt as if an old friend had passed away. HMV (His Master's Voice), the last national chain of music stores, had just announced its final closure. Within hours the bargain hunters arrived at the downtown location, giving us a feel of the crowds that once crammed Montreal's old record stores. They rushed about grabbing CDs, DVDs and whatever they could find at a discount, not knowing what they were about to lose.

For not so long ago, these stores were our lifelines to hearing new music, to sharing it with others, and to really owning it for ourselves. As music lovers and DJs of the late 70s and early 80s, we were proud of our own unique record collections, while always remaining hungry for the next big hit. It was this drive that powered us on our weekly quests along St. Catherine Street, from Guy Street up to Park Avenue, in days when records were king and record stores our palaces. It was all about the hunt, as we raced through downtown streets, as Montreal's very own vinyl runners. Totally unaware that in those days we were all running, against the wind.

"Music is a world within itself, with a language we all understand"

- Stevie Wonder (Sir Duke)

The set-up

In the late 70s, years before Wednesday night shopping, Thursday nights were perfectly positioned for running the gauntlet of record stores along St. Catherine Street, as the new releases would have made it to their shelves by then. Before the internet, "getting" new music meant you had to physically go out and buy a vinyl copy of it before it "sold out" (a now out-dated term in today's streaming world). Many of Montreal's FM and AM stations played pre-released samplers of new songs and added them to their own TOP 40 playlists, before the actual records were sold in stores. Their printed weekly hit lists and national lists (like Billboard's

top 100) were always placed at the entrance of many record stores to be used as checklists for buyers, and as thermometers for Montreal DJs to evaluate their own collections. This sales cycle worked well in an analogue world, as in those times every part of the music industry, from concept to distribution, was physical. Music was available in various formats including cassettes and 8-track tapes, yet vinyl records accounted for a majority of sales, with at least one record player in almost every home in the country. We all fell for it, believing in the idea that vinyl records could never be replaced by any other medium, and for a time, we kept believing – at least for three hours every Thursday night!

"Get Ready, 'cause here I come!"

– The Temptations (Get Ready)

A&A Records: 1621 St. Catherine Street West (now a Burger King)

On those evenings, Montreal's vinyl runners usually began their treks at 1621 St. Catherine Street West near Guy heading east. We were not only racing against a three-hour window but against each other to find new music first. It was hard to miss the massive "A&A Records" red-lettered sign glowing above and across its storefront, attracting shoppers like moths to a flame. As we entered the centre doors, the current music reminded us that we were still in the present, yet the open layout of the store transported to us to a much earlier time when it was a Marshall's Five n' Dime store (1936-1971), or even further back when its address listed it as the "Station 10" Firehouse until 1932. The store's uneven wooden floorboards would constantly creak as we walked through its aisles of records, and if we looked closely, its interior architecture would reveal its true age.

A&A was not only about sheer floor space, it was about using every inch as promotional space. Racks of individual albums stretched across its walls, hung in its street-front windows right up to its ceiling, with life-sized promotional displays scattered across the floor space. The central cash held the sole turntable and an amplifier, which powered the speakers placed throughout the store, allowing the music to sell itself. Although record store employees were at many times paid only a cashier's wage, they considered it a privilege to be an "in-store" DJ, not only to feature their own tastes in music, but at times to receive the ultimate honour of a customer's on-the-spot purchase of "their" music.

Oddly, only scraps of information exist on A&A Records' history with even less documentation on their Montreal store, making us rely more on those

Photo: courtesy of Rohinton Ghandhi.

who are still around to tell its story. The collected history of A&A Records finds its actual roots in Toronto, at the end of World War II, with Alice Kenner, her husband Mac, and her brother Aaron forming the A&A Bookstore (named after Alice and Aaron). By 1960, A&A Books and Records Co. of Canada had established a network of franchised stores across the country. In 1971, the Kenners sold the complete A&A business to CBS Records, with existing stores keeping their A&A titles. Under CBS, many new A&A stores were added, including their Montreal flagship store in 1972 at the St. Catherine Street location near Guy.

