Beauchêne History

Beauchene, well known in the elite fishing world, translates to "Beautiful Oak" which was derived from the Algonquian word Bauching meaning "Two Waters" which describes Lake Beauchêne as we know it.

The region was accessed first by winter road for the purpose of logging in the early 1900's and then by an extension of the railroad to accommodate the building of the pulp and paper mill in Témiscaming in the early 1920's. Beauchêne Station, a settlement on the banks of the Ottawa River originally built to house the logging company's workers, was an early drop off point for outdoorsmen headed for Beauchêne via a 2½ mile portage. In 1923 Lawrence Jones of Louisville, Kentucky, the owner of Franklin Distillers (4 Roses Whiskey) hired Roland Zeitz to find an unspoiled location to build a private fishing camp and in that same year on Roland's advice Mr. Jones arranged a lease of the property with the Quebec Government. In 1924 Mr. Jones commissioned Mr. Zeitz to build the camp which is now called the "White House", a gracious, columned Southern Colonial style central lodge. Roland and his wife Ethel, the original care takers, stayed at Beauchêne for over 40yrs with their family. In 1987 Dick Waterous, a lawyer from Brantford Ontario, acquired the lease and began building his dream of having the finest fishing lodge in Eastern Canada. With careful attention to conservation for over 20 years and dedication to the highest standards Beauchêne is just that: one of the finest fishing lodges in North America!

ROLAND ZEITZ – THE BUILDER OF Beauchêne Preface

It was well known that the White House was built for Lawrence Jones of Louisville, Kentucky sometime in the 1920's by Roland Zeitz, who was the long-time keeper of Beauchêne for Mr.

Jones. However, as the years passed, contact had been lost with Mr. Zeitz until by surprise in June 1991, a friend sent to me a copy of a weekly newspaper published in the Halibuton, Ontario district. The front page story of this issue was devoted to the 100th birthday of Roland Zeitz which had just occurred and featured an interview with him. Of course the article mentioned Beauchêne and thus the paper found its way to me.

On Saturday September 14, 1991, my wife Joan and I drove to Cardiff, Ontario (his address was given in the newspaper) and spent a delightful afternoon with him and his wife Ethel. We found that Roland, although 100 years old, and blind and necessarily walking with a cane, was spry and vigorous, – and very alert with an excellent memory, the strong handshake of a man who had done a lot of physical work in his time and remarkable good humour for one of such years! He still frequently played chess, and listened to books on cassettes. He was well able to travel and was obviously up-to-date on current affairs. Ethel, an elegant lady of 93 who still spoke with a trace of her Michigan accent, also walked with a cane, but was nevertheless able to carefully tend a very large garden of both flowers and vegetables. Roland and Ethel bought their home in Cardiff in the early 1960's.

Cardiff was a company town built to provide accommodation for one of the uranium mines in the Bancroft, Ontario area, south east of Algonquin Park. When the mine was closing down the houses were being sold off. These houses were irresistible bargains and Roland and Ethel were attracted to Cardiff as a result. Roland and Ethel told us that one of their daughters then lived in South Africa. They flew to South Africa only three years previously, when Roland was 97 and Ethel was 90! When we met they were about to leave to go to Michigan to visit one of their sons whose grandson in turn was then being inducted into the King's Scouts and Roland didn't want to miss this ceremony. One of their sons then lived in Edmonton and was the head of the RCMP in Western Canada and another son was retired and living in Pembroke, Ontario. Roland and Ethel were a marvelous couple who seemed justifiably contented with their life together accomplishments. Our visit filled Joan and me with enormous admiration for them as well as awe at a way of life of isolated self-dependence that existed comparatively recently but has already vanished.
Post-script: June 10, 1996: I have been told that Roland has just celebrated his 105th birthday and remains in good health! Roland's Story Roland Albert Zeitz was born on June 1, 1891 in a central area of Michigan, of German immigrant parents. By the time he was old enough to strike out on his own, Michigan had been logged and the cut-over land was being sold for clearing for farms at $10/acre. However, Roland heard that the Ontario Government was offering land free to homesteaders north of the French River, below Sudbury. This land had not been completely logged and still could produce some cash from lumber as it was being cleared. So, while still a young man and single, two years before the outbreak of World War I Roland moved to the St. Charles area of Ontario and began to clear his own farm. On the outbreak of World War I, Roland joined the Canadian army as a sharpshooter in the infantry and went overseas. At Paschendale he was badly wounded in the arm, lost consciousness through loss of blood and woke up several days later in a field hospital, having no idea how he was rescued. He was invalided back to Canada in May 1918, returning to his partially-cleared farm near the French River.

