

# **Adieu St. Joe's**

## **The Short and Simple**

### **Annals of St. Joseph's**

#### **A Memoir by Edward McCracken**

Come September, 1970, The Saint Joseph Teachers' College moves into a new orbit – a new entity. Like Solomon Grundy, born on Sunday and buried on Saturday – and that was the end of Solomon Grundy. Or better still, from conception through infancy, childhood, adolescence and finally marriage – a span of some thirty years. And now, a new name – the Faculty of Education, McGill University.

For it was early in 1939 that the seeds of The St. Joseph Teachers' College were sown. And in September 1939, the enterprise oozed into life.

It was a humble beginning. Nevertheless it signalled a new force in Quebec education. Unheard above the sound of guns, for World War II had also burst into life – and death. The impelling reason for its foundation was the timid emergence of the English Catholic community as an identity in education. Or as one grandee of the Department of Education at Quebec remarked: "You have fallen between two stools!" True, indeed. Fallen off the French Catholic stove and beneath the English Protestant stove. Both these groups had long since organized, if nominal, facilities for the training of teachers. The French had organized l'Ecole Normale Jacques Cartier in 1859, using the Chateau de Ramezay as its original locale. The McGill Normal School had been started in the same year and had progressed for years on Belmont Street, now the site of the Bell Telephone complex. Later it would move to Ste. Anne de Bellevue, to

MacDonald College, some twenty miles west of Montreal, where the young would be safe from the dangers and temptations of the big city. Jacques Cartier, too, would move north to Logan's Farm, now Lafontaine Park, in another bucolic setting.

A growing need for personnel to man the English Catholic schools led to the movement for a separate institution to meet the situation. Prior to this time, the religious orders of brothers had carried a major part of the load. The sisterhoods had done a similar job in providing sisters for their schools and convents. Teacher training for their personnel was provided in individual novitiates. Schools, both elementary and secondary, were strictly segregated as to sex. So the need for trained laymen increased, as the growth of school population outpaced the ability of religious orders to fill the classrooms. The lay teachers who were in service had come into education through the gateway of the Bureau Central, or more often had emigrated from the British Isles or from the other provinces.

Since the reluctance of English-speaking students to obtain a formal training in a French institution existed then as now, and since Catholics were not encouraged to attend MacDonald College, there were no facilities for the potential English Catholic teacher.

A small group of school officials moved to meet the situation. Among them were James Lyng, of the Montreal

Catholic School Commission, Michael McManus, a school principal and member of the Catholic School Committee of Education, Edson Westcott, a Provincial Inspector, Gerald Coughlin, a lawyer and member of the Catholic Committee, and Father Emmett Carter, a young inspector for the Montreal Catholic School Commission. Through persistent effort and political acumen, using the power of the Honourable Thomas Coonan, and the position of the influential Catholic Committee, the project was conceived and pushed. The forceful presence of the Archbishop of Montreal, Msgr. Georges Gauthier, on the Catholic Committee, greatly helped, as he was most sympathetic to the new venture. Finally in February 1939, approval was obtained and the Catholic Committee decreed that an institution be set up for the education of English Catholic male teachers. It was to be called the

Jacques Cartier Normal School, English Section.

Today, with the vast ramifications of the Ministry of Education, its astronomical budgets and impressive roster of personnel, it is difficult to conceive the humble beginnings of the ‘ ‘ N o r m a l

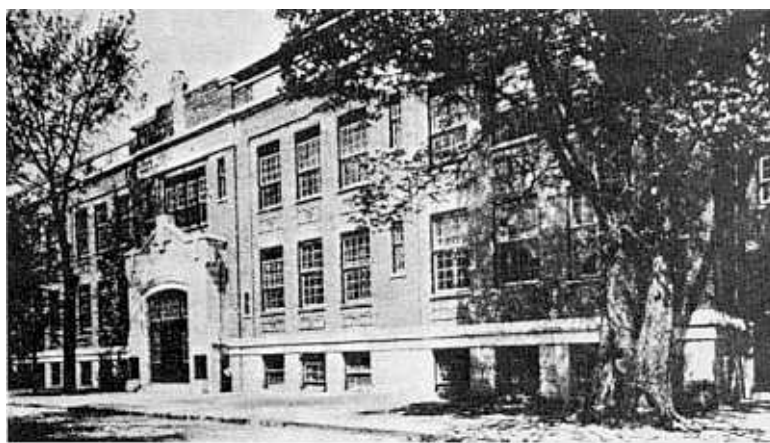


G. Emmett Carter

School”. No budget, no buildings, no programme, no staff, no students. And the target date was September 8, 1939.