In 1981, CBS sold their retail records business to Sound Insight Limited, which also kept the A&A name and (from 1981 to 1987) expanded its presence in a series of buyouts of other retailers. Sound Insight reported its highest results in 1987 with $134 million in sales and net income of $7 million, leading to Vector No. Acquisition Corps buyout later that same year. Under Vector, in 1989, the A&A brand added almost another 100 stores to its chain and by 1990 would have 260 retail stores, proudly boasting "a presence in every province!" It was this expansion that led to A&A's final bow, with its new locations proving to be unprofitable and unsustainable. In January 1991, the company filed for bankruptcy and had a brief renaissance under new owner Lincoln Capital, but by 1993 it was all over. A&A Records, once Canada's giant in record sales, was dissolved and sold piece by piece with a majority of its stores being absorbed by the Music World or Sunrise Records chains. The Montreal store was once a popular spot for visiting performers to meet their fans, as it was only a few blocks from their concerts at the Montreal Forum. Many great stars and groups had walked through its doors, including Honeymoon Suite, Chuck Mangione, Joan Jett and Brian Adams (to name only a few) over its 21-year history (1972-1993). It went quietly in '93 as the Canadians won the Stanley Cup, with many of us unaware that we were losing a Montreal icon…and the very first stop of our vinyl runs in days gone by.

"You Do the Hokey-Pokey, and you turn yourself around"
- 1953 Ray Anthony/Jo Ann Greer

Discus Warehouse / Cheapies: 1609 St. Catherine Street West (now a Tea Parlour)

The sheer volume of records in A&A always made us hesitate when leaving the store, as if we were forgetting something. A quick check of the albums in our record bag gave us confidence to move on, or for many of us to go back in! Moving ahead held no real risks at all, as our next stop was literally only a few steps east of A&A. Located just before the beautiful Bank of Toronto building, Cheapies Records was a much smaller store with only two or three long rows of racks within its "long-closet" design. It was clearly there to compete with A&A. Although it had its own brand and was owned by Discus Music World, it only sold specific new releases at a discount with the bulk of its stock priced at full retail. For vinyl runners it was still worth a look, if just to claw through its few bins of promotional copies, which were easily identified by their clipped album corners and large "ceiling-hanger" holes in their upper right covers. With a Cheapies bag in hand, we ran across Guy Street past the York Theatre with its Marquee of "rolling" lightbulbs announcing the latest film. Of course, taking note of what movie was playing, just in case it had a hit soundtrack!

"Running Wild in the streets, Wild in the streets"

– Garland Jeffreys

Dave's Discount Records: 1265 Bishop Street (now Picasso's Hotdogs)

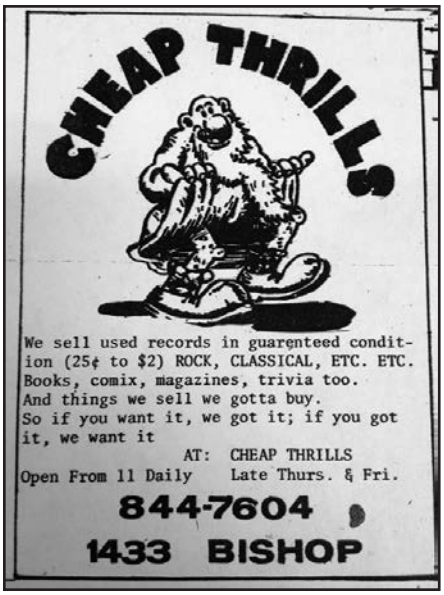
Past the old church, and just south on Bishop Street, was a dimly-lit one-room store with one of its two street-front windows displaying a hand-made cardboard sign: Dave's Import Discount Records. Only a few wall-mount sconces lit the boxes of records laid across makeshift tables and, at times, a ladder and two chairs. A glass case to the right held a record player inside and the cash register above. Although we met many of its "owners" over time, this was where most of us met Montreal's own Dave Silver for the first time. His store

Top: Site of A&A Records.

Bottom: Site of Dave's Discount Records. Photos: Rohinton Ghandhi.

was the polar opposite of a chain store, with boxes of records placed against every perimeter wall. Dave promoted his music by inviting us to look at the two boxes labelled "New Arrivals" behind the cash. It was truly a great place to find music, because of his ability to acquire music that he knew would sell. From imports to bootlegs, from promotional to rarities, Dave usually had one copy of each, and if you were lucky enough, you would be the first to buy it on the cheap. This was definitely a must-stop for many of Montreal's DJs, as with Dave you never knew what he had, but you were frothing at the mouth to find out!

