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COVER: woodcut illustration of the Glengarry Cairn from J George Hodgins: The Geography and History of British America..., 2nd ed., Toronto, 1858 (a schoolbook from the collection of the Nor’Westers & Loyalist Museum, Williamstown).
As there is a movement on foot to repair the Glengarry Cairn, on an Island opposite Lancaster, Ont., a new interest has been awakened in that old monument. This therefore is the time opportune to draw the attention of the travelling public to this landmark of the early history of this county and to recall some of the early events of those days it is meant to commemorate. Accordingly I called on one of the early pioneers of this county, Mr. Wm. Gillespie of South Lancaster, to get some of those reminiscences for which he is noted in this neighbourhood. Mr. Gillespie is eighty-eight years of age; his mind is as clear as ever and he makes his daily trips to the upper village, Lancaster, with astonishing ease and regularity. He came to this county about eighty years ago and spent his boyhood in the neighbourhood of Bainsville but has lived in the village of South Lancaster constantly since 1844.

In reply to a question of mine regarding the cairn, he said, "I remember all about it. It was built in 1840-41 by Colonel Lewis Carmichael, as true-hearted a Highlander as ever lived, with the assistance of his brother Highlanders of Glengarry, and was dedicated to Sir John Colborne with a royal good Highland Banquet and Scotch whiskey galore."

Among other things that I learned from Mr. Gillespie was the reason that this monument took the shape of a great pile of stones. It seems that the idea was suggested by an ancient custom that existed in the early days of Scottish history. When something had occurred it was a custom then that each Highlander in passing that place would drop a stone there to allay the evil spirit that they thought was always hovering around such a place. The pile of stone thus accumulated was called a cairn. So it was with the tragic events of the rebellion in full view that the idea of the Glengarry cairn originated. This cairn, situated on a small island called Squaw Island but of late years more commonly known as Monument Island, and about half a mile from the village of South Lancaster, never fails to attract the attention of any passing on the
magnificent St. Lawrence waterway through Lake St. Francis, on the borders of which Lancaster is so pleasantly situated.

It is built in the form of an old fashioned sugarloaf. It is sixty feet in diameter at its base and sixty feet high. A stone stairway winds completely around it, making the ascent from the base to the summit where a cannon has been placed in erect position. This cannon is of particular interest in that it did service in the war of 1812.

Sir John Colborne was in charge of the military forces during the rebellion [of 1837] and, in dedicating the cairn to him, it was particularly intended to commemorate the part the Glengarry men under him took in defence of their country.

Mr. Gillespie has some very interesting recollections of that struggle. Speaking of the rebellion, he said, "I must say that at that time my loyalty was not very strong. I took deep interest in the doings of Wm. Lyon McKenzie and Papineau, but the feeling of loyalty was so great among the Highlanders of Glengarry that it was not safe to say much so I had to yield, or as the saying is 'had to dig out.' For the sake of peace I reluctantly shouldered the musket and followed the crowd. We were formed into Colonel A. Fraser's regiment in February 1838, and were forthwith ordered to Montreal. We started a motley crowd and on arrival in the city, for want of better accommodation, were crowded without ceremony in some large storehouses on the bank of the river, near where the Custom House now stands and, while there, each had a blanket and the soft side of a board for a bed.

I remember one incident at the time that created considerable comment. We were marched down St. Paul or Notre Dame St., below the old Government House, and on our return were halted opposite Government House. We had a brass cannon in our regiment that weighed six hundred pounds. It was taken from the carriage and placed on the shoulder of one of our men — Lewis Grant by name, who, when passing Government House presented arms with the cannon. When asked if he was tired, he answered "If it were not for the square on the breech I could carry it to Glengarry."

The cairn stands still as a silent but strong reminder of the men and incidents of those early days, and no one visiting Lancaster should fail to visit it and get from its summit the beautiful view of Lake St. Francis that it affords.

This article first appeared in the Alexandria newspaper The Glengarrrian and was reprinted from the October 1978 issue of the newsletter of the Glengarry Genealogical Society. We are indebted to Alex W Fraser for resurrecting it and for permission to use it here. Readers will note that Mr Gillespie's recollections differ from the account given in Eleanor Senior's Cornwall.
Lewis Carmichael, Cairn Builder  
David G Anderson

In the foyer of St Andrew’s Church, Williamstown there is a finely-crafted marble tablet erected to the memory of Lt.-Colonel Lewis Carmichael, (1792-1844), builder of the Glengarry Cairn at Lancaster. The upper decoration of the tablet is a grenadier’s bearskin over crossed swords, and the lower decoration is composed of Scotch thistles. The inscription reads:

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF 
LIEUTENANT COLONEL LEWIS CARMICHAEL 
LATE PRESIDENT OF THE GLENGARY ST. ANDREWS SOCIETY.

THIS TABLET WAS PLACED HERE ON THE 30TH NOV. 1845 
THE ALEXANDRIA CENOTAPH

1939 † 1945

TO THE GLORY OF GOD
AND IN MEMORY OF
THE MEN OF GLENGARRY
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN WORLD WAR II

HAYDEN ASSELIN
E E BATHURST
GERALD BÉDARD
ROBERT BELLIS
F G BENNING
FRED L CAINS
DONALD W CAMPBELL
GRANT CAMPBELL
ROY CAMPBELL
WALTER F CAMPBELL
DUNCAN F CHISHOLM
LAWRENCE CHEVRIER
LAURIER CHOLETTE
HAROLD CLARK
LESTER O COLBRAN
JOHN H COWAN
M J COURTLAND CRAIG
MARCEL DANDURAND
HECTOR DAOUST
WILFRED E DENIS
J D DE DESJARDINS
D WILLIAM DEWAR
JOHN A DEFRANSNE
EDWARD DEFRANSNE
ALEXANDER W EDGAR
JEAN-PAUL ETHIER
JOHN FISHER
EARL FORTIN
NORMAN R FRASER