To earn a little cash, in 1919 Roland was guiding for a camp owner on Lake Nipissing, not far from his farm. That summer he first met Lawrence Jones, of Louisville, Kentucky, whom he guided on Lake Nipissing during several succeeding seasons and for whom he ultimately worked at Beauchêne. A firm relationship quickly developed between Roland and Lawrence Jones as a result of an incident that Roland recalled with a chuckle. The lodge owner suggested that Roland take Jones to some nearby location. Roland protested that there were no fish there and the lodge owner replied "Yes, I know that and you know that, but Jones doesn't know it, so what difference does it make?" However, Roland took Jones to a more remote area where Roland knew that the chances were better and as a result Jones had great luck. That was the beginning of their longstanding good relationship (and was typical of Roland's lifelong preparedness to go "the extra mile"). Jones also told Roland that he liked to use him as a guide because he "liked the way Roland paddled the canoe – he didn't scrape the gunwale or tip the canoe with each stroke". Apparently, Roland's war injury didn't interfere with his paddling. On the subject of canoes, Roland went on to say that while at Beauchêne he built a number of canoes each winter – cedar strips with canvas covering – which he sold around Temiskaming for $15 or $20 each, to augment his wages for $50/month! In the early 1920's, Jones asked Roland if he would take on the task of finding a good location for a private fishing camp for him. He offered to pay Roland for doing this. This was important as Roland was still working his rather poor farm north of the French River and had recently married. Roland had met Ethel Louisa Mercer, who subsequently became his wife, back in Michigan before World War I and before moving to the French River. By chance, Ethel later also moved to the French River country from Michigan with her parents. There, Roland completely coincidentally met her again after the war and they were soon married. Roland accepted Jones' assignment and spent a good deal of time traveling to inspect and then reject a number of other potential campsites. Somehow he heard about Beauchêne and after exploring it reported on it in detail to Mr. Jones.

Although Beauchêne had been fished by a Cincinnati fishing club for a few years before World War I, Roland had to tell Jones that the fishing was poor because it had been pound-netted commercially during the War. Roland said that it was even then being netted commercially by a fellow by the name of Joe Tremblay from Temiskaming, who had a standing order to supply 40 lbs. of fish a week to restaurants in Temiskaming. Roland said that Tremblay was then having difficulty catching even that many fish. Fortunately, Jones wasn't discouraged by this news because Beauchêne had just what Jones was looking for – an unspoiled shoreline, virtually no other settlement and a number of lakes. He told Roland that he liked the sound of it for those reasons and not to worry about the fishing, because they would develop the fishing. Jones then arranged a lease of the area from Quebec Government in 1923 – quite an undertaking for Jones who was then about 64 years of age. Jones died in 1943 at the age of 84.

Jones was the first wealthy man that Roland had ever met. Roland admired and respected him, even though he was a rather exacting employer. Jones was a self-made man. His father had fought on the side of the South and had been killed in the U.S. Civil War. Jones' father's brother had fought for the North. When the war was over, Jones' uncle offered to help his brother's son become established, but Jones declined. Jones apparently felt that because his father had chosen

the wrong side in the War, he, Jones, could not accept help from the uncle that his father had fought against and was therefore obliged to "make it on his own".
Ultimately, Jones found his way into the distillery business and became the owner of Frankfort Distillers which owned a number of well-known brands, including Four Roses Bourbon. By the time Roland met him, he qualified for the title "Financier", (Roland's term) as he was devoting most of his time to helping other people finance and organize their own projects. Jones had one son, who was killed in World War I, (a blow from which Jones never fully recovered, Roland felt,) and two daughters.
When Jones obtained the lease at Beauchêne, there was no road in except a road leading to what was known as the England farm (named for the England family who homesteaded it, a number of the descendants of which still live in the Temiskaming area,) on the South shore of the lake, on the left side of the Beauchêne River outlet as you face it from the lake. Following a course more or less parallel to the east bank of the Beauchêne River, the road climbed at least 250' over the hills from the Beauchêne station on a recently constructed branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway down by the Ottawa River. By the time Roland came to Beauchêne the England family and all the other settlers in the area had abandoned their farms and had moved to Temiskaming or to Beauchêne Station which had become a little settlement after the railway came in.