"Better stop!...and look around, here it comes, here it comes!"
– The Rolling Stones (19th Nervous Breakdown)



Cheap Thrills: 1433 Bishop Street (now condominiums); current address 2044 Metcalfe, 2nd floor

Exiting Dave's and heading north on Bishop and back across St. Catherine Street, we found Cheap Thrills, a truly apartment-based business, with the claim of being Montreal's first second-hand record store and one that still exists today! According to the store's profile, Janet Dawidowicz opened the Bishop Street store in 1971 after first seeing the idea on a trip to California. The concept was that we could all buy twice as much "music" in used records than we could if buying them new, adding that if we were looking for specific music, her store was the place to look. For many vinyl runners with a preference for new stock items, we would scan through their recent arrivals, hoping for a newly rewrapped cellophane copy, giving us our own cheapest of thrills! Its founder probably never knew that her concept would outlive them all, as Cheap Thrills continues to operate today as one of Montreal's oldest record stores, now only a few blocks away on Metcalfe.

"Close my eyes, for that Double Vision"
– Foreigner

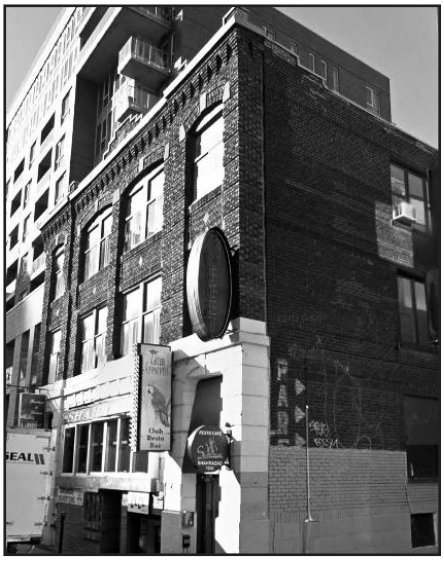
Dave's and Dutchy's Record Caves: A Tale of Two Caves and Beyond

Cave #1: 1318 St. Catherine West (above what is now Aldo's Shoes)

Cave #2: 1238-1242 Crescent Street, basement (now a Guitar Boutique and a Latin Music Resto-bar)

From Bishop Street we raced back to St. Catherine, heading east along its south side. Just a little past Crescent Street, upstairs at number 1318, was Montreal's first Record Cave (#1) started by Dave Silver himself between 1966 and 1967. It was his first downtown location, ready to welcome the international crowds expected for Expo 67. Dave believed in Expo's global potential so much, that he opened another location later in '67, Montreal's second Record Cave (#2), only a few steps back, in a large basement store at 1238 Crescent Street. Both were registered as "Record Cave Limited," and both were profitable "meccas" for those wanting to buy the global sounds of the pavilions on St. Helen's Island.

Dave's stores catered both to locals and to those from afar. In those times, record stores were places for music lovers to simply hang out, socialize, and discuss their favorites with others, in a world when "being social was the media." Dave was a fountain of knowledge, specifically for Jazz recordings. He lived and breathed for his Record Caves, usually working six days a week without



taking any holidays. Both stores sold promotional overstock and last-run (closeout) copies at lower prices than retail chains, generating higher profits year after year.

In 1974, Dave Silver sold both stores to Adrian Arts, also known as "Dutchy," who immediately renamed both locations Dutchy's Record Cave (#1&#2). Dutchy acquired his nickname as an immigrant to Canada from the Netherlands. He came with many others, hoping to live the Canadian dream, and stayed to create an iconic Montreal name. His stores mainly followed Silver`s formula for success, focusing on the sale of unique, hard-to-find recordings, including specialty "bootleg" copies (recordings of unpublished songs and/or live tape recordings put on vinyl), 12" Extra-Play version LPs (playing one extended version of a song on a large 33" record), and imports.

