

Spring 2009

Le FORUM, Vol. 34 No. 2

Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice

Harry A.M. Rush, Jr

Denise R. Larson

Norman Beaupré Ph.D.

Virginie Sand

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum

Recommended Citation

Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice, Lisa; Rush, Jr, Harry A.M.; Larson, Denise R.; Beaupré, Norman Ph.D.; Sand, Virginie; Gélinas, Alice; Gagné, Renée; Durand, Jean-Pierre; Rivard, Bob; Chamberland Blesso, Jacqueline; Marceau, Albert J.; Landry, Marie S.; Lemire, Omer; Chiasson, Anita; Germain, Ella Marie CSJ; Chartrand, Yves; Karmazin, Margaret; Riel, Steven; Landry, Mark S.; Perry, Marueen; and Chenard, Bob, "Le FORUM, Vol. 34 No. 2" (2009). *Le FORUM Journal*. 27.
https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum/27

Authors

Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice; Harry A.M. Rush, Jr; Denise R. Larson; Norman Beaupré Ph.D.;
Virginie Sand; Alice Gélinas; Renée Gagné; Jean-Pierre Durand; Bob Rivard; Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso;
Albert J. Marceau; Marie S. Landry; Omer Lemire; Anita Chiasson; Ella Marie Germain CSJ; Yves Chartrand;
Margaret Karmazin; Steven Riel; Mark S. Landry; Marueen Perry; and Bob Chenard

Le FORUM



“AFIN D’ÊTRE EN PLEINE POSSESSION DE SES MOYENS”

VOLUME 34, #2

PRINTEMPS/SPRING 2009



Photo by S.K. McLaughlin©

www.FrancoMaine.org
www.Francoamerican.org
New Website: francoamericanarchives.org
other pertinent websites to check out -
and **www.FFA-USA.com/**
Franco-American Women's Institute:
<http://www.fawi.net>

\$6.00 US

Sommaire/Contents

Pas d'espace pour la table des matières/no space for the table of contents!

URGENT NOTICE!!!

DUE TO BUDGETARY CUTS WE WILL NO LONGER BE PRINTING PAPER COPIES OF LE FORUM. OUR PUBLICATION WILL BE AVAILABLE ON LINE AT: FRANCOAMERICANARCHIVES.ORG OR PROVIDE US WITH YOUR EMAIL ADDRESS SO THAT WE CAN SEND YOU A PDF FILE OF THE LATEST ISSUE.

WE ARE ASKING THAT IF YOU DO NOT HAVE ACCESS TO A COMPUTER THAT YOU NOTIFY US SO THAT WE CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOU TO RECEIVE A PAPER COPY. BUT, YOU MUST NOTIFY US, OTHERWISE WE WILL NOT SEND YOU THE NEXT ISSUE OF LE FORUM. SO PLEASE TAKE THE TIME TO WRITE US. THANKS! MERCI!

Le Centre Franco-Américain
Université du Maine
Orono, Maine 04469-5719
Lisa_Michaud@umit.maine.edu
Téléphone: 207-581-FROG (3764)
Télécopieur: 207-581-1455
Volume 34, Numéro 2

Printemps

Éditeur/Publisher

Yvon A. Labbé

Rédactrice/Gérante/Managing Editor

Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Mise en page/Layout

Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Composition/Typesetting

Robin Ouellette

Angel Sirois

Naomi Muhlberg

Lisa Michaud

Aide Technique

Lisa Michaud

Yvon Labbé

Tirage/Circulation/4,500

Imprimé chez/Printed by

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, Maine

Publié 4 fois l'an par le Centre Franco-Américain. *Le Forum* est distribué surtout aux Franco-Américains des États-Unis. Les énoncés, opinions et points de vue formulés dans *Le Forum* sont ceux des auteurs et ne représentent pas nécessairement les points de vue de l'éditeur ou de la rédactrice, ou de la Division pour l'Éducation Permanente à l'Université du Maine.

Le Forum is published 4 times a year by the Franco-American Center. *Le Forum* is distributed in particular to Franco-Americans in the United States. Statements, opinions and points of view expressed are not necessarily those of the editor, the publishers or the Division of Lifelong Learning or of the University of Maine.

Tous les textes soumis doivent parvenir à —Forward all submitted texts to: Lisa D. Michaud, Rédactrice-en-chef/Editor-in-chief, *Le Forum*, University of Maine, Orono, Maine 04469-5719, U.S., au plus tard quatre semaines précédant le mois de publication—at least four weeks prior to the month of publication.

Les lettres de nos lecteurs sont les bienvenues—Letters to the Editor are welcomed.

La reproduction des articles est autorisée sans préavis sauf indication contraire—Our original articles may be reproduced without notice unless otherwise indicated.

L'équipe de rédaction souhaite que *Le Forum* soit un mode d'expression pour vous tous les Franco-Américains et ceux qui s'intéressent à nous. The staff hopes that *Le Forum* can be a vehicle of expression for you Franco-Americans and those who are interested in us.

Le Forum et son staff—Universitaires, gens de la communauté, les étudiants --Brandon, Naomi, Angel et Robin.



Angel Sirois, FAROG President awarded Daniel Chamberland with a book scholarship and a t-shirt.

The FAROG student group gives scholarship...the student group at the Franco-American Centre gave a book scholarship to Daniel Chamberland. The FAROG group raises funds throughout the year and they work in collaboration with the Nos Histoires de l'Île group to make this possible. If you would like to make a donation towards our Franco-American Scholarship please contact the groups advisor, Lisa Michaud at 110 Crossland Hall, Orono, ME 04469 or via email at: Lisa_Michaud@umit.maine.edu



Front row, l to r: Sharon Beaupré, Holly Michaud, Robyn Tinkham. Second row, l to r: Ariel Grenier, Robin Ouellette, Danielle Laliberté, Naomi Muhlberg, Ricky Dubé. Back row, l to r: Lisa Michaud (Advisor), James Beaupré, Danielle Ouellette, Daniel Chamberland (scholarship recipient), Jade St. Pierre & Angel Sirois.



Dear Le Forum;

I have been reviewing back copies of the *Le Forum* and I am interested in obtaining a copy of "The French Connection" by Bob Chenard, that may have covered the "COLLETTE" family. A church in St. Lambert near Québec was built by my great grandfather and his brother. They also donated the land. The family was known as "COLLET". The church was rebuilt in 1904 and I visited it a few years ago.

Is this possible? Enclosed is a donation.

*Merci René Collette
Lemon Grove, CA*

Dear René;

I am pleased you have taken the time to write us, but I am even more pleased that you value *Le Forum* enough to keep the issues...ahhh it warms the heart.

Yes, I will send you the information requested along with information that I was able to find on the internet. I hope all this information helps and if you need further assistance please do not hesitate to contact me.

La rédactrice

Le Forum
110 Crossland Hall
Orono, ME 04469-5719

Dear Le Forum;

Enclosed is my order form for the yearly subscription for *Le Forum*.

I would like to tell you about myself also.

My age is sixty-three. I have two daughters. One is at Columbia University studying writing, the other is a mother with two children.

Recently, about three years ago, I found out that I am a descendent of Acadian French Canadians. Also, me and my daughters and grand children's ancestors are Franco-American from Canada.

I had never known anything about my heritage. The only memory I have of anything french was hearing my mother and the elders speaking French and when any children entered the room, the talking ceased for a moment – then switched to English. I remember only a few words because the children weren't spoken to in French.

There aren't words enough to describe the fulfillment of identity that overcame me when I learned about my heritage. It has helped to "fill-in-the-blanks" and enabled me to 'put the missing pieces together regarding dynamics that occurred within the family.

While I am mourning so many losses, I am embracing the treasures of information I am finding.

Chers Le Forum;

Ci-inclus vous allez trouver les adresses pour deux abonnements.

Merci mille fois pour votre bon travail. Ma mère et moi, on apprécie beaucoup votre revue, "Le Forum".

*Amicalement,
Xavier de la Prade
Petaluma, CA*

Cher Xavier;

Merci pour vos mots très gentils.

La rédactrice

Though I am older, I am taking a French class soon to try to learn the language of my mother and ancestors; the Heberts, Charrons, Desaulniers, Lefrancis, Doucets, Landrys, Boudrots, Cyrs, Pellerins, Duponts, Diamonds, Marcouillers, Simonneaus and others who were my ancestors.

Your magazine, *Le Forum*, will help to give me more awareness and knowledge. It will connect me to the core of the past and the present. I am so glad you exist.

*Harmony and Pride
Frances Paine
Northampton, MA*

(For more letters see page 44)

Ex-seminarian seeks former St. John Valley classmates

St. John Valley – In 1941, the Oblate Fathers of Mary Immaculate opened a minor seminary in Bucksport to provide a high school education with religious training for Franco-American young men seeking to become priests in this missionary order.

The Oblates also accepted an initial class of seminarians in 1944 at their two-college in Bar Harbor in what is now the site of the College of the Atlantic.

With the marked decrease in vocations to the priesthood and the trend to commence training for the priesthood at an older age, both facilities closed in 1971.

The St-Jean-Baptiste Province that originally operated these facilities in Maine became known as the Eastern Province in 1991 and in 1999 all U.S. provinces of the Oblates were combined into one U.S. province.

As a result of these closures and

mergers, essentially all the records of the minor seminary in Bucksport and the college seminary in Bar Harbor disappeared.

Now, a former seminarian who attended Bucksport and Bar Harbor, George Lambert, formerly of Augusta, is seeking his high school classmates.

He developed a database to compile contact information about the students that were in Bucksport in the years between 1956 and 1960 with a view of possibly organizing a reunion in 2010.

"Many students came from Aroostook County, from Ste-Agathe, Fort Kent, Van Buren, Presque Isle, with names like Hebert, Gervais, Paradis," said Lambert.

"Unfortunately, for some unknown reason I have not been very successful in locating these former seminarians. So, I decided to appeal to the "St. John Valley Times."

"If anyone who reads this article was a student in Bucksport concurrent with me or if you know someone who was, please send me contact information, either via e-mail at gjl@roadrunner.com or snail mail at 10 Whip-poorwill Circle, Kennebunk, Maine 04043.

"Those looking to renew acquaintances may visit www.omiusa.org/oldboys/northernresults.htm to see current profiles of those who studied at the Oblate seminaries.

After a long career as a CPA with a large international firm Lambert now lives in Kennebunk with his wife of more than 40 years, Mariette, and enjoys a nascent writing career. He has published a book about his six brothers' service in the military and is working on a novel with the working title, "In God's name-recollections of a seminarian."

He and his wife have two children and two grandchildren.



LA BIOGRAPHIE DE MÈRE MARIE-ÉLISABETH TURGEON (1840-1881)

**PAR MONSIEUR HARRY A.M. RUSH, JR.
EAST MILLINOCKET, ME**

Élisabeth Turgeon, la fondatrice des Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski, Québec, est née le 7 février 1840 à Beaumont, près de Lévis, Québec. Ses parents étaient monsieur Louis-Marc Turgeon et madame Angèle (Labrecque) Turgeon. Élisabeth était la cinquième d'une famille de huit enfants.

Éleve des Ursulines Elle a fréquenté l'École Normale Laval de Québec de 1860 à 1862, alors que l'abbé Jean Langevin en était le directeur et, plus tard, l'évêque de Rimouski.

Institutrice Elle a enseigné à Saint-Romuald, à Saint-Roch de Québec et à Sainte-Anne-de-Beaupré.

Religieuse En avril 1875, elle entra chez les Soeurs des Petites-Écoles de Rimouski: groupe de filles réunies dans le but de préparer des institutrices pour les écoles des campagnes et constituer une congrégation religieuse. Elle fit profession des vœux de religion, avec 12 compagnes, le 12 septembre 1879 quand Jean Langevin était l'évêque de Rimouski. Le même jour, elle est nommée première supérieure de la Congrégation.

Directrice et Fondatrice Quand vient le temps des grandes décisions, comme de choisir entre l'enseignement à l'école de Rimouski et l'engagement à répondre aux besoins pressants des paroisses démunies, comme Saint-Gabriel, Saint-Godefroi et Port-Daniel, Mère Marie-Élisabeth voit clairement et considère comme la volonté de Dieu la raison d'être de son institut: instruire les pauvres; elle la voit et la fait voir si lumineusement que toutes les soeurs encore présentes la suivront avec empressement pour l'avenir de la Congrégation.

À son médecin qui essaye de la dis-

suader d'aller fonder les deux missions de la Gaspésie, en lui proposant: "Si vous partiez pour la Gaspésie (la Baie-des-Chaleurs)...en cette saison, est une imprudence que vous pourrez peut-être payer cher": elle répond: Le bon Dieu ne m'appelle pas à St-Louis, mais il m'appelle à la Baie-des-Chaleurs. (*Chronique des soeurs*)

Au commencement de la Congrégation, la vie était très dure pour les soeurs. Mais, Dieu et Notre-Dame étaient toujours avec elles. Le 17 août 1881, Mère Marie-Élisabeth décéda, âgée 41 ans. Puisee-t-elle reposer en paix à cause de son amour de Dieu.

Sa lumineuse influence opère encore aujourd'hui, quand ses filles et les personnes associées à sa Congrégation s'engagent dans des projets conformes à la mission de l'Institut. Son rayonnement s'exerce plus clairement quand des soeurs consacrent leurs talents artistiques, musicaux ou littéraires pour la faire connaître, prier et aimer. En voici un exemple parmi d'autre: c'est un extrait de la Symphonie pour une âme de tendresse, écrite par soeur Lionine Jalbert:

*Vaillante ouvrière,
Éducatrice dévouée,
Élisabeth LUMIÈRE
Sait aussi rassembler...
Elle forme des enseignantes,
Elle aspire à des vœux.
Ferme et confiante,
Elle attend l'heure des cieux.
Riche de son témoignage,
Ses soeurs iront former
La jeunesse des villages
Celle des moins favorisés.*

(HIER ET AUJOURD'HUI Centre Élisabeth-Turgeon, 300, allée du Rosaire, Rimouski, QC G5L 3E3, Canada <http://www.soeursdusaintrosaire.org> Courriel: ceturgeon@soeursdusaintrosaire.org.)

Le 2 octobre 1891, les Soeurs des Petites-Écoles changèrent leur nom: à cette date, elles devinrent les Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski. Aux États-Unis, elles fondèrent des écoles à la paroisse de Sainte-Luce de Frenchville, Maine en 1899; l'École Saint-Martin de Tours, une école primaire (1938-69) et secondaire (1947-65) à Millinocket, ME; à la paroisse de Saint-Pierre à East Millinocket (1957-73), l'instruction religieuse; Kittery (1962); Old Orchard Beach (1963); Un noviciat à Augusta (1968); une maison régionale à Portland (1969); Biddeford (1969); Bath (1971); Lewiston (1972); Sanford (1979); Alfred (1981).

Servante de Dieu La cause de canonisation d'Élisabeth Turgeon a franchi l'étape diocésaine. Cette cause a été ouverte à Rome, à la fin de juin 2001. Maintenant, nous attendons les miracles nécessaires pour la canonisation d'Élisabeth Turgeon.

(*Cet article par Monsieur Harry Rush, Jr., un ancien professeur de français à Schenck High School. Millinocket Est, ME 1968-2001, est un extrait de la biographie de Mère Marie Élisabeth Turgeon par les Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski, Québec.*)



A Servant of God is a person whose Cause has officially begun. When the Holy Father agrees that they lived a life of Heroic Virtue they are called Venerable. With the acceptance of a miracle, and following the Rite of Beatification, they are called Blessed. With a second miracle and the Rite of Canonization they are called Saint. Decrees are promulgated by

the Congregation of the Causes of Saints.

Élisabeth Turgeon
1840-1881
Foundress of the Sisters of Holy Rosary,
Rimouski



The Definitive Champlain

By Denise R. Larson

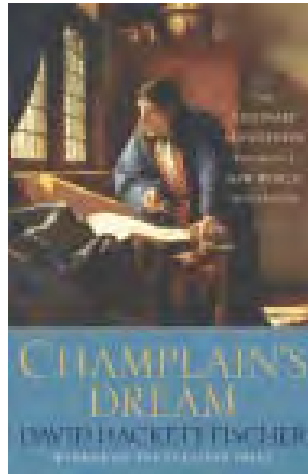
Weighing in at 834 pages and costing \$40, I approached *Champlain's Dream* by David Hackett Fischer with trepidation. The text runs some 530 pages, but the notes, bibliography, appendix, and index go on for another 300 more. This is a serious book.

Fortunately, my fear was unfounded. Fischer, who won the Pulitzer Prize for *Washington's Crossing*, is neither arrogant nor erudite. He is a masterful interpreter of historical records and an able story teller who writes about the life and work of Samuel de Champlain with compassion and insight. With analytical skills worthy of Sherlock Holmes, Fischer sets out to take a new, balanced look at the physical evidence that still exists about Champlain in an effort to know the man better and see what made him tick.

Opening with an exciting battle scene, we take a look at Champlain and how he handles himself in battle, then travel back in time and across the Atlantic to visit Brouage, a land of marsh and mud flat and Champlain's birth place. His family's stone house still stands in the walled city, despite its frequent winter floods. We are introduced to his prosperous family in this prosperous town that boasts of a military school and royal favor. Fischer has an intriguing theory about Champlain's birth and baptism, the records of which curiously were never found.

Champlain's Dream takes us back and forth across the Atlantic twenty-seven times as Champlain builds his navigation and diplomatic skills and develops a real talent for cartography. From his first Atlantic crossing to Spanish North America in 1598-99 as a passenger on his uncle's ship, through the disastrous winter on Isle Sainte-Croix, the resettlement in Port Royal on the protected waters of Acadia, and then in Quebec at the defensible narrows of the St. Lawrence River, we see Champlain at his best when dealing with the North American Indians and at his worst when confronting conniving, greedy Europeans.

Fischer believes that Champlain's success with Native Americans is what brought him success in his colonial settlements. Champlain was seeking a better



world, a place of tolerance where mutual aid was the key element in "a place where people could live comfortably," he wrote, with resources of fish, fur, timber, and soil, and in harmony, without the bitter religious conflicts that were raging in Europe. Fischer discovered that throughout Champlain's career, the Frenchman exhibited "a genuine gift for peacemaking through a combination of firmness and restraint."

Champlain practiced his diplomatic skills when dealing with North American Indians and with the French aristocracy, including Cardinal Richelieu, a reluctant cleric but avid politician who preferred the company of cats to that of people; and Antoinette de Pons, marquise de Guercheville, a patroness of Acadia and one of the few women who bested Henry IV, a king who loved the company of women.

Fischer's explanation of Champlain's reason for writing and publishing his books about exploration in New France obviously is applicable to Fischer himself: "Its exhilaration in the act of discovery, not in the sense of being the first to find something, but in the pleasure of revealing it to others." This is the thrill of authorship – collecting much, distilling it all down to a rich essence, then sharing it with readers to ease them of the burden of search and analysis, to entertain them, and perhaps enlighten them.

Fischer's respect for "the great Canadian historian Marcel Trudel" is evident. Other standard resources such as Marc Lescarbot and the Jesuit Relations are brought into play as well. Though the basic facts of Champlain's remarkable story remain the same, the details brought together by Fischer enrich the tale tenfold and make the recounting worth reading by anyone who is serious about early French-Canadian history. Even the endnotes have wonderful tidbits of information and gossipy details to savor.

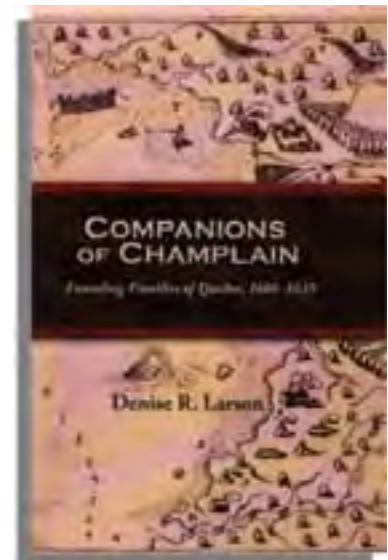
Illustrations in *Champlain's Dream* are plentiful and beautiful, including two sections presented in color. There are portraits of historic personages and sea charts and land maps drawn by Champlain.

Though most of the story focuses on the trading post and colony at Quebec, the early days of Acadia and a summary history of its era under Isaac de Razilly, 1632 to 1635, is included towards the end of the book. Trois-Rivieres is treated similarly, with additional material on Champlain's troupe of interpreters and the law-skirting coureurs de bois.

In 1632, three years before his death, Champlain shared a kernel of wisdom in his book *Voyages*: "The advice I give to all adventurers is this: seek a place you can sleep in safety." His advice summarizes his dream – a place where humanity was free to live in peace without fear of sudden attack or relentless persecution, a place where he could sleep undisturbed and dream his dreams of a new world.

Denise Larson is the author of Companions of Champlain, a summary history of early Quebec and a primer for French-Canadian genealogy. It is published by Clearfield Co.,

www.genealogical.com,
1-800-296-6687



HERITAGE OF A FULL LIFE, FULL HEART:

Évangéline Thibodeau Beaupré

By Norman Beaupré, Ph.D.

From an interview with Évangéline in 1992

This is the story of Évangéline Thibodeau Beaupré who had just turned 100 years old on February 14, 1992 the day I interviewed her for this story. She was born in a small village in the Province of Québec, Saint-Célestin, a dozen miles or so from Saint-Grégoire on the Saint Lawrence River not far from Montréal. Her father, Calixte Thibodeau, married Délia Bergeron and the couple had twelve children. She, Évangéline, was the fourth oldest girl, the eldest being Florilda. The other sisters were Anne-Marie, Eva, Maria and Antoinette. The brothers were Henri, Emile, Joseph, Edouard and O'Neil. The youngest, Arthur, was born in the States and died shortly after his birth.

The family left the village farm in July 1905 to find work in New England since the father was forced to bear an arduous financial burden as a result of a bad loan. An uncle of the family had a small casket business that fell on hard times. The uncle persuaded Évangéline's father to borrow money for him since, apparently, the uncle's credit was poor. The father obliged as the uncle was family and the family honor was at stake. Unfortunately, the business failed and the bewildered father had to liquidate his assets in order to pay back the loan. Two thousand dollars then amounted to a small fortune. The means of existence on the farm as a whole had been stable and adequate, but without these resources the family had to resort to other possibilities.

So the Thibodeaus packed up and moved to the Biddeford-Saco area in order to find work and survive. Évangéline was only thirteen years old then. She had attended only four years the little country school of Saint-Célestin where she excelled in reading, spelling and math (les rPgles) as she called them. She was poor in grammar, she declared emphatically; she was third in her group. In all, there were forty students of all levels in the large classroom. The first school mistress, she recalled, had been let go since the children had not learned much with her. However, the last teacher was just fine; little Evan-

geline learned fast and simply adored her.

The school was a mile and a half away and all the children walked to school even in winter. The horses that had been driven hard summer and fall were enjoying a respite in the shelter of the barn and were only taken out on Sundays for weekly religious services. So, a small ox was trained to pull a cart in which the Thibodeau children rode to school in the wintertime. One day, she related, the little ox veered astray into a snow bank and refused to budge in spite of the children's spirited entreaties. The



This is the wedding photo of ma tante Évangéline as we called her.

kids turned around with the ox and went home telling the father that school had been called off. It was a fib(une ment'rie) stated Évangéline. Later on, she declared, the kids were found out. Although Évangéline loved school she never continued her studies once she started working in the mills.

When the Thibodeaus arrived in the States they stayed with a former québécois neighbor, the Daneaus(they moved back to the family farm in Canada two years later).

So there they were almost broke, mother expecting her twelfth child with the youngest barely two years old. Instead of keeping the oldest daughter at home to take care of the young ones as was the custom then, the father stayed home. The father would eventually work for the mills, not inside since he hated to be shut in, but with the horses in the mill stables. The oldest daughter as well as those who were old enough to work went to the Laconia Mills. Évangéline was thirteen years old; she became a winder.

