



QUEBEC
IS A CITY
THAT BELONGS
TO THE SEA . . .

QUEBEC

BY
JOSEPHINE CONNOR

THE EARLY French explorers, Cartier and Champlain, who discovered and settled it, came to it from the sea. Modern explorers, lonely in these jet-propelled days for the leisurely pace of the sixteenth century, can wipe away their nostalgic tears and come to Quebec over the old sea trails. They can have the past and the present, and the best of each, at once.

The ships follow the path we took. All that bright, clear day the sleek white flagship of the Home Lines, the S.S. *Homeric*, had been cruising past the ruggedly beautiful Gaspé Peninsula. She had come up from the hot, blue Caribbean, stopped briefly in New York to gather up new, eager travelers, and was now on her homeward run to Quebec. She had sailed up the Atlantic along the New England coast, turning in northeast of Maine between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, then

south and southwest between Anticosti Island and the Gaspé, into the great broad gulf of the St. Lawrence and, finally, up the majestic river to her port in Wolfe's Cove, under the sheer, steep historic bluff flattening out into the Plains of Abraham. The traveler has come to one of the most fascinating cities in North America, the place that is truly the cradle of Christian civilization on this continent.

Up above, on Cape Diamond, the rocky shelf that rises 360 feet above the river, is Quebec. Down along the waterfront is Quebec, too, in what the *habitant* calls the Lower Town. The two sections of the city, Lower Town and Upper Town, are linked by winding and narrow streets, just as the old and the new in tradition and modern life are joined in pleasant compatibility. This is a city medieval in aspect, fresh and gay in spirit, a veritable

piece of Old France in the still New World, even though this part of that world is 300 years older than when it was the brave, bright young colony in America called New France.

Here in the only walled city in North America, history, romance, war and the courage of early settlers and martyrs, all linger in the ancient stones of the city. "Quebec is a venerable old lady sitting peacefully on a high promontory of a nation that is still young and pulsing with the spirit of her formative years," one of her sons has said of her. "Her streets, like a fine network of intertwining wrinkles, testify to her long life and great past. Her buildings, like the warm, memory-filled features of a good grandmother, repeat the theme that is the song of the city, and make the traveler feel he is in a timeless land."

What this son of Quebec says is true. Quebec is a place without the pressures and tensions one finds in cities that have abandoned themselves utterly to commerce and change. It is a smiling city of friendly, unhurried people, as sure of their future as they are proudly conscious of their past. It is a citadel of simplicity in living, working and doing; it is a place with more churches in proportion to its size than Rome; and this is fitting, in a city where religion still dominates

the life of the people and education is along classical lines.

THERE are some who decry the old-fashioned, old-worldism of Quebec, the province as well as the city. They are concerned, they say, about the education of Quebec's youth, their future. The French-Canadian youth is being taught how to live, true; but is he being taught also how to make a living? Can the old French system prepare him to compete successfully in the rapidly changing technological world? For even here in this once wholly agricultural citadel of simplicity, the mechanistic demands of the twentieth century are impinging on a 300-year-old

way of life. But there is an answer to the question and the doubt.

In the 292-year-old Laval University is an extraordinary man, the Most Reverend Georges-Henri Lesveque, a Dominican priest, dean of the Faculty of Social Sciences, member of the Royal Commission on Arts, Letters and Sciences. With quiet patience, he is working toward a definite objective — the modernizing of Laval's curriculum to integrate the traditional with the modern. There's a deeper reason than the purely academic one.

Through the years, the problem of establishing complete national unity in Canada has been made difficult by the coexistence in one coun-



try of two cultures as different as the French and the British. Father Lesveque's educational reforms encompass eventual solution of the problem through quiet, steady efforts toward rapprochement between the two cultures, through greater understanding and appreciation of each by the other.

This, then, is a glimpse into the character of Quebec.

THE CITY the traveler sees is a visual and spiritual delight, always. In the dazzling whiteness of the long winters, skiing, skating and winter sports reign. The brief, flowery spring and the short brilliantly-colored autumn are the best times for motoring to Quebec and sightseeing in and around it. The vividly green, short summer brings travelers from all over Canada and the United States and even Europe, to this quaint, cool capital. Within short distances of the city are many diversions for sophisticate and pilgrim, romantic destinations and world-famous shrines like Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

The city is blessed with fine hotels, places like the Chateau Frontenac with its turrets and towers, perched atop the high eminence overlooking the whole sweep of the St. Lawrence, downstream to the Isle d'Orléans, upriver to the Laurentian Mountains, across to the flourishing town of Levis. The Frontenac is as much a part of the Quebec skyline as the ancient battlements

of the Citadel, the diamond-shaped fortress at the topmost part of the Cape, inside the fortifications and the wall that encloses the Old City and gives entrance to it through three remaining gates — the St. Louis, Kent and St. John Gates.