In 1980, Dutchy sold both downtown locations and for a time operated a third location on St. Lawrence Boulevard, which he eventually sold with the "Dutchy's" name. Cave #1, the store at 1318 St. Catherine Street, became Pierre Musique, which provided the latest Dance, New Wave and Punk music as 12-inch extended plays of current hits to Montreal's DJs. In 1991, it became the Disco Music Club, selling long-play extended dance music records. By 1996 it had closed its doors. Cave #2, the store at 1238 Crescent Street, first became Downtown Records in 1980, and then, in 1982, Rock en Stock. It gained a reputation, not only because of its historic location, but because of its ability to ac-

Left: Cheap Thrills ad. Photo: courtesy of Rohinton Ghandhi.

Right: Site of Dutchy's Cave #2. Photo: Rohinton Ghandhi.

quire new music before major retailers could. Its massive on-site stock and its reputation as Montreal's "alternate" music store made it very popular with local vinyl runners, a must-stop location. Rock en Stock survived the digital massacre of vinyl record stores all the way to 2002, when its own sound finally faded out, removing another stop from our downtown runs.

Adrian "Dutchy" Arts passed away on June 11, 2013, taking his many analogue experiences with him.

"Running on Empty, Running blind, Running on, running into the sun, but I'm running behind"

- Jackson Browne

Discus Records: 705 St. Catherine Street West, Les Terrasses (now the Eaton Centre)

Continuing east on the north side of St. Catherine Street from Crescent, we would need to pick up the pace, as the HMV at Peel and St. Catherine did not exist until 1989 to fill the large gap to our next store. Ironically, HMV Canada would be the last of Canada's music chain stores, outlasting all others before its own end in January 2017. Zipping past Peel, we would be "running on empty" until McGill College Avenue and the Magic Pan Crepe House. From there, the basement entrance to Les Terrasses led us to Discus Records. Mainly catering to the lunchtime office crowds and to evening shoppers, the retail store was purposely placed between the lower food courts and the upper street level of St. Catherine Street. At its peak in the late 80s, it was one branch of 150 Discus/Music World stores operating under the DMW banner within Canada. Some may still recall their promotional stunt for John Cougar's album Scarecrow, with the store turning into a farm complete with bales of hay, pitchforks, and two live chickens. Vinyl runners made a quick stop here to pick up their weekly specials, and to flip through their sales racks. Discus was at this location from 1976 until 1987, when Les Terrasses was demolished to make way for the Eaton Centre. In 1991, its remaining Discus stores were still operating at a profit from the arrival of CDs as the new medium. By 1994, compact disc sales had forced the value of records into a freefall, to a point where some DMW stores kept a scale by their cash for selling their vinyl 45-rpm singles by the pound.

"That's when smoke was a smoke, an' groovin' was groovin', an' dancin' meant everything"

- John Cougar (Cherry Bomb)

The Labyrinth: 492 St. Catherine Street West (now a Sirens boutique)

We continued east along St. Catherine Street, passing Eaton's and crossing to the south side at The Bay. There, just east of the original Mr. Steer Burger restaurant, red carpeted stairs led you into The Labyrinth, a massive basement-level record warehouse with multiple sellers. It had a flea market feel to it, and at times allowed private vendors to rent their space and sell their own records. The massive volume of albums that The Labyrinth had was truly impressive, although the records here were mostly used or promotional discount copies, which usually made us run as quickly back to those carpeted stairs, and on to the House that Sam Built.

"Everybody's movin', everybody's groovin', baby"

– The B52's (Love Shack)

Sam the Record Man: 397 (later 399) St. Catherine Street West (now Angelica Jewellers)

By now, we would be carrying bags of records under our arms, each with its own store's logo on it, as we rushed one block east, to Sam the Record Man. The store was named for Sam Sniderman, who in 1961 started the franchise at his 347 Yonge Street location in Toronto. He grew it into a chain of stores throughout Canada, including his Montreal flagship store at 397 St. Catherine Street, which opened in 1975. By the mid-1980s he had moved next door into a two-building location at the corner of St. Catherine and St. Alexandre streets.

Sniderman made it his business to promote Canadian artists by using his outlets as venues to showcase their talent. Many Canadian acts became superstars with his support, including The Guess Who, Gordon Lightfoot, Bachman Turner Overdrive, Joni Mitchell, Anne Murray and Rush. In 1976, Sniderman received the Order of Canada for his contribution to Canadian music.