Stephen Leacock, airily expanding on his idea of founding a college, had suggested his sequence. First, a library, then a common room, next some students and finally, professors. In this instance, the order was to be reversed, with the first elements more or less overlooked. But late in March, a professor was named – a young teacher, Edward McCracken, and a Director, a young priest, Emmett Carter, who had formed part of the original committee.

The pressing problem of space was finally solved – at no cost. The Ecole Normale Jacques Cartier, a frowning bastille.



St. Joseph's Teachers' College

had been erected in the early eighties on Sherbrooke St. East in Lafontaine Park. The setting was perfect: wide lawns, beautiful trees, and the serpentine lagoons of the Park. The bucolic atmosphere was heightened by an ample barn at the rear of the playing fields, complete with domestic animals and fowl. Unfortunately, the bucolic atmosphere extended into the building proper. The plumbing had been added as an after-thought, and remained primly Victorian. The heating system was a vintage concoction of primitive furnaces, feebly assaulting the gripping cold of the Canadian winter. The towering ceilings, the drafty windows, the gloomy woodwork – gave the place a character. Most surprising was the presence in glassed ceiling-high cabinets, of a remarkable collection of fauna, the work of industrious predecessors. The mangy semi-neglected collection seemed ubiquitous.

The English Section was assigned one floor of an abandoned wing. Two classrooms were cleared of litter, a large lecture hall, complete with an astounding array of stuffed birds and a shrouded skeleton, was readied. An office was found for the Director, with appropriate Gothic window.

The French Section simply moved over a step or two. Both groups regarded each other with mild interest. Technically, the English Section was under the sway of the Principal of the School. However, and this was before Hugh McLennan, two solitudes existed – amicably.

In a way this was a blessing in disguise. For many years, English Catholic Schools had been merely an appendage to French schools. Programmes were translated holus-polus, textbooks were often adapted, examinations were French in inspiration. Gradually the trend moved in the direction of more and more autonomy. The culmination of this trend eventually flowered into a separate Programme Committee and Examination Board for English Catholic Schools. At the Normal School, the very absence of a formal programme

and the solitude syndrome provided an opportunity for the development of a unique programme for the education of a Catholic teacher. This is no place for a study of comparative education. Suffice to say that the clear-cut destruction of three major divisions of the curriculum into the Academic, the Professional, and Student Teaching, was at that time a significant innovation. The selection of textbooks was

impeded by nothing but cost. Even examinations remained under the control of the School, setting a precedent which remained for many years.

With the space problem under rough control, with the outlines of the programme roughly defined, the next item was the enrolment of students. There was no recruitment in the modern sense.



Edward J. McCracken

Recruitment at that time meant the Armed Forces. By word of mouth, by beating the academic bushes, the original complement was flushed in the direction of Lafontaine Park. The enigmatic bastille was breached by the English.

Two programmes were offered: a one-year course for College graduates, and a two-year course for high school graduates. These led to the Superior Diploma and the Complementary Diploma, supplanted only by the A.B. and C. diplomas. There was considerable speculation from some sides of the community as to the need of such extended education for teaching. Such feelings die hard;



Father John Hulton

they still exist.

Eventually, interviews were over – the first rosters were prepared. Ten students in the postgraduate group; twenty in the junior group.

Somehow or other, the necessary minimal furniture was

collected with due attention to visual aids – a blackboard (grayboard) in each lecture room. The podium in the large lecture hall featured a large opening, not unlike a Shakespearean stage, which offered dramatic possibilities with the lecturer in the star role.

