Hotel and Restaurant heritage from Palomino Lodge to the Café Rouge

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Quebec Heritage News

Vol 6, No. 2 Summer 2011

Steaming up the Lake

Memphremagog's Tour Boat Tradition Continues

Boys of Summer

Bill Young on the Integration of Baseball in Quebec

Montreal's Visual Artists above and below the Hill

Louis Muhlstock, Emily Coonan and W. S. Leney

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE :
Readers will notice that with this issue of Quebec Heritage News the subscription rate has increased to $30 per year (individuals) and $40 per year (organizations). This is a reflection of increased costs related to printing and mailing this magazine. The good news is that henceforth our covers will be in full colour. We look forward to making other improvements in upcoming issues. As always, your comments are welcome.

Cover: The Lady of the Lake, Perkins Landing, Lake Memphremagog, c.1910.
Photo: Matthew Farfan Collection.

Editor's Desk

Counting the peas

by Rod MacLeod

"Schwartz's is not a historic monument, but remove Schwartz's and a whole piece of Montreal falls into the river."

These wise words uttered by Dinu Bumbaru at QAHN's Ways of Memory conference last March came back to me a month later as I opened an envelope on the morning of my birthday to find tickets to *Schwartz's: The Musical* at the Centaur Theatre. It was a great gift, even though I'd been skeptical that a musical about a deli could work, especially after hearing the experiences of a friend who had (unsuccessfully) auditioned for the part of a pickle. The show did work; it's fun – although you leave the theatre not so much humming the tunes as, well, hungry. Of course we went to Schwartz's for the birthday supper, which says something for product placement.

But I thought of Bumbaru's comment mostly because I realized how small a role Schwartz's has played in my life – even though I call myself a Montrealer. Our family patronized Ben's – or rather "took from" Ben's, to use one of my father's idioms. (He would also say they "took from" the United Church.) In their courting days, he and my mother saw Ben's as a great late-night food stop, its downtown location perfect for after theatre or clubs. I know there are plenty of things, good and bad, to say about Ben's, one of which is that there will surely never be a *Ben's: The Musical*, and another is that its recent removal did not result in a whole piece of Montreal sliding into the river – but I mourn its passing and reflect that no popular food spot deserves the long and ugly death that Ben's endured.

If Ben's did not go gently into that good restaurant night, another Montreal institution did: Murray's. To be honest, when I heard not too long ago that the last Murray's had closed, I was surprised it had lasted so long. It had outlived the bulk of its clientele, which is saying something. My memory of Murray's from my youth, an image that I doubt differed much from that of previous decades, was of genteel elderly ladies in hats, their fur-trimmed coats peeled back over their chairs and their purses hanging from the hooks just under the table, conversing over sliced turkey with mashed potatoes and peas – plus either rolls or muffins, greased with those pats of butter that came sandwiched between tiny squares of paper. You ate with heavy, solid flatware and were served by women in light blue dresses with enormous white bib-fronts who moved at great speed carrying huge and often groaning round pewter trays. The menu never changed, the portions were identical. My older cousin, for whom lunch at Murray's with Grandma was a much-dreaded occasion for instruction in ladylike behaviour, maintained that the staff counted every pea on your plate before serving it.

I have good memories of Murray's – really, I do. Grandma lived across the street from the flagship Montreal restaurant in Westmount, and it was a nice place to take her for lunch; by that time she was in her nineties and was beyond instructing in ladylike behaviour – though I suspect my 1970s long hair often tempted her to try – but she still flipped her coat backwards over the chair and kept her hat on while she ate. I liked these occasions, mostly because I could usually order pancakes – although my mother always insisted I have them with sausages, "for my health." Years later, when my parents had moved into that same building, we would cross the street to Murray's with my young son, and he would charm the waitresses with his placemat drawings. During the Ice Storm, we stayed a few days with my parents even after they lost power; luckily, Murray's across the street was an island of warmth, and although it was packed with storm refugees I would go down to buy takeout soup for my mother, who was by then in very poor health. Not long after, that Murray's closed and another, infinitely more lucrative chain whose name I need not mention though it began with the same letter as Murray's, moved into that choicest of locations. Sic transit, etc.

Murray's was not always genteel, or not all of them. One branch downtown that my Mother "took from" appealed to the late 1940s office crowd seeking lunch and was often so busy at lunchtime patrons had to share tables. Normally my mother sat with friends and they liberally sampled each other's fries while they gabbed, but on one infamous occasion she went in alone and was seated at a small table across from an unfamiliar gent whose open *Gazette* gave her some privacy. Her mind on something else, my mother suddenly realized that, force of habit, she had reached out and seized one of this gent's fries – and was immediately so horror-stricken that she froze in mid-seize. Luck being what it was, the gent chose that moment to lower his *Gazette* and peer down at her outstretched hand. Their eyes met briefly, hers agape. "Help yourself," the gent said, and resumed reading. She did – and beat a hasty retreat back to work. No, nothing romantic came from that encounter, but it proves that even Murray's had the potential for danger.

Research reveals that the interior of each Murray's restaurant was designed to match a uniform, vaguely Art Deco model designed by architect C Davis Goodman, who was also responsible for the Laurentian Hotel and, curiously, Ben's. On those grounds alone, one might have made a strong case for the Heritage merits of Murray's, as many did for Ben's. No matter now – Murray's, too, is gone, fallen into that river from which no restaurant returns, every last pea of it.

Letters

Memories of Marianna O'Gallagher

In 2004, in an effort to further document the influence and legacy of our sisters of Irish descent, we at Musée Bon-Pasteur consulted the annals and obituaries of our Congregation.

We then proceeded to organize a presentation of this research, open to the public. In the course of the project, it was suggested that we contact Ms. Marianna O'Gallagher as a resource person. Not only was she generous with her time and expertise, she also very graciously accepted to be our guest speaker. On February 26, 2005, she gave a concise yet very informative overview of the historical context of the presence of the Irish in Quebec City. Those who knew her can imagine that she regaled us with a few gems of personal reminiscences as well. After this much-appreciated contribution to our afternoon, she asked to borrow our notes since our archives often mention the county of origin of the sisters. When she returned our notes, she included two pages of additional information on the families of fifteen sisters -- a touching proof of her desire to share her many years of research.

We will fondly remember her sprightly wit and unassuming erudition. An Irish blessing on all who honour her memory and strive to further her scholarly research on the presence and contribution of the Irish in Quebec!

Claudette Ledet
Director, Musée Bon-Pasteur
Quebec, QC

Harmonious History

I read about the February 11 conference on the place of Anglophones in Quebec History ("A new look at Quebec's English-speaking history," Spring 2011) with great interest. In my view, it is sad if the role of Anglophones in Quebec is ignored in history courses.

I grew up in Montreal in the 1950s and 1960s, attended PSBGM schools and graduated from McGill in 1968. I left Quebec to attend graduate school and, for one reason or other, never returned to Quebec.

Despite my departure, my family has a long history in Quebec. The Morrisseys came to Montreal from Ireland via New Brunswick in about 1850. My mother's family arrived from England in about 1912 following a stint in the Bronx in New York City. We never lived in Westmount. We never oppressed anyone. We were not wealthy by any means. We got on well with Francophones.

My mother-in-law was a Francophone from Quebec City. My father-in-law was a completely bilingual Anglophone from Ancienne Lorette, near Quebec City. My wife's maternal grandfather (Hubert Duchene) was born in Baie Ste-Catherine near Tadoussac. He was a veteran of the Boer War. There is a Boer War memorial in Quebec City, just inside the gates on Grande-Allée. Both my English-born maternal grandfather and his brother learned French and became senior officers in the Montreal Fire Department.

My family and the Anglophones that I knew never viewed the victory of the English army over the French army in 1759 as being of much importance. It was a fact of history. One European country defeated another in a battle long ago. France and England settled that war with a treaty. France could have recovered Quebec, but instead chose some islands in the Caribbean. Francophones should never have felt "humiliation" at the loss of a battle by a European nation back in 1759.

History, at least as taught by the PSBGM schools that I attended, had a very strong Quebec and Canadian component. Although now forgotten, we learned about Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Brébeuf, the Lachine massacre, and the 1837-1838 Rebellions. I spent a few summers in St. Eustache and recall the marks on the walls of a church made by cannon balls fired by the British army.

John Morrissey
Toronto, Ontario

Marianna O'Gallagher and Musée Bon-Pasteur staff members Natalie Perron and Claudette Ledet, February 26, 2005.

Photo: courtesy of Musée Bon-Pasteur

Vocation: Teaching

The Sisters of Saint Anne 150 Years on

by Marjorie Deschamps

The Sisters of Saint Anne Historic Centre presents a new temporary exhibition, *Vocation: Teaching*. The exhibition gives a picture of the dedicated Sisters who, over the course of 150 years, taught in no fewer than 14 schools in Lachine.

By telling the story of daily life for the boarding school students and their teachers, the exhibition approaches Lachine's educational heritage from a variety of perspectives. It features personal accounts, photos, books, documents, artefacts and teaching materials once used by the Sisters.

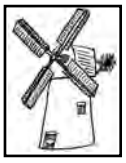
Visitors will relive the opening of Villa Anna in 1861, the only girls' school at the time in Lachine, which in 1960 would become Collège Sainte-Anne. They will learn that the Sisters had to cope with very difficult conditions: after teaching six to eight hours a day, they then had to help out with maintenance work in order to keep expenses down. When they were not in the classroom, the Sisters were painting ceilings and laying carpet. After their hard day's work, the Sisters slept on corn husk mattresses.

Vocation: Teaching is an invitation to meet a group of women who helped provide a well-rounded education to a large proportion of the population of Lachine. This project has received financial support from the Québec Ministère de la Culture et des Communications and the Ville de Montréal as part of the Entente sur le développement culturel de Montréal 2008-2011.

The Sisters of Saint Anne Historic Centre is located in a beautiful setting on the edge of the Lachine Canal, inside a nineteenth-century building. Its various exhibitions tell the story of the Sisters of Saint Anne since their foundation, through the places and personalities associated with them.

The exhibitions recreate the authentic atmosphere of a convent and describe the unique destiny of Blessed Marie-Anne Blondin, a woman ahead of her time, and the religious order she founded 160 years ago.

During the summer the museum is open Wednesday to Sunday, from 10 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1 p.m. to 5 p.m. Advance reservations are required only for groups of eight or more. Admission to the museum, located at 1280 Saint-Joseph Boulevard in Lachine, is free for everyone. For information: 514-637-4616 ext. 212, chssa@bellnet.ca. www.ssa cong.org/musee, www.facebook .com/CHSSA.



MILLS

I would love to hear from anyone with information on old mills in Quebec (sawmills, windmills, etc). Please contact me:

Claude Arsenault
Société sauvegarde du patrimoine de Pointe-Claire
(514) 693-9114

Vocation: Teaching exhibition.
Pensionnaires, College Sainte-Anne, c.1940.

Photos: courtesy of Sisters of Saint Anne Historic Centre.

QAHN Honours Heritage Achievement, 2011

by Sandra Stock

The **Marion Phelps Award** is given each year by QAHN to an individual who has been nominated as an outstanding volunteer in the heritage field. This year, we are very pleased to announce that the winner is **Carol Martin** of the Gatineau Valley Historical Society.

Carol has been the editor of *Up the Gatineau*, the GVHS's annual local history journal, for the past twenty-one volumes since 1991. She has also been a member of the society's executive in various capacities since 1976, a longtime volunteer archivist at the Chelsea Library and the person responsible for assisting inquiries from the public with a variety of topics related to local genealogy, cemeteries and census records. She has volunteered with the annual GVHS antiques and collectibles auction and served as a citizen member representative on the Heritage and Culture Committee of the Municipality of Chelsea.

Carol has shown exceptional organizational skills and contributed much towards the preservation of, and publication about, the history of both Chelsea in particular and the Outaouais district in general. Her enormous contributions to heritage were acknowledged by her fellow historians of the Gatineau Valley Historical Society and the Fairbairn House Heritage Centre as well as the Municipality of Chelsea, all of whom nominated Carol for this award.

The Richard Evans Award, now in its second year, is offered to a group of volunteers who have, as a collective effort, contributed towards their community history, with an inclusion of some aspect of Quebec Anglophone heritage.

This year, the Award goes to the **Miner Heritage Farm / La Ferme Héritage Miner** of Granby. This ambitious project hopes to preserve the agricultural history of the Granby area with an emphasis on heritage plants and animals. It will be a completely organic, sustainable working farm that will protect and showcase the natural, cultural and historic heritage of the area and be an example of urban agriculture for educational and conservation purposes. Also, the original remaining farm buildings are being restored. When complete, this will be a working farm and exhibition site that will celebrate and promote the many unique species once found on Quebec farms, such as the Canadien horse, the Canadienne cow, the Chantecler chicken, and the Montreal and Oka melons. Also, the farm will illustrate the way of life of the Townships pioneers.

The Miner family was important to the industrial history of Granby as well as for running this large farm for many generations. Rather than have the property sold for development, a group of Granby citizens came together to form the Heritage Farm project.

For information, contact Caroline Gosselin, General Manager, Miner Heritage Farm, 100 rue Mountain, Granby, QC – J2G 6S1, telephone (450) 991-3330. The website is www. fermeheritageminer.ca.

Top: Carol Martin and GVHS President, Marc Cockburn
Bottom: Caroline Gosselin and Richard Evans.