JOHN KENNEDY
H J LABELLE
DAVID LACOMBE
SIMEON LAFERrière War I
GORDON J LALONDE
GORDON LAPIERRE
HORMIDAS LAPIERRE
MERVYN J LAPIERRE
LOUIS LASCELLE
HENRY LAVIGEUR
EDWARD LEGAULT
CLAUDE O LEROULX
KENNETH J MAJOR
GEORGE MASSIA
GEORGE F MATTHEWS
JOHN A MAVILLE
W J MERPAW
J HUBERT MORRIS
HUGH MUNRO
DUNCAN C MURPHY
J BRUCE MACDONALD
ARCHIE MACDONALD
DANIEL A MACDONALD
DOUGLAS C MACDONALD
DOUGLAS MACDONALD
J ANSELM MACDONALD
J W MACDONALD
NEIL J MACDONALD
A J MACDONELL

H A MCCORMICK
ROBERT J MCCORMICK
ALEX L MCDONALD
DONALD J MCDONALD
FRANCIS R MCDONALD
HUGH E MCDONALD
ANGUS A MCDougALD War I
ALFRED MCGREGOR
ALEX J MCINTOSH
DONALD A MCINTOSH
LYNDE N A MCINTYRE
RALPH MCINTYRE
M CAMPBELL MCKINNON
ROD MCLACHLAN
H A MCLENNAN
D J McMartin
JOHN A MCMLLAN
ORVAL MCPHADDEN
D LLOYD MCRae
DUNCAN J MCRae War I
ROBERT W MCRae War I

CHARLES PARENT
AIMÉ PERIARD
NEIL PHILLIPS
AUGUSTUS PRouLX
T P QUINN
DERMA J M QUENNEVILLE
RAYMOND ROCHEON
ALWYN ROSS
They shall not grow old, as we who are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun, and in the morning
We will remember them.

†

I remember. Ha cuimhuiach again. Je me souviens

GLENGLARRY SOLDIERS MEMORIAL
OCTOBER 1ST 1923
"Four Glengarrians are known to have been among the Canadian soldiers forced to capitulate at Hong Kong on Christmas Day. They are: Kenneth J. Major, son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Major, Williamstown; Clarence W. Thompson, Martintown; Gordon J. Lalonde, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lalonde of Martintown; Donald MacLeod, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander MacLeod of Lancaster. Their fate is unknown." — (Glengarry News, Alexandria. Friday, 2 January 1942)

"The Canadian soldiers who fought at Hong Kong in December 1941 and either died in the hopeless struggle or passed into a brutal and all too often fatal captivity are the possessors of a unique distinction. They are the only Canadian soldiers and possibly the only Commonwealth soldiers of the Second World War who were deliberately sent into a position where there was absolutely no hope of victory, evacuation, or relief." — (Carl Vincent: No Reason Why, p.35)

To read that four Glengarrians were at Hong Kong was jolting in this year of the CBC production of The Valour and the Horror,—especially since the Hong Kong segment of that documentary series was accurate, and sympathetic to the young untrained Canadians troops who were sent there. These brief stories of three Glengarrians are a microcosm of the whole sorry venture: one killed in battle, the others imprisoned and set to forced labour, the subsequent non-recognition of their postwar plight by way of pensions or other support, and the political whitewashing and dodging by successive governments. O Canada!

Oliver Lindsay tells the Hong Kong story in his two books: The Lasting Honour, The Fall of Hong Kong 1941 and At the Going Down of the Sun: Hong Kong and SouthEast Asia 1941-45. Carl Vincent’s No Reason Why includes a scathing assessment of British and Canadian politicians and military brass. The four accounts which follow are an update on this story in the Glengarry News of fifty years ago.

(1) Kenneth John Major of Williamstown

Private Kenneth John Major was killed in action during the Hong Kong battle and is buried at Notting Hill. He had spent 245 days in the army; one-quarter of that time was classified as overseas service. He enlisted at Cornwall, had one weekend leave home, and was transferred to the Royal Rifles.
Kenneth was the son of Mary and Andrew Major of Williamstown. He had five brothers and four sisters. His campaign medals were: 1939-45 Star, Pacific Star, War Medal 1939-45, and CVSM with clasp. His file at the Personnel Records Centre, Ottawa, contains the stark official correspondence pertaining to his death. Not until January 1943 did the family receive notice of his death, which was officially confirmed only in November 1945. The file contains one letter to the family from Lt. Col. F. W. Clarke, whose own son was at Hong Kong. That September 1942 letter — noteworthy because of its compassion — discusses the arrival of heavily-censored POW letters on board the Gripsholm, and continues: "I cannot assure you that he has survived the battle of Hong Kong... Your patience and fortitude over these eight terrible months has been truly wonderful..."

His sister, Bernadette Rushton: "My last memory of Kenny was the summer of '41 just before he left to join a regiment in Western Canada. I was living in Prince Edward Island at the time and was home on vacation. I am not sure if he was aware that he was going overseas as he was the same fun-loving brother. "He loved the outdoors and had been working on a farm before joining the S D & G Highlanders. The last time we were living at home together (probably 1937), he was hauling logs with a team of horses and sleigh, wearing my grandfather's fur coat over his clothes. We skated on the river that winter and on a pond in the field and were closer than we had ever been. He has been sorely missed by us all."

Kenneth John Major (1918-1941)
(2) Clarence W. Thompson of Martintown

Despite inquiries of Martintown folk, little can be learned of this person. His file at the Personnel Records Centre is, of course, not available for research; with regret I must report that no story is possible.

— editor

(3) Gordon J. Lalonde of Martintown

Gordon Lalonde died December 1988, a symbol of neglect of politicians and bureaucrats, and ultimately of all of us docile Canadians. He never recovered from his maltreatment in the Japanese prison camps; his efforts to obtain medical treatment were stonewalled, and a decent pension was long in coming. He came to distrust all Canadian doctors; and felt that he was considered a third-class citizens. A year before his death a VON, seeing him for the first time, was appalled by his poor health and stated that he should have been taken care of long ago.