Library facilities were non-existent. The School did have a rather distinguished collection of French books, some remarkable Canarmans. However, as part of the general atmosphere, these were not chained, but kept under double lock and key. Fortunately, library resources were at hand. The Montreal Civic Library, an imposing structure, faced the school. But more important, the Montreal Catholic School Commission Teachers' Library was located within a stone's throw. With a hospitable welcome from Librarian Helene Grenier, the problem of professional material was solved. The school was ready to operate. The parts of the original puzzle were miraculously falling into place. But not quite.

The previous summer saw the full load fall on the shoulders of Father Carter and Ed McCracken, Carter battling for space and funds, McCracken off to Teachers' College in New York, travelling at his own expense, visiting teacher-training institutions, and greatly helped by three outstanding teacher-educators, Thomas Alexander, Florence Stratemeyer and George Bagley. The germs of the curriculum were in incubation. Hard work for both men, but no students to cope with.



Sister St. Mary Desmond

Opening of classes brought the stern realities of the limits of human endurance, of the limits of knowledge and skill. With two groups of students at different levels, with five days per week stretching from nine to four-thirty, with the huge demands of preparing courses, the burden was back-breaking. Carter handled both Religion and Philosophy, McCracken, the professional courses, from Educational Psychology through Methodology. Help was sorely needed, but the budget was non-existent. But the term – "teaching load" – had not yet emerged. Again providentially, in nearby Plateau High School, was unearthed a large gentleman with a penchant for Mathematics and Science – Edmund St. John Gough. Negotiations



Brendan J. Fahey

were started with the powers that were, and Gough joined the School part-time with full assumption of duties by the New Year. Another happy find was John McIlhone. A highly qualified English specialist, teaching in a Westend High School (D.O'C),

McIlhone was persuaded to join the staff on a part-time basis. With the borrowing of professors in French, Art and Music, the puzzle now fell into place. As Touchstone remarked of his wife – "A poor thing but mine own."

The student body was typical of the times. Uncomplaining, despite primitive facilities, despite heavy demands, the calibre of work was high. Fortunately, the size of the group and the practical need of active participation produced a spirit of close friendship which exists to the present day.

Space will not permit in this chronicle, the listing of large numbers of names. However, some of the originals who have made noteworthy contributions to the educational community are John Scullion, Vincent Patton, Leo Sanchini, and the late Brendan Fahey. Tom Francoeur and Martin O'Hara were to make their initial entry soon after. They, like many other alumni, have expanded their horizons, sharpened their abilities through continued study and have risen to positions of trust and responsibility in education.

One area of the curriculum – Student Teaching – almost produced a traumatic experience at its inception. The prospect of the invasion of a school by a group of young students was tantamount to a violation of the holy of holies. Never in the experience of many teachers had such a happening happened. Principals might enter classrooms to make an announcement, or to distribute reports. The annual visit of the Inspector was an elaborately arranged show. But for a group of students to invade a classroom, to observe the daily progressions of events, to record their findings, horrors!

The first invasion was the beaches of Edward Murphy School, a dreary dungeon on Craig St. E. Air pollution was an unknown term. But the atmosphere was laden with the sulphurous and sooty smoke from the C.P.R. yards, the acrid wastes of a tannery, the sickly sweet effluent of a chocolate factory, and the heady aroma of a Molson's Brewery. Noise from the Craig Street traffic varied from loud to ear-shattering. However, the week passed in the Baptism and the School departed, members intact. Fate kindly hid the future, for a decade later would come the Confirmation, with the top storey of Edward Murphy School as our new home. Student Teaching was to remain a thorn in the hides of all concerned – administrators, teachers and professors, throughout the life of the institution. Yet with kindly help from some principals, notably Michael McManus, the programme developed a format that served as a base for evolution.

The first year rushed to a conclusion. Final examinations, particularly in Student Teaching, loomed larger than a doctoral defense. But in a torrid May, all was concluded with no casualties save the loss of many gallons of sweat on the part of the students and near-exhaustion on the part of staff.

Some ten graduates were now to assume classroom responsibility. But the prevailing employment situation was not propitious. Not a single graduate obtained a permanent post. Temporary employment only was available. It has taken three decades for a repetition of this phenomenon to begin to recur!