While the road was still passable by wagon and the England farm house, a handsome two-storey log structure, still stood, no one was living there. According to Roland, Lumsden's, the logging company then cutting in the area, burned the house shortly afterward to prevent anyone squatting there. In addition to the England farm, the Burns family had a farm on Burn's Bay, the first bay on the South side of the lake east of the narrows. The farm lay between Burn's bay and Snake Lake, a short distance to the South, which is the source of Snake Creek.

In the late 19th and early 20th century when that part of the country was being opened up and logged, there was a "winter road" that came up Snake Creek from its junction with the Ottawa River near Mattawa. That was then the only road access up into the Kipawa – Temiskaming area. It would hit Beauchêne at Burns' farm and cross the Beauchêne ice to Otter Creek and go north along Otter Creek, probably on or close to the route of the road to Beauchêne Beach which is the current east boundary of the Beauchêne lease. This road gave access to the whole Kipawa area, continuing as it could on the ice of Lake Kipawa. Some of the old rubble foundation of the Burns farm buildings are still visible from the portage between Lac Beauchêne and Snake Lake. The route of the Old Winter Road is still obvious along the east side of Snake Lake and running south from there.

According to Roland, when the railway came up the east side of the Ottawa River, which apparently happened shortly after the end of World War I, and facilitated the building of the mill at Temiskaming, it spelled the end of the "winter road". The little farms and settlements that had grown up along it to act as way-stations or inns were then abandoned and all the inhabitants moved to settlements beside the railway. In addition to the England farm and the Burns farm, there was a farm on Otter Creek and one on Little Beauchêne. A man by the name of Foley had a lumber camp on the north side of Foley Bay where Foley Creek comes down from Foley Lake. Fo-

ley's lumber camp was still there when Roland came to Beauchêne. There is a level site on the east side of the mouth of Foley Creek where this lumber camp stood. This level open patch was used as a campsite by Fern St.George at one time. According to Roland, somehow the names of Rainbow Lake and Foley Lake were reversed. He originally knew what is now called Foley Lake as Rainbow Lake. The old cabin (since fallen down and replaced by the present cabin, mainly by extremely skilful use of a chainsaw by Fern St.George) on the island in Foley Bay was built and occupied by a man by the name of John Dale, who was a fire ranger in the early twenties.
The lumber company built (or rebuilt) the dam by the Beauchêne outlet in the early twenties. This dam could raise the level of the lake by about 7 feet in order to build a water head for shooting logs down to the Ottawa River. Roland said that much of the large first-growth pine had been taken out of the Beauchêne area by the end of the 19th century. The original hardwood had not yet been taken and there was still a lot of standing deciduous timber when Roland arrived. In telling Jones that the shoreline was unspoiled by fire. Wind-blown sparks from the famous Hailebury fire across the Ottawa River in Ontario (which had occurred in 1922 and was one of the worst, if not the worst, forest fires on record in eastern Canada) started a minor fire beyond the west end of the lake by the head of "Stewarts's Bay" the name given by Roland to the bay to the right of the lodge as you face the lake. Roland explained that Stewart was the name of the contractor who had cut the standing timber around that end of the lake that had been killed by this fire. (RNW's note: There is a lot of medium size growth to the west of the west end of the lake, eg. Red Pine around Little Groulx Lake, that may be the result of this burn.) Roland initially said that he thought that Beauchêne was an Indian word. However, on hearing that Beauchêne means "beautiful oak" in French, he said that there had been a number of beautiful oak trees there before the hardwood was cut, and in particular a huge oak with a diameter of about 6 feet (at one point he said 8 feet) that stood on the crest of the hill that you look at from the lodge over to the right halfway between the Beauchêne River outlet and Stewart's Bay.