Gordon and I went to school together in Martintown. By 1940, his pay was $4.00 per month, so the army looked good. Besides, he was a Canadian, ready to guard England. But he was sent to Hong Kong, survived the battle, and became a prisoner of war. During the years of imprisonment, he lost his good health and his good nature; he left himself there because of the need to survive. He came home in October of 1945, and we were married in December.

If you saw the documentary The Valour and the Horror, you are familiar with the Kamloops Kid. The most detested guards were the Canadian-Japanese, of whom the Kamloops Kid was the worst. Gordon saw beatings, and saw men hanging from their thumbs. He taught himself to knit, using knitting needles he had made from wire, in order to provide himself with socks. The POWs were allowed 10 cents a day at the canteen, and that bought fat drippings. Dysentery was constant. Gordon helped to keep others alive. One doctor, Ashton Rose from India, was compassionate and most helpful; he deserved medals. Gordon's POW group was transferred from Shamshuipo at Hong Kong to Osaka in Japan, where they worked at making train wheels. The Valour and the Horror accurately described the ordeal of the voyage to Japan; the POWs were so crowded in a hold that for three days no one could move about, or even sit down.

For four years there was no word from Gordon. We sent parcels and letters as directed by the Red Cross; Gordon did not receive them. Even
at home in Canada, the years of imprisonment haunted Gordon. He seldom slept a whole night through. He was withdrawn and unwilling to trust those about him. His leg muscles did not recover from the years of malnutrition and he suffered from painful "electric feet", for which there was no treatment. He was often sick.

He worked in a woodworking shop in Cornwall, then a dairy, then as bridgemaster, and for twenty years at Simms. We had nine children, for whom he was a good father and a good provider. He couldn't play ball with our children; he took them fishing instead. They now understand his difficulties and know his story. Recognition by Canadians of the Hong Kong veterans' ordeal seems to have been long in coming.

—as told by Irene Lalonde

(4) Donald Alexander MacLeod of Lancaster

My brother, DONALD ALEXANDER MACLEOD, was born July 13, 1920 the son of Alexander MacLeod and his wife, Beatrice Helen MacBean. Our parents lived on a farm near Lancaster and as the eldest boy in a family of eight Donald experienced hard work and hard times during the Depression. He accompanied his father delivering loads of ice and wood to North Lancaster, Dalhousie, Glen Norman and the Brown House. This was with a team of horses and open sleigh. He also worked with his father on the construction of Highway 34, as water boy. Donald left home in 1937 and worked for a farmer in the Brockville area for two years. As his eldest sister Margaret was living in Winnipeg with a maternal aunt, Donald then moved to Winnipeg where he joined the Winnipeg Grenadiers in 1940.

The Grenadiers were sent to Jamaica for a brief training period but Donald felt they were ill-prepared for the horrors that awaited them in Hong Kong where they landed in November of 1941. It was on Christmas Day 1941 that the truck or jeep Donald was driving hit a land mine. The vehicle was completely destroyed as was the officer who had accompanied him. Donald was fortunate to have survived, and he always felt that he was lucky to have been in hospital as long as he was, as the treatment of patients was much better than that of prisoners.

We, his family, knew that he was in Hong Kong but we did not know whether he had died or if he was a prisoner of war. In August 1945 Dad received word that Donald was indeed alive and that he was being sent
by hospital ship to a Vancouver hospital. He was suffering from malnutrition, scurvy, rickets, etc. because of the atrocities suffered in prisoner of war camps. He told me once that the only way he kept his sanity during this time as a prisoner was that he had an old school reader which he read and reread. I’m not sure how he was allowed to have this book; perhaps he kept it hidden? Maybe it came in a Red Cross package.

For these reasons Donald’s rehabilitation in hospital was a lengthy one. He could not eat without being sick because his stomach had shrunk terribly. However Donald was a survivor from Day One and he responded to treatment in hospital. In the fall of 1945 he was allowed to come home. A party was held in Lochiel Township Hall to honour Andy McIntyre and Donald.

Donald returned to Winnipeg where he met and married Cora Street in 1946. They took up residence in Vancouver where their four children, two boys and two girls were born.

Like many other veterans who had witnessed the atrocities of prison camp in addition to the horrors of war, Donald experienced an alcohol problem for a few difficult years. However he joined Alcoholics Anonymous in the late fifties or early sixties and became a very dedicated member and counsellor, remaining active until his death. After working in various capacities for a few years Donald joined the Harbour Commission where he was employed until his retirement.

Donald enjoyed music, especially Scottish airs, and was quite proud of his Scottish heritage. Donald worked on the MacLeod Family Tree for years and as a result he and Cora journeyed to Scotland to conduct research. In July 1989 he published his booklet *The MacLeods of Drynoch* realizing his dream of later years.

Donald always felt he was much luckier than most Hong Kong veterans and prisoners of war to have had the measure of good health he enjoyed and to have survived as long as he did. However, on September 9, 1989 Donald suffered a severe heart attack which proved to be fatal.†

— Ethel MacKay
Glengarry’s Heritage in the name Laggan
Donald N MacMillan

LAGGAN, circa 1910. The white house on the right was the Cattanach house. At the left is the cheese factory, built 1906. The brick house with the mansard roof still stands and the road is now highway 34.