Évangéline remembered that she liked to be with other children in the mill since back home on the farm she had few friends. All of the working children carried out their tasks with a drive and a sense of duty. The struggling families had to rely on a collective income then. The children, she reminisced, cried at times crying out of frustration since they, at first, couldn't handle the work properly. They didn't know how. Nobody had bothered to teach them. The threads would break often and the child's reach was oftentimes inadequate. Somehow they all got the hang of it. Occasionally, one of the older teenagers would console them and offer advice and lessons and eventually they learned to produce more efficiently. Évangéline earned 25 cents a day then. Did she miss Canada? Yes and no was her answer. It was often lonely and boring in Saint-Célestin, she declared. They were far from the center of the village. They lived on the "row" Rang 2, deprived of neighbors and an active social life. Besides, the work on the farm was hard. Milking the cows, feeding the hens and making and piling hay under a hot summer sun was no picnic. The mills, at least, afforded her friends and a salary. No allowance for the kids though. It was only when she got to earn \$3.00 a week when she reached fifteen did she get a dime from her father. What did she do with her hard-earned dime? Well, she bought a pair of cotton stockings; they cost a dime a pair then.

The family's first home was on Laconia Street in one of the Corporation houses. The mother suffered from a kidney ailment and her health seemed to diminish month after month. In February of the year following their arrival, she gave birth to a baby boy. It was too much for her diminished energies. She died three days after; she was forty-three years old. The baby, Arthur, also died and was buried with the mother.

(Continued on page 7)

(HERITAGE OF A FULL LIFE, FULL HEART continued from page 6)

Like many young ladies of the time, when Evangéline reached her late teens she went to vespers on Sundays and then took a stroll with some friends on Main Street. There they would meet young men. She was introduced to one, Nazaire Beaupré, who had emigrated to the area six years before the arrival of the Thibodeaus. Custom dictated then that young couples did not get together too often, certainly not alone. Saturday evening was the designated time for the young man to visit his girl in her parents' parlor along with whatever sisters and beaux who happened to be there. At nine the young men were decorously ushered out.

And so, Evangéline found Nazaire to her liking. She was eighteen, he was twenty-six. Love ensued and they were married in St. Joseph's Church in Biddeford on December 26, 1910. It was a Monday morning at six thirty since it was the Franco-American custom brought from Québec to wed on Mondays. No reception was held for the couple. The bride barely had time to change her clothes when the couple hurried off to the train station for their honeymoon in Manchester, N.H. They stayed with an aunt. Young mill workers then couldn't afford a hotel. Besides, it was family and the extended family was considered most important then. After the three-day honeymoon, the couple was given a party and they went to live with one of the bride's sisters on Mount Vernon Street. Then they moved in with her sister-in-law on Cleaves Street, my

grandmother, Laura Simard Beaupré, wife of Nazaire's brother, George. Finally, they moved to a rent of their own on Alfred Street.

Nazaire Beaupré had come to Biddeford in 1899 with his family from Saint-Liboire, Québec, mother and father, PhilomPne Marcil and Thomas Beaupré and five brothers and four sisters (the mother died in 1907). Nazaire worked in a machine shop with his father. The other brothers and three sisters worked in the mills.

Nazaire and Evangéline raised three children, Germaine who became a nun in the order of the Presentation of Mary, Arthur and Paul who owned and operated Beaupré's Gas and Electric for a number of years. The couple managed to struggle through the Great Depression never relinquishing hope and a strong faith in their God.

Towards the end of her life Evangéline lived in a nursing home in Saco. She never learned to speak English, at least not fluently. She read it quite well, the results of determined efforts on her part laboring through local newspapers. Why didn't she learn English? Well, she stated amusedly, when she got to the Biddeford-Saco area in the early nineteen hundreds, everyone she knew spoke French (*Ça parlait toutes français*). They were all Canadiens in the mills, she insisted, including her bosses, a Monsieur Moulin and a Monsieur Gouin, she recalled. She did however become a naturalized citizen in the 40's as a result of her needing papers to return to Québec on a trip and the fact that she could read enough English to pass the necessary test at City Hall. Being a Democrat, she voted for Roos-

evelt in her first presidential election. "He put in the forty-hour work week," she said.

Evangéline was very proud of the fact that she devoted twenty years assiduously to the St. André's school lunch program when she was in her sixties. Furthermore, she did begin to learn conversational English at 84. She loved it, she said. She went to the classes offered by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. Unfortunately, they left the area and she was forced to abandon her efforts to learn her adopted language. What did she dream of becoming when she was young? Then, she said, we didn't think much about things, we did not have time to dream. We lived simply and without too many aspirations. What did she think about turning 100? Oh, she said with a smile on her wrinkled face, I've asked the good Lord to die before this. One doesn't die as one wants to, she added philosophically. However, it wasn't death Evangéline subscribed to, but life because she loved life filled with the joy of family, friends and long conversations. But, visits from family and friends got fewer and fewer and conversations even sparser. Although practically blind and very much hard of hearing at the end of her life, she was lucid and alert to the very end. She told me that her joys, *ses petits plaisirs*, were living with her fond memories of a farmer's daughter (*la fille d'un habitant*) who came to New England, became a mill worker, led a productive and dignified life according to a set of values and customs very much part of a long heritage and *elle l'a fait en français*. She did it in French. Evangéline died on April 3, 1994.

Réduisons la Consommation

*Par Virginie Sand
Étudiante d'échange à l'Université
d'Angers, France*

J'ai récemment lu un article dans Le Monde (de la publication 7-8 janvier 2007) intitulé «Vivre pour consommer?» par Jean-Michel Dumay (chroniqueur au Monde). A mon avis, cet article-là nous demande à considérer quelque choses importantes. Par exemple, est-ce qu'une crise économique arrive si nous dépensons trop beaucoup de l'argent ou si nous ne dépensons pas assez se l'argent? Est-ce que la croissance économique est dépendante sur le consumérisme et la consommation?

En plus, le consumérisme contribue-t-il à la pollution et à l'épuisement de nos ressources naturelles? Par exemple, combien de choses se trouvent en tas de rebut ou débris chaque année? La consommation est-elle devenue un attachement qui est difficile à changer?

Par conséquent, «doit-on consommer pour vivre ou vivre pour consommer?» Cette question, n'est-elle pas liée à la question, «doit-on travailler pour vivre ou vivre pour travailler?» Alors, dès que nous



achetons plus de choses, puis nous devons travailler plus dur pour les payer. Donc, j'aime bien ce réseau au Québec qui suit le recours à la «simplicité volontaire» où on croit qu'il y a «une façon de vivre qui cherche à être moins dépendante de l'argent, de la vitesse, et moins gourmande des ressources de la planète.» Moi, je suis d'accord avec cette philosophie.

En outre, le texte de M. Dumay propose les façon pour vivre plus légères sur la
(Suite page 8)

(Réduisons la Consommation suite de page 7)

terre. Par exemple, il y a aujourd'hui trois millions de membres à travers le monde qui inscrivent dans 3,900 groupes locaux de recyclage d'objets usagés, dont une dizaine existe en France. C'est-à-dire, quelqu'un peut utiliser les meubles ou les vêtements usagés. D'ailleurs, les choses usagés sont habituellement moins chères. Donc, le recyclage d'objets usagés peut réduire la somme de la dette pour chaque famille et pour chaque personne, ce qui peut aussi aider à réduire la somme de la dette natio-

nale. Au même temps, si les gens achètent moins, cela aide aussi à réduire les dettes.

Enfin, le texte de M. Dumay a mentionné des autres stratégies pour économiser: ne plus rien acquérir de neuf durant toute une année, vivre seulement du troc, du marché de seconde main en achetant d'occasion ou en empruntant à son voisin, redécouvrir les vertus de la réparation et du raccommodage. Bien sûr, on doit acheter les premières nécessités telles que la nourriture, les produits de santé, et les sous-vêtements. Cependant, le consommer responsable déterminera ce qui est essentiel pour vivre et ce qui n'est pas essentiel pour vivre.

Let's Reduce Waste

By Virginia Sand

I recently read an article in Le Monde (From the January 7-8, 2007 issue) titled "To live for consuming?" by Jean-Michel Dumay (columnist at Le Monde). In my opinion, this article asks us to consider some important things. For example, does an economic crisis occur if we spend too much money or if we don't spend enough money? Is economic growth dependent upon consumerism and consumption?

Moreover, does consumerism contribute to pollution and to the exhaustion of our natural resources? For instance, how many things end up in the trash heap or in the dump each year? Has consumption become an addiction that is difficult to change?

Consequently, "must one consume to live or live to consume?" Is this question not linked to the question, "must one work to live or live to work?" In that case, as soon as we buy more things, then we must work harder to pay for them. Therefore, I love this network in Québec, which follows recourse to "voluntary simplicity" where one believes that there is "a way to live which strives to be less dependent on money, on a fast pace, and less greedy on the planet's resources." Me, I agree with this philosophy.

Furthermore, Mr. Dumay's text offers ways for living more lightly on the earth. For example, today there are three million members across the world, who inscribe in 3,900 local groups that recycle used objects, of which ten exist in France. In other words, someone can use second hand furniture or clothes. Besides, second hand things are usually less expensive. Therefore, the recycling of used objects can reduce

the total debt for each family and person, which can also help to reduce the total national debt. At the same time, if people purchase less, that also helps to reduce debts.

Finally, Mr. Dumay's text mentioned other strategies for saving money: don't purchase anything new during the year, live only to barter, shop at second hand stores when buying on occasion or borrow from a neighbor, rediscover the virtue of mending and repairing. Of course, one must buy staples such as food, health products, and underwear. In the meantime, the responsible consumer will determine what is essential for living and what is not essential for living.



Le Consommateur Biologique

Par Virginia Sand

Pendant que j'étudie à l'Université d'Angers en France ce semestre printemps 2009, j'ai toujours l'occasion de suivre mon régime biologique, et avec les grains complets. Pourquoi?

Parce qu'ici en France il y a de l'agriculture biologique comme dans les États-Unis. C'est-à-dire, dans la France il existe l'agriculture biologique qui garantit la non utilisation de produits chimiques de synthèse et d'organismes génétiquement modifiés (OGM), le recyclage des matières organiques, et la rotation des cultures et la lutte biologique.

Consommer <<Bio,>> c'est agir au quotidien pour la planète! Par conséquent, c'est pour protéger l'environnement où nous: préservons des sols vivants et fertiles, résistants à la sécheresse et aux autres aléas climatiques; agissons efficacement pour la qualité de l'eau; et favorisons la biodiversité, c'est-à-dire l'équilibre d'un grand nombre d'espèces végétales et animales. D'ailleurs, consommer Bio veut dire à respecter les animaux, où nous soutenons un mode d'élevage fondé sur le respect du bien-être animal. Dans les élevages biologiques, les animaux disposent d'un espace suffisant et d'un accès aux parcours extérieurs. Ils sont nourris avec des aliments biologiques, en grande partie issus de l'exploitation. En cas de besoin, la priorité est donnée aux médecines douces.

En outre, consommer Bio est pour nous engager en faveur d'une consommation responsable, où: 1) Nous participons à une démarche fondée sur l'harmonie entre les sols, les cultures et les animaux, 2) Nous soutenons une importante source d'emplois, et 3) Nous permettons la création de valeur ajoutée au niveau local, régional et national. L'agriculture biologique est au cœur du développement durable, elle s'inscrit dans un mode de vie moderne et s'engage pour le bien-être des générations futures. Par conséquent, l'agriculture biologique est bonne pour la nature et donc bonne pour nous. Les produits bio ne contiennent ni additif, ni conservateur, ni colorants chimique de synthèse.

Ici, dans la région d'Angers, j'ai trouvé toutes les familles de produits biologiques

(Suite page 9)

(Le Consommateur Biologique suite de page 9)

dans deux magasins qui spécialisent dans les produits biologiques: les fruits et légumes, les produits laitiers, les oeufs, les viandes, le poisson, le pain, les huiles et autre produits qu'on consomme tous les jours. En effet, dans ces deux magasins spécialisés (Rayons Verts et Caba Biocoop), comme un végétarienne, j'ai trouvé mes produits favoris tels que: la boisson soja, le yaourt soja, algues gastronomes, la margarine non-hydrogénée, la purée d'amandes à tartiner, houmous, filière soja, le sirop d'érable, le café decafeine, le germe de blé, cous cous, les graines de lin dorées, les galettes au riz, levure maltée, l'avoine, les lentilles vertes, les infusions ou tisanes, la sauce de basilic, les pâtes complètes, la sauce de tomate, le riz basmati complet, mes herbes favorites comme l'ortie piquante et la framboise, farine de blé intégrale, farine de sarrasin complète, semoule mais polenta, graines de tournesol, graines courge, les raisins, les noix, ect. Tous ces produits sont biologiques aux magasins <<Caba Biocoop>> et <<Rayons Verts.>> Toutes les choses dans ces magasins sont biologiques. Comment est-ce qu'on le sait? Parce qu'il existe deux logos pour aider le consommateur: le logo AB (Agriculture Biologique) et le logo européen qui paraissent sur ces produits biologiques.

Alors, j'étais très contente de trouver ces deux magasins biologiques pendant que j'étudie en France. En apparence, plus de 42% de Français consomment régulièrement des produits issus de l'agriculture biologique. Car ils connaissent les effets néfastes, aujourd'hui avérés, des pesticides sur notre environnement et sur notre santé. Vive la France pour encourager les <<consommateurs biologiques!>>

Pour en savoir plus, consultez:

www.agencebio.org

www.printempsbio.com

www.biocoop.fr

www.rayons-verts.fr



The Organic Consumer

By Virginia Sand

While I am studying at the University of Angers in France this spring semester 2009, I still have the opportunity to follow my organic diet, and with whole grains. Why?

Because here in France there is organic agriculture as in the United States. In other words, in France, organic agriculture exists which guarantees the non-usage of synthetic, chemical products and genetically modified organisms (GMO), the recycling of organic material, and rotation of cultivation or tillage and the natural selection of species.

To consume organically is to act daily for the planet! Consequently, it is for protecting the environment where we: preserve the living, fertile soil, making it resistant to drought and to other climatic hazards; operate efficiently for the quality of the water; and protect and promote the biodiversity, that is to say, the balance and equilibrium of a great number of vegetable and animal species. Moreover, to consume organic foods means to respect the animals, where we support a method of raising/rearing animals, which respects their wellbeing. In their organic rearing, the animals are provided with adequate space and access to the outdoors. They are fed organic foods and born and raised without exploitation. In case there is need, priority is given to mild, gentle medicines.

Further more, to consume organically is to engage ourselves in favor of responsible consumption, where: 1) we participate on a course based on harmony between the soil, the cultivation, and the animals, 2) we support an important source of employment, and 3) we permit the creation of value added to the local, regional, and national level. Organic agriculture is at the heart of strong, lasting development and progress, entering a modern way of life and preparing for the wellbeing of future generations. Consequently, organic agriculture is good for nature and therefore good for us. Organic products contain neither additives, nor preservatives, nor synthetic, chemical dyes or coloring.

Here in the Angers region, I found all kinds of organic products in two stores

that specialize in organic products in two stores that specialize in organic products: fruits and vegetables, dairy products, eggs, meat, fish, bread, oils, and other products that one consumes everyday. In fact, in these two specialty stores (Rayons Verts et Caba Biocoop), as a vegetarian, I found my favorite vegetables, non-hydrogenated margarine, almond butter, humus, tofu, maple syrup, decaffeinated coffee, wheat germ, cous cous, flax seed, rice cakes, nutritional yeast, oats, green lentils, herbal teas, pesto sauce, whole grain pasta, tomato sauce, whole grain basmati rice, my favorite herbs like nettle and raspberry, whole wheat flour, whole buckwheat flour, polenta, sunflower seeds, pumpkin seeds, raisins, walnuts, etc. All these products are organic at the stores "Caba Biocoop" and Rayons Verts (Green Rays)." Everything in these stores is organic. How does one know this? Because there are two logos/labels used for assisting the consumer: the logo AB (Agriculture Biologique)-and the European logo which appears on these organic products.

In that case, I was very happy to find these two organic stores while studying in France. Apparently, more of 4% of the French regularly consume products originating from organic agriculture; because they know the disastrous effects, today established by evidence, of pesticides on our environment and on our health. Long live French for encouraging "organic consumers!"

For investigating more information on organic agriculture and products, consult:

www.agencebio.org
www.printempsbio.com
www.biocoop.fr
www.rayons-verts.fr



N.D.L.R. Ceci est le deuxième installment de Waterbury L'exilé par Alice Gélinas. Voir la prochaine édition de Le Forum pour plus.)

Waterbury

L'exilé

par
Alice Gélinas
Waterbury, CT

Chapitre 2

Un grand changement allait survenir dans nos vies. Nous allions basculer dans un autre monde.

Monsieur Théodore Beaudoin et sa femme Marianna, nos anciens voisins, avaient émigré aux États Unis. Ils vinrent rendre visite à mes parents et ils leur proposèrent de les aider à émigrer avec eux à Waterbury, Connecticut. Là-bas, mon père, Yvonne et Armand pourraient travailler. Yvonne avait sieze ans et Armand quatorze. La décision s'est prise rapidement et on partit.

C'était en Septembre 1924. Monsieur Beaudoin nous hébergea une semaine, jusqu'à ce que l'on trouve un domicile.

Ce fut une vie complètement différente. Yvonne avait été malheureuse de laisser en arrière ses amis. Je me souviens de l'avoir vue pleurer. Nous avions reçu une lettre de mon oncle Albert, nous annonçant la mort de notre chien Boule.

Même si ces gens, les Beaudoin, furent très bons pour nous, les enfants, c'était un trop gros changement. Nous arrivions de la campagne. Rien qu'à l'idée de se retrouver dans une ville inconnue, cela nous épouvantait. Je me sentais perdue, j'avais peur de traverser la rue.

Parfois, je voyais un crêpe noir, suspendu à une porte d'entrée; ça voulait dire que quelqu'un était mort. C'était épouvantable.

Le premier dimanche, toute la famille alla à l'église pour assister à la messe. L'église Ste-Anne m'a semblé bien sombre et bien grande.

La religion a tenu une place importante dans nos vies. Même si papa avait des doutes, il priait Dieu. Il disait: "Je prie au cas où, tout ça est vrai, et si c'est vrai, je suis O.K., et si c'est pas vrai, je n'ai rien perdu."

Nous récitons la prière chaque soir, tous ensemble. On disait le Bénédicité avant les repas.

On nous inscrivit à l'école Ste-Anne.

Tout était étrange et nous ne parlions pas anglais. Au Petit-Quatre, je pouvais voir Irène et Armand car nous étions tous dans la même pièce, ce qui était rassurant, tandis que là, nous étions éparpillés dans des classes différentes. Rosa pleurait tellement que la religieuse venait me chercher pour tenter de la consoler, mais ensemble dans le corridor de l'école, nous pleurions tous les deux. La soeur ne parlait pas le français. Après quelques instants, j'étais bien obligée de retourner dans ma classe.

À la récréation, malheureuse et isolée des autres, nous restions debout en se tenant par la main. Les autres enfants ne parlaient pas notre langue, alors nous ne comprenions pas leurs jeux.

Malgré tout, le premier jour de classe terminé, je suis revenue en courant vers ma mère pour lui raconter ce que j'avais appris: je savais compter jusqu'à sept en anglais.

Un matin, en allant à l'école, j'ai lâché la main d'Irène pour m'élaner dans la rue. J'ai roulé sous un camion pour rebondir sur le pare-choc. Le camion s'est arrêté. Je n'avais rien, mais j'ai eu peur!

Irène a repris ma main en me grondant. Je l'ai suppliée de ne rien dire à maman.

Il y avait des auto dans les rues, et le seul cheval que j'ai vu, était celui du marchand de glace.

Il n'y avait pas de lumière à l'intersection des rues. Pour diriger le trafic, il y avait un policier là où c'était le plus achalandé.

Dans notre logement, on s'éclairait au gaz. Il n'y avait pas d'électricité, mais nous avions une chambre de bain. Pour nous, c'était un luxe.

Petit à petit, on s'accoutumait. Nos éducatrices nous en apprenaient des choses. La musique, entre autre. Lire et Ecrire les mélodies que l'on pouvait comprendre et même suivre avec nos doigts, les notes do, ré, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do. Toutes nos chansons étaient sur les notes.

L'enseignante nous montrait comment se placer la bouche pour en faire sortir un meilleur son: se tenir la tête droite, le menton un peu relevé, la bouche toute ronde, on répétait: "Nous, Nous". Cela amusait beaucoup papa et maman, lorsque Rosa et moi, on se plantait devant eux, et que l'on répétait les nous, nous. Ils riaient en disant que Rosa allait rester la bouche en fleur.

On entra dans une chorale. Papa et maman allaient à la messe des enfants pour nous entendre dans le choeur de chant. Nous les sentions fiers de nous, et on voyait qu'ils étaient heureux de tout ça. Le bonheur est



Alice Gélinas

fait de petites choses qui touchent le coeur.

Un après-midi par semaine, toujours à l'école, les filles, on apprenait la couture et la broderie. Toutes sortes de points ainsi que le richelieu. Ces points ressemblaient à de la dentelle.

C'était toute une affaire pour une petite fille. Avec un cerceau et de la "flaze", nous faisons de belles choses. Avec du fil, nous avons appris à faire des boutons et à reprendre les trous comme du vrai tissage. On aimait déjà se servir d'une aiguille.

On apprenait aussi le PALMER, des exercices pour avoir une belle main d'écriture.

Dans une grande famille comme la nôtre, des gens pour ainsi dire pauvres, Yvonne et Armand n'ont pas eu d'autres choix que d'aller travailler. À quinze ou seize ans, c'était l'âge!

Mais nous, les plus jeunes, maman surveillait nos devoirs et nous n'avions pas la permission d'aller jouer dehors avant de les avoir terminés.

Rosa ne manifestait pas trop d'inérêt pour les études. La plus intéressée, c'était Alice.

Papa, maman, Yvonne et Armand s'en sont parlés et ensemble, ils ont fait le rêve de me faire instruire. Au prix d'énormes sacrifices, les gens essayaient de donner une éducation à au moins un de leurs enfants.

Changer de pays avait été un gros choc pour nous et le fait d'apprendre une autre langue aussi, mais des enfants aimés avec des parents compréhensifs nous a fait passer au travers.

Je gardais un certain contact avec le français écrit. Lorsque maman recevait des lettres de ses soeurs et de son frère, mon oncle Clifford, elle me les faisait lire.

Puis, la famille chantait ensemble des soirées entières., Chaque famille possédait son cahier de chansons et complaintes.

Les gens apprenaient les chansons de l'un à l'autre pour les chanter en choeur. Plusieurs mélodies venaient de la famille de ma mère. Celle qui disait: "Alice, où es-tu donc?" pour moi

(Suite page 11)

(Waterbury de page 10)

seul. Rosa en avait une aussi bien spéciale:

*Rosa dis-moi, pourquoi veux-tu partir
Ne crains-tu pas de briser cette chaîne
Qui m'unissait à ton coeur pour toujours
Ne crains-tu pas que les flots qui t'entraînent
Te fasse alors oublier tout notre amour
Rosa, je t'aime, je vis dans l'espérance
Si loin de toi, j'aimerais mieux mourir
Rosa, dis-moi...*

Il y en avait une qu'elle chantait pour papa, et qui m'a particulièrement marquée: "DE TOI, CHER CANADA". Une chanson qui parlait d'exil en terre étrangère. Les mélodies étaient lentes, et chacune racontait une histoire. J'ai conservé dans l'oreille le son de sa voix.

De beaux souvenirs pour moi qui sont restés gravés dans mon coeur.

Des cousins qui habitaient Watertown venaient nous visiter.

En octobre de la même année, maman retomba malade du mal de coeur le matin. Elle essayait de faire la besogne, mais elle était souvent couchée.