Photos: Matthew Farfan

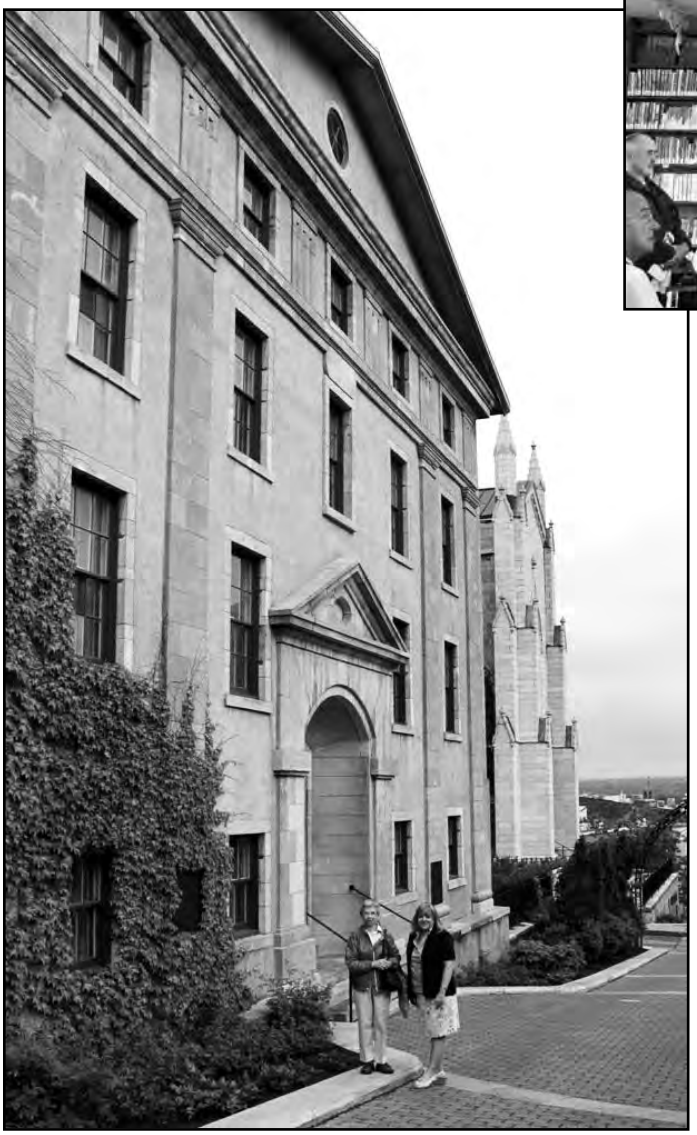
The Jailhouse Rocks!

QAHN's AGM at the Morrin Centre

by Matthew Farfan

Delegates from all over the province descended on Quebec City on June 18 for QAHN's 11th Annual General Meeting. Representatives from several dozen QAHN member organizations came to North America's only walled capital city from around Quebec, including the Gaspé, the Outaouais, the Eastern Townships, the Laurentians, Montreal and Quebec City itself.

The host for this year's gathering was the Morrin Centre in the old city. This storied institution, a national historic site, dates from between 1808 and 1813. Its first vocation was as the city prison. In 1868, the prison was converted into Morrin College, a Presbyterian-run school of higher learning affiliated with McGill University. At that same time, the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec also moved into the former prison. The "Lit & Hist," as the Society is often called, was founded in 1824, and was the first learned society in Canada.



A century and a half later, the Lit & Hist still occupies the Morrin Centre, as the building is now known. The Society operates a library on the second floor. Found here are some wonderful artefacts from Quebec's past, including a statue of General Wolfe that was once stolen and transported to England. There's a desk that once belonged to Sir George-Étienne Cartier and now serves as a library work station. Overlooking the main floor of the library is a wraparound gallery, accessed by a carved spiral staircase. The walls on both levels are lined with books.

In the other wing of the Morrin Centre, the old college hall has been converted into a spacious conference room. Here again, a gallery similar to the one in the library overlooks the room. This wing of the building proved ideal for QAHN's AGM.

The business part of the AGM took place in the morning, with about forty-five delegates and individual members in attendance. Following the presentation of the financial statements by Treasurer Richard Evans, President Kevin O'Donnell reported that QAHN had enjoyed one of its busiest years to date – particularly in light of the big-budget HOMEI and SHOMI projects, which he called QAHN's "outstanding achievements of the year." O'Donnell also called attention to QAHN's two Ways of Memory conferences, held in Orford and Montreal, and to the organi-

Left: Morrin Centre on Chausée des Ecossais, Quebec City.
Right: Lit & Hist library, Morrin Centre.

zation's 2011 Student Heritage Essay Contest, which received a record 153 entries this year.

Interim Executive Director Matthew Farfan then reported on HOMEI and SHOMI, underlining the contributions of these projects to the presentation of heritage in digital format and over the Web. He emphasized how these projects have "successfully enabled local heritage groups to better promote themselves through a variety of multimedia tools."

Members then voted on a resolution relating to Bill 82, Quebec's proposed new heritage law, which is aimed at widening the definition of what constitutes heritage in the province. This bill, noted Kevin O'Donnell in his report, "somewhat worryingly passes on the responsibility of protecting heritage to municipalities, without necessarily giving them the wherewithal to carry out their new responsibilities." QAHN members voted unanimously to support the request made in March by QAHN to the National Assembly's "consultation générale" on Bill 82, that "at least one member of the proposed Conseil du patrimoine culturel du Québec be selected from the English-speaking population of Quebec so that the views of this population may be reflected in Council deliberations and policy proposals to the government."

The election of delegates to the QAHN board was followed by a pause to allow the new board to retire to a secluded corner of the library to elect an executive. Kevin O'Donnell was re-elected president for another term, as were Vice-Presidents Sandra Stock and Simon Jacobs, Treasurer Richard Evans, and Secretary Rick Smith. After the new executive was presented to the delegates, the attendees divided into two groups.

Participants soon discovered that the Morrin Centre is a wonderful place to explore, with highly entertaining tours offered by costumed guides.

On the ground floor some of the 200-year-old jail cells have been retained in their original state. There are thick stone walls, oak floors, and heavy iron bolts in the floor of each cell. These same bolts were once used to keep the prison's miserable occupants chained up when they were not off working on a chain gang. A gloomy common room still contains the table where prisoners would gather for their evening meals of gruel.

In one entire cell block, the cells have no windows. But just a few winding passages away, in another part of the prison, the cells are actually well-lit with natural light. Clearly this was the cell block to be in! Here, the cells and common area have been converted to a beautiful exhibition space. AGM participants saw an array of objects dating to the days of the prison. A collection of pipes, displayed in one cell, testifies to the common prison pastimes of pipe carving and smoking.

In the common room is a formidable ball and chain – a common sight in prisons of that era. In another corner, a leather-bound register reveals the names of prisoners and the offences that got them locked up. Occasionally, an X indicates a prisoner that met his fate at the end of a hangman's rope. (Prisoners were sometimes hanged from an upper-floor balcony at this jail).

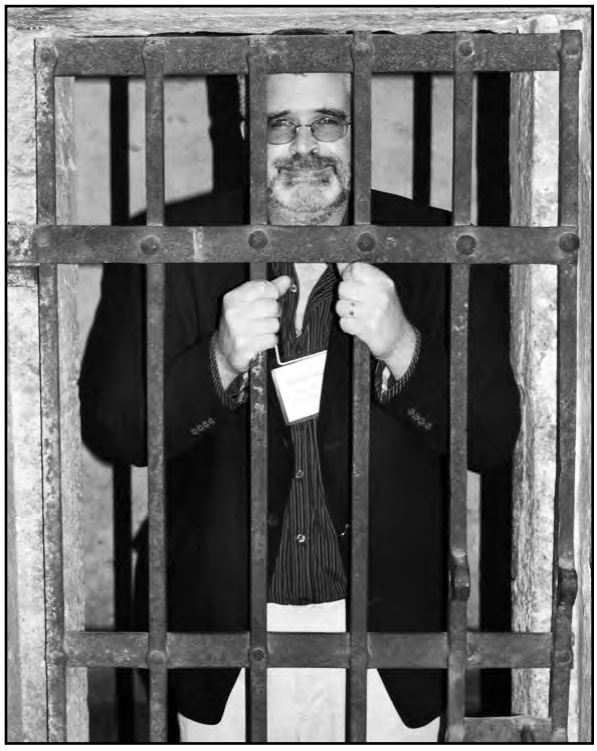
Top: The AGM is underway.
Centre: Rod MacLeod does not want to take back command!

Bottom: QAHN board, L-R: S. Jacobs, A. Montgomery, M. Boundy, S. Chirke, S. Stock, R. Evans, B. McCullough, D. Hopkins, J. Oberg-Müller, R. Smith, D. Lindsay, K. O'Donnell.

After their tour, delegates returned to the conference hall for an excellent buffet. Historian Louisa Blair presented an overview of the history of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec and the Morrin Centre.

There then followed what is generally the highlight of every QAHN AGM – the awards ceremony.

First up was the Marion Phelps Award. Following introductions by QAHN Vice-President Sandra Stock and Marc Cockburn of the Gatineau Valley Historical Society (GVHS), the 2011 Phelps was presented to Carol Martin, who has served for years as an archivist, editor and member of the board of the GVHS. Martin said that she was honoured to be chosen. "I love finding out something interesting about something old," she said, "and history is nurtured by fresh ideas and new ways of doing things."



This year's recipient of the Richard Evans Award was the Miner Heritage Farm. Accepting the award on behalf of the Miner Farm was Caroline Gosselin, who has worked tirelessly to save this historic farm property on the outskirts of Granby. When completed, the project will showcase the agricultural heritage of the region, with an emphasis on heritage plants and animals. Gosselin said she was touched by the award. When she heard about it, she said: "We were in a low spot, so this award gave us a big boost." Following a slide presentation on the Miner Farm, Gosselin told the audience that they should "never doubt that a small group of thoughtful citizens can change the world." Excellent words for any heritage activist to live by.

Top: Michael Cooper and Kevin O'Donnell display graphics from Wakefield's SHOMI project. Centre: Delegates tour the cells.

Bottom: Interned Executive Director Matthew Farfan hopes he will get out soon on good behaviour. Photos: Matthew Farfan; M. Cooper.

Beyond Shuffleboard

Creating the Verdun Memories website

by Celia Ste Croix

More coverage from QAHN's Ways of Memory Conference held in Montreal at Concordia University on March 26, 2011.

"Verdun Memories started from the Dawson Community Centre," Katherine Harvey told the people assembled for the workshop entitled "A History & Heritage Group in Your District: Make It Happen – Move It Forward."

"They got some money from the Quebec government and they looked for someone to put the project in motion. They ended up hiring me."

But when the Centre's interest in the project eventually waned, Harvey and a core group of a dozen seniors did not want it to fade away.

Armed with a doctorate in history from McGill University, Harvey had answered a vaguely worded job notice at the Dawson Community Centre in 2007. She had no idea the kind of journey she was embarking on. The project eventually turned into a website called Verdun Memories, a site that celebrates, preserves and shares the history of a quickly disappearing and often forgotten Anglophone community.

After the conference I spoke with Katherine Harvey about how the project came to be and where she hopes it will go.

CSC: How did you become involved in the original project?

KH: Dawson Community Centre had been aware that the Anglophone population in Verdun of a certain generation was aging. These people were moving on and there had been no attempt to write any kind of history of their experience. The project was also intended as a way to change their daily program a little bit. They had cards, darts and shuffleboard, sort of standard things that you might find in a senior program, but they wanted to do something that was more cultural, more intellectually stimulating. I created a series of workshops that were put out to the community. The first activity I did with them was to get them to draw a map of their street. And from there people really started to tell stories. It was miraculous how much their memories overlapped. From that activity I decided to do collages because a lot of the people had stuff they wanted to bring in. That inspired them to want to do a quilt. And that whole process was filmed and made into a little movie.

CSC: When the Centre stopped hosting the workshops, you created the website. On it there are recordings of people's childhood memories. Are you going to continue focusing on the oral history aspect?

KH: For now, yes. In terms of the website, it's really about trying to collect as many stories as I can about growing up in Verdun, or about Verdun culture. My initial idea was that school-aged children would have access to this, that there would be an exchange between the older and the younger people.

CSC: Are there other ways you would like to expand the project?

KH: Part of the other project that I want to do in conjunction with the website is teach digital recording skills to the seniors themselves, so they can actually collect each others' stories. I had a phone call today from a man who grew up in Verdun and he had stories he wanted to record and he hasn't really known where to start. I actually think there are a lot of people out there like that. I think Verdun Memories is about building a community, sustaining a community. It increases pride in the community. Everybody has a story to tell, given the opportunity to tell it.

Visit the website at www.verdunmemories.org.

Top: Swimming at the Verdun waterfront.
Bottom: Verdun Tourist Camp.

Photos: Courtesy of Verdun Memories

Tour Boat Tradition Continues on Memphremagog

Le Grand Cru launched in Magog

by Matthew Farfan

Lake Memphremagog's colourful century-and-a-half tradition of commercial steamers and tour boats continues on a grand scale this summer with the launch by Magog promoter André L'Espérance of his much-awaited Grand Cru, a 41-metre, 10 million dollar catamaran that can carry 170 passengers in total luxury on excursions up and down the Eastern Townships' most storied lake. The launch of this latest boat, amid great fanfare, recalls similar events around the lake dating back to 1850.