— photo: Sarah Ann Grant Stewart (1881-1955)

THE COMMUNITY adjacent to Highway 34 at the juncture of concession road VIII in Kenyon and VII in Lochiel was named Laggan by the most prominent citizen in its two-century history. Born in 1799 in Inverness-shire, Scotland, Donald Cattanach came to Canada in 1826 and, after some six years in Alexandria, moved north to that rural hamlet. There for half a century he led a most active and useful life as a merchant, postmaster, magistrate, road commissioner, church elder (at Kirk Hill and later in Dunvegan), honorary catechist, legal adviser, etc. A man of great natural talent and force of character and an able speaker in Gaelic and English, he was a leader in every good work. Given to Highland hospitality, distinguished Scottish visitors, as well as Canadians
representing a great variety of causes, sojourned in his “white house on the hill”, southwest of the cross roads. When he left Glengarry in 1882 to live with his daughter in Winnipeg, “the deep grief caused by his removal... was like the grief of Highlanders mourning their lost chieftain”. Two pipers and some twenty-five carriages escorted him to the railway station. When he died a year later, the funeral was conducted by Dr C W Gordon [Ralph Connor] and the burial was in the family plot at Dalhousie Mills.

Cattanach's Scottish birthplace is sometimes given in terms of the general area, Badenoch, or again, as the place name, Laggan. Did he ever consider calling his Canadian community Badenoch? Probably not! In the 14th century the wild Highland mountainous region was ruled by an even wilder and rougher man, Alexander Stewart, who because of his cruel deeds was known and feared as “The Wolf of Badenoch”. Cattanach would not have wished to perpetuate the name in Canada and therefore did not hesitate to choose the name Laggan.

In the Gaelic language the name signifies a hollow and so, in its Scottish usage, it is appropriate in hilly regions for such comparatively low places as Laggan Bridge, Loch Laggan and Laggan Locks. Laggan Bridge spans the River Spey; Loch Laggan is one of the principal lakes in the upper reaches of the area that supplies water to the swiftly flowing Spey; and the Laggan Locks are on the Caledonia Canal. In Glengarry it was natural that Cattanach, perhaps at times a little homesick for his native Highlands, should recall his boyhood pleasures by giving the name Laggan to his new home.

The Spey River, at some 110 miles in length the third longest in Scotland, flows northward, often on a meandering course, carrying a surprisingly large volume of water to the Moray Firth, not far from Lossiemouth. Loch Laggan is a beautiful sheet of water, some 820 feet above sea level. Originally, it was about two-thirds of a mile in width and some seven miles in length, but these dimensions have been increased by a large electric power dam. The Strathspey region, especially Loch Laggan, is famous for its salmon and trout fishing and attracts many tourists.

The region also has its share of historical and romantic associations. Some two miles from Laggan is Cluny Castle, the seat of the Chief of the MacPhersons. Crossing the Highland area is the highway built by the British military commander in the period following the 1715 uprising to provide swift transport for his troops in the event of another Highland rebellion. The engineering feats required in building the roadway,
especially the stone bridges over the deep ravines, are commemorated in
the lines:

Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.

Ironically, another Jacobite, Bonnie Prince Charlie, in 1745 used these
roads to move his Highlanders swiftly in their descent upon lowland
Scotland and Northern England in his ill-fated attempt to gain the British
throne. It seems that Laggan had another, much earlier, contact with
royalty. Tradition claims that Fergus, “the first of the Scottish Kings”,
lived on Loch Laggan and that the two islets, King’s Isle and Dog’s Isle,
are a reminder that the kings lived on one isle and kept their dogs on the
other.

Over the centuries, the people of Strathspey have given their name to
a well known variety of Highland music. The Gàelic word strath means
“a broad mountain valley” and “strathspey” is defined as “a Scottish
dance resembling a reel but slower”. We may well believe that Donald
Cattanach, “the Laird of Laggan” as he was sometimes called, would be
pleased that in our day the Glengarry people make their own contribu-
tion to the preservation and development of Highland Scottish music. He
would be especially pleased that concerts are held in the splendid Laggan
Public School and that members of the Glengarry Strathspey and Reel
Society play such tunes as Lochaber Gathering and Pibroch O Donald Dhu
and members of the Glengarry Gàelic Choir sing such songs as Ann’s A
Ghleann’s (“In My Bonnie Native Glen”), and Gabhaidh Sinn A Rathad Mor
(“We Will Take the Good Old Road”).

Editor’s note: In 1840, Donald Cattanach purchased Lot 1 - Concession 7 of
Kenyon and over the next forty years sold the various small lots upon which the
Laggan smithies and shops were built. The Cattanach name last appears in Lot
1 property records in 1884.

The Rev Dr Donald Neil MacMillan of Finch is the author of The Kirk in Glengarry and is past
president of the Glengarry Historical Society.
THE RURAL SCHOOL FAIR
Rhoda MacGillivray MacDonald

In the decades at the turn of this century there was a movement of people, including many Glengarrians, from Ontario to the West. At the same time, there was the attraction of an easier and more lucrative way of living in the urban centres.

The Department of Agriculture realized that these movements were threats to the Ontario rural society. In their desire to improve rural life in general, they conceived the idea of introducing new varieties of grains, roots, vegetables and flowers, new strains of poultry, and better livestock through the children and hence to the adults. The chosen medium was the Rural School Fair, which was to be just that, a fair for the school children, and not part of the already established Fall Fairs, where the school fair could lose its distinctive usefulness and appeal.

S.S. #16, Seven Hills, at time of closing 1968

The first Rural School Fair was held in Waterloo County in 1909 and
the movement grew rapidly to 234 fairs in 1915 with one-half of the 2291 rural schools in Ontario taking part. By 1927, there were 548 fairs; a peak was reached in 1931 at 576, with 4,852 schools participating.

The first such fair in Glengarry was in Lancaster September 1913. In 1914, there were fairs for each of the four townships with 42 schools participating. Later, one at Alexandria was added. J. Edgar McRae was the agricultural representative at this time, and as such was the general manager and chief promoter of these events. He had help from office staff, teachers and inspectors. A committee was formed in each school, and the chairman attended a central meeting where officers for that district were elected to plan the fair for the year and to assist with the management and supervision on Fair Day. This in itself was a training of no small value for the children, the future responsible leaders in the rural community.