The early summer brought no great respite. The new Catholic High School Examination Board made its debut. Staff members were dragooned into service. The end of summer coincided with the end of the "phoney war". Hitler's armies broke loose over Western Europe. The future receded into the cone of the present.



Magdalhayne Buteau



William Ryan



Thomas A. Francoeur

beaverboard partition, the secretariat was a luxurious boon, although the incumbent was an inexperienced young man whose competence matched his salary.

Change, however, did the curriculum. The beginnings of the Catechetical Revolution in Canada, far in advance of current practice, were started under the aegis of Father Carter. The teaching of mathematics, particularly the approach to the elementary school, saw a radical and prophetic change, inspired by E. St. John Gough. A reorientation of methodology



Sister St. Mary of the Nativity

community to preach the gospel of modern education. This was at times a thankless task. Education as a profession was almost unknown. University departments were in their infancy, mostly concerned with esoteric aspects. Talking of the reluctance of teachers to change, Director Carter identified a perennial problem – “They’re harder to convert than a Mohammedan!”

The termination of the war signalled a small, but significant upswing in enrolment – the returning veterans, matured by horrors of war and prison camp, faced with the realities of civilian life, including the traditional hostages of fortune, these

Recruitment was difficult in an all-male institution, with priorities for the armed services, and with an abundance of war jobs. The infant tottered, but survived.

The remaining war years saw little change in budget or in facilities, although a secretary was added to the establishment. Housed in behind a

to a psychological basis, and especially an assault on the prevailing approach to the teaching of reading, were led by Edward McCracken. He, too, made Student Teaching an object of fanatical devotion. In addition to the tasks of the daily routine, the staff, with tongue and pen, moved into the Catholic educational

men subtly exerted their influence. Most of all, their questioning, challenging spirit, mixed with a strong pragmatic streak, gave the school a new complexion; the friendly family atmosphere grew into a democratic man-to-man exchange. Learning problems, realized and expressed, became intimate shared experiences. The critical dimension, now sharper than ever, honed the staff into a new maturity. In turn, the adolescent segment rose to the new level, exhibiting a seriousness that none could miss. Work became harder. Work, but play too, became significant. Since song was of the essence, Bill Doyle, our Kappelmeister joined the ranks.

The year 1948 was to be an important turning point in the history of the school. The Bastille was to fall in flames. Over more than a decade, this had been a pious hope, expressed often in jest. But on a fine Sunday afternoon in March, the hope was translated into burning reality. Father Carter, whose modest lares and penates were squeezed into a chamber of Trappistine luxury, heard the tidings in a radio and rushed to the scene in the hope of saving a cassock or two. Meeting the newly-appointed Principal in tears at the main entrance, he consoled him, saying “Cheer up, this is no fire, it’s a holocaust.” And it was. The building was gutted. The walls, whose stability had often given us pause, alone remained erect. Spared from flames, however, was our modest corner. Eventually our soggy files and records were salvaged, smelly but intact. Sic transit –



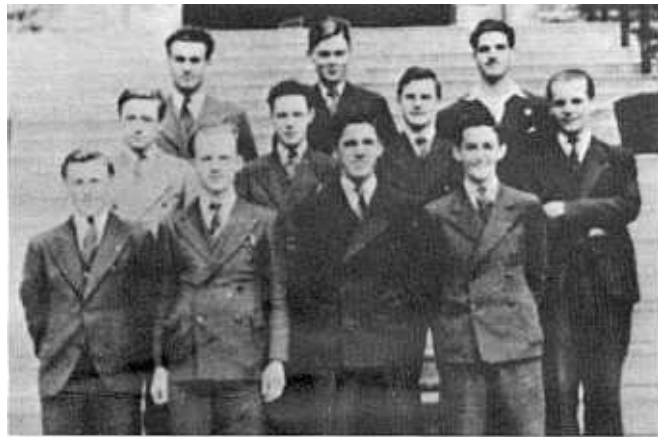
Edmund St. J. Gough

Naturally there was no insurance. A government which had carefully insured stone quarries and steam rollers, had overlooked the possibility of the immolation of this granite bastion.