Puis, tante Laura arriva du Canada pour travailler à l'usine. Tante Laura et Yvonne étaient du temps des "Flapper". Les cheveux à la mode, les jupes ont raccourci, et la taille descendait aux hanches. Tout un changement! Puis, ça dansait le Charleston. Les fameuses années vingt. Tante Laura aimait le gris et le rose, et Yvonne, le brun et le beige. Avec des souliers de la même couleur que leur robe et des rangées de colliers qui leur descendaient jusqu'au nombril. Les filles portaient des brassières sans forme, plates comme des garçons. Tante Laura et Yvonne n'en avaient pas trop à aplatis, mais pour Irène, c'était une autre chanson.

Elle était fournie d'une belle table ronde qu'on lui envoyait, mais elle en était gênée. Elle se plaçait toujours un petit mouchoir pour être sûr que rien ne serait vu.

Un jour, papa demanda à un ami qui avait une auto, de nous conduire, toute la famille à Seven Rock, New Haven, un parc d'amusement. C'était à quinze milles d'ici, au bord de la mer. Nous sommes allés sur les menèges, Armand est allé sur les montagnes russes. Il y eut aussi la bonne femme sur le perron, la maison aux miroirs ainsi que la cartomancienne. Nous avons dégusté des hot-dogs et de la crème glacée. Ce fut une journée de rêve.

Nous étions une famille unie, aimante. Des parents qui n'ont jamais cessé de se soucier de nous. Nous avions une meilleure qualité de vie, mais je ne me souviens pas d'aucun jour de congé que mes parents se seraient permis, sauf en cas de maladie. Papa fit une crise d'appendicite. Ce fut Ligouri Lavergne qui l'amena à l'hôpital. Le docteur Charles Audet l'a opéré, et en un rien de temps, il s'est remis à travailler.

Le dimanche après-midi, la jeunesse se réunissait au salon, tandis que les parents jouaient aux cartes dans la cuisine.

L'été, nos parents nous amenaient prendre une marche au Liberty Park. C'était proche du dépôt, et nous regardions arriver les trains. Nous commençons à nous adapter à parler anglais. En revenant de l'école, maman était présente. Pour notre collation, on prenait une tranche de pain, on étendait de la graisse dessus et on saupoudrait de cassonade. Après avoir mangé, on amusait le bébé. Puis, nous allions, Rosa et moi, chercher du bon pain de boulanger. Il coûtait cinq sous, et il n'était enveloppé de sorte que nous mangions un peu de croûte, sans que ça pariasse trop. Nous ne sentions plus l'odeur de pain de ménage. On jouait dehors, à des jeux que nous inventions. Dessous l'escalier, on s'était fait une cachette, et on jouait au mariage. Il n'y avait qu'un seul mari pour trois femmes. Jeanine Pellerin, Rosa et moi, étions les épouses et le frère de Jeanine faisait le mari. Maman n'a pas apprécié notre jeu, et ça s'est terminé assez vite. Ce fut la fin du jeu et de mon petit mari de dessous la galerie.

Irène devenait une adolescente et elle tomba en amour avec Georges Cambique. Elle était trop gênée pour s'asseoir au salon, comme Yvonne faisait avec ses amies.

Les Cambique étaient des Acadiens qui demeuraient au deuxième étage, en haut de chez-nous. Ils étaient six grands garçons et en plus deux cousins demeuraient avec eux.

Un bon matin, maman a aperçu leurs vieux parapluies dans le fond de la cour. Ils avaient décidé de s'en faire défaire pour s'en procurer des neufs. Maman qui avait des « éclairs de génie », nous dit : Allez me chercher ça ! C'est de la belle soie ».

À cette époque, les parapluies ne se pliaient pas, et ils n'étaient pas en couleur. C'était des grands parapluies noirs comme celui de mon oncle José. Les laizes étaient très larges.

Avec ça, maman nous a cousu un costume avec collet et poignets blancs qu'on pouvait enlever pour les laver.

Revêtues de l'uniforme, nous étions bien fières d'être habillées comme les

autres. On ne nous obligeait pas, mais on aimait cela être comme tout le monde.

Ce matin-là, toutes les classes étaient rassemblés dans la grande salle. La religieuse nous appela, Rosa et moi, pour nous féliciter de nos belles robes. Elle dit : « Venez en avant pour qu'on voit vos petits costumes, Qui les a fait ?

Rosa, les yeux ronds et les joues rouges, ne pers pas une seconde, et elle répond : « C'est Mom qui les a fait avec les parapluies des Cambique ». La Soeur a éclaté de rire, mais moi, j'étais humiliée, car André Cambique était présent. Il n'a pas tardé à dire ça à sa mère.

En arrivant de l'école, j'ai été porté mon panier à ma mère. Lorsque papa est revenu du travail, elle lui a immédiatement raconté l'histoire. Ça les a frappés drôles ! Je les voyais rire aux éclats, et ils ont fait répéter à Rosa ce qu'elle avait dit au juste. La mère Cambique est descendue et elle aussi ri avec papa et maman. Elle a dit qu'elle était bien contente que ses parapluies aient tourné aussitôt beaux.

Maman disait : « Leurs costumes sont plus beaux que tous ceux des autres », et papa a ajouté qu'en plus, on ne se ferait jamais mouiller. Nos parents étaient comme ça, ils s'amusaient de nos folies. Si ils ont ri !

Peu après, tante Clara, une tante à ma mère, mourut à New Bedford, Massachusetts. Mon père demanda à un gars qu'il connaissait, s'il pouvait les amener aux funérailles.

J'y suis allée avec eux. Je me souviens combien maman était content de revoir ses cousins.

Après le service, Ligouri nous a amenés là où ma mère avait vécu, étant jeune. Elle avait été ouvrière dans les filatures du Massachusetts. À la vue de tous ces souvenirs, elles est devenue songeuse, surtout devant la place où elle avait habité avec ses parents.

Cette familles Lavergne était toujours demeurée spéciale pour nous.

Maman se payait une petite gâterie en s'achetant deux magazines en français : « LE SAMEDI et LA REVUE POPULAIRE. Elle aimait lire. Irène avait cessé d'aller à l'école et elle aidait aux travaux ménagers, de sorte que ma mère en avait moins sur les épaules.

Irène nous faisait un gâteau chaque jour. Quand il lui restait du temps libre, elle lisait, elle aussi.

Lorsque nous étions malades, maman nous soignait. Pour un mal de tête, elle tranchait une pomme de terre et elle nous en plaçait des tranches sur le

(Suite page 12)

front, les faisait tenir avec un mouchoir.

Un matin, je me suis réveillée avec un affreux mal de ventre. J'ai gardé le lit, tandis que les autres sont allés à l'école. Le docteur est venu. J'ai, dans ma mémoire, le tendre souvenir de mon père et de ma mère, prenant soin de moi. Mon mal disparu, et je reçus ma première vraie poupée que je partageais avec Rosa.

Lorsque papa partait travailler, j'allais me coucher avec maman. Je me couchais dans son dos. Comme j'étais heureuse !

Le lien qui m'unissait à elle était d'une qualité rare .

Nous, aimions tous cette chanson qui disait :

Maman, mot que l'on dit tout-bas,

Maman, mot que l'on oublie pas

Son doux murmure, sa douce caresse

Tout un passé fait de bonheur et de tendresse

Maman, mot qui vient nous bercer,

mot que l'on adore...

Des mots qui auraient pu servir pour son épitaphe, mais nous ne savions pas encore...

Le 9 Juin 1925, Rosélia naquit.

La Première citoyenne américaine de la famille. Qu'elle était jolie !

Ma mère l'appelait : « Mon petit ange ». Irène a aidé maman à récupérer

Armand s'occupait d'Émile, mais il le gâtait. Si Émile désirait de la crème glacée, il lui en achetait. Il était un petit garçon très timide. Lorsque quelqu'un arrivait pour une visite, il courait se réfugier dans les bras de maman ou d'Armand. Quand il n'y avait personne, il était volontaire et amusant.

Armand mangeait ses croûtes de tarte, car maman disait : « Pour en avoir d'autres, il faut que tu manges tes croûtes ». Une fois, Émile dit à Armand : « Mange ma croûte, ci bon bon bon ». Il essayait de convaincre Armand, mais ça ne marchait pas toujours.

Cette fois, Armand lui répond : « Si c'est si bon que ça, mange-les tes croûtes ! » Émile commence à faire la lippe et à chialer en disant : « Non, c'est michant comme de la merde ! »

On est tous partie à rire. C'était peut-être banal pour d'autres, mais pour nous, c'était le fun avec papa et maman. C'était l'ambiance de la maison. Nous aimions tendrement notre petit frère et notre petite soeur. : nouvelle-née.

Je me souviens des taquiner-

ies de nos parents. Ils aimaient faire rire et taquiner tout un chacun.

Émile avait ses premières dents gâtées, et il a fallu qu'il se les fasse arracher. Papa et maman complices, se parlaient en disant : « S'il fallait que ses deuxièmes dents ne poussent pas !!! » Maman dit : « Ah ! On lui ferait poser un pont ! » Émile part à crier : « J'en veux pas de pont, je ne veux pas que les machines me passent dans la bouche » .

En remontant le cours du temps, je pense que nos parents savaient que le rire et la tendresse seraient pour nous un remède tout au long de notre vie.

Yvonne travaillait dans une usine de bouton, sur une presse, et un jour la machine lui a écrasé le doigt. On l'a ramenée à la maison, et mes parents ont appelé le docteur. Il a été obligé de lui amputer le doigt à la première articulation.

Je la revoie, couchée sur la table de la cuisine. Comme elle a dû souffrir ! Elle avait été endormie un peu, mais tout de même !

Après quoi, elle se plaça sur la North Main Street.

Tous les samedis après-midi, Irène, Rosa et moi allions au Centre d'Achat 5, 10, 15, à Howland Hugs. On s'amusait dans les ascenseurs.

Un jour, en revenant, Irène décida d'aller à la confesse. Je ne voulais pas y aller parce que j'avais besoin d'aller à la toilette. Elle me répondit d'attendre et que nous allions à l'église.

Nous attendions en file, et lorsque mon tour est arrivé, je m'agenouillai dans la confessionnal : « Bénissez-moi, mon père parce que j'ai péché », et là ... trop tard, je m'en pouvais plus, le pipi coulait ... Irène fut très mécontente de moi. Je lui ai demandé de ne pas le dire à maman.

Une aventure aussi pire était arrivée à Rosa. Nous aimions jouer dehors le plus longtemps possible, car dans la maison, on avait des tâches à faire, comme de bercer le bébé ou autre chose. Un jour, Rosa attendit trop longtemps, et elle entra au toilette en baissant ses culottes, Come nous n'avions pas de lumière dans le cabinet, elle ne vit pas que le siège était occupé par Camille Lavergne, et elle fit son besoin sur lui. Nous étions crampés de rire.

Un samedi après-midi, je m'occupais d'Émile, dehors. Il me déserta et il trébucha sur une roche. Sa paupière s'est fendue jusqu'aux sourcils. Je l'ai rentré dans la maison le plus vite que j'ai pu. Il dit : « C'est la faute d'Alice », et il perdit connaissance. J'ai été mis à genoux, car je n'avais pas été assez prudente. J'étais si désolée ! Il en a

gardé une cicatrice qui n'est jamais disparue.

Maman nous amena au théâtre sur la rue Baldwin, voir un film intitulé : « La vie de Jésus ». C'était mon premier film. Nous avons aimé cela.

Papa, Yvonne et Armand travaillaient. Noël arrivait !

Maman a cousu un bel ensemble en velours pour Émile, et des petites robes garnies de rubans et de dentelles à Rosélia.

Tante Laura demeurait encore avec nous, elle faisait partie de la famille.

Ce fut le plus beau Noël que nous ayons jamais eu. Nous avons reçu des cadeaux. Rosa et moi, nous avons eu une petite poupée avec des cheveux, et des yeux qui s'ouvraient et se fermaient. Irène et Yvonne ont eu un coffre à bijoux doublé de satin. Papa et maman, un sucrier en argent avec cuillères suspendues de chaque côté.

À l'école nous avons écrit à Santa Claus, et quelqu'un est venu à la maison, nous livrer trois ou quatre boîtes de jouets. Que la vie était belle !

Yvonne tomba malade. On la retourna au Canada pour un repos.

C'était en 1926. Un changement d'air à St-Mathieu lui ferait certainement du bien. Après un certain temps, maman est allée la chercher. Elle amena avec elle les deux petits.

Pour ma mère, c'était la première fois depuis notre émigration qu'elle retournait dans sa place natale, et qu'elle revoyait son père, sa mère, et toute la famille.

St-Mathieu était un endroit très éloigné de la ville. Les parents de ma mère y vivaient. Oncle Clifford était marié à tante Sara, soeur de mon père. Cette famille, disait mon père, était parent des deux fesses.

Une autre soeur de papa demeurait là. Elle était mariée à Honoré Champagne. Tante Exina fut bien pauvre avec lui, mais ça ne l'a jamais empêchée de s'amuser. Elle n'avait pas besoin d'occasion spéciale pour tasser les chaises et faire de la place pour danser. Elle sortait sa musique à bouche, accordéons, etc. Il y avait des chansons à répondre en tapant du pied.

Oncle Honoré faisait partie d'une très grosse famille, une vingtaine d'enfants, je crois.

Maman fut embarrassée par la conduite d'Émile. Il n'avait que trois ans, et il disait sans arrêt : « Y a pas de patates en Canada, y a pas de glace non plus (crème glacée) ». À ce moment de l'année, les gens n'avaient plus de pomme de terre et ils attendaient les « patates nouvelles ».

En plus, Émile ne faisait pas la dif-

(Suite page 13)

(Waterbury de page 12)

férence entre un coq et une vache. Nous, au moins, nous avions connu la campagne. En plus de notre chien Boule, nous avions eu des chats, des lapins, vaches et cochons, mais Émile n'avait jamais vu d'animaux sur une ferme. Un matin, il entre dans la maison, au chant du coq, il va trouver maman pour dire : « La petite vache, elle crie, qu'est-ce qu'elle veut ? » C'était le coq qui chantait !!!

Le monde a ri dans la maison. Maman pliée en deux, était pâmée de rire.

Sur une photo, qu'ils ont pris lors de ce voyage, on pouvait voir Émile et Rosélia, bien habillés et bien chaussés, avec une belle coupe de cheveux. Ils sont posés avec leurs

Cousins et cousines : Rosabelle, Rosianne, Lucienne, Émile et Maurice Lavergne.

Papa était resté avec nous : Armand, Irène, Rosa et moi. Irène avait la responsabilité de nous garder. Elle pensa à une sortie, pas loin de chez nous au parc Washington. On pouvait y aller à pied. Malheureusement, son projet n'a pas eu de suite, car je tombais très malade. Maman partie, ça me faisait pleurer sans arrêt, et je ne pouvais plus avaler une bouchée. J'avais complètement perdu l'appétit.

Ligouri est venu pour voir s'il pouvait faire quelque chose pour me convaincre de manger un peu, mais il n'y avait rien à faire. Finalement, papa a demandé à maman d'écourter son voy-

age parce qu'**Alice s'ennuyait trop.**

Un soir, Irène, Rosa et moi sommes allées l'attendre au train, mais on a vu personne. Désappointées, nous sommes revenues à la maison.

Le soir suivant, nous y sommes retournées et on les a aperçus : Maman, Yvonne, Émile et Rosélia. J'étais tellement contente que j'ai oublié ma maladie. Nous prîmes un taxi pour revenir à la maison.

Irène a pris les deux petits pour aller les faire voir à papa à travers les vitres de l'usine. Après la journée d'ouvrage, toute la famille s'est trouvée réunie. J'étais heureuse.

Si on avait pu figer ce moment privé ilégié !!! Mais on n'arrête pas le temps.



Photo prise à Waterbury en 1925

Debout en arrière: Irène 13 ans, Yvonne 17 ans, Tante Laura 19 ans, Armand 15 ans. Assis: Papa 40 ans et Maman 40 ans. Debout en avant: Rosa 7 ans, Émile 3 ans, Rosélia 1 an, Alice 10 ans.

More from CT on page 22...

MOM'S JOURNEY

Submitted by Renée Gagné

*Those who are lucky to still be blessed with your Mom, this is beautiful.
For those who aren't, this is even more beautiful...*

The young mother set her foot on the path of life. "Is this the long way?" she asked. And the guide said, "Yes, and the way is hard. And you will be old when you reach the end of it. But the end will be better than the beginning. But the young mother was happy, and she would not believe that anything could be better than these years. So she played with her children, she fed them, and bathed them, and taught them to tie their shoelaces and ride a bike and do their homework and brush their teeth. The sun shone on them, and the young mother cried, "Nothing will ever be lovelier than this."

Then the nights came, and the storms, and the path was sometimes dark, and the children shook with fear and cold, and the mother drew them close and covered them with her arms, and the children said, "Mother, we are not afraid, for you are near, and no harm can come." And the morning came, and there was a hill ahead, and the children climbed and grew weary, and the mother was weary too. But at all times she said to the children, "A little patience and we are there."

So the children climbed, and as they climbed, they learned to weather the storms. And with this, she gave them strength to face the world. Year after year, she showed them compassion, understanding, hope, but most of all... unconditional love. And when they reached the top they said, "Mother, we could not have done it without you."

The days went on, and the weeks and the months and the years, and the mother grew old and she became little and bent. But her children were tall and strong, and walked with courage. And the mother, when she lay down at night looked up at the stars and said, "This is a better day than the last, for my children have learned so much and are now passing these traits on to their children."

And when the way became rough for her, they lifted her and gave her their strength, just as she had given them hers. One day they came to a hill, and beyond the hill, they could see a shining road and golden gates flung open. And the mother said, "I have reached the end of my journey, And now I know that the end is better than the beginning, for my children can walk with dignity and pride, with their heads held high, and so can their children after them." And the children said, "You will always walk with us, Mother, even when you have gone through the gates."

And they stood and watched her as she went on alone, and the gates closed after her. And they said, "We cannot see her, but she is with us still. A mother like ours is more than a memory. She is a living presence."

Your mother is always with you. She is the whisper of the leaves as you walk down the street. She is the smell of certain foods that you remember, flowers you pick and perfume that she wore. She is the cool hand on your brow when you're not feeling well. She is your breath in the air on a cold winter's day. She is the sound of the rain. Your Mother lives inside your laughter, and she is crystallized in every teardrop. A Mother shows every emotion, happiness, sadness, fear, jealousy, love, hate & anger, helplessness, excitement, joy, sorrow and all the while hoping and praying you will only know the good feelings in life. She is the place you came from, your first home, and she is the map that you follow with every step you take.

She is your first love, your first friend, even your first enemy, but nothing on earth can separate you. Not time, not space, not even death.



Les Lowelliens répondent encore...

par Jean-Pierre DURAND

dimanche 15 juin 2008

Je gardais un impérissable souvenir de cette semaine passée à Lowell, au Massachusetts, en décembre 1972, il y a déjà plus de 35 ans. C'est à la suite d'une suggestion un peu saugrenue de mon prof de littérature, Sylvain Lelièvre, et aussi de ma lecture de l'essai que VLB venait de consacrer à Jack Kérouac, que j'avais fait mon baluchon et grimpé dans un Greyhound en direction de Boston.

D'avantage que la quête du Kérouac mythique, ce qui m'avait intrigué, c'était d'apprendre que tant de Canadiens français avaient connu l'exode vers les États de la Nouvelle-Angleterre, depuis 1840 et jusqu'à 1930 environ, et qu'ils y étaient maintenant installés à demeure. Et pourtant, alors que le Québec se dirigeait sur les chapeaux de roues vers l'élection d'un premier gouvernement souverainiste, l'existence de cette Franco-Américanie, de ce Québec d'en bas, demeurait le secret le mieux gardé. Certes, on l'avait évoqué à Radio-Canada, lors d'une émission du « Sel de la semaine », consacrée justement à Kérouac, mais c'était somme toute bien peu.

C'est ainsi que je déambulai dans les rues de Lowell, longeant la rivière Merrimack et découvrant dans celle-ci le reflet des usines de textile qui, hier encore, dominaient la vie économique de la région et y embauchaient tout ce que la ville comptait de « Canucks ». Je lorgnai le tout au moyen d'une caméra super-huit prêtée par le cégep, promenant mon objectif sur les devantures des magasins, en portant une attention toute particulière aux enseignes, pour y constater l'abondance de patronymes français dans les raisons sociales.



Mon premier contact, c'est avec le père Armand « Spike » Morissette qu'il s'effectua. Lui, il avait bien connu Kérouac à différentes époques de sa vie. Il établit pour moi une liste de personnes à Lowell qu'il me fallait rencontrer si je voulais bien cerner mon sujet. C'est ainsi qu'il me suggéra d'aller piquer une jase avec un groupe de vieilles – je croyais dur comme fer qu'on était vieux dès lors qu'on dépassait la quarantaine ! – un groupe de vieilles dames, dis-je, qui se réunissait chaque dimanche dans un « delicatessen » du centre-ville.

Les dames, toutes dans la soixantaine, semblèrent éprouver du plaisir à m'accueillir parmi elles. Il faut dire que je devais être beau bonhomme à l'époque (du moins, j'aime à le croire) et c'était donc un cadeau du ciel que leur avait rendu la Providence (et Lowell est si près du Rhode Island) en leur amenant un cégépien au beau milieu de leurs agapes. J'avais donc toute l'attention sur moi et je connus ce que Warhol appelait le quart d'heure de célébrité. Toute la discussion passa à parler de la vie française à Lowell, à entendre des confidences et des anecdotes sur la petite histoire familiale de chacune, depuis ces arrière-grands-parents, qui avaient quitté, qui la Beauce, qui le Bas-Saint-Laurent pour venir s'établir par ici. Tout cela était dit à la bonne franquette et suscitait parfois des rires, même si certaines bribes de phrases m'échappaient, surtout quand elles étaient dites en anglais. Ça jacassait tant et tellement qu'on aurait dit la version « Mets-ses-chaussettes » des Belles-sœurs de Tremblay. Ce qui me donna une idée.

Je leur demandai de lire à tour de rôle quelques lignes du roman *Sur la route*, de Kérouac, que je traînais avec moi. Toutes se prêtèrent avec amusement à ce jeu et j'enregistrai le tout sur une minicassette. La lecture était parfois laborieuse à souhait, la plupart d'entre elles ayant perdu l'habitude de lire en français, quand ce n'était pas de lire tout court, et certains mots leur paraissaient du chinois. C'est ainsi qu'une d'entre elles buta sur le mot « copains » et demanda à la

ronde : « Qu'ossé ça veut dire, ça, copains ? » On s'est bien amusé au bout du compte, et elles m'invitèrent à ne pas compter les tours et à revenir, car elles n'étaient pas sortues. Je leur promis comme de bien entendu, mais je manquai à ma promesse. Il doit bien en rester quelques-unes encore en vie, en marchette ou en fauteuil roulant ?

Le père Morissette fit pour moi quelques appels téléphoniques et me fit inviter chez des familles, qui m'accueillirent toujours avec la plus grande attention, comme si j'étais l'ambassadeur de leur patrie d'origine. Si les communications s'effectuaient avec aisance avec tous, j'avais bien de la misère avec les jeunes qui refusaient de s'adresser à moi autrement qu'en anglais. Manifestement, les jeunes n'étaient plus aussi à l'aise que leurs aînés avec notre langue, si bien qu'ils craignaient qu'on ne le découvre ou qu'on se moque de cet accent à couper au couteau, ne pouvant savoir que jamais au grand jamais je n'aurais eu cette vilaine tentation.

Je passai une soirée chez une parente de Jack Kérouac. Cette dame craignait un peu de perdre son français, car ses meilleures amies n'étaient pas des francos. Mais ce fut encore un moment mémorable. Si elle voulait bien jaser des Kérouac de Lowell, elle ne voulait pour rien au monde rater ses émissions de télé. Si bien que, ce soir-là, contre toute attente, je passai la soirée non seulement avec Mme Kérouac et ses vieux souvenirs, mais également avec le docteur Marcus Welby ! Ce cher médecin que tout le monde adorait à l'époque, ignorant pourtant, merci Paul Piché, qu'il ne cherchait pas les causes des maladies comme l'amiantose. Madame Kérouac avait aussi un couple de chambreurs venus d'Afrique pour étudier au Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Comme ils lui avaient tous offert des souvenirs de leurs pays respectifs, elle profita de mon passage pour m'offrir à son tour ces cossins qu'elle jugeait encombrants – des ramasse-poussière – comme un coupe-papier, un masque africain et une antilope gossée dans du bois. J'ai encore le coupe-papier.