In the spring, lists of all the available supplies were sent to the schools where the teacher filled in the amounts wanted by the pupils. These included seeds for grains or vegetables or flowers, and eggs for hatching.
purposes, mostly Plymouth Barred Rocks. The Department sent out the best seed obtainable and the eggs were from the Ontario Agricultural College, or from the local poultry breeding stations: the Goodman station at Laggan or the Cattanach station at Glen Norman. Later, all these supplies were delivered by livery or mail to the schools for distribution to the children. They were to be looked after, or planted, according to specific directions. For the first few years, all garden plots were inspected during the summer by the agriculture representative.

In September or early October came the “Big Day”. All produce was brought to the Fair at 9:00 a.m. to be judged for the ribbons of 1st to 6th and for prize money of 25c, 15c, and 10c. Each school board paid the prize money. Classes included livestock (calves, colts, sheep), grains, vegetables, flowers, fruit, wood-working for the boys, cooking and sewing for the girls, collections of woods or leaves or weeds or insects, displays of penmanship and art, and essays on the summer plots. One prize list even desired the best “darned” sock and the best “patched” jute bag — depression days! There were sports events and public-speaking contests. Everyone was involved in School Fair Day, which became a popular community event. Attendance was recorded at 1,000 people at Kirkhill in 1915. In most places, a tent had to be pitched to accommodate the exhibits and the people. Some community organization served lunch, as this was an all-day event.

To stimulate interest among pupils and teachers, at each fair a medal was given to the pupil making the highest number of points, and a prize was given to the school making the best showing when numbers of prizes and competitors were tallied. From 1927 on, the T. Eaton Co. Ltd. of Toronto presented a suitably engraved trophy to the champion pupil and a prize of books to the highest standing school. This and the publishing of the results of the fairs in local papers increased the interest in the competitions.

Championship Fairs were attempted for a few years but were not as successful as the local fairs due to the “long” travelling distances. Mr. McRae recorded the difficulties which competitors experienced in getting to the Lancaster, Martintown and Kirkhill Fairs during a wet year, 1917, “when the roads were almost impassable and were to the axles in mud”. But the Department felt all efforts were very worthwhile in that the fairs created an interest in agriculture among the children, and therefore a greater love of farm life.

For anyone who has the time, the accounts of the School Fairs, from
1913 to 1940 in the files of *The Glengarry News* make most interesting reading. You might even find your own name as the exhibitor of the best Barred Rock pullet, the best dairy calf, the best roadster colt, the best turnips or mangels, the best loaf of bread, the best tea apron, the best dining-room bouquet! Or even more exciting, as the winner of the race for your age group!

Rhoda MacGillivray MacDonald resides with her husband Kenneth at Donelg Farm north of Kirkhill. As a student in a Lochiel rural school, she attended school fairs. Rhoda has written the chapter on rural school fairs in *The Schools of the Glens* (Laggan [Alexandria], 1992), the history of the one-room schools of Lochiel and northeast Kenyon.
ARCHIBALD M CHISHOLM OF WISCONSIN

Marion MacMaster

T IS EASY to find a parallel to Archibald Chisholm's life in the story of Ranald in Ralph Connor's *The Man from Glengarry*. Archibald Mark Chisholm (1862-1933) was the eldest of a large family. Following the death of his father in 1879, he sought his fortune in the woods of Wisconsin. After a commercial course, he worked in a mining office for ten years. Then at Hibbing, Minnesota he was a founding partner of the *Lumberman's and Miner's Bank*. Seven years later he sold his banking interests and returned to mining and was in place to make a fortune during WW I when copper prices soared.

This other young "Man from Glengarry" often returned to Alexandria and there distributed his wealth with impressive generosity: the Monastery of the Precious Blood, built in memory of his mother; the pipe organ and side altar of St. Finnan's Cathedral; the Alexandria Fair Grounds; Chisholm Park, at one time the site of the Chisholm home, later, the box lacrosse grounds, and now the Public Utilities building.

Enid MacDonald of Alexandria possesses a scrapbook of clippings pertaining to Mr Chisholm, who was the brother of Enid's late mother-in-
law Margaret, Mrs Edward J MacDonald, of 34-1 Lochiel. His generosity in Beauly, Scotland, the home of his ancestors, and in the Duluth, Minnesota region is recorded along with his Glengarry gifts.

His wife, the former Lillian Cummings of Wisconsin, and his three surviving children, were in Alexandria for his most impressive funeral which is described in two and one-half columns on the front page of the Glengarry News of 10 November 1933. In 1938, Lillian donated, in her husband’s memory, a 500-pound bell to the monastery, a symbol of Chisholm’s love for Glengarry. The altar and organ are integral parts of St. Finnan’s. Chisholm Park and the Fair Grounds serve other purposes and are virtually forgotten — as is Chisholm himself, the Glengarry boy who “made good” and in the tradition of his time embodied the Glengarry virtues of piety, devotion to family, clannishness, and hard work.

§

BOX LACROSSE UNDER FLOODLIGHTS

AT

Chisholm Park, Alexandria

Saturday Night, July 14th, 1934

at 8.30 standard time

Cornwall Island Indians vs. Alexandria

TEAMS:

Cornwall Island:
P. Hopps
Frank Jocko
Tom Foote
B. Thomas
Angus George
J. Cooke
P. Lafrance
L. Sunday
L. White
J. White
J. Buckshott
M. Oakes
Angus Thomas

Alexandria
P. Bergeron
Jerry Gagnier
J. Weir
M. Pilon
D. Lapearle
Paul Pilon
Alex. MacDonald
W. Macdonell
J. Dalbec
Ray Morris
B. Macdonell
Rose Dalbec
P. Marotte

The red skins are leaving their island homes you know, to come and play their fathers’ game of many years ago. If you have never chanced to see the red skins war-like way, bring your friends to Chisholm Park, next Saturday.

Our boys are deserving of your support, so come and give them a cheer.