Nowadays the Citadel is the home of Quebec's famed Royal 22nd Regiment which still changes the guard every day in a traditional ceremony. It is also the summer residence of the Governor General of Canada who gave hospitality to the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt when he went to Quebec twice during the war — for the conference in 1943 with Churchill, Mackenzie King of Canada, and T. V. Soong, representing China; and again, in 1944, when he was there with Churchill to discuss the over-all strategy of the war.

The Chateau Frontenac, however, a hotel which serves the overnight traveler, was the home in Canada of the late King George VI of England and his Queen Elizabeth, on their visit in 1939. Their rooms were in the Royal Suite on the "Crown Floor." This is between the twelfth and fourteen floors and a small crown supplants the numerals 13 on the elevators' floor indicators. The Royal Suite is comfortable, but neither distinguished nor elegant; and its bathrooms are precisely the same as the ones in the \$8-a-day single rooms.

In front of the Hotel runs the Dufferin Terrace, a 1,400-foot espla-

nade along the top of the Bluff, commanding an unequalled view of the river, and long enough to accommodate a toboggan run in winter.

The park-like square just outside the Chateau's gates is usually thronged with calèches—red-wheeled open carriages like the hansom cabs in the Plaza at Central Park's southern gates in New York. But Quebec's calèches are spic and span, black and shining, horse and carriage and rider all polished to within an inch of their lives. They have a joyous bouncy look to them as if they were just beginning life, not the shabby Sad Sack air of Manhattan's last mementoes of a more romantic age.

CALÉCHE or taxi or Shank's Mare will take the visitor up and down the hilly streets, and for a good start, descend from the Frontenac's heights to the Old City and the Lower Town and start back up from Wolfe's Cove. Under the French regime the Old City consisted of some 45 streets. What was once the fashionable section is known today as the Latin Quarter. As in Paris and Manhattan, the houses that long ago were the residences of the elegant aristocrats and their fashionable ladies now shelter artists, students, workmen and their families.

It's a good, long walk down to Wolfe's Cove where the big ships come in—the vessels of the Home

Lines, the Canadian Pacific, and Cunard—and they all berth at a single long pier. The hardy ice-breakers anchor there, too, sometimes, in a pause after their tough winter's work is done.

The way back to the Upper Town lies along a narrow street where the 300-year-old houses lean against each other in comfortable familiarity. On one side is the Sailors' Church where mass is said in seven languages. Here the fishermen and sailors used first to stop to give thanks for a safe homecoming after a hard voyage. The church is full of miniature ships carved by men on those long voyages for a thanksgiving offering on homecoming.

One section along the river is known as "Irish Town" and here the clannish Irish immigrants lived and reared their lusty descendants whose soft brogue masks, but doesn't really hide, the conversational bite and quick wit that are so determinedly

Irish. There's an old Irishman on the street near the church and he's 97 years of age now; he's lived 90 years of his life in the old leaning house on the same narrow street by the St. Lawrence.

In the shops are Hudson Bay woolens, handicrafts of

all kinds, and the little carved wood figures, exact models of the natives by native craftsmen, a truly individualistic expression of the art of the *habitant*.

Away from the river, the Old City



displays many fine old houses. Some are period homes with green shutters, red roofs and tiny windows. Occasionally, opposite an old house on a winding street, the side of the cliff is broken with a long flight of stairs ascending to the Upper Town; and there is an *Ascenseur* here and there where one pays a nickel to be carried up in style. One of these elevators debouches on the Esplanade in front of the Frontenac.

The taxis that make the ascent go up the Côte de la Montagne, the steepest hill in the city. Quebecois shrug and say a taxi doesn't last more than a year and a half on that run, but a horse is good for ten. "The horse, madame, is not defeated by the modern taxi, you understand!"

THE CITY abounds in good restaurants. Altogether, there are three pages of listings of restaurants in Quebec's thin classified telephone directory. Not all are like Kerhulu's on the rue de la Fabrique, however, where one finds authentic and delicious French cuisine, Paris in Quebec; and the superior skill of the chef is attested by the awards hung in the foyer — gourmet societies, *Holiday* magazine and others, local, provincial and foreign.

Le Vendôme on the Côte de la Montagne is another good, small French-type restaurant. The Frontenac imports Dover sole live from England, in tanks in the holds of ships, and their chef sautées it in

pure butter to make a gourmet's dish.

The French taste for good bread and pastry is everywhere evident. Even in Woolworth's five and ten, the bakery department's pastries, of a kind seen only in the shops around the Madeleine in Paris and on the rue de Rivoli, are on sale for real five-and-ten cent prices.

Shoppers will find English bone china, Meissen ware, French perfumes, English tweeds and woolens, but not in great quantity or top quality always, and not at bargain prices. In booming Canada, the American dollar is worth less than the Canadian dollar — a \$10 bill will get only \$9.83 in exchange. However, Quebec gives the American tourist his full American money's worth, despite the unfavorable exchange, for he has a chance to see a foreign country in the New World and enjoy a full vacation for far less than it would cost him just to travel to the Old World. Quebec is right next door to home, across a friendly border among charming, neighborly people whose welcome is genuine, their hospitality warm and sincere.