Sniderman's Montreal store felt like many different rooms gathered under one roof. As we entered Sam's and passed the cash area on the left, we were awed by its famous "Wall of 45s" which held individual wire racks of the latest "singles" numbered by their positions on their weekly hit list. We would usually grab first and decide to buy later, for at Sam's, supply was by the minute.

This first room was filled with Pop and Mainstream Rock albums in alphabetical order by artist names from A to F, with artists' albums hung above their own sections within hip-level record racks spread across the store. A small hand-drawn sign reading "G to Z" pointed us to the next room where the main floor continued with its racks of albums, placed alphabetically. This adjoining room was actually another building with albums posted flush to the wall up to its much higher ceiling. Its original art deco

Photos: courtesy of Rohinton Ghandhi.

ceiling tiles were painted white, although their designs showed their age. The flip-through racks circled around the room and down its middle, ending with "Z" and continuing on to the "Soundtracks" area below the rear staircase.

For many who preferred Jazz, Reggae, Classical, Latino and International music, these stairs were their own "Stairways to Heaven," for if Sam's didn't have it they could mail order it for you. We usually avoided this process as it required a salesperson to look up a song's specific distribution code in what they referred to as "the Book," which held the DNA of all recorded music from the time of 78-RPM records (1910) and was divided into cross-referenced coloured pages by song titles, artists, distributors and release dates. If we ever had to refer to it, we would need a salesman in good health to carry and to search through its heavy volume of pages. Yet almost 100% of the time, we found the obscure song or artist we were looking for, and placed an order.

Climbing the rear stairs led us to a maze of hallways and stairwells, each ending in single rooms, one for every type of music, and a specialist of each within them. Sam the Record Man's vast collections allowed us to travel the world using music as our compass and their experts to guide us. Some of Sam's most remembered promotions include a weekly clip-away coupon in the Friday editions of Montreal's newspapers, selling an album at $2.99 or less but only at a specific time and date, usually on Saturdays at 9 a.m. sharp. This strategy created long lines of people waiting outside their store well before it opened. Many of us stood side by side in line trembling, even on the coldest winter days, awaiting our time to enter and thaw out! The store's Boxing Day events were legendary with almost all its inventory sold at half price. No-one could have predicted that within twenty years, their prices would drop even lower as they held their final sales.

Sam retired from the business in 2000, and in 2001, the company filed for bankruptcy, citing the arrival of music downloads and internet sales as its downfall. The Montreal store's collections were sold off in pieces. It closed its doors in January 2002; Sam's original store in Toronto closed in 2007. On September 23, 2012, Sam Sniderman passed away in his sleep at the age of 92, leaving us knowing that there would never

be another Canadian like him nor another store like Sam's.

"We're gonna Rock this Town, Rock it inside out"

– The Stray Cats

Dave's Gold Mine: Suite 110, Belgo Building, 372 St. Catherine Street West (now an art gallery)

The Belgo building was originally designed in 1912, the year of the Titanic, as a luxury department store called Scroggie's, and was later renamed Almy's. This once ornate store closed only a decade later, in 1922, with much of its interior scrapped to make way for the garment industry. By 1937, almost the entire building was being used by clothing manufacturers including the notable Parkley Clothes on its fourth floor.

Over the years, Montreal's needle trade moved east to the fashion districts of Chabanel and St. Hubert streets, leaving the building behind. In the mid-80s, the owners refurbished it into single suites and began renting it to artists and entrepreneurs. That's when Montreal's vinyl runners first saw the giant "Record Goldmine" sign in the first floor window of the Belgo Building across St. Catherine Street from Sam the Record Man.

As we entered, it felt as if we had walked into to another time. A dimly-lit hallway led us past another corridor of doors and straight to a wide central marble staircase. Upstairs, the creaking warehouse floor brought us to Suite 110 and to a large sign reading "The Record Goldmine" before an open doorway. Beyond was a huge area with massive glass windows at the front. A familiar voice greeted us with a "Why hello, what'll it be today?"