Glengarry’s Highland Pipe Band in attendance.

ANGUS GEORGE, LACROSSE LEGEND

Dane Lanken

[Reprinted, with permission, from the Glengarry News, Alexandria, 22 Jan 1992, p.19]

ANGUS GEORGE was among the leading box lacrosse players in North America at the height of the game’s popularity in the 1930s and ’40s. He played professionally for several teams in the U.S. and Canada. But he began his career with the St. Regis Indians in a league that included Alexandria, and he was a hero before being famous elsewhere.

Moreover, his Glengarry connections go beyond lacrosse. Angus spent much of his youth in the Glen Nevis area. And in more recent years, he was a frequent visitor with old friends and former lacrosse rivals around the county.

Angus George was born Feb. 2, 1910 at St. Regis, on the Akwesasne Mohawk Reserve opposite Cornwall. He was the fourth of ten children of Jake George, a mason and housebuilder; and his wife Susan Foote.

It was common practice in former times for Akwesasne families to leave the reserve in the winter and rent quarters near a bush. The season was spent trapping, logging and making maple syrup, and in the production of split-wood baskets and axe-handles. Thus the George family lived successively through the 1920s on the Glen Nevis area properties of Jim McRae (13-6 Lancaster), “Little” Allan McDonald (16-7 Lancaster), and Rory Maville (15-5 Lancaster). Baskets, axe-handles and other products were peddled or exchanged.

EXHIBITION

Lacrosse Match

Cornwall Island Indians VERSUS ALEXANDRIA

Chisholm Park, Alexandria

On Saturday

September 2, 1933

8.30 p.m.

Angus George and his men have finished the league season without a loss to mar their record and the men from Glengarry are planning on this chance to trim the Island men down to their size. Should Alexandria lose to Canadiens in the play-offs, this will be the Indians’ last appearance here this season. Don’t miss it.

USUAL PRICES.
door-to-door, or sold at regular outlets including the old Macdonell’s general store in St. Raphael’s.

Angus and his brothers and sisters attended school at Glen Nevis, and played hockey and lacrosse locally. His sister Margaret, who died in the mid-1920s of appendicitis, is buried in the Glen Nevis churchyard.

ALEXANDRIA LACROSSE CLUB
CHAMPIONS UNITED COUNTIES JUNIOR LACROSSE LEAGUE, 1929
HOLDERS OF LAPLANTE CUP.

FRONT ROW—Sitting—H. Stinson, B. Macdonell, (Mascot) H. C. DaPratto, A. Lalonde, W. Morris.
BACK ROW—J. J. McDonald, Pres.; D. A. Danis, Com.; Ed. MacGillivray, Sec-Treas.; A. McMillan, Coach; A. McDonald

Angus also ranged over much of the county in the period, working in woodlots, fishing, trapping and travelling. He acquired and retained an intimate familiarity with the country, not just the highways and
sideroads, but the creeks, lakes, swamps and forests, that few, native Glengarrians or others, could match.

By his late teens, Angus was recognized as one of the leading lacrosse players at Akwesasne. He was a member of the St. Regis Indians, which played in a league in the early 1930s with Cornwall, Alexandria and other area towns. Saturday night games at the old box in Alexandria, located in Chisholm Park where the town office and utilities building now stand, were major events. And the excitement was greater - and the crowds bigger - when the Indians came to play the local boys.

Akwesasne-Kahnawake "Mohawks" Lacrosse Team, Kahnawake - 1940


— North American Indian Travelling College, Akwesasne - St. Regis Mohawk Reserve

Alexandria fielded a talented team. But it was St. Regis, and especially its high-scoring line of Angus George, Angus Thomas and Louis Sunday, that most thrilled fans of the game. "They were the Gretzkys of our day," was the comment of the late Alexandria barber Paddy McDonald. The home team included Zic Morris, Lauchie McDonald, Frank McCormick and on defence, Big Jim Weir, whose spirited confrontations with Angus George in front of the Alexandria net were remembered and discussed for years.
Later Angus played for other teams, in Syracuse and Wilkes-Barre, Pa., then for five years in the Vancouver area with the North Shore Indians and Western All-Stars. In 1938 he was a member of the Los Angeles Indians in a short-lived southern California lacrosse league. A team-mate then, Harry Smith of Brantford, remained in Los Angeles, and as Jay Silverheels, starred as the Lone Ranger's friend Tonto in countless movies and TV shows.

In 1940 Angus came east again, and joined a combined Akwesasne-Kahnawake team in a Quebec lacrosse league. With the old line of Angus George, Angus Thomas and Louis Sunday reunited, playing home games at the Lachine Arena, and frequently at the Montreal Forum, the Indians dominated the league through most of the 1940s.

Angus George played his last lacrosse game at the age of 53, an exhibition match on a field beside The Pines at Oka, Que. (site in 1990 of an army-Mohawk match of a different type).

After retiring from pro sports, Angus was employed as an iron worker on high steel and other construction projects in Ontario (including the St. Lawrence Seaway), Quebec, New York and Pennsylvania. He also worked as a mason at Akwesasne, made baskets and occasional pieces of furniture, and fished at every opportunity. His St. Regis home faced the St. Lawrence River, and there was a smokehouse in his yard.

In recent years, Angus had enjoyed renewing old acquaintances. Locally these included Duncan Macdonell, whose family had owned the general store at St. Raphael's and who as a baby had been bounced on Angus knee, and the former defensive pillar of Alexandria's lacrosse team, Jim Weir. There were several occasions on which Jim and Angus laughingly recalled their once-fierce rivalry, not least at the 1990 Maxville Sports Banquet at which Angus was a guest of honour, and at which time he presented an antique lacrosse stick to the Sports Hall of Fame.