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IN QUEBEC BE SURE TO SEE:

The narrowest street in all North America, called Sous-le-Cap, at the foot of the cliff, in the ancient trading district, the first part of the City to be inhabited . . . the Norman-style house on rue Saint-Louis, a few hundred feet from the

Chateau Frontenac, which was Montcalm's headquarters; and his residence on the Ramparts, at No. 49 . . . the Place Royale, the old seventeenth century market place, with its famous Church of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, begun in 1688, its altar set in a wall of rare carved wood and decorated with gold forts and banners recalling the church's history, for it was dedicated to the Virgin by the French colonists in gratitude for three victories over the English . . . the modern department stores with vigil-lighted shrines to remind shoppers of the omnipresence of God . . . the ultra-modern white butcher shop . . . the Historical Museum at 22 rue Sainte Anne with its extraordinary tableaux and scenes, 11 in all, with 100 life-like wax figures bringing Canadian and American history to mind . . .

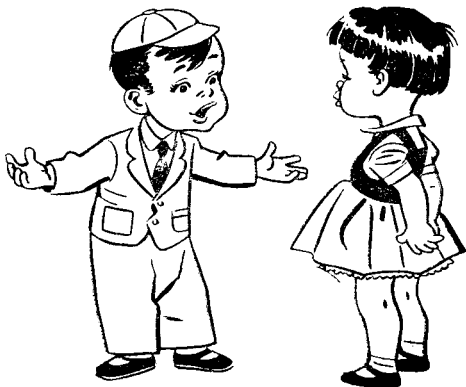
IN QUEBEC YOU'LL FIND:

Seventeenth century France on the Isle d'Orléans, eight miles downriver from the city . . . one of the oldest churches on the continent, Ste. Famille, dated 1669; and one of the oldest houses in Canada, built in 1734, proudly wearing its scars of gunfire from English ships — both on the Isle d'Orléans, a garden paradise of six parishes, each with its village and old church . . . dogs hitched to small carts . . . women baking bread in outdoor ovens . . . women picking strawberries in summer and flowers everywhere . . .

the Isle where 4,000 simple, sturdy inhabitants have resisted time and change . . . the spectacular Montmorency Falls, 106 feet higher than Niagara . . . the largest cantilever span in the world, on the Quebec Bridge, across the river, seven miles from Quebec.

IN QUEBEC YOU'LL REMEMBER:

The great sweep of the Plains of Abraham, now a green park where children play on ground that is a hallowed, old battlefield, its bronze tablets marking the places where Generals Wolfe and Montcalm fell in the tragic and dramatic 12-minute battle which gave victory to the English and changed the course of destiny in Canada . . . the high-piled snow in winter . . . the greenness of summer . . . the aluminum pails on the sugar maple trees when the sap rises in late April in the grounds of the Bois de Coulogne, the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec . . . and the glimpse, as you drive through in the spring, of his 30-foot boat in a "yacht garage" on the grounds . . . the church bells and the eventide peace over all . . . the sturdy young men and women from the Isle d'Orléans and the countryside in the Farmers' Market with their seasonal produce . . . and the great-grandmother, symbolic of Quebec, with her stand of herbs and roots, and home-made tonics and unguents, smiling through her wrinkles and across the years.



THE COMIC BOOK PROBLEM

By Ruth A. Inglis

EXCEPT for the limits of obscenity, what adults read is their own business. When, however, the publishers and purveyors of inexpensive booklets of indescribable depravity reach millions of children, their business becomes everybody's business.

All over the country, community leaders and public groups have been waging a hot war against the printed filth available to children on newsstands. The attacks have centered upon crime and horror comic books, although the 25¢ and 35¢ pocket books featuring sadism and gore, and the luridly illustrated sex and girlie magazines are also under fire.

What Is Objectionable?

Persons unfamiliar with the horror-crime comic books may wonder what all the shouting is about. These little monsters bear only slight resemblance in content to the comic strips or "funnies" to be found in many newspapers. For unrelieved

brutality and sadistic details capable of imitation in contemporary life, neither fairy stories nor dime novels can touch the crime comic.

Here is an example from a comic book entitled *Panic* and published by Tiny Tot Comics, Inc. The introduction to the story, "My Gun Is the Jury," reads:

SEX AND SADISM DEPT.: PRIVATE-EYE DIV.: The PAPERS say I'm a KILL-CRAZY SHAMUS. Well, MAYBE I AM. Do you think I LIKE the RATS that PREY on the GOOD people in this town? Do you think I LIKE THE KILLERS that crawl out through LOOP-HOLES in the LAW? Do you think I LIKE the DREGS OF HUMANITY that sit like PARASITES UPON the back of society and take ADVANTAGE of the CRAWLING STUMBLING MACHINE CALLED JUSTICE? DO YOU? Well, you're DARN RIGHT I like 'em! 'Cause if it WEREN'T for THEM, I'd be OUT OF BUSINESS. ME? I'm MIKE HAM-