Pour les jeunes de mon âge, je n'en rencontré qu'un seul, Paul, qui était une sorte de jeune « preppy » féru de Kérouac, qui vivait chez ses parents, en banlieue de Lowell, dans une grande maison qui aurait pu avoir appartenu à la famille Stone. Dès que j'eus franchi le pas de sa porte, Paul cria à la cantonade que « son ami » (il devait en manquer cruellement pour

(suite page 15)

(Les Lowelliens répondent encore... suite de page 14)

m'introniser si vite dans son cercle) venait d'arriver. Il faut croire que je ne fis pas l'effet de l'ambassadeur Ben Béland, car le mot Québec ne provoqua aucune réaction. C'est à peine si sa mère, qui ressemblait à la comédienne Donna Reid, me lança un « Hi » de politesse ; tous les autres étant rivés devant leur écran de télé où l'on présentait du football. Paul s'excusa pour l'accueil et me conduisit dans sa chambre rangée et propre comme un sou neuf. On parla de Kérouac, bien sûr, mais peu de Québec, car, comme tous les autres jeunes de son âge, il n'avait d'intérêt que pour ce qui se passait au Vietnam. Et pour cause.

Avec tous ceux que je rencontrai, je leur donnai un cours 101 accéléré sur l'histoire récente du Québec, commençant avec la Révolution tranquille pour s'arrêter avec la crise d'Octobre. Mais, avouons-le, vu de Lowell, le Québec leur paraissait bien loin. Si l'Histoire et la langue nous réunissaient à coup sûr, les Lowelliens étaient aussi – je ne tardai pas à m'en rendre compte – des citoyens américains à part entière.

Le père Morissette, qui me trouvait peut-être trop sage avec mes questions bien gentilles, me suggéra aussi de me rendre au club Passe-temps, un endroit où les hommes franco-américains se réunissaient pour boire, pisser et jouer au pool. Une taverne, quoi. Et il y avait de la boucane dans la cabane, laissez-moi vous dire, mais bon, on n'avait pas encore inventé le concept de « fumée secondaire ». Je me sentais bien parmi les bedaines de bière des prolétaires, et c'était là l'essentiel. Je ne tirai toutefois pas grand-chose de cet endroit, pourtant rempli de Jack Kérouac... autant que de Jack Daniel's ! Maudite boisson !

S'il fallait que je relate par le menu, ne serait-ce qu'une seule journée de cette escapade lowellienne, j'ai bien peur que vous ne seriez pas long à m'abandonner à mes effluves du passé et vous auriez parfaitement raison. Alors, permettez qu'à ce stade-ci je presse sur le bouton « fast forward ».

De tous les gens de Lowell rencontrés, c'est l'historien Richard Santerre qui m'en apprit le plus sur sa ville, les Franco-Américains et Kérouac. Cet homme était rien de moins qu'un puits de science en matière franco-américaine. Il fouinait partout pour

sa quête d'information sur le fait français en Nouvelle-Angleterre. Il sentait l'urgence de mettre à l'abri les annales et de conserver les archives du peuple franco. Chaque question que je lui posais se méritait une réponse fouillée et claire. C'est pas mêlant, c'est l'Histoire des Franco-Américains qui défilait devant mes yeux ébahis. Une Histoire qui était en quelque sorte aussi une continuation de la nôtre, mais en sol américain, une Histoire qui, en un sens, tournait un peu mal vers la fin, alors que ce « Québec d'en bas » s'anglicisait à vue d'œil pour des raisons dont ce n'est pas le propos d'évoquer ici.

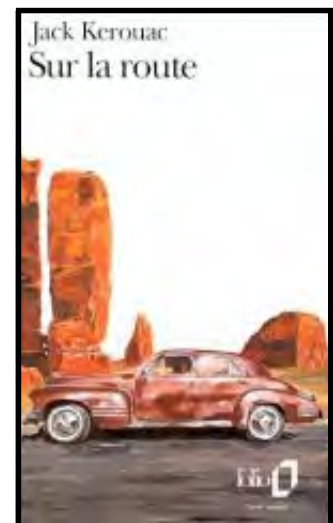


De retour à Montréal, mes photos et mes enregistrements me permirent de réussir le cégep avec une note presque parfaite en littérature (pour les maths, ce fut moins génial). Quelques années plus tard, il paraît, mais il paraît tellement de choses, que Sylvain Lelièvre parlait de ma petite escapade à Lowell comme d'un modèle d'implication d'un élève sérieux et appliqué. La réalité est que Lelièvre était un professeur qui incitait à l'émulation. Mon cas n'avait rien d'unique. (Était-ce si nécessaire d'ajouter pour le bénéfice du lecteur cette dernière phase ? Permettez-moi d'en douter.)

En mai dernier, la Maison Ludger-Duvernay accueillait deux visiteurs franco-américains comme conférenciers, Yvon Labbé et Paul LaFlamme, et ce fut pour moi l'occasion de renouer avec l'Histoire de cette diaspora et de me demander ce qu'il était advenu des gens rencontrés à Lowell il y a 35 ans et des poussières. J'ai donc fait une recherche sur Internet. Un ami, Laurent Desbois, m'avait aussi montré quelques photos qu'il avait prises à Lowell l'automne dernier, dont l'une illustre l'Hôtel de ville avec le drapeau du Québec au mât. Cela me donnait d'autant plus le goût de rétablir les ponts.

D'abord, je compris qu'il avait dû se passer quelque chose de grave pour le Père Morissette, quand je vis qu'il y avait maintenant un boulevard à Lowell qui portait son nom. De fait, il mourut en 1991. J'ai voulu retracer Richard Santerre, mais on me répondit qu'il était à la retraite, que mon appel pourrait le déranger, bref, on me le déconseillait. Quelqu'un m'offrit de lui transmettre une lettre si j'insistais. J'écrivis à Jeannine Richard, qui anime de Lowell, chaque dimanche entre 17h et 19h, l'émission de radio « Your French Connection » sur les ondes du 91,5 FM (www.wuml.org). Elle me mit en contact avec Roger Lacerte, autre personne qui en connaît un char pis une barge sur la Franco-Américanie. Elle me suggéra aussi de contacter le père Lucien Sawyer, un Oblat comme le père Morissette.

C'est par le biais du père Sawyer que j'obtins le numéro de téléphone de Richard Santerre. Je lui téléphonai, il n'y était pas, mais je ne laissai pas de message. Entre-temps, le père Sawyer s'était fait aller la margoulette et avait prévenu Santerre que je voulais lui parler. C'est pourquoi le 12 juin dernier, je reçus un appel de Richard Santerre. Cela faisait plus de 35 ans que nous n'avions pas échangé. Je le mis au parfum en lui apprenant que j'étais venu le voir en 1972, que si bien des choses avaient changé, j'avais encore quelques questions à lui poser sur Lowell. Et cela repartit de plus belle, comme si nous reprenions la conversation au même endroit que nous l'avions laissée.



Aunt Grace comes home

*by Bob Rivard
Amherst, MA*

When I was in school, my mom had a two family house in Lowell. We had an assortment of tenants over time, interesting adjunct family members who understood the pressures facing a widow with five kids at home, and took an interest in us beyond just paying the rent. There were two brothers that lived upstairs, older than all of us, Leo and Roland who would often stop in to tease my sisters and bring my brother and me yoyos or baseballs or other inexpensive toys just for fun. At first I thought it strange to accept a gift when it wasn't my birthday, or Easter or some other special holiday, and hesitated to accept a small gift given freely in the middle of the week for no reason whatsoever. I got over my initial reluctance when Leo brought me some comic books and told me that I had to read to him since he didn't know how to read. I felt proud to help him decipher the words and pictures and thought I was doing him a real service. I didn't realize till much later that he was pulling my leg.

The best gift Leo ever gave me though was his infectious laughter. He would have everyone in our family laughing till our sides ached over stories he would tell about a small incident between the neighbor's cat and his tennis racket, or the squirrel he captured on the porch with some peanuts dipped in whiskey. He would start the story laughing and before long we would all be rolling on the floor in stitches even without a punch line. His smile radiated a warmth that filled a big void in my life and gave me a role model that I aspired to emulate. He was a skier and talked of going up to New Hampshire and Vermont to tackle the big peaks up North. He talked of hiking Mt Washington with his skis strapped to his pack, spending the better part of the day just getting to the top of the head wall, and descending to the base lodge in minutes in a swirl of powder. His joie de vivre bubbled up through every story and lit a fire in the family hearth that burned with a radiant glow.

I'm not sure what happened to those two brothers. The last memory I have of them is hearing Leo tell my Mom about wearing a monkey suit. I had been asleep in the other

room and his laughter started a dream state in which I could picture him dressed as a monkey, swinging from trees and laughing his brains out. When I shook off the sleepy seeds, I ran into the room to see his monkey suit and was sorely disappointed to see him in his everyday clothing. It turned out that he had attended a wedding for his brother Roland that morning and he was describing the Tuxedo he wore as a monkey suit. I had woven the expression into a dream.

When Roland moved out with his new bride in tow, Leo drifted off and I never heard from either of them again. When they moved out, one of them left a pair of skis in the basement hallway. They were Northland wood skis with bear trap bindings and my brother and I took turns schussing up and down the drive imagining ourselves on the mountains we only saw in photos. I promised myself that I would ski the big mountains in my life, in spite of the fact that I was growing up without a dad, and that I would laugh like Leo to overcome my fear.

After Leo and his brother move away, we had a tenant that worked the night shift and slept days. That didn't last very long at all since my brother had a loud mouth and tended to keep the tenant awake. His wife would chase my brother down the street with a vengeance, yelling after him and throwing chestnuts at him with a prodigious accuracy. When my mother became aware of the bruises all over my brother's back she told the tenants that it was time to move along.

After that it was Aunt Grace and her nephew Raymond Rivard that rented the apartment. Aunt Grace had raised Raymond and now that she was widowed, Ray was looking after her. He was single and there was absolutely no way he could ever date or bring a young woman home to meet Aunt Grace. She would have no part of it. They had a pact of sorts, that Ray would look after her until the end. She would take care of washing his clothes, cleaning the apartment, preparing the meals and split the rent. He would provide the transportation, take her to see the doctor, help with her medication and drive her to church. She would keep him on the straight and narrow path.

We had the same last name but knew nothing of genealogy so had no idea when and where our ancestors converged. My dad had come from Rhode Island and Ray had grown up in Massachusetts, so there was only a loose link in the common name that we never fully explored. It was enough for us that Ray took on a

benevolent uncle persona and looked after our family in the same way that Leo and Roland had done. He took us to pick apples in Littleton, and visit my mother's cousin in Leominster in the summer and to Whalom Park for a day outing every summer.

Ray was a consummate skeetball player and would spend hours accumulating tickets that could be converted to prizes. My sisters, my brother and I would ride the amusements, go swimming, have a picnic lunch in the shade and Ray was busy pumping coins into the skeetball machine bowling for the center hole over and over. He brought home cut glass ashtrays and tumblers, and on occasion would give us tickets to redeem for stuffed animals.

Ray collected coins in a jar that he kept by the back door. Every day when he came home from work, he would empty his pockets and put all the coins in the big water jug on the floor. It was so heavy that my brother and I couldn't budge it. When it came time to go to Whalom Park, Ray would roll the jar back and forth on the kitchen floor to empty out some of the coins. I can remember that sound like no other. It was as loud as thunder. It was electrifying. I was like Pavlov's dog reacting to the bell at dinner time. I would jump up and down in anticipation of going to Whalom park on the weekend.

One year Ray decided that he would bring Aunt Grace to Canada to visit his close relatives in Montmorency, just below the waterfall. He invited my Mom, my sister Maddy and I to join him. The other two sister were married and my brother Emile was in the Navy. Maddy had graduated from high school but was still living at home and I had just finished my senior year.

This was a big trip for me. I had travelled to New Hampshire since it was only ten or twelve miles up the road, and had a short excursion to upstate New York when I was a sophomore, but Canada was just as far away in my mind as Europe. We didn't have an automobile so the distances I could relate to were easily covered by bicycle. I was truly excited to see Canada and looked forward to spending two weeks on l'Île d'Orléans, in the summer cottage of a distant cousin. My sister Maddy was engaged at the time and had decided to break off her engagement. She was heading south as we were heading north, to break off her engagement in person, and would later join us in Canada.

We packed up the Chevy with Aunt Grace and suitcases full of american ciga-
(Continued on page 17)

(Aunt Grace continued from page 16)

rettes which Ray had purchased in New Hampshire. Ray liked to play all the angles to help pay for the gas, so buying Marlboro and Winston cigarettes in a low tax state to resell them in a foreign country was right up his alley. He threw in a few bottles of his favorite relative, Jack Daniels, to fill in the nooks and crannies in the trunk, and off we went.

Just about the time we crossed the border into New Hampshire, Aunt Grace perked up. We knew she had been feeling a little forlorn these past few months wondering when this trip was ever going to begin, but we didn't realize how much she was looking forward to the adventure. She was smiling and jovial to be heading to the land of her birth, it had been half a lifetime since she had been there.

The distances are not very great from here to there, the Canadian border is only three and half hours north. In fact much closer than the New Jersey shore, or heaven forbid as far south as Delaware, but by about Manchester Aunt Grace was wondering out loud when on earth we were going to cross into Canada. Heck, it had been almost an hour since we left Lowell! Needless to say, by the time we got to the Derby Line crossing Aunt Grace was feeling a bit of road rage. She wanted Ray to step on it and get us to Montmorency.

You have to realize that the longest car ride she had taken in the last year was twenty minutes away to the doctors office. A three hour drive to the Canadian border was as taxing to her as a stage coach ride to Denver. She kept up the pressure as we worked our way through Sherbrooke and Drummondville stopping here and there for food, gas and a stretch. She was getting so stiff sitting in the front seat that we had to pry her out with her cane strategically placed between her buttocks and her thirty five pound pocketbook. I never figured out why her pocketbook weighed that much, but I'm sure a good part of it was the medication that kept her blood pressure somewhere between passing out and boiling over.

By mid afternoon we were within hailing distance of Montmorency and every time Ray asked Aunt Grace if she needed a rest stop she would reply angrily "I can hold it!" The rest of us were about to explode but Aunt Grace was in charge and there was no arguing.

Montmorency is the low city at the base of the falls and nothing special, except for the bridge to l'Île d'Orléans. We found "Le Nettoyeur Montmorency" without a

hitch and ran for the bathrooms, Aunt Grace would have to sit there patiently for another ten minutes. We came back with reinforcements. Ray's cousin had a son named Michel who was as strong as an ox and it was left to him to help Aunt Grace up the circular stairway to the second floor. Why they build circular stairways outdoors in Snow Country is still a mystery to me but on the plus side, there are two handrails not very far apart, and so Aunt Grace was at least able to balance herself while Michel did the heavy lifting.

When we finally got Aunt Grace properly situated and relaxed she let out such a sigh that the roof almost lifted off the building. This had been an ordeal, to say the least, but Canada, oh Canada, it was worth every ounce of effort, every strained muscle, every stiff joint.

We left Aunt Grace to relax and nap as the Rivards moved my Mom and me to the cottage on the island. It was fantastic! We crossed the biggest suspension bridge I had ever seen and we had a wonderful view of the waterfall from the front porch.

The real bonanza though was the fact that our newly acquired Canadian cousins had a daughter my age. She had drop dead good looks and spoke only French with the pucker of the lips and the gesticulation of the hands that went beyond mesmerizing to explore the ranges of hypnosis. She was eye candy to me before I even new of the term. I'm sure she thought I was a real goof, I could barely speak French without stuttering. Not that I stuttered normally, but you have to know that I attended a Catholic Boys High School and seeing a young woman my age was the equivalent of meeting Madonna. Not The Blessed Virgin Madonna, the other one that we all know much too much. The explicit Madonna, or should I say the expletive Madonna!

After two or three days of wandering hither and yon on the Island with Michel and his two sisters, I started to feel quite at home in Canada. I explored french fries with white vinegar, heard Canadian songs, watched Canadian television and was mildly disappointed when my sister Maddy showed up. I had been the center of focus for a few days and now I had to share that with my sister. Not long after my sister showed up though, Aunt Grace started slipping quickly.

Little did we know at the beginning of the trip, Aunt Grace had a hidden agenda. She was coming home to die. The whole trip had been an ordeal but that was not why she was slipping. She wanted to die



Souvenez-vous dans vos prières de

Gracieuse Langlais

épouse de feu

Hormidas Rivard

décédée à Charny, Qué.,

le 9 juillet 1962

et inhumée à Mont-Carmel, Kam.,

à l'âge de 80 ans et 1 mois.

R. I. P.

The photo says;

Souvenez-vous dans vos prières de

Gracieuse Langlais

épouse de feu

Hormidas Rivard

décédée à Charny, Québec

le 9 Juillet 1962

on Canadian soil. That's why it was such a long trip for her. She was afraid she might die in New Hampshire, in some small town in the middle of nowhere, with no relatives nearby, in some municipal hospital where all the nurses spoke English. That was not in her game plan. She wanted a proper Mass in a French Canadian parish with a French Priest that would administer her last rights and send her off to the French Quarter in Heaven, with her French relatives saying French prayers.

Aunt Grace lived a good life, and died on her terms. Ray saw to that. He was all the family she needed at the end. He fulfilled his duty took her home and laid her to rest. She took her last breath on July 9th, 1962 and was buried at Mont Carmel, Kamouraska. She lived 80 years and one month.

La France en Amérique du Nord

par
JACQUELINE CHAMBERLAND BLESSO
Paterson, NJ

Posez la question à vos amis bien voyagés: quel est le seul endroit en Amérique du nord où l'Euro est la monnaie officielle et qui abrite des lamas, des chevaux sauvages et des ânes nains?

Polynésie Française, Wallis-et-Futuna, Nouvelle-Calédonie...voilà les départements et territoires français qui m'appelaient de la carte du monde illustrée dans la couverture des textes quand j'enseignais le français aux étudiants universitaires. Je veux tous les voir. Ayant déjà visité la Martinique, la Guadeloupe et St. Martin, mon mari et moi, en 2005, nous nous sommes dirigés vers le nord au refuge basquais et acadiens de **Saint-Pierre-et-Miquelon** (SPM), un archipel (Langlade est coincé entre les deux autres îles), à une heure de Terre-Neuve par traversier. On parle à l'accent métropolitain dans ce dernier territoire français en Amérique du nord peuplé de 6,000. Sortant de la douane à Saint-Pierre (S-P) dans la couleur

et la musique d'enfants en manège de chevaux de bois sur la Place du Général de Gaulle, on a marché à notre hôtel parmi de petites maisons de toutes colorations imaginables, moulurés en contraste, et nichées contre le rocher. Les marins les ont peintes comme ça au début du dernier siècle pour déceler la leur en approchant le port. Les entrées des maisons sont entourées de tambours pour tempérer le vent du nord en hiver.

Pourquoi y aller?

Excellente cuisine

Nongâché – pas de McDo

On peut voir la plupart de l'archipel en quelques jours

Pas envahi de touristes – pour le voyageur critique

Des gens obligeants

On parle français (pour les Francophones et Francophiles)

L'anglais est la deuxième langue (pour ceux qui ne le sont pas)

On doit faire l'excursion d'une journée pour s'acclimater dans l'archipel. Doué de plusieurs talents, Janot, le patron-opérateur-guide nous a accueilli de très bonne heure sur son bateau et nous a conduit à son restaurant sur Langlade pour le petit déjeuner. Assuré et robuste dans ses bottes, il me faisait penser à John Wayne à l'accent français au lieu d'une voix traînante. Ensuite, on a monté dans son bus où il a continué un commentaire soutenu alternativement en français et en anglais pendant qu'il conduisait à travers Langlade, la plus virginale des îles. À l'ouest, les vagues s'effondrent bruyamment sur la côte déserte. Les chevaux "sauvages" errants par les prés sont assez apprivoisés pour qu'on puisse les approcher et les caresser. On nous dit que personne ne les réclame, mais si on en enlevait un seul, quelqu'un s'en apercevrait. Les Saint-Pierrais y viennent pendant l'été à leurs maisons de vacances et aux campings. Après le déjeuner chez Janot, pendant qu'il sifflait "La Vie en rose" et "La Mer" accompagné d'un CD, le bus nous a amené à un Miquelon de terrain plat avec une population de 700. On voit l'évidence de naufrages (suite page 19)

France in North America

by
JACQUELINE CHAMBERLAND BLESSO

Try this bit of trivia on your well-traveled friends: name the only place in North America where the official currency is the Euro and is home to llamas, wild horses and miniature donkeys.

Polynésie Française, Wallis-et-Futuna, Nouvelle-Calédonie...were among the French overseas départements and territoires beckoning from the world map in the inside front cover of textbooks when I was teaching French to university students. My goal is to see them all. Having already traveled to Martinique, Guadeloupe and St. Martin, my husband and I, in 2005, headed north to the Basque and Acadian refuge of Saint-Pierre-et-Miquelon (SPM), an archipelago (also including the middle island of Langlade) lying a mere one-hour ferry ride from Newfoundland. Metropolitan French is spoken in this last remaining French territory in North America (6,000

population). Emerging from customs in Saint-Pierre (S-P) into the music and color of children on a Merry-go-round in *Place du Général de Gaulle*, the main square, we walked to our hotel amidst closely nestled houses in every bright color and contrasting trim imaginable. The story goes that they were painted this way in the early 1900s so that sailors could pick out their own when coming into port. Each has a *tambour*, a small enclosure surrounding the front door, to keep the north wind at bay in winter.

Why go there?

Excellent cuisine

Unspoiled – no fast-food restaurants

Can be seen in a few days

Not swarming with tourists – for the discriminating traveler

Helpful people

French spoken (for Francophones and Francophiles)

English the second language (for those who are not)

An all-day excursion of the archipelago is a must. A man of many talents, Janot, our owner-operator-guide, greeted us on his ferry and took us to his restaurant on Langlade for breakfast. Rugged and sauntering in his boots, he reminded me of John Wayne with a French accent instead of a drawl. After breakfast, we boarded his bus where he carried on a running commentary alternately in French and English while he drove through Langlade, the most pristine of the islands. The west side is wildest and most deserted as the waves come crashing in. "Wild" horses roaming the meadows are tame enough to be approached and petted. We were told that nobody claims them, but if you took one away, someone would notice. The Saint-Pierrais come to Langlade in the summer to their second homes and campgrounds. After lunch at Janot's, with him whistling to "La Vie en Rose" and "La Mer" playing on his CD, the bus took us to Miquelon which is flatter and home to 700 people. Evidence of shipwrecks from (Continued on page 19)

(France en Amérique du Nord suite de page 18)

de tous les âges partout, ainsi que celui qui a aidé à former l'isthme entre Langlade et Miquelon. Des ânes nains ont approché à l'arrêt du bus. Mais, je me croyais au Pérou quand j'ai vu des lamas – les restes de l'abandon d'un poste de quarantaine il y a plusieurs années – broutant dans une arrière-cour sur la rue principale. À l'artisanat dans le village, on a acheté des confitures et des liqueurs exotiques confectionnés de plaquebières, de quatre-temps et de graines, des baies nordiques. L'église, d'une architecture simple et locale, est proportionné parfaitement pour le petit village. Le plafond, construit de planches étroites, ressemble à un fond de navire démontrant la vie marine.