Angus George died January 8, 1992 at Cornwall leaving his wife Lilian [Hemlock], daughter Lorraine Montou4, two grandsons, several nieces and nephews, brothers David of Akwesasne and Peter of Chicago, and a sister Anna of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Among the Glengarrians who attended the wake and/or funeral for Angus George were Jim Weir, Lloyd Kennedy, Patch and Duncan Macdonell, Tony McMenamin, Angus R MacDonald, Ron MacDonell, and Anna & Dane Lanken.

Dane Lanken is a freelance writer who has lived on the 1st of Kenyon, near Alexandria, since 1968. He is a frequent contributor to Canadian Geographic. This article, with added photos, is an updated version of the obituary he wrote for the Glengarry News.
HEN FATHER CAMERON said the traditional libera prayers concluding the funeral mass for Peter Charlebois at St Finnan’s in February 1991, that ritual also closed the book on Alexandria’s last surviving link with two of Glengarry’s pioneer crafts — carriage-making and photography.

Peter Charlebois spent most of his life as an employee of Munro & McIntosh carriage works, closely associated in clerical responsibilities with the founder “Hughie” Munro. Then, when the beginning of the end of Munro & McIntosh carriage works was approaching, Peter Charlebois succeeded veteran photographer Duncan Donovan who was about to retire.

Peter took pride, and rightly so, in telling that his father emigrated to Alexandria from down Quebec way along with an influx of French craftsmen when Alexandria became a “boom town” following incorporation in 1883. Peter’s father was more than a blacksmith in his shop that is now a small Main Street parking lot next to the Sears building. He was a skilled ironworker, and with Peter’s older brother designed and made the iron cross cresting the lofty top of St Finnan’s cathedral steeple.

Peter would relate with a chuckle Alexandria’s first moving picture shows in a building near this father’s blacksmith shop. But the highlight of Peter Charlebois’ memories was to recall incidents relative to his boss’s - “Old Hughie Munro” - involvement in politics, but in particular how he missed the opportunity of possibly making Alexandria what Oshawa is today.

From elementary school Peter began working in the administration office of the carriage works. His desk was separated from Mr Munro’s by a partition that did not extend to the ceiling. Hence he could hear business discussions quite clearly.

In the long-gone era of inventing motors that would generate power to make a carriage mobile, there was a mechanical genius in Detroit named Buick. One morning, after train time, an obvious distinguished businessman called at the carriage works and Peter ushered him to Mr Munro’s office.
Following an introduction and friendly greetings, Mr Buick, at great length and with great detail, explained the purpose of his appointment, with the punch line in conclusion that his proposed motor and a Munro & McIntosh carriage could very well revolutionize the carriage industry. Peter listened attentively and waited anxiously for the assessment by his boss. Finally Old Hughie Munro spoke tersely, “There is only one way to move a buggy around – that is by a horse.” He added, “besides, we in Glengarry use a cutter for five months of the year.”

On his way back to Detroit, the legend continues, Buick got off the train at Oshawa and made the same presentation to Mr McLoughlin of the McLoughlin carriage works, rated second to the “Buggy from Glengarry” throughout Canada. Buick’s proposal was accepted and that resulted in the McLoughlin-Buick cars and the first agent in Glengarry was “Old Bill” MacEwen, Maxville. The Munro & McIntosh carriage works ceased to exist shortly afterwards while Oshawa grew to city status with the expansion of General Motors.

At this point, Peter Charlebois succeeded pioneer Glengarry photographer Duncan Donovan in his studio south side Royal Bank building. Peter carried on for a while with tripod camera and using a dark cloth to cover head and shoulders, as well as the tradition of attending weddings to photograph family groups, a trait going back to the tin-type era at church picnics.

In sport, Peter was among the town lacrosse boosters who built the “Box” where the town office building is now located. Those Saturday night box lacrosse games with the Indians and the reorganized Glengarry Pipe Band playing at intervals and parading from Mill Square were more of Peter Charlebois’ many memories.

Angus H McDonell (1906 - 1992) was a noted Glengarrian who for 70 years contributed his knowledge and experiences to the Glengarry News, most recently under the familiar byline of In the Glens. He was a prime mover in the creation of the Glengarry Sports Hall of Fame in Maxville.
The Pronunciation of the name Bethune
Donald N MacMillan

Rev John Bethune of Glengarry (1751 - 1815)

IN A LITTLE KNOWN POEM, *The Road to Moscow*, the 19th century English poet, Robert Southey, narrates in a humorous vein the names of the Russian military leaders, who harassed with devastating effect Napoleon Bonaparte’s army in its retreat from Moscow. Stressing the endings of many of the Russian names, -ow, -itch, -off, etc., he tells finally of an admiral, “a terrible man with a terrible name .... which no man can speak and no man can spell”.

John Bethune, 1751-1815, was not a terrible man with a terrible name. There never has been any difficulty in spelling his name. At times, however, there has been some uncertainty, even in Glengarry, as to how it should be pronounced. This may be due to the different languages spoken in countries in which the Bethunes have lived down the centuries.

Some very interesting accounts trace the Bethune ancestral line far
beyond the Scottish Highlands and Islands. In R J Campbell's biography of David Livingstone, both the Bethune and Livingstone families are described as descendants of a man who came to Scotland with St. Columba: "When St. Columba came to the island of Iona in the year 565, there came with him one Betan, whose descendants became physicians to the Columban Church. Of these, in course of time were three families, the Beatons or Bethunes of Mull, of Skye, and of Islay". It is further explained that the Livingstones are descendants of the Bethune family that settled in Mull. (cf. page 31). Other ancestral accounts trace the Bethunes to Normandy, France, in the 11th century. Some Bethune writers, apparently in error, have believed that they were descended from a French Duke, Maximilien de Bethune. What is certain is that the Bethunes lived in many lands and that many were either physicians or clerics. Some of the latter held high positions in the pre-Reformation Church, e.g., Cardinal Beaton, 1494-1546, and James Beaton, 1517-1603, the Archbishop of Glasgow.