One of the more amusing theatrical pieces of the period was Alexander Woolcott’s THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER. Unwittingly this piece provided the theme for the phoenix-action of the school. At that very time, a session of Student Teaching was in progress at St. Thomas Aquinas School deep in the heart of St. Henri, a district immortalized by THE TIN FLUTE of Gabrielle Roy. This was a large four-storey building, with a boys’ and a girls’ section, containing some thirty-five classrooms with acceptable facilities. Even at that point, the migration of English to the West had begun, so the school had the luxury of some empty



rooms. The Student Teaching session had started on Thursday, the fire had destroyed the home base on Sunday. On Monday morning, the session continued. And like the man who came to dinner, the school stayed there for four years. No paternalistic intervention on the part of the Provincial authorities, but the proverbial squatters' gall, bolstered by some wire-pulling at the Montreal Catholic School Commission, kept the school alive and in operation without missing a step. This was a survival exercise, and survivors take what they can get. They got house room in St. Thomas Aquinas School in St. Henri, with its quaint outside stairs, the grime and soot that would defy the most highly-touted of modern detergents, its vendors of hot-dog STEAME in lieu of cafeteria, and the warm long-suffering



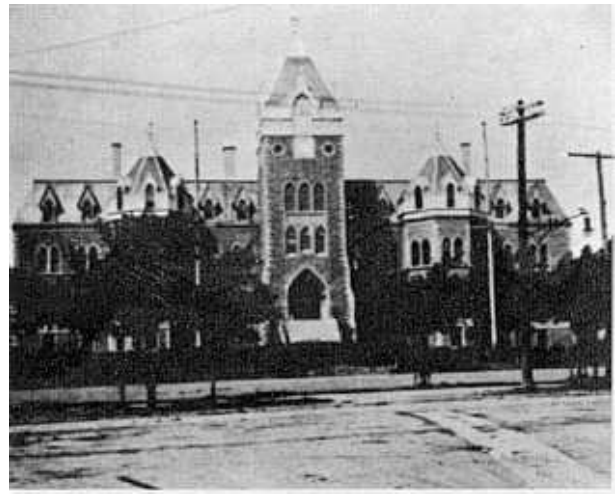
Class of '41

patience and hospitality of its Principal, Frank Foy.

The years at St. Thomas Aquinas were uneventful. Enrolment was low; interest in teaching, especially for men, was low. But in 1950, an event of seemingly small significance occurred that was to have far-reaching results in the future. A precedent was set — five sisters of the Sisters of



Class of '40



Lafontaine Park, 1939

St. Ann enrolled in the College. They were the forerunners of hundreds of women, religious and lay, who would receive their training.

In 1948, a new face appeared in the lecture halls. Wilson Kennedy moved in to replace John McIlhone, who had moved over to the M.C.S.C. to begin a brilliant career in administration. Wilson was to make a solid contribution to the work of the school for many years until his transfer to the Architectural Division of the M.C.S.C. in 1966.

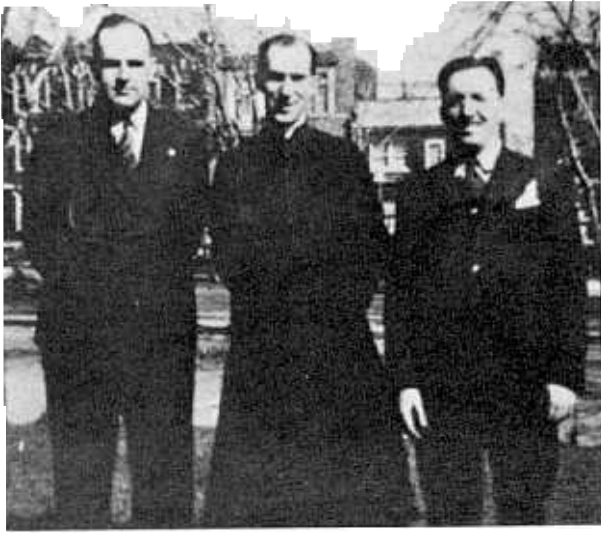
Meanwhile hope was relighted with the news that the building on Lafontaine Park was to be rebuilt. It reopened in 1952 and still stands. It was a splendid building, with a wide-range of facilities. But its own constituency occupied most of the space, leaving little for the English. It was in the cards that the stay was temporary.