Several steamers have operated on Lake Memphremagog over the course of its history. This 44-km international lake, whose southern quarter lies in the state of Vermont, is the longest stretch of navigable water in the Eastern Townships. Newport lies at the south end of the lake; Magog at the north. Between these towns, with stops along the way, several boats have plied – boats with names like the Memphremagog, the Stars and Stripes, and the Yiocco. The best known of all the steamers were the first (the Mountain Maid), the largest (the Lady of the Lake, pictured on the cover of this magazine), and the last (the Anthemis). There have been others before and since, but none as famous as these three.

The Mountain Maid was built and launched in Georgeville in 1850. At 32 metres, the steamer could carry cargo and up to 250 passengers. Sailing daily from Magog to Newport, with stops at Georgeville, Owl's Head Mountain House, Knowlton Landing, and other docks on the lake, the steamer was piloted (and for a time co-owned) by Captain George Washington Fogg, who had previously run a horse-ferry between Georgeville and Knowlton Landing, on opposite sides of the lake.

The Mountain Maid operated until 1870, when she was hauled out of the water near Knowlton Landing and condemned. In 1878, Fogg, who was by then captain of another steamer, the Lady of the Lake, salvaged the old Mountain Maid and had her hull, paddle wheel, floor plan and engine completely re-built. The refurbished steamer, which looked significantly different from the original, operated until 1892.

Succeeding the Mountain Maid was the much grander Lady of the Lake. Built at enormous expense and with considerable trouble, the Lady has come to symbolize the heyday of steam navigation on Lake Memphremagog. In fact, the steamer serves as the logo of the City of Newport, Vermont.

Construction of the Lady of the Lake took place on two continents. Her engine and two boilers were built in Montreal. Her hull was manufactured in Scotland and shipped in sections across the Atlantic. Upon arrival, these sections were transported by rail to Sherbrooke, and by team from Sherbrooke to Magog, where they were finally assembled at the lake.

The Lady, which was launched in Magog amid much pomp in 1867, the year of Confederation, was the property of Canadian shipping tycoon Sir Hugh Allan, whose estate, Belmere, was one of the finest on the lake, and who himself owned a private steamer called The Orford. Measuring 51 metres, the Lady of the Lake sailed twice daily, stopping at villages and landings up and down the lake. The steamer could pack several hundred passengers onto its decks at a time; a license dated 1914 permitted up to 666 passengers.

In 1868, Sir Hugh Allan hired George Washington Fogg, who would captain the Lady until 1884 when she was purchased by the Connecticut and Passumpsic Railroad to provide excursions to railroad passengers staying at the Memphremagog House, a hotel in Newport.

Eventually, the Lady of the Lake was purchased by the Canadian Pacific Railway. Its schedule was synchronized with train arrivals and departures in Newport and Magog, at opposite ends of the lake. Parties arriving from Montreal by train could "always be sure of getting warm meals," and "no pains were spared to have everything first-class."

In service until 1915, the Lady was scrapped two years later. The decline of train travel, big hotels, excursion tours, and the rise of the automobile, ensured that a large steamer like the Lady would not remain profitable on a lake the size of Memphremagog.

The last of the old-style commercial steamers on Lake Memphremagog was the Anthemis. Launched in 1909, the Anthemis was much smaller than the Lady of the Lake. The 30-metre steamer was propeller- (as opposed to paddle wheel-) driven, and could carry up to 300 passengers. She operated until the 1950s.

For a few years, both the Anthemis and the Lady of the Lake ran between Magog and Newport. Unlike the Lady, however, the Anthemis stopped on demand at some of the larger private wharfs – according to the instructions of owner E. G. Penny, of Georgeville. At first, the Anthemis carried passengers as well as cargo. But with improvements to local roads and the increasing use of automobiles and trucks, the need for boat transportation diminished. Towards the end of her career, the Anthemis operated increasingly as a tourist excursion boat.

A number of tour boats have operated on Lake Memphremagog since the demise of the Anthemis, all of them gas-powered. Names include the Diana, the Aventure I and II, and several short-lived boats operating out of Newport, Vermont. None, however, has ever come close to the old steamers in either style or scale – none, that is, until now.

Le Grand Cru was launched this summer in Magog.
Photo: courtesy of Escapades Memphremagog

Hitting the Heights

Summertime in the Laurentians

by Sandra Stock

When the railway first pushed northward into the Laurentians in the late nineteenth century, its initial purpose was to take out raw materials like lumber, building stone and minerals for the growing industries of Montreal. However, like so many best-laid-plans, this was not how things happened, and although there was a substantial movement of goods, especially wood products, on the train, its true calling was bringing tourists in.

The Laurentians had been settled by both French- and English-speaking pioneers for almost a century before rail access linked them to the wider world. Roads were seasonal and never very good – muddy tracks at best, forest trails at worst. The train ended isolation for this then agricultural countryside and brought contact with people from urban society. We'll look at how this influx affected one small place – the tiny town of Morin Flats with its surrounding farms in the Township of Morin.

In 1895 the tracks reached Morin Flats and soon the people came. Where were these visitors from the city to stay? There were no hotels or rental properties available at that time in Morin Flats – which in 1900 had two saw mills, three churches, a post office in a private home, a small cheese factory on the Simon River, a school, a blacksmith shop, an Orange Hall and Seale's General Store. Nearly all these buildings were on the higher side of the one main street, which was first called Front Street (as it looked over a sharp drop down to the river) and then just Main Street. The railway station was down the hill on the other side of the river where another road led to Echo Lake and eventually to St. Sauveur or Mille Isles. This road was still gravel and narrow in the 1950s and not kept open all the way in the winter.

Accommodation was easily found. Several sprawling farmhouses, many of which at that time abutted the village street, suddenly were "open for business." Most of them hurriedly built large block-like additions – at first summer only, not insulated – for the city boarders. Carts, buggies and later sleighs from each farm boarding house met the trains and transported people back and forth.

It is interesting to note that the management of nearly all this early boarding farmhouse accommodation was female. Once advertising started for the various spots, it was invariably a woman's name that appeared as the "boss." These were functioning farms and, long before the word "multitasking" was coined, these ladies knew how to delegate chores (to the men), be super cooks, do household daily work (often with one or two young maid-helpers if they were lucky), and also entertain and socialize with their city guests.

Morin Heights certainly seemed to take to the hospitality trade. (The village name was changed in 1911, as "Flats" certainly didn't sound too pretty or rustic.) The Irish-origin locals, who were friendly and loved a good party, saw opportunities for fun along with the hard work of taking in the boarders. The borders would, of course, have stories to tell, and perhaps musical talents themselves to contribute to the then still-frequent dances with traditional Irish music played by local musicians. This aspect of Morin Heights was also part of its attraction for outsiders.

At this time, and well into the mid-twentieth century, the attraction for the city dweller to areas like Morin Heights was partly health-related and partly moral. There was a prevalent belief at that time that the city was evil and corrupting, but that rural life was pure. This was reflected in religious and aesthetic pronouncements that still held with the ideas of Rousseau's "noble savage" in wild nature and with the English Romantic movement that glorified a simple life among innocent rural people. This inaccurate and unrealistic belief persisted. Even in the 1930s, a tourist agency in Montreal was promoting Morin Heights as a "hay fever free area, 1200 feet in elevation" with bracing waters and so on. We can suppose the present Spa Weekend trend is a descendant of all this.

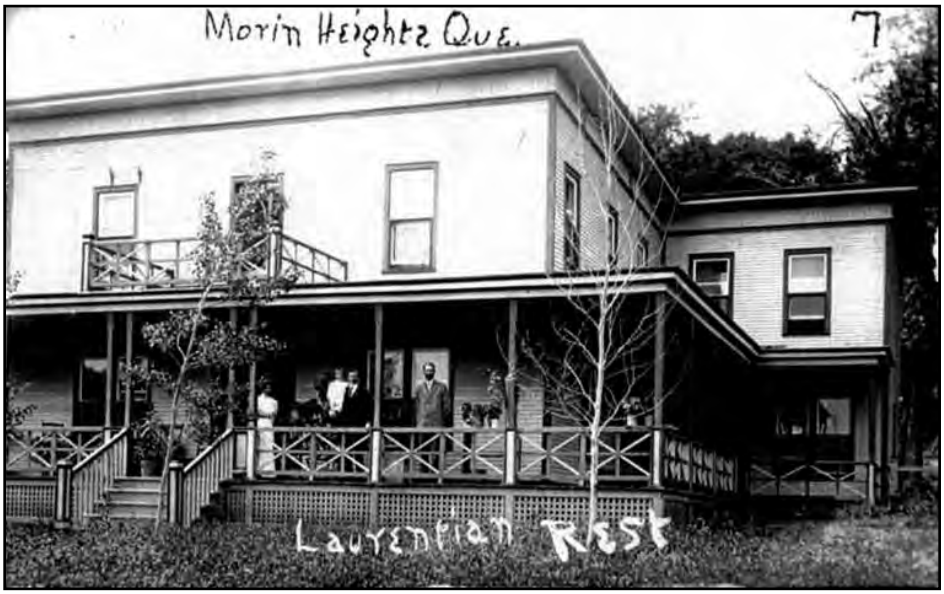
However, the boarding house period was the beginning of more complex economic development for places like Morin Heights. This growing tourist trade, which soon expanded into winter visiting for skiing as well, offered employment beyond the farms and lumber camps for local people and encouraged

The Rock Cliff Hotel, Morin Heights.

the improvement of utilities and transportation.

The late Albert Ward's family kept a boarding house in Mille Isles, close to Morin Heights, in the 1930s, and he told about it in an interview in the Morin Heights Historical Association magazine *The Porcupine #2* (1998). In regard to modern technology, the Laurentians was just starting to have what Montreal had had available for at least fifty years. "We had a phone at our farm...and it was only one of just two in Mille Isles," Albert said. "Half the time the line was down as the wires were just tied to trees. In a big storm, the trees would bend over and pull the wires too tight... We had ten miles of phone line to keep up ourselves to connect with the outside world... However, we needed a phone at the farm as we had a boarding house."

In Morin Heights, Elsie Seale MacDowell (now 100 years of age) recounted her experiences in an interview in *The Porcupine* #5 (2002). She described what it was like working for her aunt, Mrs. Annie Graves, who ran the Rock Cliff Hotel in the late 1920s. This was the period when boarding houses started to have competition from small hotels, which had no farm attached but still operated in the same manner. The Rock Cliff was very close to the railway station and had three floors, vast verandahs, and an artificial lake. This was extremely "high end" for the time and the hotel welcomed quite a sophisticated clientele, such as the Bowes-Lyons family (relatives of Elizabeth, the Queen Mother) and Norma Shearer, the famous actress. Elsie describes the hotel as follows: "I remember the Rock Cliff Hotel consisted of three floors. On the main floor there was a large dining room with an attached lounge that contained a piano. After meals, guests could go there for entertainment. There of course was no television or even radio at that time, so people entertained themselves by meeting others and spending the evenings socializing. Also, on this floor was the large kitchen with its wood stove on which my aunt made all the meals... On the second floor and third floor were the bedrooms. There were several larger suites for families and smaller rooms for two... There was also another unfinished cottage that acted as overflow space. During the summer we would have as many as sixty-five guests."



From 1925 to 1928, there were three trains from Montreal to Morin Heights on Saturday mornings. Rail transport was very good and Morin Heights was a popular holiday destination. The cost of a round-trip was one dollar and five cents. Saturday and Sunday at the Rock Cliff cost five dollars per person, including meals.

Ironically, the growth of the tourist trade led to the demise of the boarding houses, the small family-run hotels and the boarding house farms. By 1960, when everyone had a car and the roads from Montreal improved, the train fizzled out and long stays were no longer necessary. Also, so many people from Montreal loved the Laurentians so much they chose to build themselves second homes there and no longer required accommodations elsewhere.

Sandra Stock is the current vice-president of QAHN and its former director for the Laurentians region; she is past-president of the Morin Heights Historical Association.

Top: Laurentian Rest, Main Street, Morin Heights.
Bottom: Bellevue House (later Bellevue Hotel), Morin Heights.

Photos: Morin Heights Historical Association

Kaufmann's Horses

The Appeal of Palomino Lodge, Ste. Agathe

by Joseph Graham

Palomino Road runs between Route 329 and Route 117, joining Lac Brûlé to Lac Manitou in Ste. Agathe. It is a long gravel road fenced for some distance, and a lovely old farmhouse sits at one of its curves. There is no official information on the origin of the road's name available from Quebec's Toponymie department, but many people remember the Palomino Lodge. For 40 years it was a busy hotel offering, along with the standard fare, the opportunity to ride its magnificent horses.

The property had once belonged to Melasippe Giroux, one farmer among the many who eked out a living in the hills between the two big lakes, Brûlé and Manitou. His farm encompassed half of a smaller lake that bears his name today. When the railway first came to Ste. Agathe, it brought Montrealers who saw the subsistence farms with their bleak, rock-strewn hillside fields and muddy shorelines as bucolic homesteads on rolling green pastures dropping gracefully to the shore of calm, clean lakes.

Through no fault of their own the farmers had no money. Selling ice, cut from the lake in winter and stored, covered with sawdust, in sheds or pits, was one of the few ways they could earn some. When the Montrealers began to offer a few thousand dollars for their farms, it set off a real estate boom that saw almost every farm in Ste. Agathe change hands over a twenty-year period. The Giroux family hung on until 1908, but eventually sold to Morris Ryan, the owner of a Montreal dry cleaning business.