Il y a 4,000 ans, des Eskimaux anciens occupaient les îles. À partir du onzième siècle, les Vikings, les Danois, les Norvégiens, les Basques et les Bretons y séjournèrent. Giovanni Caboto explora en 1497. Mais, la "découverte" officielle en 1520 est attribuée au Portugais, Joao Alvarez Fagundes. Saint-Pierre fut nommé par Jacques Cartier, qui le revendiqua pour la France au retour de son deuxième voyage en 1536, et Miquelon par des pêcheurs basques en 1579. On pense

(France in North America continued from page 18)

all ages is everywhere, even having helped to form the isthmus between Langlade and Miquelon. Miniature donkeys approached when the bus stopped. But, I thought I was in Peru when we spotted llamas grazing in a backyard on the main street. They were left when a quarantine station closed many years ago. At the *artisanat* in the Village, we bought jams and liqueurs made from exotic Nordic berries such as *plaquebière* (bake-apple or cloudberry), *quatre-temps* (bunchberry) and *graines* (blackberry-like). The church, done in very simple local architecture, proportionally fit perfectly in the little town. Its ceiling, constructed of narrow planks resembling the bottom of a boat, attests to the seafaring population.

Ancient Eskimos occupied the islands some 4,000 years ago. Starting in the Eleventh Century, the Vikings, Danes, Norwegians, Basques and Bretons also visited. Giovanni Caboto explored in 1497. But, its official "discovery" is attributed to the Portuguese Joao Alvarez Fagundes in 1520. Saint-Pierre was named by Jacques Cartier, who claimed it for France on the return from his second trip in 1536, and

que Langlade tient du Basque *Angueleter-raco* (terre anglaise). La population actuelle descend des Basques, Bretons et Normands. Après leur déportation des provinces maritimes à partir de 1755 (le Grand Dérangement), les Acadiens arrivèrent de la Nouvelle-Écosse, de l'Île du Prince Edouard et de la Nouvelle-Angleterre à Miquelon pour la première fois en 1763. Ils furent emprisonnés ou déportés de nouveau et leurs terres et possessions brûlés à plusieurs reprises chaque fois que l'Angleterre pouvait ravir les îles de la France. Janot a mentionné que les seuls Acadiens qui vivent sous l'autorité française en Amérique du nord habitent Miquelon. La souveraineté française de l'archipel fut rétabli définitivement en 1814. Chateaubriand écrivit à propos des îles lors de son voyage en 1791. De Gaulle est le seul chef d'état qui a rendu visite, en 1967.

À la fin de mai, le Festival de la mer commence les célébrations estivales annuelles. Nous avons organisé notre voyage pour coïncider avec le Festival basque en mi-août. Accompagné par un groupe musical pour le divertissement des gens du festival, Bruno et Didier, deux Basques d'une vingtaine d'années qu'on avait rencontré lors de l'excursion de Janot, sont venus de Bayonne

pour concurrencer l'équipe saint-pierrais dans des matchs d'exposition de pala au fronton de S-P. Professionnels en France, ils ont gagné le tournoi assez facilement contre les amateurs saint-pierrais. Des jeux Force Basque de minimes et d'adultes ont précédé les performances charmantes de danses folkloriques des jeunes en costumes éclatants. Beaucoup d'adultes portaient aussi des costumes et presque tous les hommes un beret basque. Quand on est retournés à notre hôtel pour se reposer, Didier donnait un interview sur la chaîne locale.

Un bateau nous a conduit à l'Île aux Marins, près de la côte de S-P, où 800 personnes vivaient de la pêche morutière dans les années 1900 – les hommes allaient en mer et les femmes surveillant les graves (des champs de roches où on séchait la morue). De jeunes Bretons ont immigrés pour travailler dans le séchage. Si on voulait bavarder et savoir les nouvelles, on allait avec les voisines faire la lessive au lavoir, nourri par un ruisseau et divisé en deux bassins (un pour laver et l'autre pour rinser). La pêche déclina et les efforts pour amener l'électricité à l'île furent contrariés après

(suite page 20)

Miquelon by Basque fishermen in 1579. Langlade seems to be derived from the Basque *Angueleterraco* (English land). The present-day population descends mostly from Basques, Bretons and Normands. After their deportation starting in 1755 – *Le Grand Dérangement* – from the maritime provinces, the Acadians arrived in Miquelon for the first time in 1763 from Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and New England. They were imprisoned or again deported and their land and possessions burned several times whenever England was able to wrest control of the islands from France. Janot mentioned that the only Acadians living under French rule in North America all live on Miquelon. French control of the archipelago was definitively re-established in 1814. Chateaubriand was there in 1791 and wrote about the islands. De Gaulle visited in 1967, the only head of state to do so.

At the end of May, the *Festival de la mer* starts the numerous annual summer celebrations. We had planned our trip to attend the Basque Festival in mid-August. Accompanied by a music group to provide entertainment for the festival, Bruno and Didier, two twenty-something Basques whom we had met on Janot's excursion,

came from Bayonne, France, to compete in exhibition matches against the S-P team in *pala*, a game played with a wooden paddle and ball against a giant outdoor wall or *fronton*. Professionals in France, they handily won the tournament, against S-P's amateur players. Strength games (*Force Basque*), in junior and adult divisions, preceded the charming folklore dance performances of young people in colorful costumes. Many adults were in costume as well, and virtually every male in sight wore a Basque beret. When we returned to our hotel to rest for a while, we caught Didier being interviewed on the local TV channel.

A ferry took us to *Île aux Marins*, right off the coast of S-P where, in the 1900s, 800 people lived off the cod industry— men fishing and women tending the *graves* (fields of rocks where the cod was dried). Boys were brought from Brittany to help in the drying process. Finding out the latest news and gossip was as easy as doing the laundry with your neighbors at the *lavoire*, fed by a stream and divided into two pools – one for washing and the other for rinsing. The fishing industry declined and the effort to bring electricity to the island was thwarted

(Continued on page 20)

(France en Amérique du Nord suite de page 19)

que l'hélice d'un navire trancha le câble par hasard. Alors, les gens, petit-a-petit, déménagèrent à S-P. Plusieurs des maisons originales avait été préfabriqués en France et rassemblés sur l'île. Le film "La Veuve de Saint-Pierre," avec Juliette Binoche, a raconté les événements qui y ont eu lieu mais, en dépit des Saint-Pierrais, on l'a filmé à Louisbourg en Nouvelle-Écosse, parce qu'il restait peu de maisons sur l'Île aux Marins.

Pendant la prohibition, Al Capone a visité l'archipel quand elle était en fonds du commerce de la contrebande de l'alcool aux États-Unis. Il y avait tant d'activité qu'on a bâti une maison de caisses de Cutty Sark, avec des planchers fabriqués des plus solides caisses de champagnes, mais peut-être aussi à cause du manque de matériaux de construction. La végétation et les arbres sont rabougris et clairsemés. Le cimetière au-dessus du sol nous a rappelé celui de la Nouvelle-Orléans. Sponsorisé par le gouvernement, le maître luthier, Alain Carbonare, vous montrera la complexité de la fabrication des instruments à cordes.

Au Yacht Club de Saint-Pierre, on a embarqué un Zodiac en caoutchouc à pon-

(France in North America continued from page 19)

after the cable was accidentally severed by a boat propeller, so the population slowly moved to S-P. Many of the original homes were premanufactured in France and assembled on the island. Although the events recounted in the movie "The Widow of Saint-Pierre," starring Juliette Binoche, took place on the *Île aux Marins*, much to the Saint-Pierrais' chagrin, it was filmed in Louisbourg, Nova Scotia, because there were only a few houses left there.

Al Capone visited the archipelago during prohibition when it was flush with money from the trade of bootlegged liquor to the U.S. There was so much activity that someone built a house out of Cutty Sark crates, with floors made from the sturdier champagne crates, although this is probably partly attributable to the scarcity of building materials. Vegetation and trees are stunted and sparse. The above-ground burial cemetery reminded us of New Orleans. Sponsored by the government, a luthery, under the supervision of master violin maker Alain Carbonare, is worth a visit to see how string instruments are made.

Originating at the Saint-Pierre Yacht

Club, a Zodiac rubber pontoon boat tour took us, dressed in expedition suits, offshore where we sighted puffins, cormorants, an immature bald eagle which didn't yet have its white head, and many seals sunning on the rocks. The whales had left for the season. A deer running up a mountainside prompted the information that deer were imported. When asked about the rabbits, the guide explained that if they had been imported, that was no longer the case.

With wonderful views of unspoiled nature, an excellent cuisine, local shops and a friendly and helpful population, SPM afforded us a wonderful French holiday in North America and another chance to experience insular island life. A tradition of hospitality and *gentillesse* persists, and French culture and identity have been preserved because of isolation. That may not last very long. Oil has been discovered off the coast and negotiations with the oil companies have started. Tourism is definitely picking up and the archipelago may never be the same again. Bring a sweater and a waterproof rain jacket when you go, preferably between June and September.

Our next sortie to the French territories inside the French textbook

ton qui nous a amenés, habillés en costume d'expédition, proche du littoral pour voir des macareux, des cormorans, beaucoup de phoques en train de prendre leur bain de soleil, et un aiglon trop jeune pour avoir sa tête blanche d'aigle impérial. Les baleines avaient déjà pris leur conjé pour la saison. Un chevreuil courant au flanc d'une montagne a déclenché l'information que les chevreuils furent importés. A propos des lièvres, le guide a expliqué que si on les avaient importés, ce n'était plus le cas.

Our next sortie to the French territories inside the French textbook

y, préférablement entre juin et septembre.

Vue dans la couverture des textes, notre prochaine sortie aux territoires français va impliquer un choix entre Guyane, Mayotte, Réunion...

Logement: Notre chambre à l'*Île de France* était confortable avec un petit frigo et une salle de bains acceptable à 88€ pour deux, petit déjeuner compris. On utilise le 220 volts comme en Europe. Des amis de voyages étaient contents de leur B & B, *Chez Hélène*, à 45€ pour deux, avec salles de bains en commun avec les autres clients. Hélène est un puits d'informations à propos des excursions et sur les personnalités de l'archipel.

Repas: Après un dîner de foie gras miquelonnais, jambon du pays, coquilles au basilique et raviolis en sauce de chèvre à la brasserie de notre hôtel, Fabrice, notre hôte, a expliqué que les fruits de mer sont sauvages et du pays. On a aussi dîné à *La Voilerie* (coquilles en brochette, morue en sauce de bleuets, escargots, etc.) pour moins de 100€ pour quatre personnes. Au *Cabestan*, spécialiste de la cuisine basque, le menu 27€ nous a apportés une soupe aux poivrons et des crevettes à l'ail, ensuite un ragout de veau et un plat de morue, suivi d'une ganache de chocolat et une crème (suite page 21)

cover will involve having to choose amongst *Guyane, Mayotte, Réunion...*

Where to stay: Our hotel room at the *Île de France* was comfortable with a small refrigerator and an adequate bathroom at 88€ for a double including continental breakfast. Although the Canadian shore is only a few miles away, a converter is needed to connect your hair dryer to the European 220 volts. Travel friends told us they were pleased with their B & B, *Chez Hélène*, at 45€ double sharing bathrooms with other guests. Their hostess was a trove of information on where to go, which tours to take, and about Island personalities.

Where to eat: Over a dinner of Miquelon goose *foie gras*, *jambon du pays*, basil *coquilles* and ravioli in a *chevre* sauce at the brasserie in our hotel, our host Fabrice explained that the seafood is local and wild. We also dined at *La Voilerie* (scallops en brochette, cod with blueberry sauce, escargots, etc.) for under 100€ for four of us. At *Le Cabestan*, specializing in Basque cuisine, the 27€ menu included *soupe aux poivrons* and shrimp in garlic sauce as appetizers, veal stew and cod, followed by chocolate ganache and crème brûlée with (Continued on page 21)

(France en Amérique du Nord suite de page 20)

brulée avec sirop d'érable pour dessert. Au *Maringouins*, on peut commander des mets plus léger et des plats à emporter – fruits de mer, galettes, hamburgers et crêpes au chocolat. De la soupe à l'oignon, des salades et de la pizza figurent sur le menu de *Feu de braises*. La danse et les chants basques nous ont attirés au rez-de-chaussée. Plusieurs autres bars et discos animeront votre vie nocturne. Pour un snack, un cornet de crème glacée aux pistaches sur la Place est un excellent choix. On peut aussi y faire un pique-nique avec un panini quatre-fromages de la boulangerie. Des saucisses, des fruits et du fromage – tous importés – sont

(France en Amérique du Nord suite de page 20)

maple syrup for dessert. *Les Maringouins* is good for takeout or a lighter meal – seafood, hamburgers, *galettes* and chocolate *crêpes*. *Feu de Braises* features onion soup, salads and Chef's pizza (with chorizos, ham, and mushrooms). There, Basque music, singing and dancing attracted us downstairs. There are several other bars and discos for night life. When looking for a snack, a pistachio ice-cream cone at the stand in the *Place* is a good bet. A four-cheese panini from the *boulangerie* makes a good picnic lunch to eat on a bench in the *Place*. There is one supermarket where you can buy cheese,

disponibles au seul supermarché de S-P.

Autres informations: Pour les athlètes, il y a l'équitation, le vélo et la voile. On a grimpé sur la colline pour une superbe vue de S-P et du port. Vous aurez besoin de vous promener pour trouver les petites boutiques éparpillées à travers S-P qui vendent de l'artisanat et des cadeaux. *Le Musée Héritage* et le *Musée Arche* (oui, il ressemble à l'Arche de Noé) vous renseigneront sur l'histoire. On s'intéresse à préserver l'architecture et les éléments historiques dans l'archipel. L'excursion de Janot (50€) quitte le port à 8h00. Bien que l'Euro soit la monnaie officielle, les dollars américains et canadiens sont toujours bienvenus. Les ATMs sont disponibles et les cartes de crédit sont utilisées partout. Vol directe de Montre-

sausage and fruit for lunch – all imported.

Visitor Information: For the athletically inclined, there is horseback riding, biking and sailing. We hiked up the hill for a great view of S-P and the harbor. Small boutiques selling crafts and gifts to take home will also keep you walking, if you want to shop. The Heritage Museum and *Musée Arche* (yes it is shaped like an Arc) will acquaint you with the history. There is increasing interest in preserving the architecture and historic elements of the archipelago. Janot's tour (50€) leaves at 8:00 A.M. Although the Euro is the official currency, American and Canadian dollars are readily accepted. ATMs are available and credit cards are widely used. You can fly

al, de Halifax et Sydney, Nouvelle-Écosse, de Moncton, Nouveau-Brunswick et de St. John's, Terre-Neuve à l'aéroport tout neuf de Saint-Pierre. On a choisi le vol à St. John's pour passer quelques jours à Terre-Neuve et faire le trajet de quatre heures en voiture au traversier (85.00CD) à Fortune, qui est arrivé à S-P à 13h30 (aussi à 7h00). Pour citoyens américains il faut présenter un passeport. L'heure SPM est deux heures avant New York, et une demi-heure avant Terre-Neuve. Vous pouvez utiliser un cellulaire, mais le signal est souvent faible. Une carte France Telecom pour utiliser dans la cabine téléphonique résoudra le problème. L'Office de Tourisme est à 011 508 05 08 41 02 00.

On peut joindre Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso à jline59@earthlink.net

directly from Montreal, Halifax and Sydney NS, Moncton NB and St. John's, NF to the brand new Saint-Pierre airport. We chose to fly to St. John's so we could spend a few days in Newfoundland and leisurely drive the four hours to the ferry (85.00CD) in Fortune, arriving in S-P at 1:30 P.M. (also at 7:00 A.M.). Passports are required for U. S. citizens. SPM time is two hours ahead of New York time, and 1/2-hour ahead of Newfoundland time. Your cell phone will work; but there are dead areas. A France Telecom phone card to use in the phone booths will solve the signal problem. The Tourist Office can be reached at 011 508 05 08 41 02 00.

Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso may be reached at jline59@earthlink.net



Photo by Francis J. Blesso

Force Basque: weight Hoist.

Force Basque: levage de poids.

*More photos on page 22...
Plus de photos sur la page 22...*



Photo by Francis J. Blesso

*Children leading the parade
Des enfants en tête de la défilé*



Photo by Francis J. Blesso

*View of Île aux marins from Saint-Pierre
Vue de l'Île aux marins de Saint-Pierre*



Photo by Francis J. Blesso

*Pontoon boat excursion
Excursion en bateau à
pontons*

(NDLR: Cet article est publié tel que
souhaité par l'auteur)

La SHFA a un nouveau bureau des directeurs

*Par
Albert J. Marceau de
Newington, CT*

Le dimanche 15 février 2009, Roger Lacerte de Lowell, Mass., a élu le Président de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine (SHFA), et il défait Claire Quintal de Worcester, Mass., qui était l'autre person proposé pour l'office dans une séance controversable et une election debattable. L'élection du 15 février 2009 était la première fois pour plus d'une décennie que les membres de la SHFA pouvaient voter pour un nouveau Président et une nouvelle liste des directeurs, parce que les anciens directeurs n'ont pas suivi les règlements de

la société, et ils ont empêché les membres de participer dans un processus démocratique.

L'élection du 15 février a sauvé la SHFA de la dissolution à cause de manque d'action par les anciens officiers de la société. En 2003, Paul Chasse de Somersworth, N.H., a résigné formellement comme Président, et Directeur Robert Graveline de Palmer, Mass., a accepté d'être un Président Interimaire jusqu'à une election avec tous les membres tiendrait dans le futur. Malheureusement, l'élection avec tous les membres n'est pas survenue parce que Paul Chasse est mort le 26 mars 2008, et Robert Graveline est mort le 7 mai 2008. Aussi, Robert Fournier de Pembroke, N.H., a résigné ses offices du vice-président et secrétaire après la morte de Paul Chassé, et Bernard Theroux de Fall River, Mass., a résigné son office du trésorier en octobre 2008. De plus, tous les officiers du bureau des fiduciaires, qui tenaient trois offices ce que sont nécessaire selon les règlements de la société, ils sont

morts plus que un an avant la séance: le Président du Comité des Fiduciaires William Aubuchon Jr. de Fitchburg, Mass., décédé le 26 novembre 2007; Fiduciaire Edgar Martel de North Smithfield, R.I., décédé le 27 septembre 2007; Fiduciaire Eugene Lemieux de Manchester, N.H., décédé le 8 avril 2004.

La dernière conférence a été conduit par la SHFA a été tenu le samedi 24 juin 2000 dans le Museum of Work and Culture dans Woonsocket, R.I., et le conférencier était Prof. Emeritus Robert LeBlanc de l'University of New Hampshire. Son sujet était l'histoire des emigrations acadiennes de 18ième à 20ième Siècles. (Prof. LeBlanc a été tué l'année suivante le mardi 11 septembre 2001 parce qu'il fut un passager sur le vol No. 175 d'United Airlines de Boston a été détourné et est été rentrée dans la Tour du Sud des Tours Jumelles en la Ville de New York.) La conférence antérieure a été tenu samedi le 30 octobre 1999 dans la salon Mar-
(suite page 23)

Nouvelles du Vermont!

Les francophones dans notre région ont très bien terminé 2008.

Il y a maintenant 5 groupes de conversation, tous actifs. Trois à Burlington:

PauseCafé, le plus ancien, qui se réunit le mardi à six heures à la librairie Borders sur Church Street.

Un nouveau groupe se retrouve le jeudi à midi. Téléphonez à Henri au 899-3349.

Le groupe le plus récent, se réunit le dimanche à midi à la Fletcher Library.

Plus, au sud, deux groupes:

Les Boulangers, le premier samedi à 10 heures à Bristol, les trois autres dans un petit café sur la place centrale de Middlebury. Et le groupe de Brandon, à la librairie, le samedi à 9 h 30. À l'Alliance française de Burlington, sous la direction de sa nouvelle présidente, Linda Pervier: plusieurs cours de français cet automne et beaucoup de projets pour 2009. C'est en 1609 que Champlain, parti de Québec, arrive à un grand lac qui portera son nom! Le Vermont prépare toutes sortes d'événements pour fêter ce 400ème anniversaire! Le Festival Héritage de Vergennes compte participer aux réjouissances en juillet. Les Boulangers et le groupe de Brandon compte inviter le public à chanter avec eux!

préparées par *Simon Barenbaum*

(La SHFA a un nouveau bureau des directeurs suite de page 22)

riot au Collège de l'Assomption à Worcester, Mass., et le conférencier pour le centième anniversaire de la SHFA était Jacques Leonard du Parti Québécois et qui était le Président du Consul du Trésor pour la Province de Québec. Son sujet était la rapport économique entre la Province de Québec et les Etats de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Soit Paul Chasse ou Robert Fournier a magnétoscopé le discours de Jacques Leonard pour télédiffuser l'émission sur la câblodiffusion locale en la ville de Manchester, N.H. Après la conférence, Jacques Leonard m'a donné les fiches avec ses notes pour son discours, partant je pouvais d'écrire une transcription de son discours, mais le Vice-Président et Secrétaire Robert Fournier n'aurait pas donné à moi l'autorisation de publier la (suite page 33)

Once Refused Twice Shy

by *Marie S. Landry Jennings LA*

Have you ever wanted to learn to do something so very much that you just had to find a way? I wanted to learn to crochet. I wanted to create that beautiful lace work.

My father's aunt Jenny was a big lady. Blond, blue eyes, pretty face and big enough to fill a chair. Usually on her lap was a creation of sheer beauty that was made of a ball of crochet string. While her fingers worked, she talked and I enjoyed listening to her. She told of singularly building her four-room house, five if you count the bathroom. Plus she had a big glassed-in porch. She was quite a lady.

Once her nephew, who lived not far from her, had a sow who delivered an enormous litter of piglets. There were more piglets than the sow could possibly mother. So Aunt Jenny adopted one of the piggies. This baby pig was cradled and cuddled, it even wore a diaper. Since it had no mother of its own, aunt Jenny was its mom. Soon Piggy was walking around the house and asking to go outside. My aunt swore that it was as intelligent and capable as any dog that she had ever owned. Of course, the day came when Piggy was too big to keep in the house. So aunt Jenny built it a house of its very own outside. This all seemed very strange because in the 1940's and 50's no one had heard of someone keeping a pig in the house as people do today with a pot-bellied pig as a pet. She was certainly ahead of her time.

One day I asked her if she would teach me to crochet. I was thirteen years old and did so admire her work. "No," came the cruel answer to my hopes. Then she explained. She taught her grand-daughter to crochet and she had done nothing with it. She felt that she had wasted her time. So, she would not repeat the experience.

Summer wore on. Then we had a visitor, she was a beautiful, tall, graceful lady with a

silver bun on the back of her straight neck. She was my step-mother's older sister "Aunt" Josy who would come each summer to spend a few weeks. One day, I noticed to my delight, that she was crocheting on a lady's handkerchief. Delicate and fine, it was the most beautiful thing that I had ever seen. Dare I ask her to teach me? No, I had been through the humiliations before. Surely it was considered too much trouble to teach the art. So, I approached timidly and asked if I could watch. She said, "Of course, I could." Encouraged, I asked if she could slow down a bit so that I could see what was

happening. She looked at me squarely in the eyes and asked "Would you like to learn?" Would I? My heart jumped as I realized that this lady, this wonderful lady, was actually offering to teach me! My step-mother got a crochet hook, a red ball of crochet thread and a square of white material on which to learn the basics. I was on my way! Single crochet, chain, double-crochet. I learned quickly and it was not as difficult as I thought it might be.

I am now 71-years old, I don't crochet every day, but I know how. I like small projects, like slippers, baby clothes, something that I can see an end of the project. I find great satisfaction in the finished work. I don't have the patience for afghans but small objects like dressing Barbie dolls in period clothes of the 1900's done in fine crochet thread with pearls and beads reminds me of the beautiful handkerchiefs that dear "Aunt" Josy crocheted. She gave to me a precious gift and I will always be grateful to her memory.

In my life-time, I have never refused to teach a person who wanted to learn to crochet or knit. It has been my pleasure to pass it on. Who knows how far "Aunt" Josy's kindness will travel in time. I hope it will go on for many generations, and many completed projects to give the same satisfaction to its creators. Thanks to a dear lady that I was proud to all Aunt Josy Gagnon from Westbrook Maine.