According to Roland, if the tree is not still standing then at least its stump could still be seen in 1991. (RNW's note: Since this was first written, a map published in 1859 has been discovered which labeled Lake Beauchêne as "Lake Bauching". This suggests that the origin of the name may have been Indian after all, bearing in mind the similarity of the ending of the name with that of Nipissing, Temiskaming, Nosbonsing, Minising, Couchiching, Manitouwaning, Kapaskasing, etc. A later transposition to the phonetically similar French word "Beauchêne" would be understandable. This theory helps to explain why frequent pronunciation of this name in Temiskaming ("Bausheen') is not the standard French – "Bowshane". Two members of the Kipawa Algonquin Band have told me recently that their grandparents called it Bauching – meaning "two waters" or something similar. The suffix "ing" apparently means "waters"). The White House was built in the same year that the mill at Temiskaming was built, ie. 1924.

Jones prepared a sketch of what he wanted and the Kentucky origins are obvious to all. Jones asked Roland to try to find someone to build it for him but the only builder that Roland could find to bid on it was a contractor from Sudbury. He offered to build it for $20,000, a figure which Jones rejected. He then asked Roland if he thought that he could build it and Roland said that he was sure he could, although he had never built anything like it. That was in April 1924. Jones said

he wanted it completed by the beginning of his summer vacation, July 17, 1924. Roland went to work, chose and cleared the site, and had it up one week early, by July 10, 1924, at a total cost of less than $5,000.00, an accomplishment of which he is still justifiably proud. Jones had arranged to send Roland a boxcar load of knot-free B.C. fir. Roland said that if you examine the White House carefully, you won't see a knot in any of the exterior cladding. The wood had to be brought by horse and wagon up over the hill to the England farm. From there it was floated across the lake on a raft which Roland built. He had a single cylinder 3 hp. Fairbanks Horse outboard motor that he uses to propel the raft across the lake and to get around the lake by boat.
Roland had only one helper and the helper's young son. However he got somebody in from Temiskaming to help with the wiring and plumbing. Jones arrived on schedule on July 17, 1924 in his usual manner, ie. by private railway car, which was parked on the Beauchêne siding. Jones climbed the hill on foot, which was his custom until he was 83, the year before he died in 1943. He would arrive with a retinue of cook, butler, maids etc. to help look after his wife and daughters and their friends, although he seldom brought other people as his own guests. He would only come once a year, for a stint of one month in mid-summer. The sketch that Jones had sent to Roland called for a building of 48 ft. x 24 ft. (a "U" shaped one storey addition was added at the sides and across the rear of the original structure in 2000). The first thing that Jones did when he arrived to behold the White House for the first time was to measure the building. He then called Roland to him and very sternly asked him why he had failed to carry out his instructions, the building being 50ft. x 25ft. Roland produced the sketch and told him it was impossible for the building to be 48 ft. x 24 ft. if the rooms were to be of the dimensions called for by the sketch was a simple line drawing and Jones had not made any allowance for the thickness of the various walls! Jones' oversight still gave Roland a chuckle 67 years later.

Roland, his wife and at least one child stayed in the White House that first winter – and nearly froze. They subsequently built their staff quarters where Beaver cabin is now located. These quarters, a large two-storey frame building, burned while Roland was away at the Second World War and the small main section of Beaver cabin was built to replace it – a very poor substitute, according to Roland. (RNW's note: The bedroom and living room wings of Beaver cabin we added after Roland's time.) Roland and his wife raised four children at Beauchêne, all of whom were educated at home for 8 years. The only way in and out of Beauchêne during those winters was by snowshoe and when necessary Roland would go to town, walking one way and taking the railway the other to Beauchêne Station – then up over the hill on snowshoe with whatever supplies he had gone to fetch on his back! There were no neighbours, of course, and Ethel was unable to get in to town in the winters and for her it was a very lonely life. Tied down with her small children, Ethel did not leave Beauchêne once in 14 years – not even to go to Temiscaming! What a remarkable – almost unbelievable – period of time in isolation, yet one that did not leave Ethel without an extremely pleasant manner, sunny outlook, a keenness of mind, – and with no lack of social graces.
When Roland and Ethel went to Beauchêne there were virtually no French-speaking people in the area. When the mill was built the early loggers were mainly Scandinavian. Roland and his wife were able to hire a school teacher from Ottawa to come and live with them. She stayed there for 8 years in return for room and board and a little spending money, but with no regular wages. This was in the late twenties and into the Depression when school teachers had difficulty obtain-