The move back to the Ecole Normale brought an increase in the student body. And in 1952, the development of the female segment of the School really began.

For many years the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame had taken the responsibility for the education of women teachers, first at Notre Dame College and later at Marianopolis College. However, confronted with expansion problems, the decision was taken to turn over their work in teacher training to our School.

The transfer involved a situation that was true to type. Marianopolis College had space on Peel Street (right next to the new location of the McGill Faculty of Education) and the School had none. So Mohammed came to the mountain. For a year, professors rushed back and forth between the two locations in true peripatetic fashion. But the girls were here to stay.

Meanwhile Mrs. Edna Hughes had joined the School as



secretary, a post she was to hold with distinction to this very day. Her predecessor, Claire Egan, has become Mrs. Kennedy, and in so doing had set an example for a host of pedagogical unions that has since blessed the College.

In 1953, the school had women students but no place to house them. In last minute desperation, even Edward Murphy School looked attractive. So for two years, the peripatetic pattern was continued, with professors and male students commuting between Craig Street and Lafontaine Park, a good mile apart. Sister St. Rose joined the faculty to provide comfort and guidance to the distaff side. She established a pattern of high efficiency that was to be followed by several members of her order in the persons of Sister St. Eliza, Sister Mary Desmond and presently Sister MacIlwaine.

In 1954 Thomas Alexander Francoeur returned to the School to begin his distinguished career. A member of the Class of 1940, he was the first of many alumni to take up professional duties.

By the end of 1954 the housing situation was becoming desperate. The rising sweep of interest in teaching, sparked in part by higher salaries and by the flood of "war babies", brought a sharp rise in enrolment. New quarters were an immediate necessity.

In retrospect, the solution was simple. In September 1955, the School opened in an elementary school in Notre Dame de Grace — a brand new building owned by the Montreal Catholic School Commission. It was small, but it would serve. In a way it was almost a miracle. The *deus ex machina* was the Director, now Canon Emmett Carter. It would be best to leave the story of that take-over to the pen of that reverend gentleman.

The most significant event of 1955 was the renaming of the School. In this year, it became The Saint Joseph Teachers' College, an English institution ranking with the Ecole Normale Jacques Cartier and the Ecole Normale Laval, under the control of the Provincial Government. This event marked the coming of age of the College.

The course offerings continued to be restricted to the Complementary Diploma and the one-year Bachelor of Education course. Expansion would have to await a growth in resources.

The pressing need for teachers had meanwhile developed into a real emergency. Children were crowding into schools, but there was no one to teach them. School authorities turned to St. Joseph's and implored the College to help. So was born the Emergency Programme that was to last for nine years.

This programme at the outset was improvisation, built on the Student Teaching programme. The only teaching personnel available were the second year students. These gloried in the title of B<sup>2</sup>'s. They had been exposed to the first year basic curriculum with some mileage in the classroom. Here was a possibility.

Study of the whole situation showed the feasibility of building a modest internship programme. The group of second year students would be teamed in pairs — one student would take over a class from September to January, the other would finish out the year. A summer session would be provided to make up the missing course work. The student teachers would be paid for their efforts. Supervision would be the responsibility of the College with the assistance of school administrators.

The plan was approved and put into action. This new dimension placed a tremendous burden on the staff. The preparation of plans and directing the continuing supervision, the solution of human problems which were





constant, fell heavily on administrators. The summer sessions were to grow into a grinding experience. Yet the plan went into operation – and it worked. The neophytes rose to the occasion and showed

both devotion and growing competence.