Badlands, Birdhouses & Battlefields

By *Omer Lemire*

Omer Lemire was born 93 years ago in a sod sack on the farthest reaches of North Dakota's badlands. The son of French Canadian immigrants, who settled there in 1910, Omer and his eleven siblings grew up surrounded by an endless expanse of great prairie and buttes. In his self-published memoirs, *Badlands, Birdhouses & Battlefields*, he takes us from the first appearance of the French in the New World to his parents' difficult adjustment to harsh prairie life. Omer and his family found joie de vivre even in the midst of dust storms, grasshopper invasions, and Great Depression, surviving it all with music and faith. Full of anecdotes of the life of a young boy living in a time defined by his Church and his

culture, his story continues through to his service in world war II and his witness to the atrocities of the death camp at Dachau in Germany.

kathlenvaldez@yahoo.com by sending \$25 (shipping and handling incl.) to:

Kathy Valdez
PO Box 211
Mt. Angel, OR.
97362



Articles of Interest...

http://www.sunjournal.com/story/308013-3/MaineNews/Bills_would_Maine_lawmaker_wants_French_history_taught

<http://pressherald.maintoday.com/story.php?id=225784&ac=PHedi>

Four decades span disaster and delight sponsored by

Chicago's Grant Park has seen the Democratic Party's worst debacle and its greatest triumph.

By SEVERIN M. BELIVEAU

December 6, 2008

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kOWrkJsBqsc>

http://voices.washingtonpost.com/inauguration-watch/2008/11/obama_taps_emmett_beliveau_to.html

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2007/12/27/AR2007122702384.html>

<http://www.martindale.com/Emmett-S-Beliveau/3631725-lawyer.htm>

http://www.whorungov.com/Profiles/Emmett_Beliveau

<http://fanset8.blogspot.com/2009/01/emmett-beliveau-maine-mans-hand-guiding.html>

Emmett Beliveau: Maine man's hand guiding inauguration

<http://briancormier.blogspot.com/2009/03/new-acadieman-season-on-cacadiecom.html>

Brian Cormier's Blogtastic World!

A look at the writings, humour and observations of columnist Brian Cormier.

<http://www.sjvalley-times.com/index.cfm?event=news.view&id=89B123BA-19B9-E2F5-46B2CE25DCAA4D70>

World Acadian Congress bid receives support Wednesday, Feb 18, 2009

ACADIAN RESOLUTION – The State of Maine issued a resolution honoring the historical and cultural contributions of the Acadians to the state.

<http://www.bangordailynews.com/detail/95447.html>

Valley, N.B. seek 2014 Acadian Congress

Evangeline' and Bias - Anti-Catholic prejudice in Connecticut

http://www.catholictranscript.org/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=812&Itemid=34

The St. John Valley— Opportunity to Host 2014 CMA

The Saint John Valley has the opportunity to host the 2014 World Acadian Congress with its international partners, northwestern New Brunswick and the Témiscouata Region of Quebec.

The Maine Acadian Heritage Council represents the Franco-American/Acadian community of the upper St. John Valley. Members of its board include historical and cultural organizations, municipalities of the area, the University of Maine system, Chambers of Commerce, the National Park Service, the Maine bureau of Parks and Lands, Susan Collins, Olympia Snowe, and Mike Michaud.

The first World Acadian Congress was held in Moncton in 1994. Acadians, whose population is over 4,000,000 in the world, have been assembling every five years since. The 1999 congress in Louisiana drew 300,000 people. In 2009 the congress will be held in the Acadian Peninsula or the northeastern section of New Brunswick. Organizers await over 50,000 attendees. (Visit their website at [<http://www.cma2009.ca>] www.cma2009.ca.) Should the international St. John Valley be chosen to host the 2014 congress, we can expect the same number or more.

The world congress reaches beyond the original French identity to embrace Acadian culture, French, English, and Cajun languages and heritage, and provides an opportunity for family reunions the likes of which have never been seen in this area.

At the 2005 reunion, over 120 families met. Imagine meeting your cousins from Lafayette, La or Béarn, France! The month-long event also highlights cultural activities, museum exhibits, historical tours, live music and entertainment, in addition to inter-national conferences.

In order for the St. John Valley to be recognized as a strong contender, it has to provide reliable figures of donations intended for this event.

An official candidacy proposal along with the projected monetary investment will be sent to La Société Nationale de l'Acadie in New Brunswick before March 30, 2009. The SNA's selection will be based on the candidate's financial ability and willingness to bring to fruition an event of this magnitude.

Three other regions have submitted their letter of intent and will be in competition with the St. John Valley; Louisiana, and Québec City.

In June, 2009, the SNA's evaluation committee will tour each region to assess the accommodation and hosting capacity of each the region, focusing on major event venues, the proposed facilities, and the human and financial re-source potential of the region.

(Continued on page 25)



“Drame Sacré en 3 Actes & 4 Parties,” *Marie Magdeleine* was first performed at the Odéon Theatre in Paris on Good Friday in 1873. The libretto by Louis Gallet traces Marie Magdeleine’s redemption through Christ from her life as a courtesan beginning with her vision of the Savior through his visitation in her home, his crucifixion, and resurrection. The premiere was a huge success, and brought Massenet his first taste of recognition as a major composer. It was the beginning of the career of the most suc-

Massenet’s *Marie Magdeleine* to be performed in the Collins Center on April 26, 3 PM

cessful and prolific French opera composer of the 19th century. His lyric gift, sensitivity in presenting female characters, sense for the dramatic, prowess in setting the French language, and skill as an orchestrator are all very much in evidence in this work. *Marie Magdeleine* is a major, although seldom performed, masterwork of the French repertoire

The April 26th Collins Center performance of *Marie Magdeleine*, sung in French, will be presented as part of the Bangor Symphony Orchestra’s 113th season. It will feature the University of Maine Oratorio Society, the University of Maine Singers (Dr. Dennis Cox, Director), soloists Prof. Nancy Ogle, soprano, as Marie Magdeleine, mezzo-soprano Marcia Sly as Marthe, tenor John Grover as Christ, and baritone Seth Grondin as Judas. Professor Ludlow Hallman will be on the podium.

The University of Maine became the depository and caretaker of the archive collection of Massenet scores previously held by the American branch of the Massenet Society in 1996. As part of the arrangement with the Society, the University committed to a series of annual concerts featuring French music and especially the works of Jules Massenet. The first of these concerts was a performance of the master’s oratorio *Ève* presented by the University of Maine Oratorio Society and University Orchestra in St. John’s Catholic Church in Bangor on January 24, 1996. This gala performance of *Marie Magdeleine*, featuring over 200 performers, will officially mark the end of the University’s series of French music concerts, book ending the entire series with his two great oratorios.

Extract from a letter that the President of the United States, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, wrote to the Prime minister of Canada, Lyon Mackenzie-King, on the 18th of May 1942.

When I was a boy in the «nineties», I used to see many...French Canadians who had rather recently come into the New Bedford area, near the old Delano place, at Fair Haven. They seemed very much out of place in what was still an old New England community. They segregated themselves in the mill towns and had little to do with their neighbours. I can still remember that the old generation shook their heads and used to say, «this is a new element which will never be assimilated. We are assimilating the Irish but these Quebec people won’t even speak English. Their bodies are here, but their hearts and minds are in Quebec». Today, forty or fifty years later, the French-Canadian elements in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island are at last becoming a part of the American melting pot. They no longer vote as their churches and their societies tell them to. They are inter-marrying with the original Anglo Saxon stock;

they are good, peaceful citizens, and most of them are speaking English in their homes.

All of this leads me to wonder whether, by some sort of planning, Canada and the United States, working toward the same end, cannot do some planning - perhaps unwritten planning which would not even be a public policy - by which we can hasten the objective of assimilating the New England French Canadians and Canada’s French Canadians into the whole of our respective bodies politic. There are of course, many methods of doing this, which depend on local circumstances. Wider opportunities can perhaps be given to them in other parts of Canada and the U.S.; and at the same time, certain opportunities can probably be given to non French Canadian stock to mingle more greatly with them in their own centers.

In other words, after nearly two hundred years with you and after seventy-five years with us, there would seem to be no good reason for great differentials between the French population elements and the rest of the racial stocks.

Source: LISÉE, Jean-François, *DANS L’ŒIL DE L’AIGLE : WASHINGTON FACE AU QUÉBEC*, Boréal, Québec, 1991.

(The St. John Valley—Opportunity to Host 2014 CMA continued from page 24)

Fortunately, the St. John Valley already has many advantages in place: Existing organizational structures; recreational and cultural facilities (bicycle trails, fields, halls for events); important cultural and economic associations; an enviable geographical location; great capacity for housing, including two universities (University of Maine at Fort Kent and the University of Moncton); and important cultural events such as the Acadian Festival, Potato Blossom Festival, as well as the summer festivals held in New Brunswick.

The St. John Valley’s chances of hosting this congress are also largely dependent upon the generosity of municipalities and sponsors who would lend their financial support. Funds raised over a five-year period would go towards the costs on the American side of the congress.

The economic windfall and visibility would greatly benefit the many businesses and people of the St. John Valley and the state of Maine, as well as the potential to improve the St. John Valley’s historical and cultural sites.

The Maine Acadian Heritage Council has scheduled a meeting on January 8, 2009, at the University of Maine’s Nadeau Hall, at 6:30 P.M. to discuss the ramifications of hosting this worldwide event, and we welcome your participation. For more information contact the MAHC office at 728-6826.

La Mi-Carême, une fable acadienne

J'aime la nature. Je me cache dans la forêt; mon chez-moi est sous un gros arbre dans la forêt. La porte de ma maison est entre deux grosses racines d'arbres. Quand il y a des jours venteux, la fondation de ma maison vacille. Quand le vent souffle, je me sens comme une chaise berceuse. Pendant la nuit mon lit est comme un hamac qui me berce jusqu'au sommeil. Le matin, les oiseaux et tous les animaux de la forêt s'occupent pour chanter et se parler les uns les autres, à tel point qu'on croirait que tous ces sons de la nature constituent un centre commercial. Tout le monde reprend constamment son chemin pour se procurer les besoins du jour. Chaque être vivant travaille fort pour mettre en réserve de la nourriture de trop. Il arrive souvent que la réserve de nourriture génère elle-même un nouvel arbre car laissée intacte, la nourriture prendra racine. Voilà pourquoi la forêt ne cesse de croître étant constamment nourrie par cette vie qui ne chôme pas. Les oiseaux, les vers de terre et bien autres choses qui ne sont pas vus par l'œil nu travaillent constamment dans la forêt.

J'aime bien vivre dans la forêt car nous sommes tous des amis qui s'entraident. Ils m'aiment beaucoup et moi de même. Je leur prépare des gâteries pour les mois d'hiver parce qu'en hiver

il est difficile d'en trouver. En été, les fleurs produisent du nectar avec lequel les abeilles produisent du miel et la sève des arbres est douce pour faire du sirop d'érable. Beaucoup de choses sont douces au printemps et en été. C'est pourquoi les abeilles mettent en réserve le miel car quand il n'y a plus de fleurs il fait froid dehors; la mi-carême a toujours des gâteries qu'elle a cueillies



Traditional Mi-Carême which appeared in Tignish, Prince Edward Island at Mid-Lent in 1999

auparavant. Des pommes, des fruits et des baies telles que des bleuets ainsi que du miel et du sirop d'érable; elle connaît tout ça.

La mi-carême essaie toujours de se cacher. Mais un jour il y a longtemps de cela, un petit garçon mi'kmaq est venu à un ruisseau pour chercher de l'eau pour sa maman. Il m'a surpris et me dit dans sa langue maternelle : « Ah! Qui êtes-vous? » La mi-carême lui répondit avec un chant d'oiseau après quoi il retourna chez lui raconter à sa mère ce que la mi-carême avait chanté. Il se rappelait son chant d'oiseau qu'il chanta à sa maman. Sa maman aima le chant et le fit sien à partir de ce moment-là.

Quand arrive le milieu de l'hiver, la mi-carême sort pour rencontrer les enfants et en apprend sur le bonheur dans la petite vie de ces êtres. Leurs voix me semblaient à celles des oiseaux jusqu'à temps que des enfants acadiens m'apprennent à parler en français. Je ne savais pas parler en français parce que j'étais toujours entourée par la vie et les sons de la forêt. Il y avait une fois que je ne connaissais que le chant des oiseaux, des abeilles, des lapins, de l'eau impétueuse, des arbres et le bruit sec du craquement de leurs branches par le froid de l'hiver.

Le lieu où je vis est un grand secret parce que si les gens savaient où, ils se feraient des sentiers jusqu'à mon chez-moi et abîmeraient toute la forêt

(Suite page 27)

La Mi-Carême, an Acadian Fable

I love nature. I hide in the forest where my home is under a big tree. The door to my home is between two big tree roots. When the wind blows the ground of my home sways. When I am in there on windy days I feel like I am in a rocking chair. At night my bed feels like a hammock rocking me to sleep. In the morning the birds and the forest animals are so busy singing and talking to each other that the sounds of nature are like a shopping mall. Each living thing goes shopping for the things they need for the day. Some work hard to store food which may become a new tree if left untouched, because it will take root. That is why the forest is always growing and being fed by the busy life of the forest. Birds, worms and many other things that are not seen by the

naked eye are forever working in the forest.

I love to live here because we are all friends helping each other. They love me very and I love them. I make them sweet treats for their use during the winter months because in winter sweet treats are hard to find. In summer the flowers have nectar from which bees make honey and the sap of the trees is sweet in order to make maple syrup. Many things are sweet in spring and summer, that's why bees store honey for when flowers are gone and it's cold outside. La mi-carême always has sweets which she gathered. Apples, many fruits and berries (like blueberries), honey and maple syrup, she knows them all!

La mi-carême always tries to hide. But one day long, long ago a little Mi'kmaq boy

came to a brook to get water for his mother. He surprised me and said in his native tongue, "Oh, who are you?" La mi-carême spoke to him in a bird song, he loved it and remembered it. He went home and sang it for his mother; she loved it too and learned it.

When mid-winter comes, La mi-carême goes out to meet the children and learns about the happy life of a child. The children sounded like birds to me until I was taught by Acadian children how to speak French. I didn't know how to speak French because I was always surrounded by the life and sounds of the forest. There was a time when I only knew the songs of the birds, of the bees, of the rabbits, of the leaves on trees, of the rushing water and of the cold winters snapping the trees.

Where I live is a big secret because if people knew they would make paths to my home and spoil the natural forest where I

(Continued on page 27)

*(La Mi-Carême, une fable acadienne
suite de page 26)*

naturelle autour de chez moi. Je suis comme les oiseaux et tout ce qui vit dans la forêt; je sais me cacher et me confondre à la nature. Tout est vie dans la forêt; j'espère qu'ils ne couperont jamais les arbres où je vis. Où irions-nous? S'il vous plaît, prenez garde à la forêt; nous aimons nos chez-nous nous aussi et tous ces lieux où nous « faisons des achats ». Nous avons autant de choses que vous dans vos centres commerciaux. Seule différence, nos choses sont naturelles! Nos maisons sont faites de mousses, de poils, de plumes, d'argile, de brins de bois, de feuilles et de toiles d'araignée... Nous faisons notre propre cire d'abeille, notre miel et notre sirop d'érable. Nous travaillons toute la journée et nous avons tous notre besogne à faire. Nous apprenons très jeune comment soigner notre forêt qui est notre chez-nous.

Tous les soirs avant de nous coucher, nous chantons tous ensemble et aussi le matin. C'est notre façon à nous de remercier Dieu pour toutes les bontés qu'Il nous donne. Si quelqu'un vient faire mal à nos enfants, nous nous rassemblons et nous luttons pour leur épargner le malheur. Si un arbre est brisé ou coupé, nous pouvons l'entendre pleurer pendant longtemps jusqu'au moment qu'il guérisse. Nous faisons tous partie d'une grande famille, nous nous aimons et nous avons tous besoin des uns, des autres.

*(La Mi-Carême, an Acadian Fable
continued from page 26)*

live. I am like the birds and all forest life, I know how to hide and blend with nature. All is life in the forest; I hope they never come to cut the trees where I live, where would we go? Please take care of the forest; we love our home and in all the places where we go shopping we have as many things as you have in your malls. The only difference is that our things are natural. Our homes are made of moss, hair, feathers, clay, sticks, leaves, and spider webs. We make our own beeswax, honey and maple syrup. We work all day and we each have a job to do. We learn when we are very young how to take care of our forest which is our home.

Every night, before we go to bed, we have a singsong and have one in the morning as well. It is our way of thanking God for all the bounty He gave us. If someone comes to hurt our babies we all gather and fight hard to save them. If a tree is broken or cut we can hear it crying for many days before it heals. We are all one big family and we need and love each other.

Quelques-unes de nos plus grosses soirées ont lieu au printemps quand nous tombons en amour, construisons nos foyers et fondons nos familles. Chaque jour quand je marche dans la forêt, les animaux se blottissent contre moi et nous nous amusons bien ensemble. S'il y a un problème, j'essaie d'aider. Des fois, c'est une aile qui est cassée ou une patte qui fait mal. Autres fois, mes amis dans la forêt ont besoin d'eau. C'est toujours plaisant de s'entraider.

L'autre jour, je suis allée dans une école française. Nous nous sommes assis dans un cercle et les enfants ont posé beaucoup de questions au sujet des papillons,



*Mme Anita Chiasson with a little
bird on her head*

Some of our biggest parties are in the springtime when we fall in love and make ourselves a little home and have a little family. Every day when I walk in the forest the animals are all over me and around me and we have a good time. If there is a problem, I try to help. Sometimes, it is a broken wing or paw, but other times my friends in the forest need water. We have so much fun helping each other.

The other day I went to a French school, we all sat in a circle and the children asked many questions about butterflies,

des abeilles, des oiseaux, des insectes, des serpents... J'aimais ça leur raconter et leur montrer comment je chante avec les oiseaux : cui-cui, cui-cui, cui-cui... Je leur racontais à propos de mes soirées d'hiver dans la forêt et toute la nourriture que nous avions. Les écureuils apportaient des noix, les oiseaux des baies gelées que je trempais dans l'eau et faisais cuire avec du miel et du sirop d'érable. Un loup offrait un lièvre qu'il avait tué, le chevreuil donnait un canard qui avait été atteint d'une balle par un chasseur. Nous avions des racines de plantes arrachées par le castor. J'ai une fosse enfouie au fond de la forêt où je fais toute ma cuisson et où je réchauffe ma maison lorsqu'il fait froid. Elle est bien cachée, cette fosse. Ma cheminée est un très gros arbre et la fumée sort du haut de cet arbre. Toutes les petites branches ont de petits trous où la fumée traversent, alors personne peut remarquer. Les nuits bien froides, beaucoup d'oiseaux dorment près de la fosse au feu parce que la fumée réchauffe les branches des arbres. Plusieurs animaux perdent leur fourrure tandis que les oiseaux, les écureuils, les souris et les serpents se feront un nid bien chaud avec la fourrure pour leurs petits qui n'ont pas de plumes et qui ont froid quand ils sont jeunes.

Quelquefois, les Mi'kmaq viennent dans la forêt trouver de l'écorce de bouleau

(Suite page 28)

bees, birds, insects, and snakes. I enjoyed telling them and showing them how I sing with the birds: "tweet, tweet, tweet". I told them about my winter parties in the forest and all the food we had. The squirrels brought nuts, the birds frozen berries which I cooked with honey and maple syrup, a wolf gave a rabbit he had killed, the deer gave a duck a hunter had shot. We had roots from plants the beaver had dug up. I have a fire pit dug deep in the forest where I do all my cooking and where I heat my home on cold days. It is well hidden. My smoke pipe is a big, big tree and the smoke comes out at the top. All the twigs have a little hole where little bits of smoke come out so no one can notice. On cold nights many birds will sleep near the fire pit because they are warmed by the fire. Many animals shed their fur and the birds, squirrels, mice and snakes make a warm nest with the fur for their babies who are born without feathers and are cold when they are young.

Sometimes the Mi'kmaq come to the forest for birch bark to make their ca-

(Continued on page 28)

*(La Mi-Carême, une fable acadienne
suite de page 27)*

pour faire leurs canoës. Quand un canoë est terminé c'est très beau à voir. Ça flotte sur l'eau et la famille va pêcher pour de la nourriture. Les Mi'kmaq font de très belles flèches pour la chasse; ils sont de très bons chasseurs. En hiver, ils vont chasser le chevreuil, l'orignal, les outardes et les canards et ils partagent tout avec les anciens et les jeunes de la tribu, ceux qui ne peuvent pas aller chasser pour leur nourriture. De temps à autre, les anciens gardent les petits alors que maman et papa s'occupent à aller trouver de la nourriture.

J'ai beaucoup de choses à porter sur moi. En hiver, quand tout est blanc, mes vêtements sont faits avec de l'écorce de bouleau. Si la neige fond, alors je porte des vêtements en écorce de prusse (épinette); c'est foncé comme une forêt sans neige. Au printemps, je porte de la mousse de fougère ou d'arbre alors qu'en été mes vêtements sont faits de très belles feuilles vertes. Et en automne, c'est encore plus beau parce que toutes les couleurs de l'arc-en-ciel sont présentes dans la nature : le violet, le rouge, l'orange, le jaune, le vert, le bleu... Ah! C'est tellement plaisant!

Il faut aussi dire qu'en automne, je suis libre de jouer et d'aller à plusieurs endroits pour chercher toutes les gâteries pour l'hiver. Maintes couleurs me tiennent hors de vue. Le bruit du vent, les feuilles

*(La Mi-Carême, an Acadian Fable
continued from page 27)*

noes. When a canoe is finished it is very beautiful. It floats on the water and the families go fishing for food. They make beautiful arrows for hunting, they are very good hunters. In winter they go hunting for deer, moose, geese and ducks which they share with their elders and young who cannot go hunting for food. Ever so often the elders take care of the children while mom and dad go hunting for food.

I have many things to wear. In winter when all is white, my clothes are made of birch bark. If the snow melts away then I wear spruce bark clothing which is dark like the forest with no snow. In spring I wear fern and tree moss clothing, while in summer my clothes are made of leaves in beautiful green. In the fall my clothes are most beautiful because all the colours of the rainbow in nature are present: purple, red, orange, green, blue. Oh! It is so much fun!

Also in the fall, I have the freedom to play and go many places to get sweet

tombantes, le froissement des feuilles sur le sol de la forêt; tout me dissimule et fait en sorte que je ne suis pas vue ni entendue. L'automne c'est quand nous changeons tous de couleurs. Les arbres deviennent foncés. Les oiseaux deviennent foncés eux aussi alors que les lapins tournent blanc comme de la neige. Les animaux à fourrure arborent un nouveau gros manteau de fourrure et il y a des oiseaux qui s'envolent vers le sud où il fait toujours chaud.

Un printemps, un oiseau est venu de la Louisiane et m'a dit qu'il avait rencontré la mi-carême cet hiver-là; elle était malheureuse, à cause de trop de gens, et puisque la forêt était marécageuse, c'était dangereux surtout à cause des alligators et des gros serpents; il faisait très chaud et c'était toujours l'été. Elle en avait marre de toujours porter la même mousse toute l'année longue. Un oiseau a donc demandé à la mi-carême acadienne de l'Île-du-Prince-Édouard si elle aimerait une autre mi-carême pour de la compagnie. Elle répondit qu'on devait aller au Nouveau-Brunswick parce qu'il y a plusieurs Acadiens là-bas et il y en a qui n'ont pas de mi-carême. Elle aurait beaucoup de couleurs à porter comme vêtements comme moi. De l'autre côté du détroit, une mi-carême pourrait même arborer en hiver un manteau fait en fourrure d'ours ou d'orignal ou de chevreuil alors elle pourrait avoir davantage de vêtements.