Ryan had no reason to believe that the land would ever be farmed viably. With open, stony fields rising from the shore of the tiny lake to the treed hilltops, the farm had never been able to provide enough to sell, and sometimes barely enough to eat. The frost-free season is short, only reliable for about 80 days, and the evenings are generally cool. Ryan bought the property just to have a country retreat, a gentleman's farm. Over the next 20 years, he sold off and bought back pieces, wanting to share his discovery but not quite sure how to do it. Little could he foresee the day his son-in-law Henry would come looking for a new start in life on this run-down rocky farm.

Henry Kaufmann was a driven man who worked his way to a tidy fortune during his 20s and early 30s. One of nine children, he would not apply himself academically and was apprenticed to learn carpentry. Having received payment in shares for a job, he soon discovered that trading the shares could be much more lucrative than carpentry, and he took to this new career with the determination of a skilled labourer. Despite his hard work, he was not prepared for what happened on that fateful Friday in October 1929 when his wealth simply ceased to exist. Henry was 34 years old and had to start over.

His father-in-law received him at the farm and assigned him the challenge of using his carpentry skills to build a log house. He disappeared into the bush and built one. Ryan was probably thinking they could sell the house and Kaufmann could build another. They were trying to figure out some way to create a livelihood on the barren farm that Giroux had abandoned. All they had used it for until then was riding horses. But the Depression was not a good time for real estate. Instead, Kaufmann built a lodge, and he and Ryan arranged with the Rabiners of Montreal to run it for them.

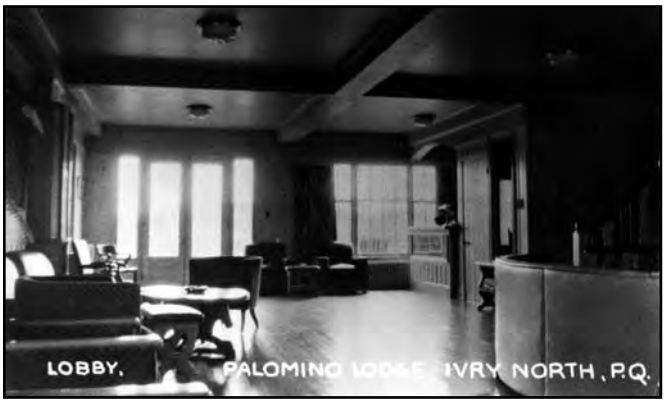
In those days, Montrealers who came to small lodges in the country for their holidays had the choice of many hotels and inns, each with a special feature. The ones on the shores of large lakes could offer boating, canoeing and swimming. Lac Giroux was not really big enough to do much boating, but the Ryans had horses and miles of trails.

The Rabiners eventually left to set up their own hotel but Kaufmann, undaunted, built an even larger lodge and a huge stable. He depended upon dedicated employees, and drove them hard. One who stood by him for many years was Arnold Brown, a World War I British cavalryman. Arnold looked after the horses, and guests who met him did not soon forget him. He knew his horses and he loved his Dalmatians, which he raised on his own, with no more than the detached interest a farmer might take in his farm dogs. Decades after he was gone, people still prized descendants of his

Palomino horses, Laurentians. Photo: Joseph Graham

original Dalmatians.

In the early part of the century, riding was a major recreational activity in the Laurentians. Arnold's stables had over a dozen horses and the trails to go with them. Kaufmann had a particular love of palominos and so he named the hotel Palomino Lodge. Palomino horses are not a breed, but simply a distinct golden colour. Breeding two palominos will give you a white horse; a palomino and a sorrel will produce the palomino colt with the 14-carat gold colouring and the white mane and tail.



The Lodge hosted many distinguished guests, including Lorne Greene, who later became famous as the father in the television series Bonanza, and Princess Elisabeth's retinue in the early '50s when she visited Canada prior to her coronation.

Henry Kaufmann and his wife, the former Berenice Ryan, ran the lodge until 1956 when they sold it to one of their regular guests, Sam Steinberg, the founder of the famous grocery chain. While the Kaufmanns never had children, in a sense the Lodge stayed in the family, as Henry's nephew had married the daughter of the new owner. Henry, though, went back to the stock market. He and Berenice moved back to Montreal, where they were involved in many charities, and left their estate to a foundation established in their names.

Palomino Lodge became a retreat for Steinberg's employees until the 1980s, at which time it was acquired by the Apostles of Infinite Love. The new owners let the property run down, and over the years the fields and roads were reclaimed by a new young forest. The building achieved some notoriety again in the 1990s when kids accidentally set fire to the old lodge. With the road gone, local residents watched as water bombers skimmed the surface of nearby Lac Brûlé and doused the flames.

The property has changed hands several more times since the lodge burned. With the buildings gone and the farm and horses only fading memories, the sole vestige of the riding resort is the name of the gravel road that runs between two highways, connecting two larger lakes.

Joseph Graham has written extensively about Quebec places and how their names were chosen. This article is from his book 'Naming the Laurentians' and appeared in a modified form in the Laurentian newspaper Main Street. He can be reached at joseph@ballyhoo.ca

Top: Palomino Lodge.
Bottom: Lobby, Palomino Lodge.

Photos: Patty Brown Postcard Collection

Quebec and the Integration of Baseball

Part I: Jackie Robinson in Montreal

by Bill Young

"It is ironical that America, supposedly the cradle of democracy, is forced to send the first two Negroes in baseball to Canada in order for them to be accepted."

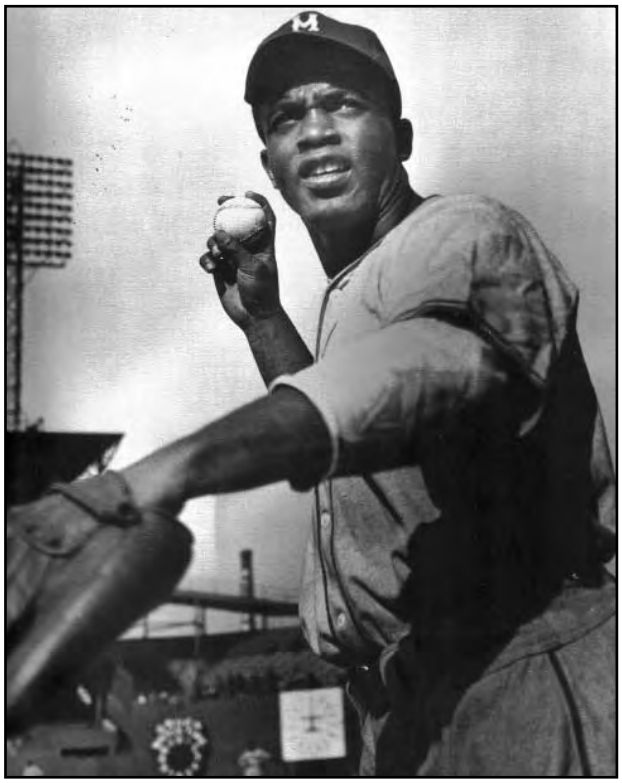
-*Chicago Defender* editorial, April 13, 1946[1]

Manny McIntyre, a black athlete who excelled at both baseball and hockey and was prominent in Quebec sporting circles during the 1940s, passed away on June 13, 2011. His death came almost 60 years to the day when he first stepped onto the playing field at Sherbrooke's Stade du Parc as a member of the Sherbrooke Canadiens, a baseball team in the newly formed Class C Border League, and became one of the first half-dozen black players, and the first Canadian, to traverse Organized Baseball's demonic colour barrier.[2] Regardless of his other accomplishments, and they were many, McIntyre will always be remembered as a courageous baseball pioneer who successfully cracked through an impenetrable, albeit invisible, barrier, one so hostile it had prevented men of colour from playing baseball at the organized level ever since the game's early development.

Indeed, the year 2011 marks the 60th anniversary of the integration of professional baseball in America. When Jackie Robinson, the first black man to play a regular game on an otherwise all-white diamond, entered his first game wearing a Montreal Royal's uniform in April of 1946, he established a precedent and opened a door that could never again be closed. The integration of baseball had begun.

Although modest in its beginnings, this initial entry into an exclusively white domain presaged a major shift in attitude toward race generally and is now considered one of the important driving forces behind the massive social change that shaped the latter half of the twentieth century. Without a Jackie Robinson, someone has said, there could not have been a Martin Luther King, Jr.

What gives this story relevance in Quebec is that in its first stages the penetration of the colour barrier occurred right here, in our own cities and towns. This series, "Quebec and the Integration of Baseball," will look at those early days from a Quebec point of view. Part I describes pace-setter Robinson's breakthrough year in Montreal. Part Two will look at the career of Manny McIntyre and two other black ball players who also played professionally within the province that same year, and Part Three will conclude with an overview of the period following, when Quebec gained recognition as a haven for non-white players seeking opportunities in integrated baseball.



Jackie Robinson, 1946.

Baseball has been a summer preoccupation in these parts for more than 150 years, notwithstanding those self-styled experts to the south who might claim otherwise.

Across that span of time the sport served as a social agent, bringing towns and villages closer together in friendly competition, often rivalling hockey as the measure of one's sporting supremacy over a neighbour. Picnics, church outings, social events and holidays always featured some variation of baseball as a centrepiece. Baseball was an ever-present recreational activity in early school yards. At the professional and semi-professional levels, Montreal (which won its first International League championship in 1898) and the larger cities and towns were always well-represented by local teams and local leagues. Summer newspapers overflowed with stories of baseball. The Royals of the 1940s and 1950s and the Montreal Expos were in fact just the latest manifestations of a tradition that has long honed much of our sporting and social heritage – and established for Quebec a prominent place in the overall history of the game.

A case in point would be the role Quebec played in 1946 during the early stages of what became known in the United States as professional baseball's "great experiment" – when the colour barrier, an ill-defined, unwritten, unholy tenet limiting playing fields to white players only, was irrevocably breached. That moment was so transcendent that it reached beyond the game to touch the soul of a nation and stimulate monumental social change in the years ahead.

By the end of World War II it had become clear that baseball's archaic Jim Crow approach was no longer tenable. The legions of young Americans of all

races who had given their best fighting and dying beside each other were not prepared to accept that the freedom they had defended with their lives still did not extend to even such simple pleasures as playing baseball with one another in their own country. Something had to change.

And change it did. The catalyst was Branch Rickey, general-manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers of the National League. Convinced that baseball, indeed all of society, could no longer justifiably exclude blacks from participating, he took it upon himself personally to throw a spanner in the works.

When Rickey sensed the time was ripe to make his bold move and introduce black players to the game, he dispatched scouts to seek out that special individual who would become the first to cross the line. Because no one could anticipate how crowds and the press would react to Rickey's noble plan, he needed to be certain the player selected would possess the intelligence, talent, guts and stamina needed to stay the course. Failure was an unacceptable option. His search took some time, but in due course Rickey finally found his man. His name was Jackie Robinson.

The college-educated Robinson was born in the South of a poor black family that later moved to California. He was a four-letter athlete at UCLA and most recently had suited up with the Negro Leagues' Kansas City Monarchs. In October 1945 Rickey signed him to a minor league contract with the Montreal Royals of the International League, setting in motion a chain of events that would have him, a black man, undertaking the inconceivable – playing professional baseball for the all-white Royals in an all-white league. Rickey had thrown down the gauntlet; those who so dared were invited to pick it up.

But why Montreal? The simple answer is that the Royals were the premier farm team of the Dodgers and thus well suited to provide the training required to prepare an athlete for the major leagues. As well, because the general manager recognized "there was no deep tradition of white racism in Canada," he presumed this meant less chance of open conflict between the races, and a more welcoming environment for the novice Robinson.[3] Rickey would also have looked into the long history of black ball players who had already participated at amateur and semi-pro levels in the province, even as early as 1924.[4] Chappie Johnson, a legendary figure in black baseball, sponsored an all-black team in the city in the late 1920s. The 1935 Independent Provincial league listed three black players, including Manny McIntyre, the subject of Part II in this series. In 1945, McIntyre lined up with the Trois-Rivières entry in the Provincial League, a year before his own historic entry into organized baseball. Most of all, Rickey was touched by the passion Montreal fans held for their Royals. He was convinced, and rightly so, that given Robinson's aggressive style of play – at the plate, on the bases and in the field – they would be quick warm to him.

Perhaps this is the place to note that while Robinson was the groundbreaker and nexus for the integration of baseball, he was not the only black to enter the professional ranks in 1946. In fact, shortly after Robinson had been signed, Rickey added pitcher John Wright, another veteran of the Negro Leagues, to the Royals' roster. Although expected to carry his weight, Wright was also there as a companion and roommate to Robinson. When he found the task too nerve-wracking he was dispatched to the Trois-Rivières Royals of the Canadian-American League. Another former Negro Leagues pitcher, Roy Partlow, took his place. He too ended up in Trois-Rivières before the season ended, leaving Robinson to fend for himself. (More about them in Part II of this series.)

The historic, ground-breaking International League season began on April 18 in Jersey City when Jackie Robinson, sporting the grey flannel 'away' uniform of the Montreal Royals, first stepped precariously onto the diamond before a capacity crowd in excess of 25,000 and shattered the game's cursed colour barrier once and

Top: The 20,000-seat Delormier Stadium was home to the Montreal Royals from 1928 to 1960.