To meet the added demands, new professors were needed. In 1956, Madeleine Buteau was persuaded to join the faculty. Her brilliant contribution has now been recorded on the pages of educational history; Martin O'Hara also joined up, giving the College a cultural injection that has percolated through the bloodstream of the College, not only in English Language and literature, but also in the Fine Arts. The Annual Art Exhibition and the subsequent Art Collection are a single manifestation of his influence. Last but not least of the triumvirate of new professors was Paul Gallagher. Like Martin O'Hara, he was an alumnus. His drive and energy, his devotion to the Social Sciences, his educational leadership in the College and beyond are well known. Member of the Superior Council, then Director of Studies of the College, he provided a vital spark that helped the institution to burgeon. His fine organizational talent, recently manifested as

Principal of Dawson College, is a continuing example of his calibre.

The following year, 1957, reflected the new enthusiasm for the profession of teaching. The facilities were strained to the breaking point. The small building, totally unfitted for its present purpose, was tolerated if not loved. Its sole virtue was a large parking lot.

The demand for teachers continued to increase. Not unexpectedly, another dimension was added as a result. An extension division had become necessary to implement emergency programmes for teachers whose qualifications were minimal. Some sporadic attempts in this direction had begun in 1955, but the full extension division dates from this year .... It was to increase to its full dimension in the mid 60's when both winter and summer sessions would handle large numbers of students. In addition to emergency courses, the Extension Division would provide the opportunity for many students to upgrade their diplomas.



In December 1957, a young priest, Father John Hilton came to the College. He occupied the post of Vice-Principal. Later, on the elevation of Bishop Carter, he would occupy the Principal's chair. Young, handsome and ebullient, he shouldered many of the growing administrative burdens with aplomb. His rapport with students, deepened by his experience as Chaplain to the Newman Club at McGill University, continued to feed the warm human dimension that characterizes St. Joe's.

But the winds of change were again swirling. Move the College must, but where? Again the happy fortuitous circumstance. Again the machinations. Again the arm twisting at Quebec.

Since 1926 the Catholic High School of Montreal had been operated by the Presentation Brothers on Durocher St. above Sherbrooke. This school, a private institution, had been the inspiration of the great Msgr. Gerald McShane of







Mrs. Edna Hughes

building. It was not modern, but it was spacious. It would serve till it too began to give at the seams.

The story of Durocher Street is the final phase of the College and represents its maturity. More alumni joined the staff and soon added to its reputation. The late Brendan Fahey, staunch Latinist and great defender of the Faith; Dominic Modafferri, mathematician par excellence and inspiration to legions; William Ryan, philosopher and educational historian, later Director of Students.

Then there were the young Turks: Norman Henchey, brilliant theorist, persistent researcher and erstwhile poet-aster; Robert Lavery, prognosticator supreme, champion of teachers' rights, and tireless organizer; Bill Lawlor, Theologian extraordinaire; Paul Boulianne, Louise Bourgault, André Leblanc, Henri and Helen Gougeon. Sister Scott, also returned, an alumna in the habit of a Sister of St. Ann. To these must be added Salvatore Pupo, wise counsellor and inspiring teacher, later Registrar of the College. And Socrates Rapagna, philosopher, who developed great pragmatic skills as the hard driving Director of Studies. The list grows with Leo Dowd of English, Kathleen Francoeur in Psychology; Maurice Dupré, leader of the new surge in science teaching; Clifford Papke, Art teacher with gusto; André Provencher, French professor of power and polish; Graham Spence, Psychologist and Counsellor; Ann Creaghan, expert in Early Childhood education; and Lenore

St. Patrick's. In 1958, however, with the development of public high schools, it was no longer able to survive financially. So the large building was to be vacated. And St. Joseph's needed a large

Duggan, the leader in health education. Space does not permit the listing of all professors, but two more names must be included: Mrs. Hilda Spence, the smiling voice of St. Joseph's and Mederic Primeau, comptroller and watchdog of the College's chattels.

The major elements of change in the sixties were the gradual phasing out of the two-year course with termination of the men's section in 1965; the development of the four-year Bachelor of Education programme, and the expansion of the postgraduate Bachelor of Education programme.

One further growth was the opening of the Quebec Branch of the College in 1961. The institution provided a two-year programme, replacing the courses which had been discontinued in Montreal. This branch flourished until its phasing out, not in progress. Arthur Welbourne, another alumnus, served as its Director since 1965. Another branch of the College sprang up in 1962 to meet the needs of the residents of the Gaspé. It was located at Cross Point, Que., across the river from Campbellton, N.B. It too will pass out of existence as an entity.