À vrai dire, une mi-carême de l'autre

treats for winter. The many colours keep me out of sight. The noise of the wind, the falling leaves, the crushing of leaves on the forest floor all hide me and make it easy for me to not be seen or heard. Fall is when we all change colours, trees become dark, birds get darker and rabbits turn white like the snow. Furry animals get a big, new winter fur coat, and some birds fly south where it is always warm.

One spring a bird came from Louisiana and told me he met a mi-carême that winter. She was unhappy because there were so many people and the forest was in swamps where it was dangerous because of alligators and big snakes and it is always hot and always summer. She was also fed up with wearing the same moss clothes all year. So the bird asked la mi-carême of PEI if she would like another mi-carême for company. She said to go to New Brunswick because there are many Acadians there and some don't have a mi-carême. She would have many colours to wear just like I do. Across the straight a

côté du détroit serait très heureuse parmi les Acadiens. Parfois, en hiver quand l'eau est gelée, on pourrait se rendre visite et j'aurais toutes les nouvelles au sujet de la mi-carême au Nouveau-Brunswick et j'apprendrais la signification du chant des oiseaux ainsi que de la façon que les Acadiens parlent français là-bas. Ce serait bien d'apprendre le français acadien du Nouveau-Brunswick et elle pourrait m'enseigner un chant d'oiseau de la Louisiane. À mon tour, je pourrais lui apprendre à parler aux enfants puisqu'elle n'a pas vu d'enfants dans les marécages.

Il y a plusieurs années de cela, les Acadiens furent envoyés de l'Île-du-Prince-Édouard et plus tard plusieurs choisirent d'aller en Louisiane. La mi-carême les suivit et se sentit bien seule. Elle ne s'est jamais habituée là-bas à la nourriture et aux insectes alors elle aimerait retourner à son Acadie à elle.

- Anita Chiasson

**Tous droits réservés
2008© All rights reserved 2008**

*Gracieuse permission de l'Association
du Complexe patrimonial de Prince-Ouest inc.
pour reproduire cet article de son bulletin semestriel La Rame brisée, no 3 (automne 2008)*

*With permission from The West
Prince Heritage Complex Association Inc.
taken from Issue 3 of their biannual newsletter The Broken Paddle (autumn 2008).
Info : patrimoinepo_wpheritage@yahoo.ca*

mi-carême could even wear a bear coat or a moose coat or a deer coat in winter so she could have even more clothes.

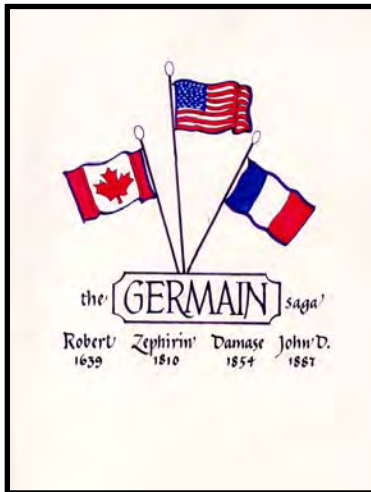
As a matter of fact, a mi-carême across the strait would be very happy among the Acadians. Some winters when the waters are frozen we could visit each other and I could get all the news about la mi-carême in New Brunswick and get to know the meaning of the songs of the birds and the way the Acadians speak French over there. It would be enjoyable to learn New Brunswick French and she could teach me a bird song from Louisiana. I could teach her to speak to the children since she didn't see any children in the swamps.

Many, many years ago the Acadians were sent away from PEI and went to Louisiana. La mi-carême went with them and became very lonely. She never got used to the food and insects so she would like to return to her Acadie.

Anita Chiasson

The Germain Saga

by
S. Ella Marie
Germain, CSJ
Seventh Installment



What's Next?

Everyone in the family was involved in a variety of activities. Frequently, we experienced mishaps, accidents, sickness, and disappointments. Mom's brother, Uncle Ted, came to visit us when Doris was born in June of 1918. He came in his new car.

"Uncle Ted, we want a ride in your big car."

"All right. Come in and sit down."

Claire, who was only two years old, sat on the dashboard unnoticed by everyone. As Uncle Ted turned around in the yard, Claire fell down, and the car went over her leg. Dad quickly ran to pick her up, and Mom hearing the cries got out of bed to see what happened. In those days Mothers usually stayed in bed at least five or six days after the birth of a baby, but Mom forgot herself when she heard the cries of her little girl.

The winter of 1918 was a the year of the flu. Our neighbor contacted Dr. Phanoef in Somerset to tell him that Mom and Dad were sick. He came to our house wearing a long fur coat. We, the children, were frightened when we saw the tall fur man. After the doctor examined Mom and Dad, he said that they had the flu. He told them that they had to stay in bed, and take the medicine he prescribed. We were too young to realize the seriousness of the situation. God is good to have spared our parents. Hundreds of thousands of people died of this influenza throughout the world.

One summer evening Dad and the boys came in late after their long hours of

field work. As dad was unharnessing the horses, he called out, "Ella, will you milk another cow? We are quite late tonight." Although I was only ten years old, and usually milked the same three cows, I agreed to milk one more cow. I had never milked this one, but I sat down and proceeded as usual. Suddenly, the cow kicked, spilled the milk, and knocked me down. Dad heard the cries and ran to pick me up. The cow had kicked me in the face and legs, and I was bleeding. Dad and Mom took me to Dr. Eply in New Richmond. I had broke my nose, a deep gash under my right eye, broken blood vessels in my eye, and deep cuts in my legs from the sharp kicks. The next day Dad sold that cow.

Although there are a variety of animals on the farm, our three year-old sister, Mae, was frightened of them. One time she followed us to the hayloft where there was a trap door from which hay was pitched down. Whoever used it last forgot to close the trap. Over the opening hay covered it. Mae fell down between two rows of cows! Besides being terribly frightened, she broke her arm, and her dear of animals only increased.

During another summer, Dad, Delore, and Andrew were hauling hay while Mom, Claire and I were milking. Mom told me to keep an eye on Rita who was only three years old. Dad brought in load of hay, which was to be unloaded by using a huge clamp fork connected to a rope and pulley. Andrew drove the horse, which pulled the rope and lifted the hay unto the loft where Delore received it. Rita went to the hay barnm unnoticed by me. She took hold of the rope with her left hand as the rose started to go. Her small hand was caught in the pulley and torn. She yelled and cried. Andrew heard her and backed up the horse to free her hand from the grasp of the pulley. Dad jumped down from the hay load and held his little girl in his arms. The doctor said that half a minute more and Rita would have lost her hand. Today, Rita bears the scars on the palm of her hand, and cannot straighten her little finger.

One summer day, the family went looking for our three year old brother, Urban. He was nowhere to be found. Finally, we saw him n the last step of the ladder, leading tot he big wheel of the windmill. We stood looking up in fear and silence. Any noise or surprise might cause Urban to fall seventy feet down. Dad spoke softly as he climbed up to meet him, and our whispered prayers brought Urban down safely.

At the age of seven, Urban seemed to move faster, and to find new experiences

with each passing day. One Sunday evening the neighbors came over. The children were having fun running around the yard while their parents shared events of the past week. As the company was leaving, Urban decided to take a little ride. He held on to the spare tire in the back of a car as it drove away. Herman Dulon's car followed, but did not see that Urban had fallen in the road. He drove on, and passed over him. The little Ford was high enough that Urban was not hurt. What a scare we had!

Already at a very young age, Andrew was interested and curious about machinery. Our first Maytag machine had an exhaust pipe with a ball at the end of it. When the machine was in use, this ball became very hot. Not realizing this, Andrew picked up the ball. He dropped it instantly, and ran for help. Mom was right there for him. His hand was badly burned. It took weeks to heal. Today he still has the mark of that awful moment.

One fall day, when Delore was about thirteen years old he decided to go hunting. About a mile from our farm was an area called Jack's Woods. Delore took Dad's 22 caliber, and sauntered off there about five o'clock. Time went by unnoticed by him. When dusk came, and Delore wasn't back the family began to wonder. Later darkness came, and still there was no sign of Delore. The whole family worried. At the end of the day, darkness seemed to rush in. Dad was silent but uneasy. He took action by calling our neighbor, Herman. Dad asked him to join in our search for Delore who had gone hunting, but had not returned. They left in the dark of the night. The family waited and prayed. Finally, Delore walked in the house, oblivious of our worries. When Dad and Herman came in later that night, they were relieved to see that the young hunter was safely home.

Dad needed sand to make cement. He decided to dig a nine foot hole in a slanted area behind the barn where the soil was sandy. The Ford was parked close by. For no reason, Delore pushed the car, and it started to move toward the dug out where it landed. He was so frightened that he disappeared for a few hours. Dad got help and the car was hoisted onto level ground. Delore came out of his hiding place, relieved that the car was not damaged.

There was a lot of excitement when gifts were opened on Christmas morning. Delore who was 12 years old, couldn't wait to open his gift. The wrapping flew here
(Continued on page 32)

Baseball

Sanford's Mr. Baseball



by/par
Yves Chartrand
(Ottawa, Ontario)

Part 2 - Almost a century of running around the diamond When he died in 1972, Frederick Alfred Parent was known to be the last surviving Boston player from the first World Series in 1903. But that's not for this only baseball story that people in Sanford remembered him for so long and ended up naming him Mr. Baseball.

His involvement in the national pastime was so legendary, whether in his native state of Maine or obviously outside, that in 1969, he was part of the first group of inductees in the Maine Baseball Hall of Fame. Also honored that evening was slugger Adelpia (Del) Bissonette from Winthrop. Unfortunately, both men would end up dying the same year.

Born in Biddeford on November 25, 1875, Mr. Parent was the son of French-Canadian immigrants. His family eventually moved to Sanford. As a teenager, he quit school for a job, then took another job in Sanford. He started playing amateur ball for Sanford and also around New England. For example, he is believed to have played for Portland's 1896 team in the New England League.

In 1898, he started making a name for himself with New Haven in the Connecticut League. In July of 1899, he got a break when St. Louis of the National League was looking for players. However, he sprained an ankle after two games at second base and was back with New Haven, where he finished the 1899 season hitting .349. In 1900, he played this time for Providence in the Eastern League. Following the creation of the American League in 1901, he signed with Boston on March 4, becoming the franchise's first shortstop.

It turned out to be a great deal for the team. At shortstop, Mr. Parent played 413 straight games from April 26, 1901 until September 25, 1903. He hit .306 in his rookie season and followed that with

a .275 average in 1902. After his improved regular season and outstanding performance at the World Series in 1903, he continued in 1904 with a .291 batting average in 155 games, helping Boston win another pennant.

Unfortunately, the 1905 and 1906 seasons were not so great at the plate. His average dipped to .234 (153 games) and .235 (149 games). Before the 1907 season, Boston wanted to cut his reported salary of over \$4,000. Mr. Parent held out for a while, but lost his regular job at shortstop in the process. That year, he was actually used at four positions, playing more games in the outfield than at shortstop. Even though he was hit on the head and wore a batting helmet, he was able to raise his batting average to .276.

Boston figured his presence was no longer required because on October 13, he was traded to the Chicago White Sox as part of a deal also involving the New York Highlanders. In 1908, he was used at short for 118 games, but his batting average fell to .207. In 1909, he bounced back to .261, playing 98 games as a shortstop and 38 in the outfield.

1910 was a miserable year. He took part in 81 games, 62 of those in the outfield. And at .178, his hitting became awful. After playing three games in 1911, his contract was sold to the Baltimore Orioles of the Eastern League, in which he had last played in 1900.

Mr. Parent showed that at the age of 35, he was not finished with baseball yet. Playing at three different positions in a total of 121 games, he hit .265. In 1912, with the team now in what is known as the International League, he became Baltimore's regular second baseman, hitting .306 in 149 games. The following year, he didn't play as much, but still managed to hit .268. In 1914, he was used in 108 games, 90 of those at shortstop, and managed to hit .280.

It's during that year that, aside from the 1903 World Series, Mr. Parent claimed to have made his biggest impact on baseball. Baltimore had signed a young pitcher by the name of George Herman Ruth. But the team ran into money trouble because of the presence of another Baltimore team. The Terrapins were playing in the newly-formed Federal League, which was trying to compete with the two existing major leagues. Back on March 10, Oriole manager Jack Dunn had admitted that Parent could have jumped to the Terrapins.

In July, the Orioles offered to sell the Babe to the Boston Red Sox. Their

manager, Bill Carrigan, a Maine native, is reported to have listened to Mr. Parent's advice to take the deal on the young pitcher. While the Bambino helped right away Boston to championships for years, Mr. Parent, now close to 40, was released by Baltimore in the Spring of 1915, but remained in the International League. He signed with Toronto in June, playing 22 games in about a month before being released. He returned to organized baseball in 1918 as player-manager of Springfield in the Eastern League. In 1919, he was hired as player-manager of the Lewiston team in New England League. He was let go in July when the team wanted to cut his salary.

In the 1920's, he was a baseball coach at Colby College and at Harvard University. In 1927, he returned to the New England League to manage the team in Lawrence. For several years, he was also player-manager of the Goodall Textiles team. When Mr. Parent was honored with a special day at Goodall Park in Sanford on August 24, 1947, many recalled the time when he was the field captain of one of the best teams in the state about 30 years earlier. His last venture in organized baseball was as manager of the Lisbon Falls team in 1937. The year before, he was awarded a lifetime pass by both major leagues for his services.

In addition to baseball, Mr. Parent was known in Sanford for the gas station he owned for many years. That enabled him to advertise in a 1943 special section of the French newspaper *La Justice* celebrating the 50th anniversary of St. Ignatius Parish. In the Spring of 1946, he retired from the business shortly before celebrating his 50th wedding anniversary with wife Fidelia Laflamme. Herself the operator of a woman's apparel shop, the Québec-born died in 1963. Their only son carried on with the father's business after Mr. Parent retired. But Fred Jr. was in poor health by the mid-60's and he died in 1975.

Until he reached his 90's, Mr. Parent could be seen several times a week in the winter ice fishing. On the January night of his induction as a Maine baseball legend, he enjoyed himself by charming one and all... and even puffed on a cigar. Two years before his death on November 2, 1972, Mr. Parent, living at the Hillcrest Manor Nursing Home, was still alert enough to tell old baseball stories, such as to say that the best player he ever saw was Napoléon Lajoie, but also to take walks, go for automobile rides with his son, read the newspaper and watch sports on TV.

Monsieur baseball de Sanford

2e partie - Presqu'un siècle à courir autour du losange

Quand il est décédé en 1972, Frederick Alfred Parent était connu comme le dernier joueur survivant du Boston à avoir participé à la Série mondiale de 1903. Mais ce n'est pas pour cette seule histoire de baseball que les gens de Sanford se souvenaient de lui depuis longtemps et l'ont nommé M. Baseball.

Son implication dans le passe-temps national était si légendaire, que ce soit dans son état natal du Maine ou évidemment à l'extérieur, qu'en 1969, il a fait partie du premier groupe de personnes intronisées au Temple de la renommée du baseball du Maine. Le cogneur Adelpia (Del) Bissonette de Winthrop a également été honoré ce soir-là. Malheureusement, les deux hommes ont fini par mourir la même année.

Né à Biddeford le 25 novembre 1875, M. Parent était un fils d'immigrants canadiens-français. Sa famille a éventuellement déménagé à Sanford. À l'adolescence, il a quitté l'école pour un emploi, puis a pris un autre emploi à Sanford. Il a commencé à jouer au baseball comme amateur à Sanford et à travers la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Par exemple, on croit qu'il était en 1896 avec l'équipe de Portland de la Ligue de la Nouvelle-Angleterre.

En 1898, il a commencé à se faire un nom avec le New Haven de la Ligue du Connecticut. En juillet 1899, il a obtenu sa chance quand le St-Louis de la Ligue nationale était à la recherche de joueurs. Toutefois, il s'est blessé à la cheville après deux matchs au deuxième-but et est retourné à New Haven. Il a terminé la saison de 1899 en frappant pour 0,349. En 1900, il a joué cette fois à Providence de la Ligue Eastern. Suite à la création de la Ligue américaine en 1901, il a signé avec Boston le 4 mars pour devenir le premier arrêt-court de la franchise.

Pour l'équipe, ce fut toute une entente. À l'arrêt-court, M. Parent a joué 413 matchs d'affilée du 26 avril 1901 jusqu'au 25 septembre 1903. Il a frappé pour 0,306 durant sa saison recrue et a suivi avec une moyenne de 0,275 en 1902. Après sa saison régulière améliorée et sa performance extraordinaire à la Série mondiale de 1903,

il a continué en 1904 avec une moyenne au bâton de 0,291 en 155 matchs, aidant Boston à remporter un autre championnat.

Malheureusement, les saisons de 1905 et de 1906 n'ont pas été aussi bonnes à la plaque. Sa moyenne a baissé à 0,234 (153 matchs) et 0,235 (149 joutes). Avant la saison de 1907, Boston a voulu couper son salaire estimé à plus de 4 000 \$. M. Parent a fait la grève, mais a perdu son poste régulier d'arrêt-court en faisant cela. Cette année-là, il a été utilisé à quatre positions, jouant plus de matchs au champ extérieur qu'à l'arrêt-court. Même s'il a été atteint à la tête et a porté un casque protecteur, il a été capable de remonter sa moyenne à 0,276.

Boston a estimé que sa présence n'était plus requise parce que le 13 octobre, il a été



échangé aux White Sox de Chicago dans le cadre d'une transaction impliquant aussi les New York Highlanders. En 1908, il a été utilisé comme arrêt-court dans 118 joutes, mais sa moyenne au bâton a chuté à 0,207. En 1909, il est remonté à 0,261, jouant 98 matchs à l'arrêt-court et 38 au champ extérieur.

1910 a été une année misérable. Il a participé à 81 rencontres, dont 62 comme voltigeur. Et à 0,178, son coup de bâton était affreux. Après avoir joué dans trois matchs en 1911, son contrat a été vendu aux Orioles de Baltimore de la Ligue Eastern, dans laquelle il avait joué pour la dernière fois en 1900.

M. Parent a démontré qu'à 35 ans, il n'en avait pas encore fini avec le baseball. Jouant à trois positions différentes pour un total de 121 rencontres, il a frappé pour 0,265. En 1912, avec la même équipe maintenant dans la Ligue internationale, il est devenu le deuxième-but régulier du Baltimore, frappant pour 0,306 en 149 matchs. L'année suivante, il n'a pas joué autant, mais a tout même maintenu une moyenne de 0,268. En 1914, il a été utilisé durant 108 rencontres, dont 90 à l'arrêt-court, et a frappé pour 0,280.

C'est durant cette année, à part la Série mondiale de 1903, que M. Parent a affirmé avoir eu son plus grand impact sur le baseball. Baltimore avait signé un jeune lanceur du nom de George Herman Ruth. Mais l'équipe a eu des problèmes d'argent à cause de la présence d'une autre formation à Baltimore. Les Terrapins jouaient dans la Ligue fédérale nouvellement formée, qui essayait de faire compétition aux deux ligues majeures existantes. Le 10 mars dernier, le gérant des Orioles, Jack Dunn, avait admis que M. Parent aurait pu se retrouver avec les Terrapins.

En juillet, les Orioles ont offert de vendre le Babe aux Red Sox de Boston. Le gérant, Bill Carrigan, un natif du Maine, aurait écouté le conseil de M. Parent d'en venir à une entente pour le jeune lanceur. Tandis que le Bambino a aidé tout de suite Boston à remporter des championnats pendant des années, M. Parent, à la veille de ses 40 ans, a été remercié par Baltimore au printemps de 1915, mais est resté dans la Ligue internationale. Il a signé avec Toronto en juin, jouant dans 22 matchs en à peu près un mois avant d'être remercié. Il est retourné au baseball organisé en 1918 comme joueur-gérant du Springfield de la Ligue Eastern. En 1919, il a été engagé comme joueur-gérant du Lewiston de la Ligue de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. L'équipe l'a laissé partir en juillet parce qu'elle voulait réduire son salaire.

Dans les années 1920, il a été un instructeur de baseball au Collège Colby et à l'Université Harvard. En 1927, il est retourné à la Ligue de la Nouvelle-Angleterre pour diriger l'équipe de Lawrence. Pendant plusieurs années, il a aussi été joueur-gérant de l'équipe Goodall Textiles. Quand M. Parent a été honoré lors d'une journée spéciale au parc Goodall de Sanford le 24 août 1947, plusieurs ont rappelé l'époque où il était capitaine sur le terrain d'une des meilleures formations de l'état 30 ans auparavant. Son dernier poste dans le baseball organisé a été celui de gérant de l'équipe de Lisbon Falls en 1937. L'année précédente, il avait reçu un abonnement à vie des deux ligues majeures pour services rendus.

En plus du baseball, M. Parent était connu à Sanford pour la station-service dont il a été le propriétaire pendant des années. Cela lui a permis d'annoncer dans une section spéciale du journal en français La Justice en 1943 pour célébrer le 50e anniversaire de la paroisse St-Ignace. Au printemps de 1946, il s'est retiré des affaires peu avant

(Suite page 32)

(The Germain Saga conitnued from page 29)

and there He opened the box to find a B-B gun. In no time he put in the ball bearings, and decided to try it out. Delore put a catalogue against the desk in the dining rook and aimed. Just at the moment Urban who was only three years old stood in the target spot. Delore did not see him. He pulled the trigger and shot Urban right in the middle of his forehead. The doctor removed the bearing and bandaged the wound. Delore felt badly about the accident. He was grateful that it wasn't worse. Dad put the gun back in the box, and returned it to the store the next day.

In the fall of 1930, Claire, our two cousins, Else and alma, and I went to St. Joseph's Academy in Crookston, Minnesota for the school year. Dad drove us there and returned all alone, driving 300 miles back home. Claire and I looked forward to Mom's weekly letters. She wrote very interesting letters, and gave us news of each member of the family. But in the month of November the letters stopped coming. Claire and I worried that something was wrong. At last, a letter came with bad news. Grandpa Beseau and Delore were grubbing in Jack's Woods. Delore hooked a chain around two trees that were growing together. As the trees started to move, they crossed and one of them fell on Delore's head. He fell unconscious while dear old Grandpa went in haste to tell Dad about he accident. When Dad arrived, Delore had walked in a daze to the fence. Hastily, he was rushed to high school wearing a turban. There were no ill effects from the accident, but Delore has a scar, a reminder of that day.

The other sad news in Mom's letter was about another accident, which happened at Grandma Laventure's farm. Andrew was helping Uncle Phil aw wood with a large circular saw. Everything was going along just fine. The saw was humming with the usual crescendo of piercing sounds as the logs were cut. Gold sawdust accumulated on the ground. Piles of freshly cut wood filled the air with a special aroma. Suddenly the saw uttered a wailing sound. Andrew's fingers were too close to the saw. His thumb was completely cut off. His forefinger was almost severed. Uncle Phil gave Andrew first aid, and then rushed him to the doctor. His forefinger was sewn back on, and what was left of his thumb was bandaged. With the two older boys injured, and the two older girls away as school, Mom and Dad were really working over time.

Our home was quarantined because of scarlet fever in December of 1931. I contracted the fever first. One by one came down with it except Dad, Delore, and Andrew. They went to live, one mile way, in Dulon's old abandoned house. During the entire month they were isolated from us. They managed to do their own cooking. Every morning and evening they came to do the chores. Dad bought groceries for us, and left them on the back porch. Mom, Claire, and I filled the children's stockings, which they had hung over on doorknobs. On Christmas morning Grandma Laventure came with gifts for us, which she left on the porch. She kissed each one of us through the windowpane. It was a cold kiss but it warmed our hearts. Dad and our brothers talked to us from outside and wished us a Merry Christmas. They made sure that we were warm enough by keeping the box on the porch filled with wood. Their loving concern for us made it easier for us to endure the separation and the sufferings, which our Lord was asking of us.

The first to recover was Claire and me. We went to live with Dad and the boys. Dulon's house was scary – sort of haunted. Above the door in the dinning room was the tooth of Herman's sisters! There was a squeaky rocking chair, which we heard from the bedroom. It scared us until we fell asleep. After several weeks of sickness and separation, everyone was well again, happy to be together and home.