Bottom: Montreal Royals teammates Jackie Robinson and Johnny Wright.

for all. It didn't hurt any that Robinson opened this new chapter with a career day. He had four hits in five plate appearances, including a three-run home run, batted in four runs, scored four runs and stole two bases in a 14-1 Montreal victory. Following the game, according to the *Montreal Gazette*, he was surrounded by spectators who "almost pulled the shirt off Robinson's back…as the young second baseman was kept busy for several minutes shaking hands and signing score cards." And this in Jersey City! Later, Robinson declared: "The one thing that I cared about was the way my teammates backed me up all the way… They have been swell." [5]

Robinson's season had its share of up and downs, and included more harassment from opponents than most players could bear, but he persevered. Married just days before the beginning of spring training, Robinson was bolstered immeasurably by his wife Rachel, a woman of great dignity and strength in her own right. His teammates were equally supportive, both on field and in the club house. Winning certainly helped. The Montreal Royals of 1946 are still considered one of the greatest minor league teams of all time. But for all of that, the pressure on Robinson to succeed was immense. "There were the stresses of just knowing that you were pulling a big weight," recalled Rachel Robinson. "I think Jackie really felt, and I agreed, that there would be serious consequences if he didn't succeed, and that one of them would be that nobody would try again for a long time." [6]

Robinson admitted as much in an interview with Sam Lacy, a reporter for the Afro-American newspaper, who had followed Robinson closely throughout the year. "I have tried so hard and been so careful about my every act," said Jackie. "I made the promise to myself and all my friends that I would never let them down. The small amount of success I've enjoyed has been due as much to their magnificent support as to my own efforts." [7]

Robinson also drew great strength from the attention, admiration, affection – call it love – that the Montreal fans showered down on him. It was something he and Rachel never forgot, and for the rest of their days they retained warm memories of their time in Montreal. As Rachel noted years later, "Montreal was the perfect place for [Jack] to get his start. We never had a threatening or unpleasant experience there. The people were so welcoming and saw Jack as a player and as a man." [8]

Robinson readily conceded there were times during the season, especially throughout the dog days of August after both Wright and Partlow had been sent to Trois-Rivières, when he felt "terribly downhearted, times when I might have wanted to quit had there not been so much at stake." It was then the fans became especially important to him. "Throughout the whole time I have been with the Royal team from Florida to Montreal and back again to Baltimore," he told Lacy. (Florida and Baltimore were both deeply racist and especially hostile whenever he appeared.) "There has been the constant reminder that out there in the stands I have many friends of both races," an observation that came as something of a revelation to him. "I have learned during my short International League," he said, "that all of my well-wishers are not necessarily members of my own people." [9] And these would have included his Montreal neighbours and the *quartier* the Robinsons called home over the summer.

The Robinsons lived in a duplex at 8232 de Gaspé Avenue in an overwhelmingly French-speaking part of Montreal, not far from Delormier Stadium. Their daughter, in a recent visit to the city, offered this comment about her parents' Montreal home: "My mother and father had such positive memories about their time in Montreal," she said. Their residence on de Gaspé Avenue became "a place they could come home to after being on the road in the south where there was so much hatred expressed …and have the love and respect of a community. This was very important to them." [10]

By the end of the season, Jackie Robinson had lived up to, and exceeded, all the hype and promise that had attended his arrival. The Royals captured the league pennant handily and then walked over the opposition in the playoffs to claim the Governor's Cup. Their next challenge was the Little World Series, where they would be facing the Louisville Colonels, champions of the American Association. The prize was absolute supremacy over the world of minor league baseball.

The first three games of the best four-out-of-seven series were slated for Louisville, a city nestled deep in the heart of Jim Crow country. Locals there did not take too kindly to the presence of a black Jackie Robinson cavorting on their ball field, and made their views loudly and often obscenely known. The deafening abuse that greeted him every time he came to bat was so unsettling that he only managed to hammer out one little hit over the three games played in Kentucky, and the team's play suffered accordingly. When the clubs returned to Montreal, Louisville led in the series, two games to one.

However, the crowds at Delormier Stadium came prepared for a different tale and lustily roared their approval at every possible opportunity. Inspired by their gusto, the Royals squeaked out a 6-5 victory in Game Four, thanks to Robinson's game-winning hit in the bottom of the tenth inning. Having regained his special touch, he then carried his heroics over to next day, almost single-handedly leading the Royals to another

Jackie and Rachel Robinson in front of their de Gaspé Street duplex, 1946.

win, this time 5-3. And then in Game Six, with over 19,000 spectators packed into Delormier and expecting more of same, Robinson once more delivered, contributing two hits and starting two double plays, including a ninth-inning gem with the potential tying runs on base. This time the Royals won, 2-0. They were now indeed, as wrote an ardent *Gazette* reporter, "champions of all they survey…in the world of baseball underneath the major leagues."[11]

As the post-game victory celebrations began unfolding, joyful fans poured onto the field, crowding around the players, raising the favourites to their shoulders and parading around the diamond. When they approached Robinson, he withdrew somewhat, unsure of what the hullabaloo all meant. Montreal-based sportswriter Sam Maltin, who along with his wife Belle had become close friends of the Robinsons, watched the scene unfold and later recreated the moment in words that have taken on almost iconic significance. "It was probably the only day in history," he wrote, "that a black man ran from a white mob with love, instead of lynching, on its mind."[12]

In 1947 Jackie Robinson went on to the Brooklyn Dodgers, becoming the first African-American to play major league baseball in the twentieth century. He immediately earned the Rookie of the Year Award and then went on to build a Hall of Fame career carving out his place at the forefront of the game's history and tradition and paving the route for scores of black Americans and other minorities along the way.

This past February, in celebration of Black History month, even as a late-winter snow storm swirled overhead, the United States Consul General in Montreal, Lee McClenny, and other dignitaries, including Sharon Robinson, Jackie's daughter, gathered on the front porch of the Robinsons' former dwelling on de Gaspé Avenue to unveil a commemorative plaque in recognition of Jackie Robinson's status as a "baseball legend and civil rights leader." Inscribed is the following:

Hall of Fame baseball legend and civil rights leader, Jack Roosevelt "Jackie" Robinson and his wife, Rachel, lived in this house when he played with the Montreal Royals in the Class AAA International League in 1946. The first black major league player in the modern era, Robinson became a powerful symbol of hope and an inspiration to millions with his grace, dignity and determination.

The last word of the day was left to Montreal mayor Gerald Tremblay. He placed the Consul General's gesture in far greater context when he asked rhetorically, and then answered, "Why are we so proud today? Because it was here, in Montreal, that we wrote history."

Lee McClenny, Sharon Robinson and Gerald Tremblay at the unveiling of the plaque placed on the Robinsons' Montreal home, February 2011.

Photos: courtesy of Bill Young

Bill Young, a former school teacher and principal, is a founding director of the Greenwood Centre for Living History in Hudson; he is also a historian of baseball and a columnist for the West Island Gazette.

Footnotes:

1.Quoted in Jules Tygiel, *Baseball's Great Experiment: Jackie Robinson and His Legacy*, New York, 1983, 143

2. The term "organized baseball" is used specifically to describe baseball's major leagues and their associated minor leagues, grouped collectively as the National Association of Professional Baseball leagues. It does not include amateur leagues, most professional international leagues, the former Negro Leagues, and independent leagues. (en.wiktionary.org/wiki/organized_baseball)

3. Lee Lowenfish, *Branch Rickey: Baseball's Ferocious Gentleman*, Lincoln, NB, 2007, 380.

4. Christian Trudeau, "Integration in Quebec: More than Jackie," in Jane Finnan Dorward (ed.), *Dominionball: Baseball above the 49th*, Official Souvenir Publication of SABR 35, Toronto, 2005.

5. "Jackie Excited… Almost Loses Shirt to JC Crowd," in *Montreal Gazette*, April 19, 1946.

6. Tygiel, 138-139.

7. Interview: Jackie Robinson with Sam Lacy, in *The Afro-American*, August 10, 1946.

8. Canadian Black History Month Part Two: Jackie Robinson, Bill Young, seamheads.com.

9. Interview: Jackie Robinson with Sam Lacy, in *The Afro-American*, August 10, 1946.

10. Canadian Black History Month Part Two: Jackie Robinson, Bill Young, seamheads.com.

11.Dink Carroll, "Royals Win Little World Series for First Time in Their History," *Montreal Gazette*, October 5, 1946.

12. Tygiel, 143.

The Man Behind the Bistro

Montreal's Own Robin Hood

by Renee Giblin

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

-quoted in Montreal Yesterdays

The menu is chalked on a blackboard. A buffalo head is mounted in the bathroom. An extensive wine list is offered. A wooden bear greets you at the entrance and candles illuminate the tables. It's a mélange of rustic regalia and posh finishing.

As visitors dine at the new, trendy Joe Beef restaurant on Notre Dame Street in Little Burgundy, they can't help noticing the mixed collection of artifacts from the original nineteenth-century Montreal Tavern and modern local art on the walls.

"It's Old World meets new modern world," says restaurant manager Vanya Filipovie. "We want to pay homage to the legend of Joe Beef while serving classic meals."

That's the twist that at first glance can be missed. On the outside, a passerby may think it's just another yuppie hot spot where the up-and-coming professionals hang out. It's not. There are only twenty-eight table spots, making the place intimate – and for history buffs it's fascinating to see images of an ancient local hero woven into the decor. "I think the spirit of the man is in our establishment," Filipovie declares.

In the past decade, the area has undergone a major facelift. New condos now litter the neighborhood and chic eateries have popped up on every block. It is a far cry from the Griffintown of a century and a half ago when Joe Beef ran his infamous tavern. Sailors, thieves, dock-

workers and the working poor populated the area and, according to local musician Scott Macloed, Charles McKiernan (aka Joe Beef) stuck up for this voiceless group while still maintaining a notorious reputation.

"I felt that his story was unique in that he was an atheist and non-discriminatory about language or ethnicity," Macloed said.

In a time where religion was revered and the poor unheard, Joe Beef was different. He stored monkeys, buffalos, wild cats and dogs in the basement of his tavern. He entertained clients with cockfights, dogfights and drinking. Bears roamed the floor with the crowd. He spouted political poems in rhyming couplets condemning religious and political institutions. And, according to Peter DeLottinville's article "Joe Beef of Montreal," not only was the canteen a place to let go of inhibitions, but it was an important gathering place for the working class to unite, look for jobs and share ideas.

DeLottinville describes how there were no parks or recreational activities for the poor beyond church groups or the occasional national celebration. Times were tough and taverns were the popular choice for men working in the industries along the water.

Filipovie says they named their restaurant after the great man because they loved the story of a canteen where wild things happened. The new restaurant may not have the unruly parties of the past, but it does appeal to the average hardworking Montrealer. It's a neighborhood hangout, where people can enjoy a meal and relax for the

Joe Beef Restaurant, 2491 Notre-Dame Street West, Montreal.

night.

"It's an honest place, with honest food and honest people," Filipovie says.

Macloed, the lead singer and guitarist for the Montreal band East End Radicals, thinks it's great to have a restaurant that commemorates the man. As a member of a punk rock group he wants people to wake up to the history and the world around them. In his McGill history classes, he says he often hears about great political leaders but not enough about the life of the workers, women and children. McKiernan's story awed him and underlined the fact that people need to recall their history.

"He made a point of sticking up for all the working poor and ne'er-do-wells of Montreal," Macloed said.

According to DeLottinville, McKiernan fought for better health service and medical assistance for people in the area. He fought for higher wages and, at the height of union conflict in 1877 between the workers and the factory owners, McKiernan fed the strikers. He donated 300 loaves of bread, thirty-six gallons of tea and soup and he took in hundreds to sleep at night. Coming from a military background, he made sure to feed the soldiers on duty, which helped ease the tension between the groups.

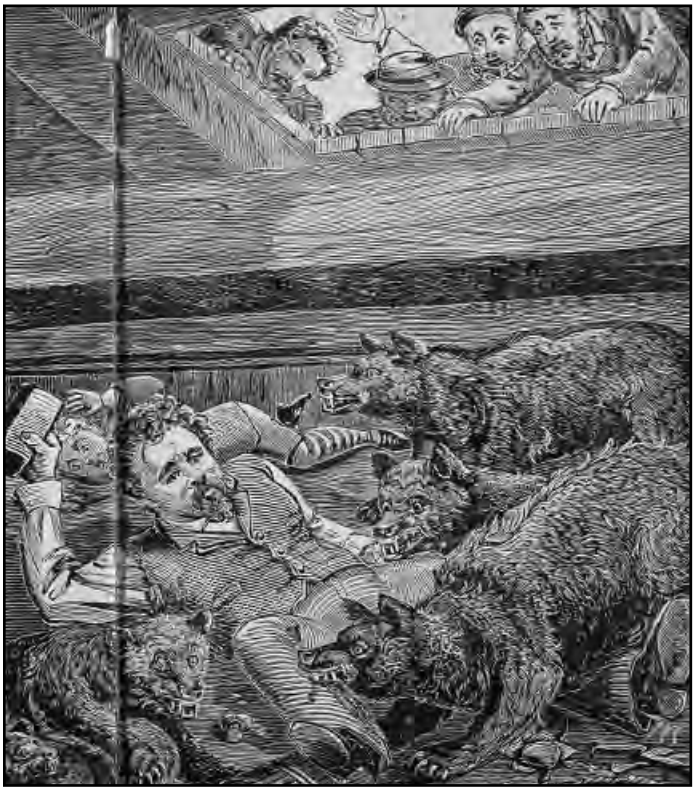
"To me it says a lot about the kind of person he was," Macloed added," considering that attempts to unionize workers were often put down brutally by the police."