ing work. By the time she left she had saved $1,600, then a very large sum. When Roland came to Beauchêne deer predominated. According to Roland's son, in the winter they would yard up in herds down close to the Ottawa River. One might see as many as 150 at a time when walking down to the railway from Beauchêne in winter. The moose arrived in the thirties. (RNW's note: Presumably this was the result of opening up the forest to new growth as a result of the logging of the hardwood). Roland had a running war on the wolves and all other predators. At one time, he shot on the ice at a distance of 1,025 yards, according to his measurements at the time. Another time, a female wolf which he had trapped got away, pulling the trap, and Roland tracked her to her den which was on the west side of one of the two small lakes just north of Little Groulx Lake, just outside the west boundary of the lease. He said that at that location there was a jumble of large rocks and the den was under a large "monolith" (Roland's term) of an uptilted rock. Roland, who didn't realize that there were two entrances to this den, crawled in on his belly holding a burning birch torch in his right hand and his revolver (which he always carried because of poachers) in his left hand, although Roland was right-handed. He emptied the revolver at the wolf whose eyes he could see by the light of the torch. Unfortunately, his aim with his left hand wasn't very accurate and the wolf kept backing up until it got out through the other entrance. When Roland came out and found the wolf just outside the other entrance it was untouched but dead. Roland was sure that in its fright it died of a heart attack. He said that seeing the wolf's eyes shining in the light of the burning torch, backing further into the den as Roland crawled further in on his belly, was just about as frightening to him also.

The famous, mysterious, possibly mythical gold mine on Beauchêne belonged to a man by the name of Archie Bernice. Archie Bernice (Roland loved to roll his name off of his tongue) always had a gold nuggets in his pocket when he came to town, but no one was able to follow him to his mine, nor has it been located to this day. It was said that when he was dying Archie told the secret of his mine to a friend, who in turn told Roland. The key to the location of the mine was this, according to Archie's dying words: "Find my cabin. From the front door of my cabin you will see three big hills. You will find the mine at the top of the biggest hill." Roland believes that he stumbled upon Archie's min by accident once while he was chasing a wolf. However, Roland kept on chasing the wolf and afterward he was unable to retrace his steps and find the mine again. Roland said that the wolf led him through a swamp or low area (RNW's note: this doesn't sound like the top of a big hill) and in the middle of an outcrop Roland saw a fairly large round pit that had obviously been excavated to several feet by someone. Whether this was Archie's mine is still a secret. According to Roland, there was a bear's den on the north side of Lac Beauchêne, halfway between what Roland calls "Foley Narrows" (the entrance to Foley Bay) and "Red Cedar Point" (the little island marking the west end of the wide mouth of Pockets Bay). According to Roland, there was a large hemlock tree just inshore from about the mid-point of the shoreline (RNW's note: this would be near the second of what we call "Three Sisters" points). The hemlock had grown atop a huge pine stump which had in turn rotted out leaving a den for the bears between the hemlock's roots. Roland said that bears used the den each winter and that the hemlock is probably still there and that bears are still using it in all likelihood. When Roland came to Beauchêne there were no brook trout in any of the lakes – not even Taggart – and no bass. Jones brought in the bass and Roland stocked them in the various lakes in 1925. They came from "Belknapps'." At Memphrem-

agog, in the Eastern Townships of Quebec – as Roland's remarkable memory recalled. He also tried to stock rainbow trout, importing 500 lbs. (an enormous quantity) of the specie from Port Allegheny, in New York State.