In case anyone wonders how the name Beaton has slipped into our narrative, it may be noted that in the family history the name Bethune and Beaton are often interchanged. The Encyclopædia Britannica has recognized this by inserting the name Bethune in a bracket after Beaton. Some suggest that the affinity between the two names is due to Bethune being pronounced in the Gælic language in a manner resembling that of Beaton in English. A few illustrations may be given of the results of this affinity.

In her 1976 book, Prologue to Norman: The Canadian Bethunes, Mary Larratt Smith, a Bethune descendant herself, tells that according to a Scottish cousin, our Glengarry John Bethune, while a student at Aberdeen University, "learned to call himself Bethune, like the Fifeshire people, rather than the Skye Beaton thereby greatly offending his father". Angus Bethune, who nearly lost his life in Bonnie Prince Charlie's army at Culloden. Angus was a Skye man and evidently to him the Highland pronunciation of his name was an important matter.

In the book, Travels in North America by Major Patrick Campbell, there is an account of a trip up the St. Lawrence in November, 1791: "On the 10th set out from the Raisson [the mouth of the Raisin River at Lancaster] about two hours before daylight, breakfasted at the Rev. Mr. Beaton's." Why did not Mr. Campbell spell the name of his host as Bethune? The answer seems to be that the conversation that morning was in Gælic and when he wrote his account he spelled the name as it had sounded.

In Johnson and Boswell's famous 1773 Tour to the Hebrides there is a
use of the two names to identify one person. Boswell tells of two visits of the parish minister to Dunvegan Castle. In one case the name is spelled Bethune and in the other Beaton.

Still another reference may be found in Roderick Stewart’s 1973 biography of John Bethune’s great-great grandson, Dr Norman Bethune. In a footnote, (p.7), Stewart tells of how, in 1915-16 on his return to university to complete his medical course, Norman “insisted on having his name pronounced Baytun since his ancestors had come from northern France, and he had in fact been in action near the French town of Béthune in the northeast. Later, in the early 1920’s, after learning that his name was frequently pronounced Bee-tun in the British Isles, he affected this pronunciation for a time.”

In the light of these illustrations from many different times and places, it is not surprising that the name receives different pronunciations in different parts of Glengarry County. In the northern townships of Kenyon and Lochiel, where the language of the Gael has lingered longer, the name is more likely to be pronounced Bet’n rather than Bi-thoon as in Charlottenburgh and Lancaster. How should we pronounce it? The answer may well be that even as a rose by any other name will smell as sweet, so the name Bethune, by the one or the other pronunciation will be acceptable.

Rev Dr Donald Neil MacMillan of Finch is the author of The Kirk In Glengarry and is a past-president of the Glengarry Historical Society.
PRIDE ABOVE MONEY...
Kenneth J McKenna

"... in the early days the members of Parliament drew their expenses and indemnity from the county treasurer on their return from Parliament... it is apparent that most of the earlier members for Glengarry evidently considered the honour of representing the County sufficient, and declined to accept, or omitted to procure, the indemnity to which they were entitled..."
— J A MacDonell (Greenfield), Sketches illustrating the early settlement and history of Glengarry in Canada... (Toronto, 1893).

The early members of the Assembly from the Highland settlement of the Eastern District of Upper Canada, were for the most part "tacksmen" (the gentlemen cousins of the Chief). MacDonells such as Aberchalder, Collachie, Saundic (from the Gaelic Sandaig, not to be confused with Sandfield), and Greenfield. These tacksmen had been officers in the Army and, as close relatives of their Chief, considered themselves to be "Highland Gentlemen", as indeed they were, and as such, held 'pride above money'.

Kenneth J McKenna is president of the Glengarry Highland Society whose principal activity is the Glengarry Gaelic Choir. He is of the longtime Montreal McKennas of Côte des Neiges and is married to Anne Berry of Montreal. They live on the third of Lochiel at Dalkeith.
They Speak...
Florence Gormley


Along the lovely banks of this great river
Tall lombardys and maples are aquiver,
The moaning winds come up and slowly pass
Through moonlit mounds long over-grown with grass.

A whispering is heard, low voices ring
Into my ears. “Prevent this ghoulish thing
Which threatens to undo all we have done—
Your heritage for which we fought and won.

“We, lying here these many years, we know
That Britain bravely fights a fiendish foe.
We know too, that you’ve sent your sons to brave
A deadly war in air, on land, and wave.

“Remember well this love of King and Country
Was given by us to you, a goodly bounty,
When fathers, mothers, sons of the ‘migration’
Made Canada their chosen destination.

“Could we but rise, gird on our swords and fight
Once more for that dear Empire, God and right,
Remembering Queenston, Crrysler’s Farm and more,
Of well-won battles fought in days of yore!
“Daughters and sons take up your pens arise! 
Protest against this wanton sacrifice 
Of lands, historic marks, our very bones, to be 
Submerged, to make a pathway to the sea.

“Long years, we've lain in this fair hallowed plot, 
Remembered, honored, loved and unforgot 
By those who now must rise in our behalf. 
Let not the waters be our Cenotaph!”

Author’s note—This poem is written by a descendant of Philip and Melanie Impey who came from London, England, to America in 1752 settling in New York State. The father and four sons fought with the British in the Revolutionary War after which, with many others, they went to Canada, taking up land in that part of the Old Eastern District bordering on the St Lawrence River. The author voices the protest of these Loyalists against the original plan of the proposed St Lawrence Deep Waterway.

—December 5, 1940.

Florence (Hickey) Gormley, wife of Thomas J Gormley of Alexandria, was a poet, artist, and avid reader; she was active in Red Cross work and in St Finnan’s Christian Women’s League. She died at Alexandria on the 13th of September, 1945, leaving a large family in Glengarry.
STUART MCCORMICK
1905 - 1992

FASG NA COILLE (THE HOUSE IN THE TREES), THE HOME OF STUART MCCORMICK, ALEXANDRIA
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