McKiernan fought till his death for the underdog. When a patron drank too much, he gave him a place to sleep. When someone wanted food, he fed him.

For his funeral procession, the whole city shut down. The rich mingled with the poor and marched from the narrow streets of Montreal to the top of the mountain, where he was buried in Mount Royal Cemetery. To this day, his tombstone stands proudly in the memorial park for all to see.

"If you think of all the people our streets, parks and schools are named after," Macloed said, "how many had a funeral as widely attended as Joe Beef's?"

Macloed was so impressed at how a whole city turned up for the funeral of a tavern owner that it inspired him to compose a song for his band about Joe Beef's death.



"The funeral was an interesting image to me because it can be seen as a measure of what people thought of you," Macloed said.

Today's Joe Beef restaurant may not have the same impact on society as the first canteen, but Filipovie notes that the chefs are boisterous, the servers are warm and the place is friendly. The bar is lined with wine bottle and jars. Framed images, articles and photos of McKiernan decorate the walls. Silverware, miscellaneous paraphernalia and the oak toilet door are the originals. Stuffed and wooden animals greet the diners and low-key funky music plays in the background. The food is pricier then that of an Irish Pub, but the place is unique – just like the man. So, for a special occasion when you want to spend a little more than average for a meal, this is a great place to visit. And there's no longer the need to worry that the livestock will maul you.

Sources:

Edgar Andrew Collard, *Montreal Yesterdays,* Toronto, 1962.

Peter DeLottinville, "Joe Beef of Montreal," in *Labour,* 1981.

Above: Charles McKiernan's tomb at Mount Royal Cemetery. J. H. Walker, "Joe Beef's famous jump, Sunday, June 15, 1879." McCord Museum M931.39.3.

Photos: Renee Giblin

The Point's Beaver Hall Artist

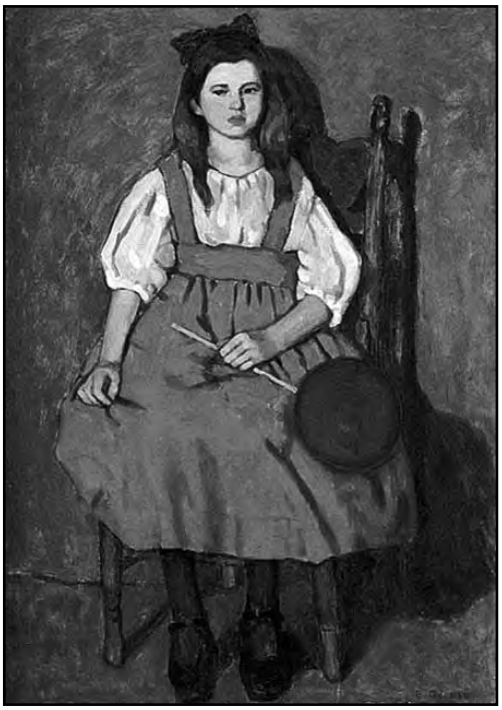
Emily Coonan, 1885-1971

by Fergus Keyes

The Société d'histoire de Pointe-Saint-Charles and the PSC Community Theatre have announced that this year they will honour Emily Coonan at their annual Joe Beef Market event scheduled for September 10, 2011.

Although not well-known outside of "art circles," Coonan is considered one of Canada's best artists, with her work displayed in many galleries across the country, including the National Art Gallery of Canada.

She was born in Point St. Charles in 1885, and lived most of her life on Farm Street in the neighbourhood. For the last two years of her life, she lived with a niece in Côte St. Luc, where she died in 1971. Her father was William Coonan who worked as a machinist for the Grand Trunk Railway, and her mother was Mary Ann Fullerton. And, although her respectable Irish Catholic family was not wealthy, her parents, who encouraged all of their children, nurtured her artistic talent. (Her brother, Thomas Coonan, became a Minister without portfolio in Quebec's Union National government, led by Maurice Duplessis from 1936 to 1939.)



Emily Coonan started her formal art training at about 13 years old, when she attended the Conseil des Arts et Manufactures. In 1905, Emily enrolled at the Art Association of Montreal where she studied under William Brymner for four years. In 1907, she won first prize at the Association's annual exhibition.

In time she became a member of the Beaver Hall Group, about thirty Montreal artists (the number varied from time to time) who exhibited together in the early 1920s. The group was named after their studio space, located at 305 Beaver Hall Hill. Although membership included Anglophone and Francophone men and women, the Beaver Hall Group is generally remembered as an association of English-speaking female artists. Most were former students of William Brymner. Four or five exhibitions were organized before the dissolution of the group around 1923. Many of the women continued to paint, and later participated in the avant-garde Atelier, the Canadian Group of Painters, and the Canadian Art Society.

The Beaver Hall Group in Montreal consciously allied themselves with the Group of Seven in Toronto. A.Y. Jackson, a native Montrealer, was voted President of the Beaver Hall Group and maintained contact between the two cities, supporting and stimulating the Montreal artists through regular visits and correspondence. He also invited Beaver Hall Group members to exhibit with the Group of Seven.

However, while The Group of Seven, as men, were seen as serious artists, the women of the Beaver Hall Group had to struggle to be accepted in an age that saw them as little more than ladies indulging in a hobby. Belonging to this group helped them secure a much-needed status as serious members of the mainstream world of professional art. The final nine other members of the group were Nora Collyer, Prudence Heward, Mabel Lockerby, Mabel May, Kathleen Morris, Lilias Torrance Newton, Sarah Robertson, Anne Savage and Ethel Seath. It is an interesting side note that the majority of them never married – including Emily Coonan.

In other respects Emily Coonan was somewhat different from the majority of her fellow members of the Beaver Hall Group. In general, these women were considered "WASPs" – that is, from well-off families, mostly Protestant, and living in the wealthier districts of Montreal. They could generally pursue their painting without consideration of the need to make a living. Emily, however, was from a working class, Irish Catholic background from Point St. Charles. But even with some handicaps in her background, and in view of the times when she painted, she still managed to gain recognition and a number of awards for her work.

Coonan traveled to Europe in 1912 with fellow Beaver Hall Group member Mabel May. In Paris, they spent their time sketching and visiting numerous exhibitions and museums. From there they travelled with several other artists to Northern France, Belgium and Holland. From ther sojourn in Europe, May, and likely Coonan, came under the spell of the Impressionists, particularly

Emily Coonan, "The Green Balloon," 1919, National Gallery of Canada

the work of Monet, Renoir and Matisse. The trip seems to have honed the aesthetic acumen of both women.

Coonan was then awarded the very first National Gallery of Canada traveling scholarship in 1914. However, because of the war, she had to wait until 1920 to enjoy her second trip, a full year of painting in Europe.

Although she continued to paint all her life, Emily Coonan appears to have formally exhibited for the last time in 1933. The reason why she decided to retire from public exhibitions at the height of her career is a mystery. Her fellow painter, Torrance Newton, once described Emily as "a very odd, shy, strange person – a real loner."

As one authority puts it: "Given her stature among the country's most innovative women artists of the early twentieth century, her early retirement from active participation in the Montreal painting scene, can only be regarded as a significant loss within the context of the history of Canadian art." (Karen Antaki, Klinkhoff.com.)

If you would like any additional information about our annual Joe Beef Market and/or have any details about the life and times of Emily Coonan to share, please visit our newly updated Point St. Charles History Society web site at: www.shpsc.org

Fergus Keyes is a member of the board of the Point St. Charles Historical Society and a member of the PSC Community Theatre.

Gisele Turgeon-Barry by Fergus Keyes

It is with great sadness that I learned that Gisele Turgeon-Barry passed away on April 4, 2011, at the Verdun General Hospital after a battle with cancer that has lasted about a year or more.

Gisele was likely better known among the French-speaking residents of The Point, but as the president of the Point St. Charles Historical Society she cared deeply about the preservation of all of the history of our community. And everyone owes her a debt of gratitude for her many efforts in protecting and recording the unique history of the neighbourhood.

She was very inclusive, always being sure that publications (including the recent update of the History Society web page) reflected the overall nature and story of our community—English and French, as well as Ukrainian, Polish, and other languages and cultures that have contributed to the history of The Point over many decades.

Gisele was the driving force behind the Joe Beef market, and worked endless hours over the last three years to make each market a little better than the year before. In the beginning, when the first market was only a vague idea, it was certainly her gentle "force of will" that got the borough to allow us to use the Joe Beef Park and supply other municipal services.

It would be difficult to list all of her efforts for The Point, so just let me say that Gisele was a terrific lady, a great "Pointer," and that I will miss her very much…

Top: William Notman, "The Art Association Building, Phillips Square," c.1900. McCord Museum: V-2543.A

Bottom: Point-St-Charles Historical Society

Witnesses of their Time

The Visual Arts in Quebec's English-speaking Community

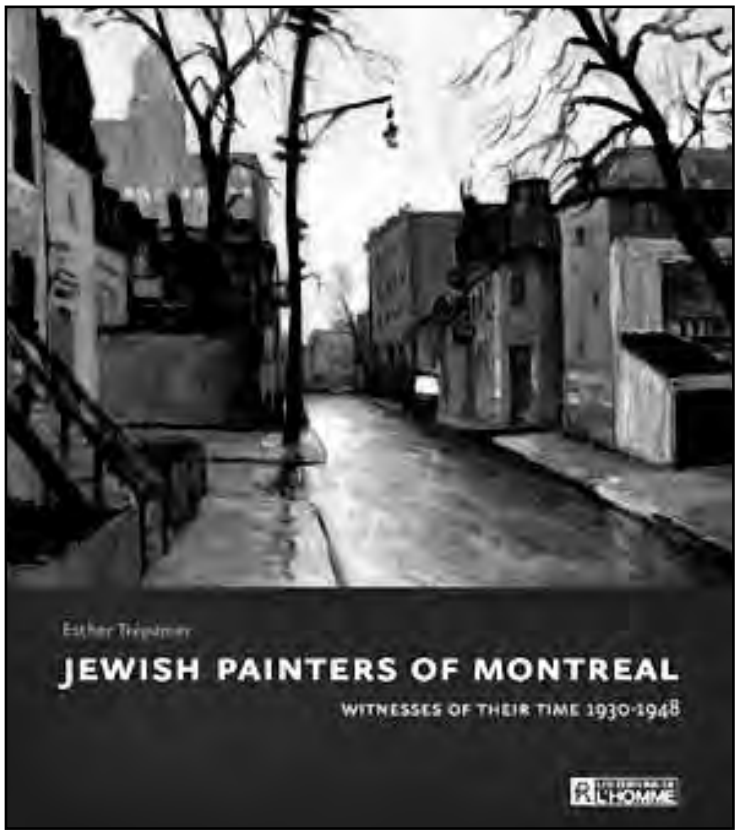
by Lori Callaghan

As part of its Recognizing Artists: Enfin Visible! project, the English Language Arts Network commissioned short histories of English-language Arts and Culture in Quebec from the early twentieth century to the present day. Excerpts from these histories will be published in future issues of Quebec Heritage News. *The full essays are available on-line at http://www.quebec-elan.org/histories.*

One of the first modernist movements in Quebec began with a generation of Montreal painters who delivered their most important works between 1930 and 1948. Many of these figures were either Jewish or European immigrants, and since the '90s their stories and artworks have been steadily reintroduced to the Canadian public by the prominent Québécois art historian and current general director of the Musée national des beaux-arts du Québec, Esther Trépanier.

Trépanier has published numerous books and collaborated on many exhibitions in which she documented the significant contributions of early twentieth-century painters, including Polish-born immigrants such as Jack Beder (1910-1987) and Louis Muhlstock (1904-2001), and other East Europeans like Alexander Bercovitch (1892-1951), Sam Borenstein (1908-1969), Eric Goldberg (1890-1969), Herman Heimlich (1904-1986), Harry Mayerovitch (1910-2004), and Ernst Neumann (1907-1956). Converging on the Montreal arts scene from European enclaves or Jewish-European roots, many of these artists brought with them a deep appreciation of the nineteenth-century schools of French impressionism and post-impressionism.

Collectively, this Montreal school of painters developed a multi-faceted portrait of the city. Painting "the streets of their neighbourhood and the rooftops of the surrounding houses, the harbour area and building sites, or the backyards seen from a studio window was a way of visually appropriating the spaces of their own lives," Trépanier writes in her book, *Jewish Painters of Montreal: Witnesses of their Time 1930-1948*. They also traveled beyond the city limits to capture the mountainsides, rivers, farms and valleys of Quebec's rural regions. In conjuring a visual definition of what it meant to be Québécois at the time, Muhlstock and company were as culturally significant as the Group of Seven were in defining the Canadian landscape. It was only later on, once Canadian nationalism began to gain a voice in Ontario and Québécois nationalism redefined its history to cultivate a stronger sense of French heritage, that the importance of the Montreal school of the '30s and '40s began to fade out of the narrative.



Cover of Esther Trépannier's Jewish Painters of Montreal.