Roland went down to bring them back and as this was in the days before aerators, he had to keep stirring the ice cold water with his bare hand all the way to Beauchêne, which he still remembers as being paralyzing. They were put in Rainbow Lake (Foley Lake) and Taggart Lake but none were ever seen again except that a few were caught in the chute on the Beauchêne River. (RNW's note: I wonder if these were the same fish or whether they were migrants that came up from the Ottawa River.) Roland seemed surprised to hear that there are brook trout in Taggart Lake now, although the Tank Creek – Taggart Lake populations certainly seem to be indigenous. Joe England (a descendant of the family that had the farm at the outlet) and his son stocked sturgeon in Beauchêne in 1947-48, with Roland's approval. These came from the Ottawa River. Since then there have never been any verified sighting of sturgeon, although Roland's son wondered whether they might have accounted for some of the strange "Nessy" or "Ogopogo"- Like sightings sometimes seen at Beauchêne. (RNW's note: Each year we receive reports of 6'+ long fish seen sunning themselves out on the lake. Who knows?) There are ling, or dogfish (turbot), in Lake Beauchêne and they were excellent eating, according to Roland. They were normally caught through the ice. (RNW's note: Jean-Guy Dubé has caught a number of burbot through the ice. They are good eating, although they're not what most people would call "beautiful".)
A man called Leo Dorval stocked the walleye in McConnell Lake. According to Roland's son, there is a little lake just west of the top end of Stewart's Bay which he called "Fairly Shrimp Lake" because there are a large number of Fairly Shrimp (small, almost-transparent, scuds or fresh-water shrimp) in this lake. This lake sounds worth investigating as it might make an excellent small brook trout lake. One of Roland's favourite stories concerned a scent which he developed to obscure human odour when attempting to trap wolves. His special formula for this called for 6oz. of alcohol, 3 pairs of muskrat glands and 3 drops of skunk musk. Bill Irwin, who was the station agent at Temiskaming, when visiting Roland one day saw the bottle of Roland's special perfume. When he inquisitively investigated and unstoppered it, he happened to spill some on himself, and experience from which he was a long time recovering, Roland recalled with his characteristic chuckle.
According to Roland, in more recent years the deer around Beauchêne were restricted to the cedar swamp which is located between the Lodge and Foley Narrows. The road to the Bird Cabins now crosses this swamp. Presumably, the deer hung around there for years because they were relatively safe from wolves and had little competition from moose out on this peninsula. In addition to the lake trout, the only native species were walleye, or "pickerel". Roland said that he introduced pike into Beauchêne, bringing them across from Snake Lake at the Burns farm. (RNW's note: It seems quite reasonable that there had never been pike in the Beauchêne River watershed because of the difficulty they would have experienced in climbing the Beauchêne River.)
I asked Roland about the animals and birds at Beauchêne. He said that periodically Canada Geese would stop in to try to nest there but they never seemed to be successful. He said that there was an eagle which lived at the west end of the lake and which he enjoyed watching trying to catch fish. (RNW's note: might this have been an Osprey?) He said he never saw Lynx or Bobcat although he sometime saw their tracks. He did trap the other furbearers, but his particular targets

were the Mink, Otter, Fox and wolves which he considered to be predators. He didn't seem to pay much attention to the Martin, Fisher or Beaver. During the Second World War Roland joined the Canadian Navy at its request because they needed experts on diesel engines. He trained naval personnel in diesel engine maintenance at Quebec City and was discharged a Chief Petty Officer at the War's end, receiving a commendation for highest achievement. It was quite an accomplishment for a man who had never seen a diesel engine until Jones brought one to Beauchêne. Roland was completely self-taught in diesel mechanics – simply as a result of working on that old engine. In 1947 Jones' daughter and son-in-law asked him to build a place on Bimini, in the Bahamas, for them, which he did. From that point forward he and his wife very deservedly wintered in the Bahamas and summered at Beauchêne until his retirement in 1964. He says with pride that he is still on the Jones' payroll (RNW's note: Fern St.George told me several years ago the Jones gave Zeitz many years ago a block of stock in General Motors and told Roland that if he kept it, he would never starve. According to Fern, Zeitz still has these shares and that may be the payroll that Zeitz is talking about). Roland and Ethel's home is spic and span and they seem to lack for nothing. Roland ultimately obtained his Master's ticket, entitling him to command a ship, obviously for use at Bimini. As captain he performed a marriage for one of the Jones' granddaughters at sea off Bimini in haste one year, another one of his favorite anecdotes. Roland's immediate successor as keeper at Beauchêne was given permission by Jones' son-in-law, Baylor Hickman, to take in guest to augment his income. These guests were allowed to "rape" the fishery for a couple of years, which broke Roland's heart. It doesn't seem that Roland ever returned to Beauchêne after 1964.
RNW:sa

July 3, 1996 Post Script Ethel died July 8, 1994, well into her 96th year. Roland died August 5, 1996 at the remarkable age of 105. His family and members of Lawrence Jones' family held a small commemorative service for Ethel and Roland at Beauchêne on October 5, 1996 amongst the fall colours that Ethel and Roland had enjoyed for so many years. Appropriately their ashes rest beneath the large granite rock commemorating their lives and their long and valuable contribution to the building of Beauchêne.
RNW – January 2, 2002