To our surprise it was Dave Silver himself, resurrecting his old Record Cave as the new Records Goldmine. We knew little of his disappearance from Montreal's record scene since 1974, and we always forgot to ask him. Friends say he had moved to Toronto and returned for family reasons. In 1984, the *Gazette* profiled his return with an article entitled "Silver Strikes Gold at Last," covering his new Goldmine. The new store was filled with racks of albums running across is length and through its centre, with Dave always at the cash in its rear left. In later years, Dave became discouraged with the introduction of CDs, as they lacked the sound purity of vinyl. He reluctantly began carrying them only to meet growing demand, but his record business was never the same. We had to be cautious in his store, as minutes could easily turn into hours, and so we simply bought a minimum and promised to return. Dave Silver was once known as Montreal's own Sam the Record Man for his years of retail music experience, bringing new music to Montreal, all on vinyl. He had an in-depth knowledge of Jazz recordings and used his dry humour to share that knowledge with us. By the mid-90s, record sales took a dive and he

Top & Centre: Sam the Record Man, 1980s and today. Photos: Gabor Szilasi and Rohinton Ghandhi, respectively.

Bottom: Site of the Belgo building. Photo: Rohinton Ghandhi.

decided to retire. After liquidating what he could, he donated the bulk of his inventory to the Salvation Army. Dave Silver passed away at 76 on November 25, 2005, ending an era in Montreal's own vinyl "record."

"Movin' me down the highway, movin' me down the highway, so life won't pass me by"

– Jim Croce (I Got a Name)

Phantasmagoria Records: 3472 (later 3416) Park Avenue (now Gallery Nova Bene)

Eight o'clock. Our time was running out as we made a sharp left north on Bleury Street, past the old Imperial Theatre, and then Consumers Distributing. Trekking up the hill beyond the Black Watch Armoury became more difficult with our growing collection of bags, now carried with both arms. Our full body workouts ended just as Bleury Street changed to Park Avenue at the corner of Sherbrooke Street. Just past the traffic light on the left was Phantasmagoria.

We knew this place was different when we entered, from its album-covered storefront windows to the placement of its entire inventory on every inch of wall space in the store, without a floor rack in sight! All of its records were displayed in angled wire holders or in wire baskets, hooked to the pegboards behind them. True to its motto ("records you can try on before you buy"), Phantasmagoria featured numerous turntables at the entrance, awaiting our requests. The store later installed "listening stations" throughout, consisting of an album cover and a set of headphones playing its songs in a loop.

Phantasmagoria was the brainchild Eric Pressman, who at the age of 18 opened his first store at 3472 Park Avenue on November 28, 1968. He had chosen its name from the title of a Lewis Carroll poem, and wanted the place to be more of a hangout for music lovers than a stop'n'buy record store. Fish tanks and sofas made it feel like a living room. Pressman's partner was Marsha Dangerfield; many customers referred to them as John and Yoko. Ironically, both would present their favorite albums to the real John and Yoko during their Montreal Bed-in in 1969.

In 1971, Eric and Marsha moved the store to its new 3416 address, which had double the floor space, allowing Marsha to set up a "hippie" counter on its upper level. The pair had a serious falling out in 1973, and that is when Eric's sister Linda entered the business. In 1980, Eric moved to Vancouver and opened another location on Granville Street, leaving Linda in charge of the Montreal store. By 1982, he took on a new partner, Tom Faludi, to avoid bankruptcy, as by then every department store and pharmacy was selling records, cutting into his business.

The Park Avenue store closed in 1995, and with it died Pressman's dream of a store that was less about profit and more about the people and the music they loved. In the end, both business models failed, not from a lack of passion, but from basically small shifts in technology that wiped out an industry.

Leaving Montreal's vinyl runners with simply…nowhere to run.

"Nowhere to run to, nowhere to hide, Got nowhere to run to baby, nowhere to hide"

-Martha and the Vandellas

This story honours those places now lost in time and serves as a record of their final sales, before each of their lights was finally extinguished, and before the last of Montreal's vinyl runners fades into history.

Photo: courtesy of Rohinton Ghandhi.