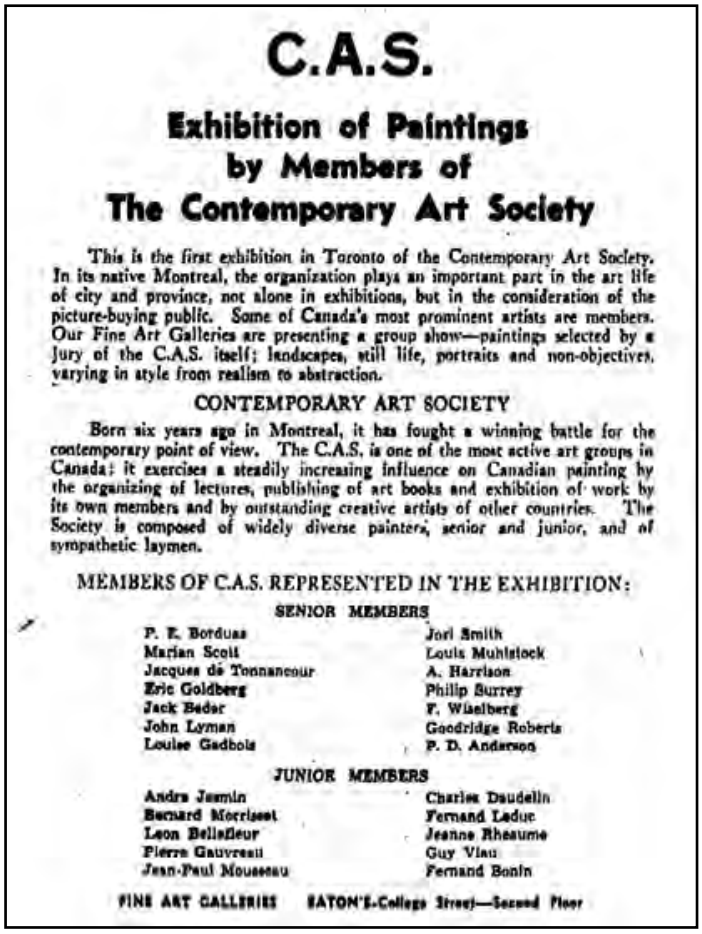
A recent exhibition at the McCord Museum (see Review, *QHN* March-April 2010) highlighted the ways in which the Jewish and Eastern-European artists articulated their relationship to Montreal throughout the Depression and World War II. Among the more prominent figures in the Montreal school was Louis Muhlstock, who had immigrated to Canada with his family in 1911, at the age of seven. He started taking evening art classes while attending Montreal High School and later studied in France at the studio of Louis-François Biloul (1874-1947). Muhlstock returned to Montreal in 1931, during the Great Depression, and is probably best known for the work he produced in this era. His drawings of desperate and morose individuals, like the unemployed who would sleep on the grass in Fletcher's Field, are deeply sympathetic and full of character. His paintings of deserted neighbourhoods are vibrant and express a hollow silence. Not untouched by the Depression, Muhlstock would draw on Kraft paper and use bleached sugar bags as canvases when times were particularly tough.

In 1939, Muhlstock became one of the first members of the Contemporary Arts Society, which sought to promote public awareness of modern art in Montreal. Founded by painter and art critic John Lyman (who wrote an arts column for *The Montrealer* from 1936 to 1940),

membership was open to any artist of "non-academic tendencies." The original 25 members included the likes of Paul-Émile Borduas, Stanley Cosgrove and Goodridge Roberts, and later would count influential Francophone painters such as Fernand Leduc, Marcel Barbeau and Jean Paul Riopelle among its members. The large size of the group made it easier for them to negotiate with the conservative Art Association of Montreal (now the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts). Their numbers also made it less difficult to obtain exhibition space elsewhere. Representing a dynamic group of French-influenced post-impressionist and abstract painters, this organization received little recognition outside the city and no support from the National Gallery of Canada.

The National Gallery's director at the time, Eric Brown, was a big supporter of the Group of Seven, who represented themselves as Canada's national school of painting. Brown's open preference drew criticism from a number of people in Canada's arts community, including some members of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, and prompted artists to organize themselves. One such example was Montreal painter Efa Prudence Heward (1896-1947), an active member of the Contemporary Arts Society alongside Muhlstock and Lyman. Heward was best known for her portraits of women, but she had a fondness for painting Quebec's Eastern Townships, and also took many sketching trips along the St. Lawrence River near Brockville and to the Laurentians. In 1933, she was a founding member of the Canadian Group of Painters, which grew to include a number of important artists from across the country. They all joined together in response to the growing concern that the National Gallery's fondness for the Group of Seven would lead to the exclusion of other artists from the collection. The large size of the Contemporary Arts Society gave it lobbying power, but also led to problems of governance. Infighting and disagreement about the Society's direction divided the group and eventually led to its dissolution in 1948.

These days, thanks to the efforts of Esther Trépanier and other curators, major exhibitions of their works are held not only at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts, McCord Museum, and the Leonard and Bina Ellen Gallery at Concordia University, but also in museums across the country.



C.A.S.

Exhibition of Paintings by Members of The Contemporary Art Society

This is the first exhibition in Toronto of the Contemporary Art Society. In its native Montreal, the organization plays an important part in the art life of city and province, not alone in exhibitions, but in the consideration of the picture-buying public. Some of Canada's most prominent artists are members. Our Fine Art Galleries are presenting a group show—paintings selected by a jury of the C.A.S. itself; landscapes, still life, portraits and non-objectives, varying in style from realism to abstraction.

CONTEMPORARY ART SOCIETY

Born six years ago in Montreal, it has fought a winning battle for the contemporary point of view. The C.A.S. is one of the most active art groups in Canada; it exercises a steadily increasing influence on Canadian painting by the organizing of lectures, publishing of art books and exhibition of work by its own members and by outstanding creative artists of other countries. The Society is composed of widely diverse painters, senior and junior, and of sympathetic laymen.

MEMBERS OF C.A.S. REPRESENTED IN THE EXHIBITION:

SENIOR MEMBERS

P. E. Borduas
Marian Scott
Jacques de Tonnancour
Eric Goldberg
Jack Beder
John Lyman
Louise Gadbois
Jori Smith
Louis Muhlstock
A. Harrison
Philip Surrey
F. Wieslberg
Goodridge Roberts
P. D. Anderson

JUNIOR MEMBERS

Andre Jasmin
Bernard Morrisset
Leon Bellefleur
Pierre Gauvreau
Jean-Paul Mousseau
Charles Daudelin
Fernand Leduc
Jeanne Rhéaume
Guy Viau
Fernand Bonin

FINE ART GALLERIES EATON'S-College Street—Second Floor

Victoria LeBlanc, who is currently Executive Director of the Visual Arts Centre in Westmount, recalls something of that isolation when she first got involved in the Montreal visual arts community in the 1960s. "When Harold Klunder (1943-) first came here from Ontario, everybody in the rest of Canada knew who he was. Very few people knew who he was here," says LeBlanc, noting that hardly anybody came to his first show and that only a handful of people attended his first lecture. Primarily a painter and a printmaker, Klunder's works are part of the permanent collection at Montreal's Museum of Contemporary Art. Of Dutch origins and often compared stylistically to Willem de Kooning, Klunder immigrated to Canada in 1952. He earned himself quite a bit of notoriety within the Canadian scene, though that wasn't felt in Québécois circles until quite some time after he had settled in the province. "A few years later," says LeBlanc, "after he'd been in Montreal for a while, you couldn't get in the door [to one of his lectures]."

If the rest of Canada had little idea of the talent coming out of Quebec's Anglophone visual arts community by mid-century, it was likely because the notion of an "Anglophone" hadn't entered into the public lexicon until the notion of a "Francophone" culture began to take hold in the 1960s. As this distinction entered the public discourse and language politics started to polarize regional issues, Quebec's artistic communities grew more insular.

If language politics weren't part of the outward presentation of Québécois art, a different story was brewing behind the scenes. Victoria LeBlanc recalls the significant changes the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts underwent in the '70s. From 1968 to 1978, when Dr. Sean Murphy (a pre-eminent ophthalmologist and son of the Montreal-born artist Cecil Buller) was the president of the museum, the board of directors changed from being exclusively Anglophone to mostly Francophone. "He realized it was all run by the English," says LeBlanc, "and there had to be a change if [the museum] was going to survive, if it was going to have the support of the Quebec government at a time when separatism was very, very much the agenda."

Lori Callaghan is a freelance art critic. Her work has been featured in the Montreal Gazette *and* The Rover*, and she has written about graphic novels for the* Montreal Review of Books.

Toronto Daily Star, October 22, 1945.

Discovered by Descendants

William Satchwell Leney, 1769-1831

by Susan McGuire

In 1829, when London-trained engraver and Montreal farmer William Satchwell Leney donated a copper engraving for the membership cards of the Montreal Mechanics' Institution (MMI), he probably didn't envision that his gift would result in a dozen or so Canadian descendants getting together 180 years later in the Eastern Townships to pool photos and information on him and his family.

What brought the Montreal family into focus are the minutes of the Montreal Mechanics' Institution, 1828-34. (The organization is now known as the Atwater Library).

In 2009, a short article about W. S. Leney in the *Westmount Independent* struck a chord with Cynthia Graham, whose husband, British-born Paul Marriott, is a current board member of the Atwater Library. Reading the article strengthened the family association with the Library; Grahame and her brother Peter suddenly realized that a Montreal scene that had always hung in their family home had in fact been engraved by their ancestor, W. S. Leney.

Tracking the Leney family because of the Atwater Library archives started even before that. In 2008, the author of this article interviewed Michael Ogilvie, a resident of Hatley, about his great-great uncle Alexander Walker Ogilvie. A. W. Ogilvie was on the executive of the Mechanics' Institute of Montreal (MIM, successor to the MMI) in the mid-1850s. With other members of the Ogilvie family, he achieved success in the milling business. Michael Ogilvie mentioned that young A. W. Ogilvie, while working on the family's Saint-Michel farm in the early 1850s, had wooed and later married Sarah Leney, whose family had a farm in nearby Longue Pointe. He didn't know if there were any Leney descendants still in the Montreal area.

Newly-acquainted Leney descendants compare notes in Knowlton.
Photo: Susan McGuire

Thus, neither the Grahames nor Ogilvie knew about another distant cousin, Bedford resident and journalist Peter Leney, who answered "yes" to a telephone inquiry if he were a descendant of W. S. Leney. Or about engineer Gordon Cooper, descended from W. S. Leney through Rosemere farmer Albert Garth and his wife Sarah Leney Morris. (The substantial Albert Garth family home is now the mairie of the town of Lorraine.)

Cooper was looking for information at the Atwater Library about Albert's father Charles Garth, who was president of the Mechanics' Institute in 1855, and Albert's brother John Henry Garth, who was an MIM board member in 1920. He learned that Albert's grandfather George Garth, who came to Montreal from England in 1826 and started what was to become a successful plumbing, heating and ventilation company, had joined the MMI just two years after his arrival—the same year as the Leney donation. Cooper also learned that others besides himself were searching out the Leney family.

Peter Leney had been looking into the family for some years. Back in 1978, he had located the general area where the family farm had been at Longue Pointe and later searched out the W. S. Leney gravestone. He has a couple of cherished items that, according to family lore, were from the original Leney home.

Who was W. S. Leney, whose descendants are still thriving in the Montreal area? His story is told in some detail by Donald C. O'Brien in the Spring 2006 issue of *Imprint*, a publication of the American Historical Print Collectors Society.

Leney was born in London in 1769, and at an early age was apprenticed to prominent engraver Peltro William Tomkins, who had studied under the renowned Francesco Bartolozzi.

Leney learned stipple and line engraving. Both involve incising a design, in reverse – sometimes with the help of a mirror – on a hard surface such as copper. Stipple engraving requires tools to make dots and flecks; line engraving requires tools that cut lines of varying

widths and depths. Both result in ink-retaining hollows in a copper plate, which was used in the printing process of the time for artistic printmaking, commercial reproductions, and illustrations for books and magazines.

Leney enjoyed considerable artistic and financial success in his London career. Six large plates (after Fuseli and others) for John Boydell's famous edition of Shakespeare, and "The Descent from the Cross," after Rubens, are among his important works during that period.

In 1805, Leney and his wife Sarah White left England for New York with two small children; they eventually had seven more. He quickly established himself in the new land, with portrait and landscape works. He engraved five

plates for the Collins Quatro Bible, which prompted New York's Academy of Fine Arts to declare him the city's best engraver.

According to O'Brien, "William Satchwell Leney must have caused a sensation when he arrived in New York City. In his profession, he simply had no peers in America."

Among his many commissions in the United States, for which he received anywhere from $15 to $125 each, were 26 of the line engravings in the 1811 American edition of John Bell's *The Anatomy of the Human Body*. For Philadelphia writer Joseph Delaplaine he engraved five plates for the *Repository of the Lives of Distinguished Americans*, including George Washington and Robert Fulton.

About 1810, he went into business with William Rollinson, an English-born engraver and silversmith in the United States who had invented a new machine for printing banknotes that were touted as less subject to counterfeiting than other banknotes of the time. Among their customers was the Montreal Bank, founded in 1817 (It became Bank of Montreal in 1822.) This was the first "sound" currency printed in Canada, according to historian Robert Prévost (*Montreal: A History*, 1991).

From a painting by R. A. Sproule, Leney engraved a scene of Saint James Street, Montreal, in which the Montreal Bank building appears prominently. An original Leney copperplate of John Gray, the well-connected first president (1817-1820) of the Montreal Bank, is located in the Warren Cady Crane Collection at Harvard's Houghton Library – obtained from Jessie L. Strachan, a Leney descendant.

Starting about 1812, Leney travelled to various parts of eastern Canada. The Toronto Public Library has a Leney engraving of York on Lake Ontario, 1812, originally printed by S. F. Bradford of Philadelphia. Joseph Samson's *Sketches of Lower Canada, 1817*, has a Leney engraving entitled "Taken from memory, Quebec From the Plains of Abraham."