Meanwhile, in Montreal, Edward McCracken had been named Director of Studies in 1958 and later in 1962, Vice-Principal.

In that year the long arm of the Vatican reached out and plucked Emmett Carter from our midst. Named Bishop of London, this first-rate man would henceforth devote his energies and talent and keen intellect to the faithful of his diocese, and through national committees, to the entire country.

It is sometimes overlooked that St. Joseph's was a



Mrs. Hilda Spence

Catholic centre of national importance. In philosophy and in practice, it reflected the most advanced thinking and practice in the country.

With the elevation of Bishop Carter, John Hilton became Principal with Edward McCracken as his right-hand man. McCracken was the co-ordinator in the operation of the College, while Father Hilton was especially concerned with external relations, public and governmental; no mean task.

In 1964 the 25th Anniversary was celebrated with appropriate fanfare. Large numbers of former students returned to be regaled with tales of achievement, and of myth, in addition to the traditional rubber chicken.

But as the sound of the festivities died away, another clarion call was resounded throughout the province. Change was in the wind. The Royal Commission of Inquiry on Education in the Province of Quebec had made its momentous report. For teacher education, the recommendation of this manifesto was that St. Joseph's ally itself as soon as feasible to a university. The bonds with the Université de Montreal were to be severed and new liens formed. The main goal became the major preoccupation of administration and faculty for the ensuing years until its integration into McGill University in 1970.

One of the achievements of modern man is the COMMITTEE. Its value has been challenged, even ridiculed, but it appears to be the sole, laborious source of progress. St. Joseph's embarked on a regime of committees that brought the sheen of trouser seats to a blinding glare.

The original recommendation of the Parent Report was that all existing institutions of higher learning – Loyola, St. Joseph's, Marianopolis and the Thomas More Institute – meld into a new entity – a Catholic University. Undoubtedly a logical solution. For two years a committee pounded this problem to pulp, and was unable to reach an accord. Moreover the dream of a Catholic new university was obliterated in a series of political hassles.

The advances to McGill were more fruitful. Possibilities were explored, hypotheses erected, but no real hope was felt as the possibilities of opposition from the Catholic commun-

ity and the lethargy of the fairy godmother, the Provincial Government, stopped this side of Paradise. Ultimately, however, an accord was reached, setting new precedents in Quebec education. The Royal Institution would now boast not merely a Faculty of Education; it would have therein a Department of Catholic Studies. This would take its toll too, for MacDonald College, synonymous with Protestant education in Quebec, would be abandoned to the Dionysian disciplines of agriculture and agronomy. Education would return to Peel Street – the new center of the discipline serving English Quebec. The concentric pattern which has blessed and plagued the College still prevailed – *LA COMMEDIA E FINITA*.

In this rambling chronicle, the basic sub-station of the St. Joseph Teachers' College – the student – may seemingly have been overlooked. Not so! Students have always been at the heart of every educational institution. Everything and everybody reacts to that basic reality. But the student as potential teacher was, and always will be, a peculiar breed. Once embarked on the professional phase, he faces the great challenge of communication. In learning his *METIER*, he must master the art of teaching. This involves the ability to control not only his subject matter, but his subjects. And in this modern world, subjects are not easily subjected. The prospect is always sobering, and the growing experience is non-terminal, demanding constant change to newly-emerging conditions. Old soldiers to die, but teachers cannot fade away, they are in the best description, sanforized by their

So the legions who have made St. Joseph's significant, have made education significant in their day-by-day battle with youth. Their task is perplexing, unending, often thankless. But they do have the majestic gift of inner satisfaction. God bless 'em.

The great gift of St. Joseph's to the future of education, especially of Catholic education, is the phalanx of young professors who will, with their training, experience and particularly their developed sense of values, make their impact felt in their new environment. They are part of all they have met. They are the genes of the new union, which will ensure that St. Joseph's will not die. *AVE ATQUE VALE*.