***Rohinton Ghandhi** is a local author and historian who loves writing stories of Montreal in times gone by, specifically stories local to Crawford Park, Verdun and LaSalle. Needless to say, he is a music lover and a record collector.*

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Thanks are also extended to Kirk Bennett (Photographs, HMV and Phantasmagoria), Dick Nieuwendyk (writer, Montreal Times), Arto Tavukciyan (photos and information on Dave Silver), Alan Hustak (Montreal Historian), Bob Adamowski (The Record Cave ads), Gary Poronowich (Cross-reference materials, record store locations), Bruno Paul Stenson (observations from vinyl to CD), Phil Spurrell (Montreal Film Society, Rock-en-Stock, Cross-referencing), Kristian Gravenor (Coolopolis website, music industry connections).

Reviews

Creating from History

John Kalbfleisch, *A Stain Upon the Land: Love and Death in Old Montreal,* Shoreline Press, 2017.

Robert N. Wilkins, *Montreal 1909*
Shoreline Press, 2017.

Historical writing is usually referred to as creative non-fiction, since, although as writers about history and heritage we do try – or should try anyway – to be accurate, non-partisan and objective, there is always an element of imagination involved. We attempt to bring the past into the present in a meaningful way for contemporary readers who may or may not be familiar with our particular subject matter. Good writing is good writing, whether it's about the ancient Greeks or possible life on other solar systems, and whether the intent is to be factual or imaginary. History has proven to be a bottomless pit of inspiration for fiction, from truly great literary works such as Tolstoi's *War and Peace* to the light and fluffy romance works of Barbara Cartland and so many others.

In 2017, Montreal produced two really interesting, yet very different, pieces of historical writing: *A Stain Upon the Land: Love and Death in Old Montreal* by John Kalbfleisch, and *Montreal 1909* by Robert N. Wilkins. Both authors are well-known historical writers for the *Gazette*, Montreal's main English-language newspaper. Both books were published by the same local press: Shoreline, based in Saint-Anne-de-Bellevue. The genre, focus and intent of the two are, however, entirely different.

A Stain Upon the Land, is a fictionalized account of the real and still unsolved murder in 1827 of Robert Watson, the flour inspector at Ogilvie's flour mill. A less likely person to encounter a violent death would be difficult to imagine. The Watsons and Ogilvies were respectable, business-oriented Scots Presbyterians with no known vices and not much social pretension, living orderly lives at a time when Montreal was still rather small and industrial development was just beginning. Kalbfleisch brings in a mixture of real and fictional characters and does do this well, as they all seem believable. The best aspect of this book is the creation of settings: the look and smells of early nineteenth century Montreal, the construction of Notre-Dame Church, rural life in Glengarry County, travel on the St. Lawrence River, lumber drives, and even a flashback to the War of 1812-14 are engaging and historically accurate. There are a lot of prominent people from the period who make what could be called "cameo" appearances throughout: O'Donnell the architect, chief justice James Reid, even a brief view of Louis-Joseph Papineau. For readers who know their local history, it's rather interesting to see who will turn up next. This could have been the wrong approach for a novel, but it works very well here and this book is definitely a good read. We are not revealing the plot, of course – read it and see who Klabfleisch points to, at the end, as the murderer.

Montreal 1909 by Robert N. Wilkins, is an account, based on newspaper items from the archives of the now defunct *Montreal Star*, of one year (1909) in Edwardian Montreal. We travel through time in a linear fashion, starting on Saturday, January 2, and work our way towards Friday, December 31. Although all the entries are based on the articles of the days, Wilkins more or less paraphrases them and comments on them throughout. This does make for interesting writing – he writes clearly and well – but maybe there is a bit too much implied critical comment on a time quite different from our own. Also, the *Montreal Star* of that period reflected the editorial views of its owners (Lord Atholstan, for one) and perhaps not the general views of Montreal's English-speakers who constituted its readership. The enormous growth of population, from its overseas and rural origins, along with rapid industrial development and lagging social services, led to appalling slums in Montreal at that time. Working conditions were very poor in the factories and mills, economic power was concentrated among a few, and political corruption was ever-present. However, at the same time, this period saw the beginnings and strengthening of many movements and organizations that eventually would combat and improve these social ills. This is a very interesting book and certainly worth reading, but the tone is a tad depressing.

-Review by Sandra Stock

Robert Auchmuty Spoule, "The Place d'Armes, Montreal, 1828." McCord Museum, M385.