In about 1820, at the age of 50 and in comfortable circumstances, Leney decided to retire and move his family from New York to a 400-acre farm in the fertile area of Longue Pointe, now part of Montreal's east-end industrial and residential Hochelaga-Maisonneuve borough. His eldest son William, who had tried engraving but didn't enjoy it, ran the farm.

W. S. Leney continued to pursue his engraving work in semi-retirement. He engraved two frontispieces for the short-lived *Canadian Magazine and Literary Repository*, 1823-25, one of which is in the Thomas Fisher Rare Books Library at University of Toronto; the second engraving for this publication, "Montreal from Longueuil," is reproduced in de Volpi and Winkworth's *Montreal: A Pictorial Record*. The name "Leney" appears on the engraving of a Schroeder portrait of fur trader Daniel Williams Harmon in the 2006 re-publication of the 1800-1819 Harmon journal. Leney's

last major work was the well-known series of six Montreal scenes from watercolours by Robert Auchmuty Sproule, published in 1830.

W. S. Leney lived on the family farm until he died in 1831, and his wife died three years later during a cholera epidemic. Both were buried on the farm, although in 1911 their remains, along with those of some other family members, were removed to Mount Royal Cemetery. The farm was sold, and some of the engraving tools Leney brought with him to Canada are now at the McCord Museum.

Susan McGuire is historian for the Atwater Library of the Mechanics' Institute of Montreal.

Above: W. S. Leney, Portrait of fur trader D. W. Hamon, c.1825.
Top right: W. S. Leney, "Falstaff," from Boydell's Shakespeare, c.1800.

Bottom right: Mary Galloway Leney, grand-daughter of W. S. Leney, who married David Morris, seigneur of Ste. Therese. Photo courtesty of S. McGuire

Hatley's Educational Jewell

The Founding of Charleston Academy

by Phyllis Emery Skeats

Religion and education were two of the primary necessities for immigrants, mostly from New England, who settled in the Hatley region following the opening of the Eastern Townships in 1792. In the late 1790s, several families settled about a mile or so north of the present village of Hatley; amongst these was the family of Deacon Bond Little. Others came between 1800 and 1810, including the Flanders, Emerys, Rowells, Bacons, and Leavitts.

These early pioneers were very devout and would gather in each other's cabins on Sundays to worship. Later, travelling preachers of various denominations from the United States would stop by to lead a gathering in one of the largest cabins. This method of worship changed in 1817-18 when the Old North Church was built by Reverend Charles Stewart in the early settlement on the North Road. Two new churches soon followed: one Methodist (now Hatley United) in 1836 and the other Anglican (St. James) in 1829. Both are still functioning today.

Education was more complicated for the homesteaders, who lived great distances from each other. It began with home schooling, with very few books. When the children could gather together, a well-educated parent would teach them. However, in 1816, the Governor of Lower Canada gave permission for a school to be erected in Charleston – now Hatley. (The village was originally called Charleston in honour of Reverend Charles James Stewart for his contributions during his stay there.) The first small school was built in front of the Common in 1816. Another, known as the Corner School House, was erected at the fork in the road at the southern end of the village. This would have been an inconvenient site for families situated on the Old North Road and surrounding areas, especially during the winter months. The need for a larger, more progressive village school was evident and in 1829 changes began…in a big way!

In that year, a meeting was held in the home of William Grannis to discuss the founding of an academy in the village. The committee members were Dr. John Weston, John Grannis, Luther Hall and William Ritchie, N. P., who acted as secretary-treasurer. A board of trustees was appointed consisting of Charles James Stewart (now Anglican Bishop of Quebec) along with several prominent men in the Eastern Townships including Deacon Taylor Little, John and William Weston, John Jones and Robert Vincent from Hatley. The plans were sent to Bishop Stewart in Quebec City. The trustees chosen to further the plan were Bishop Stewart, the Honorable Louis-Joseph Papineau and several government men who were Catholics, Wesleyans, Baptists and Anglicans. There was also a debate on whether the institution would be an academy for boys, as Stanstead was for girls. It was decided to make each co-educational.

Construction of the new academy finally began in 1830. The building was paid for by donations throughout the province, a grant of $800 from the government, and a generous amount from Bishop Stewart. The academy was opened to pupils in 1832 with Reverend Balfour as head of the male department and Miss E. D. Fields as principal for the female department. A regular college course was taught including higher mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, chemistry, all regular English subjects as well as French, German, Greek, Latin, music, painting and drawing.

Originally, the stairs to the second floor of the academy went up the outside of the south wall and the second storey was divided into rooms for lady teachers and older girls. Later the partitions were removed and the room was used as a community center.

Among the many fine teachers who taught at the school were a number who were or would become prominent in public affairs, including Vermont publisher and editor Zadock Thompson and future postmaster-general L. S. Huntington. Another interesting teacher was Alexander Twilight, the first African-American to graduate from an American college. His biography states that he had "a tenure as a teacher in rural Quebec." Twilight was principal at Charleston Academy during 1851.

In 1884, the Corner School House

Hatley Anglican Church and the academy.
Photo: courtesy of Phyllis Emery Skeats

rented a room in the academy and the two schools shared the same building. In 1888, the commissioners took over the whole school under one management. As other high schools opened in surrounding towns, the number of students diminished and for a time only two rooms were active. However, in 1910, another room on the second storey was opened and, in 1942, it became a consolidated school, later known as Hatley Intermediate. Commencing in 1964, the first four grades were conveyed to North Hatley School and in the mid-1960s the beloved school was closed.

The author remembers many fine teachers, mostly graduates from the teacher training school at Macdonald College. One favourite was Mrs. Muriel McClary; because of her encouragement, many young people went on to have interesting and profitable lives.

Today, Charleston Academy is almost 180 years old and still stands in the village of Hatley. However, it is in need of restoration which would help the building stay alive for many more years, if for nothing more than the historical value alone. It could be a museum showing the history of Hatley Township, or a well-equipped community centre – to replace the Foresters' Hall, which was taken down in 1998 – with a library on the upper level. Hatley would be well served this way!

Alexander Twilight's Hatley Connection

Charleston Academy has stood for more than 175 years in the village of Hatley. The life of this academy-turned-school is well described in *The Story of Hatley*, written in the late 1940s by Maude Gage Pellerin. The book includes a list of teachers over the years at Charleston Academy. Many of these would be familiar to an Eastern Townshipper, but one might not be easily recognized: Mr. Alexander Twilight.

Twilight is an icon of Vermont, being not only the first African-American to graduate from an American college but also the first to serve in the state legislature – and did so fifty years before the second African-American would follow in his political footsteps.

Twilight was born in humble surroundings on a farm in Corinth, Vermont, on September 23, 1795. His father was described as a mulatto (a person of black and white background) who had served in the Revolutionary War. Alexander's parents struggled to give him and his four siblings the necessities of life. At the age of eight he began working daily for a neighbouring farmer.

At the age of 20, Alexander enrolled in grammar school to prepare for college; he graduated in 1821. When he was 26 years of age, he entered Middlebury College as a third-year student. It is possible that the college was unaware of his racial background, as on an earlier occasion a black man had been denied admission. Alexander graduated in 1823, and accepted a job teaching in Peru, New York. There, he also studied for the ministry and was ordained. He also met the lady who would become his wife in 1826. After a few years of teaching, he was offered the positions of principal of the Orleans County Grammar School in Brownington, Vermont, as well as Congregational minister there. In 1829, the young couple moved to Brownington.

Twilight was determined to make Orleans County Grammar School the best in the area. Feeling the need for a dormitory for students living further away, he undertook to construct one on his own; neither the state, nor the county, nor the town contributed money to his enterprise. He temporarily resigned as minister of the church in 1834 and began construction. Using hand tools, ingenuity and perseverance, he fashioned granite blocks 10 inches wide and 12 inches long. He used an iron bar and an ox with a wooden yoke to move the stones. Legend says that a platform and a bull wheel were used to hoist the stones into place; when the walls were finished the ox was stranded 41 feet above the ground and when Twilight tried to lead the ox down a staircase the animal was terrified and no amount of coaxing worked. Sadly, he had to slaughter the ox on the platform. Named Athenian Hall by Twilight (it is also known as the Old Stone House), this dormitory still stands.

By the mid-1850s, Twilight decided to relocate across the border to the Eastern Townships of what was then Canada East. He settled in the area of Shipton, where it appears he conducted the Twilight Academy in Richmond for at least two years. He then left to teach at Charleston Academy in the village of Hatley. At Charleston Academy, he was principal for at least one year (1851), according to the list of teachers published in Pellerin's history of Hatley Village. By all accounts, Twilight's tenure at Charleston Academy was a successful one.

Phyllis Emery Skeats is a local historian and winner of QAHN's 2010 Marion Phelps Award.

Top: Alexander Twilight.
Bottom: Athenian Hall, Orleans County Grammar School, Brownington, VT.

Photos: courtesy of Old Stone House Museum.

Our Local Windows

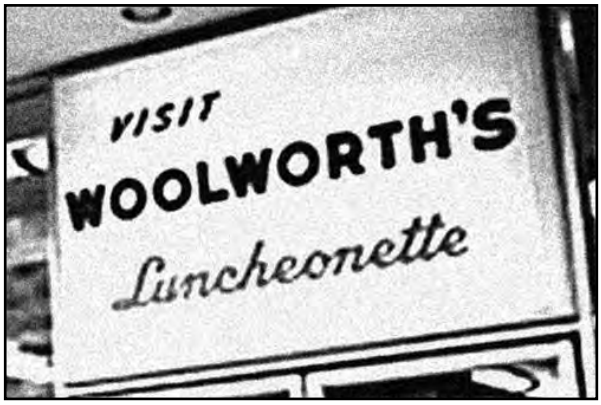
Rooms with a View

by Rohinton Ghandhi

The waitress placed a cup of coffee and a huge chunk of apple pie onto your green checkered paper placemat, and asked if that was all. Looking out across the floor, it was difficult to believe that you were dining, high and above a busy department store. The restaurant at the rear of the old Miracle Mart in LaSalle not only gave you a 180-degree bird's eye view, it also gave you your own personal window to watch the action below. While climbing up the curved staircase, you felt yourself leaving the hustle and bustle of the shopping level behind, as you entered and raced for the prized tables which overlooked the entire store. If you were lucky enough, you would find one. Minutes could easily turn into hours, while you sipped and witnessed the dramas unfold, literally right beneath your feet. A shoplifter's chase, a falling tower of toilet paper, kids playing football throughout the store, were just some of the "reality" shows we saw.

At one time, there were many places in LaSalle and Verdun that offered us "a piece of the action" and that became a distinct part of the history of our local communities. Wonderful places designed for people to meet other people, places that are no more.

Just as Miracle Mart offered this unique view, across from Place LaSalle, Woolco's "Café Rouge" in the "Cavalier" Mall (now gone) offered us a similar local experience. The restaurant was designed like a '50s diner, with each booth adorned with shiny polished mouldings and red leatherette seats. The Café Rouge had its own feel to it, as it was in the rear of a major department store; yet the main aisle of the mall lead people to its entrance. We could always tell when the place was busy by having to walk through a gauntlet of "parked" shopping carts around its doorway. Once inside, you were led down one long aisle to the à-la-carte food counter or offered a route to take a seat and order. The popular spots had a view of the main aisle and were like an all-season version of today's sidewalk cafés. The view was different here, as shoppers, employees, and people walking through the store all merged together at this central point to provide us with a constant flow of entertainment. The Cavalier Mall itself held many of our local shopping favorites, like the Dominion Store, the barber shop, a Radio Shack, and the LaSalle Driving School, but it was the lure of the Woolco department store which kept us coming. The people you would meet there had their own stories, and usually by the time you left, you had a new one of your own.



Not so long ago, Wellington Street held one of these jewels, where we could sit back and enjoy our surroundings. The Greenberg's store (now Pharmaprix) on the corner of Gordon Avenue had an "in-store" restaurant, which offered one half of its storefront window to its restaurant's sidewalk view. Greenberg's was very "modern" for its time, as it had a set of "magic stairs" (escalators) right in the center of it. Turning left upon entering the store, we would be led into their open-air style restaurant area, which still had that lunch counter feel to it. The linoleum floor was dotted with "roundabout" stools running along the length of the main grill counter, where we could watch the cook in action. Behind us were two rows of padded booths (each with its own coat rack), including three or four which had a reserved view of the street, which added a new perspective to our experience, as the weather now played a role. Divided only by a single pane of glass, the scenes outside showed upturned umbrellas, loose hats hovering by, dogs taking kids for a walk, and during snowstorms, packs of travelling snowmen fighting the northern winds to get home, all while we took in the warmth of that wonderful place.

At a time when architects were designing these once beautiful restaurants as simple company lunch counters, they could not have imagined that their attention to detail, their eye for style, and their ideas of comfort, would later become some of our most well-remembered places. Places that we once used as our own compasses to point out where we came from, and to give us a bearing on where we were going.

Today, our treasured memories of these sites are only filled with great fondness and a deep sense of loss at their disappearance. Of the people that worked in them, of the people we met in them, and of the lasting friendships we formed in them.

Each of these restaurants had its own specialty food, unique to a local part of town. Watching each of them vanish was like losing a flavour, a taste from our own Southwest Corner.

Rohinton Ghandhi is a Verdun historian and writer; his column "The Southwest Corner" appears frequently in The Suburban.

Woolworth's luncheonette sign. Photo: courtesy of ww.pbs.org.

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