The Maytag had to be cleaned after washing clothes. Unknown to me, Rita, my little sister, was playing near the machine. As I was cleaning it with a kettle of boiling water, some of the hot water splashed down where Rita was, and burned her on the middle of her back. She cried and cried. I was upset and wanted to console her. I brought Rita upstairs to my room. Here on my bed, I displayed the prettiest holy cards I had. I told her, "Choose anything you want from my cherished collection."

Separations in a loving, close-knit family are sad. It was in the summer of 1931 when Andrew suddenly decided to leave after some misunderstanding with Dad. No amount of talking by Mom could change his mind. We all saw him walk away with a knapsack on his back, and disappear over the hills. All summer long we wondered where he was, and what he was doing. Was he sick? Did he have enough to eat? September came, and Andrew wasn't back yet.

(Continued on page 33)

(Monsieur baseball de Sanford suite de page 31)

de célébrer son 50e anniversaire de mariage à son épouse Fidelia Laflamme. Elle-même en affaires dans un magasin de lingerie féminine, la native du Québec est décédée en 1963. Leur seul fils a continué les affaires de son père après la retraite de M. Parent. Mais Fred fils a eu des ennuis de santé au milieu des années 60 et il est mort en 1975.

Jusqu'à ce qu'il atteigne les 90 ans, M. Parent pouvait être aperçu plusieurs fois par semaine en hiver en train de pêcher sur la glace. Le soir de janvier où il a été intronisé comme une légende du baseball au Maine, il a eu le plaisir de charmer tout un et chacun.. et a même fumé un cigare. Deux ans avant sa mort le 2 novembre 1972, M. Parent, qui vivait à la Résidence Hillcrest Manor, était toujours aussi alerte pour raconter de vieilles histoires de baseball, comme de dire que le meilleur joueur qu'il avait vu était Napoléon Lajoie, mais aussi pour prendre des marches, faire des tours d'auto avec son fils, lire le journal ou regarder les sports à la télé.



(The Germain Saga continued from page 32)

Would he be back to begin his senior year at New Richmond High School? We were all thinking about him, but we said very little because our hearts were heavy. Our hope led us to believe that he was all right, and that he would come back. One late afternoon after Labor Day, just as the sun was beginning to lower, we saw someone hurriedly over the hills. We ran to tell Mom and Dad. Sure enough, it was Andrew! He came in greeting us and handing us gifts he had won at the fairs. He placed a large cupie doll on the piano. Hoy had returned to our family.

One day Dad planted apple trees, and we waited for them to bear fruit. In early spring, the blossoms appeared filling the air with a sweet aroma. There was one special tree in our orchard. It grew to be large and tall. The branches were strong, and the blossoms were countless. During the summer large green apples decked the tree. In the fall, we picked these green rose-tinted apples. Besides eating them right from the tree, Mom made the most delicious apple pies.

In early summer, the apples looked so good to six year old Dennis. He ate one of those apples before they were ready, and almost died. For days Mom cared for him, the family prayed, and Dennis recovered.

The Way of Love

Our family grew in love, support, and loyalty because Mom and Dad knew the value of prayer which they taught us. It is their spirit of faith which helped them carry on through trials, sickness, accidents. Each evening we gathered for prayer. We, the children, leaned on one knee, then on the other, but the rosary went on, followed by our parents' French recitation of the Ten Commandments, the acts of faith, hope, and charity, a silent flashback of the day, and the Act of Contrition. It did not matter that we did not understand. What was important

(La SHFA a un nouveau bureau des directeurs suite de page 23)

transcription dans Le Forum. Fournier dit que là transcript devrait être publié dans la prochaine livraison du Bulletin de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine.

Le dernier numéro du bulletin de la SHFA est publié en octobre 1994, avec le titre: Le Bulletin de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine 1992-1993.

Le nouveau bureau des directeurs

was the fact that we were together to praise God, and thank Him at the end of the day.

On Sunday mornings, we took turns to stay with the younger children while the others went to Mass. Whoever was to care for the young ones was united to the rest of the family and to the sacrifice of the Mass by reciting the rosary and other prayers.

As we did not attend a Catholic school, we stayed after Mass for almost an hour when the Sisters taught us catechism. There were three groups located in different parts of the church.

Sister Regina, sister Rose, and others who taught us were very kind. They made the hour very interesting. We laughed, learned, and back home shared with the family.

No cold weather stopped us from going to Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve. Dad covered the sleigh with hay, and Mom heated bricks to keep our feet warm. Wrapped in blankets we sang softly on our way to church. The horses trotted along over the crusty snow. Above, the sky sparkled with countless twinkling stars.

We first received the gift of faith when we were baptized at St. Anne's Church in Somerset, Wisconsin. All of us also received our First Communion there. As young teenagers we accepted Christ as Our Lord and Savior when we were confirmed. Later, several members of our family were married at St. Anne's Church.



pour la SHFA sont: Président Roger Lacerte de Lowell, Mass., Vice-Président Marcel Raymond de Worcester, Mass., Secrétaire Gertrude Lamoureux de Woonsocket, R.I., Trésorier Donald Chaput, de Manchester, N.H. Les directeurs pour trois ans: Armand Chartier d'Achusnet, Mass., Charles Martel de Manchester, N.H., et Ronald G. Heroux de Middletown, R.I. Les directeurs pour deux ans: Benôit Pelletier-Shoja de Concord,

Mom and Dad attended meetings of the Third Order of Carmelites, and after thinking and praying about it, they decided to become members. During their retirement years, they were called to give more time to prayer, and they responded. At a special ceremony they were received into the Order. They took the names Brother Andrew and Sister Marie Louise. Each day they prayed the short office of the Blessed Virgin and the rosary. They attended regular meetings and received the large scapular of Carmelites, which was worn on special occasions.

Throughout their lives Mom and Dad enjoyed deep-down joys. Because they had faith in the midst of trials and suffering, and believed in God's great love, they inspired us and showed us the way.



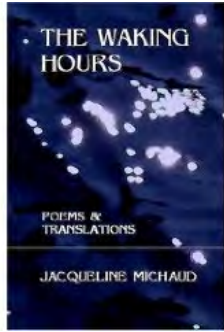
Dad praying in Office

N.H., Paul Papineau de Woonsocket, R.I. et Richard Deslauriers de Longmeadow, Mass. Les directeurs pour un an: Georges-Andre Lussier de Salisbury, Mass., Michel Michaud de Lynn, Mass., et Albert J. Marceau de Newington, Conn. Le Comité des Fiduaires: Président du comité Real Gilbert de Manchester, N.H., avec Fiduicair Louise Boulanger (née Champigny) de Woonsocket, R.I., et Fiduicair Jean-Louis Clapin de North Westport, Mass. Les termes des fonctions ont fondé sur les règlements de la SHFA qui ont adopté le 20 mai 1960, et qui ont publié dans Le Bulletin de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine 1959.

Le dimanche 15 mars 2009, il y avait un séance du nouveau bureau (Lacerte, Raymond, Lamoureux, Chaput, Martel, Heroux, Pelletier-Shoja, Papineau, Deslauriers, Lussier, Michaud, Marceau et Gilbert), ils ont décidé sur les choses suivantes. Ils continueront le project d'un site Web pour

(Suite page 39)

BOOKS/LIVRES...



Price: \$14.95 & eligible for FREE Super Saver Shipping on orders over \$25. Details

In Stock.
Ships from and sold by Amazon.com.

The Waking Hours (Paperback)

by Jacqueline Michaud

About the Author:

Jacqueline Michaud's work has appeared widely in literary journals and anthologies. A member of the American Literary Translators Association, she also translates the work of contemporary Francophone writers, and recently completed the translation of a major collection of poetry by the 20th century French poet and screenwriter, Jacques Prévert. A radio personality known for her regular guest appearances on Maine Community Radio, as well as public readings throughout her home State, Ms. Michaud lives in Stonington, Maine, with her family. The Waking Hours is her first full collection of poems and translations.

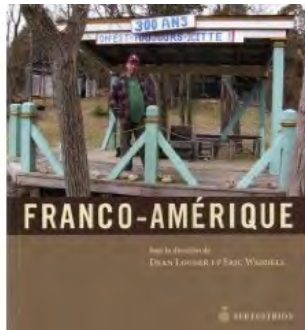


(N.D.L.R. This cookbook is bilingual, French & English)

Ce livre de recettes à saveur agrotouristique met en vedette les producteurs de l'île d'Orléans par l'entremise de leurs recettes personnelles. Suivez l'évolution des différentes cultures dont les récoltes s'effectuent entre les mois de mars et d'octobre. Découvrez les produits de l'île d'Orléans; ils sont nombreux et variés. Surtout, servez-vous de ce livre pour visiter l'île et rencontrer nos producteurs. Les photos, authentiques et naturelles à l'image des producteurs, ont été prises sans arrangements spéciaux afin de refléter le mieux possible la réalité quotidienne. Simples et rapides d'exécution, les recettes sont un vrai plaisir pour le palais. J'ai passé le plus bel été de ma vie en compagnie des producteurs de l'île grâce à l'ouverture d'esprit et à la générosité qui les caractérisent. Malgré des journées de travail qui n'en finissent plus et tous les impondérables qui les guettent, ils ont participé sans réserve à ce projet. Ce privilège de les connaître, je souhaite le partager avec vous.

Linda Arsenault

Commandez aussi par téléphone au 418.828.9412 ou au 514.942.2152 ou encore par courriel: info@producteurstoques.com
<http://www.producteurstoques.com/Default.aspx>



Autrefois, les Canadiens, au sens originel du terme, ont été partout en Amérique. Ils l'ont nommée, habitée, chantée et écrite. Leurs traces subsistent toujours, même si la dimension continentale de leur civilisation a été oubliée par nombre d'entre eux. Aujourd'hui, avec la mondialisation, l'espace, la société et la politique se complexifient. La volonté indépendantiste du Québec est mise en veilleuse. L'Acadie n'est toujours pas une réalité politique. Les Franco-Américains de la Nouvelle-Angleterre n'ont pas de structure institutionnelle pour les encadrer. La place de la Louisiane s'amenuise. En même temps, le vecteur haïtien prend de l'importance au fur et à mesure que l'axe Port-au-Prince - Miami - New York - Montréal se constitue. Par ailleurs, les francophones des pays du Tiers Monde déferlent sur les grandes villes canadiennes... et américaines. Les Francos d'Amérique - quel autre nom donner à cette famille si bigarrée ? - vivent de nouvelles réalités et font face à de nouveaux défis.

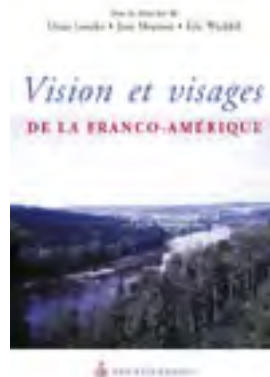
Les études et les témoignages réunis ici rappellent la richesse et le dynamisme de la présence franco partout sur ce continent. Parfois, ce sont des endroits où la francité se limite à un fait d'histoire. Ailleurs, ce sont de simples lieux de mémoire où les gens se souviennent de leur « héritage français, canadien ou canadien-français », sans nécessairement le faire en français, et où les sociétés historiques et généalogiques prolifèrent. Enfin, il y a ces lieux où vivre en

français est une lutte quotidienne, comme en Acadie et en Ontario, des espaces qui s'étendent le long des frontières du Québec, justement là où la francité est un fait de société, donc une force politique et économique incontestable.

Il est plus que temps de dévoiler cette magnifique face cachée de l'Anglo-America, soit la Franco-Amérique !

Dean Louder a pris sa retraite en 2003, après avoir été professeur au Département de géographie de l'Université Laval. Il est membre de l'Ordre des francophones d'Amérique. Eric Waddell est professeur associé à ce même département de géographie et professeur honoraire à la School of Geosciences, University of Sydney (Australie). Deux importants ouvrages ont précédé celui-ci : *Du continent perdu à l'archipel retrouvé : le Québec et l'Amérique française* (PUL, 1983 et 2007) et *Vision et visages de la Franco-Amérique* (Septentrion, 2001).

Publisher: Septentrion (April 7 2008)



Vision et visages de la Franco-Amérique

L'Amérique française ? La Franco-Amérique. Entre ces deux désignations : un saut, une rupture et, surtout, une question. Qu'est-il advenu des héritiers de l'empire dit

français et disséminés à l'échelle de la Nord-Amérique entière ? Où sont, que sont, qui sont ces gens ? Pour les rejoindre, ont été réunis des témoignages de personnages francos d'un peu partout en Amérique du Nord. Qu'il s'agisse de vivants ou de disparus, de jeunes et de moins jeunes, de personnages illustres ou d'inconnus, peu importe si tous s'avéraient profondément enracinés dans une réalité géographique dissimulée par la Nord-Amérique officielle.

<http://www.septentrion.qc.ca/rechercher/resultats-livres.asp?Recherche=Franco-Am%E9rique>

YOU WIN

By
Margaret Karmazin
Susquehanna, PA

It was a tap on the shoulder from some golden god. Not the sort of thing that usually happened to Blair Watson. And all due to the fact that her college roommate at Brown, after some midterm reshuffling, was Leigh Mountebank, of Dallas Mountebank Oil.

"I'm here on scholarship." Blair came clean from the start. There was no way, she'd been certain, that she'd have anything in common with a Mountebank.

"Well, I'm here to get away from my mother who has a tendency to run my life," said Leigh, "and my last roommate was a psychopath. I wanted a taste of dorm life, but not with someone putting ink in my mouthwash and God only knows what else. It was, she claimed, a political statement. So now, you and I'll give it a shot. Just don't try to kill me."

The friendship took and now, having just graduated, they were together in Paris, thanks to Leigh's interfering mother, sharing an apartment in the Opera district, not far from Folies Bergere. Blair's head had not stopped spinning.

They'd just spent the weekend exploring the city, visiting obvious tourist attractions, and Blair was in love. She'd never felt such a sense of perfect place in her life.

"I can't believe it, Leigh," she said. "Here for six months, on our own, in PARIS. And it's free!"

"Well, free for us, deary, though not for cousin Ashton. He's paying through the nose."

"What do you think this apartment costs?"

"It's Paris, honey. A small room in a dank basement would be outrageous. Ashton also has his own apartment in the fourteenth Arrondissement - not far from Gerard Depardieu's place. Of course, his wife is there too. This little deal you and I are inhabiting is probably where he brings his mistresses. Or where his fav business associates bring theirs."

"I thought he was gay," said Blair.

Leigh laughed. "Oh, right, I forgot you met him - spring break that time. He does present that picture. I think he was British public school in a former life. No, he's straight as a Bap-

tist minister. Very lecherous, in fact. I don't know how Claudia puts up with him, but maybe she's no angel herself."

Blair glanced around at their pied-à-terre, which included two bedrooms, a large living room and small kitchen. It had the glamorous Parisian, ceiling-to-floor windows she'd seen in the movies. "But," she said, "where will they bring the mistresses now?"

"Not our problem. My mother has a way of twisting arms painfully and I'm sure she does not give a flying fart how Ashton rearranges his rendezvous."

"So," said Blair, her body bent half over the balcony railing as she stretched to see the street. "When do we begin our lives as Parisian working girls?"

They began it the following Monday, arriving at the editorial offices of *Le Journal de Chat Noir*.

"Not an especially original title pour le magazine, n'est-ce pas?" commented Leigh from the side of her mouth. She looked svelte and sophisticated in her neat cream suit and smooth blond bob. "I mean, that black cat thing is over done here, dontcha think?"

Blair felt dowdy. She could see how hip the French girls were, slim as sticks in tight jeans and flirty little tops. And what did she have but the usual sloppy, boxy tops and baggy American pants?

"What's the matter?" asked Leigh. "Your face just went all scrunchy and weird."

Blair sighed. "It's just that suddenly I feel ugly and pathetic."

"Oh, posh, you're being ridiculous. You're in Paris, you're young, you have a free apartment and you're beautiful! Do I need to slap you?"

Blair smiled. "Okay, you're right. Just a momentary lapse there. Remember I haven't had a date in months."

"Friday we're going out on the town. All those Frenchmen await us!"

Ashton met them by the receptionist's desk. "Cousin Leigh and Blair, is it?" he said with what Blair thought was a British accent. "Enter my lair."

Ashton Mountebank was a delightful caricature of a decadent European, anything remotely Texan having long been deleted. He lounged on the edge of his mahogany desk while describing their duties.

"You're interns in competition, mes cheres," he said. "In six months give or take, there'll be one opening for a junior editor. Whichever one of you shows the better talent for the job gets it, blood or no blood. Comprenez?" He smiled wickedly.

"Uh huh," murmured Leigh, while

wide-eyed Blair chirped, "Yes, sir."

"Just call me Ashton," he told her with a slight roll of the eyes.

He stood up and slid into his massive, leather chair. "People submit to our little magazine at a furious pace - a thousand submissions a month. Of course more than half of that is fiction, which won't concern you at present. You'll be reading creative nonfiction for now. You were both English lit majors, so you should have some vague idea of what you're doing, n'est-ce pas?"

Leigh was looking out the window, but Blair assured him, "Yes, Ashton, we're both good readers."

"Well, then ladies, you know what to do. If something is not totally atrocious, pass it on to Clarence or Milly. They're assistant editors and your immediate superiors."

He suddenly leaned forward and peered at Leigh. "I thought you were getting married? To that Rick person. What happened?"

"It's off," said Leigh rather nastily.

"But why? He was so rich."

Leigh hesitated, then said, "I heard a rumor, that's all."

"Oh, I love rumors," purred Ashton.

"He was seen kissing Eleanor Shane at the Arness art opening. In a back room behind a huge statue of a naked female torso. I believe the report is that they were leaning against it."

Blair's head swiveled. "You didn't tell me that! You just said he was too conventional. That doesn't sound conventional!"

"Oh please," said Leigh. "Cheating on one's fiancée? How conventional can you get?"

"No forgiveness there, then?" said Ashton, probably counting up his own indiscretions.

"He can drop dead," said Leigh, her mouth tight. "I don't care if I ever get married now. Maybe I'll stay here forever."

At this, Blair felt a teensy stab of fear. She was surprised at herself, at her own selfishness. For there was little doubt about it - she was in competition with her best friend and the stakes were high. Winning meant being able to live in Paris indefinitely. Suddenly, it seemed as if someone had opened a door and let in a blast of icy air. Until now, nothing had meant more than her friendship with Leigh. They
(Continued on page 36)

(You Win continued from page 35)

scouted the neighborhood, which was, to some extent, Orthodox Jewish, the mom & pop stores kosher. They found what they needed to sustain life, and set to living in earnest. Their work was not taxing, although frequently they brought piles of manuscripts home. These they often carried to a neighborhood brasserie to peruse while sipping wine or tea. Immediately, men hit on them, Leigh slightly more than Blair.

"It's my blond hair," explained Leigh with generosity. "It stands out. You could put it on a cow and men, dumb as they are, would slobber."

Blair, who considered herself prettier than Leigh, even if her hair was a typical brown, agreed with her, though not out loud.

Friday evening, Blair slipped into her only sexy outfit, a red leather miniskirt and black scoop neck jersey. She whipped her hair up on top of her head and secured it with chopsticks before inserting her giant hoop earrings, a look that definitely ridged her of her girl-next-door persona.

Leigh was her usual smooth, elegant self as they headed out for les boites. First on the list was a club not far from their apartment, Passage du Nord-Ouest. The entrance was through a small passageway into a courtyard surrounded by apartment buildings. Students types filled the courtyard and not a few of them gave Blair and Leigh the cool once-over. Soon everyone crowded into the club through a theater lobby lit in blue neon. The atmosphere was slightly seedy and the place jammed to the ceiling. Parents with children were there, but enough single young men to give Blair a mild case of butterflies.

"That guy with the rimless glasses is eating you up with his eyes," pointed out Leigh.

Just then, she was whisked away by what looked like a Swede, leaving Blair to herself, smashed between groups of exuberantly conversing friends. Rimless Glasses approached and said, "Pardon. Vous etes seule? Votre amie est partie?"

"Um, she's just talking over there," said Blair. "I mean, I'm not really alone."

"You're American," said the young man, switching to English.

"Yes," said Blair.

"Did you vote for Bush?"

"No," said Blair.

"I would hope not," said the man.

She noticed that his glasses were smeared. She was thirsty and

had to pee. But the thought of trying to find the toilet seemed beyond her.

"You know, you Americans need to get over the idea that you run the world. You."

She interrupted. "Où est la toilette, si'l vous plait?"

"I do not know," he said. "I do not care."

She felt as if he had slapped her.

That encounter was followed by another - a short, wiry guy with thinning blond hair. He had a thick scarf wrapped around his neck and a cigarette dangling from his lips, the smoke heading in a steady stream ceilingward. "You are thin for an American," he opened. "They are usually so fat. I suppose it is a matter of time. Is your mother obese?"

Where was Leigh? In a mild panic, Blair looked around, finally catching her friend's gleaming blond head by the end of the bar. The bar ran the entire length of the wall, so it was a bit of a trek to push her way through the crowd. When she arrived, Leigh gave her the Look, which meant: Let's get the hell out of here.

Out in the street, Blair blurted, "Are all Frenchmen like those? Rude and hurtful as hell?" She recounted her experience, then burst into tears.

Leigh took her hand. "Come on, we'll find a nice quiet café and have us a drink. My men were bastards too. One blamed me for the Iraq war, another accused me of poisoning third world countries with genetic crop engineering and the third told me American women do not know how to dress. Is there something wrong with this outfit? I mean I am wearing the prerequisite scarf. And my jeans are tight."

"You look great," said Blair. "Apparently, French men are nasty. I should have known. So what's this mean, that we won't have any dates while we're here?"

"Hmmm, and one of us is staying - whoever gets that position as Assistant Editor."

Blair could not bring herself to look at Leigh's face. Was Leigh's jokey tone hiding her real ambition? Or did she not care all that much? It was not something Blair felt she could ask her right out.

They ended up listening to African music at a small "boite" a few streets over. There'd been no end to the African men who'd hit on them, and with compliments too.

"So much nicer than the French," said Leigh as they stumbled home two hours later.

"I'm horribly drunk," said Blair.

"I'm a bottomless pit," said Leigh. "Listen, why don't we make a bet? About the French guys, I mean."

Blair stopped walking and

looked at her. "What do you mean?"

"How about racking up how many of them insult us? It would be the honor system, of course."

"I'm not sure I know what you mean."

"We each keep track of our horrible experiences with them and each man counts as one point. I mean, if one particular man insults you several times, that doesn't count as several points, just one. Whoever racks up the most points wins."

"Wins what?"

"I don't know, we need to figure that out. The stakes should be decent."

"I don't have much money," said Blair. "You know that."

Just then a man lurched past, leering weirdly at Blair's chest. Feeling fired up and very interested all of a sudden in Leigh's idea, she stuck out her hand to shake on it. Later she would spend a lot of time in the bathroom analyzing her own motives.

By the next evening, they had still not figured out the stakes. Leigh poured herself her own version of a martini and said, "Okay, I've got it. Whichever of us stacks up the most negative encounters with French men gets the job."

"The job?" said Blair.

"Duh, woman. The assistant editorship! You want it, then get your little butt out there and interact with the males of this burg. Report back. We deserve some fun out of being treated with Gallic disdain!"

"But," said Blair, "that's kind of weird, isn't it? I mean, can we trust each other?"

Leigh gave her a long look. "What are you saying, best friend, that you'd lie to me to get the job? Could I have heard that correctly?"

Blair blushed. "Uh, no! I mean, well... no, of course I wouldn't lie. I don't think I've ever lied to you. I'd hardly start now."

"Well, then, there's no problem. We'll just keep a running tab on the fridge and it's up to each of us to tally up. I suggest we carry little notebooks at all times and immediately record all interactions."

That night in bed, Blair considered. Did she regret having agreed to this contest? She found herself feeling oddly sorry for the French males lined up in her future who would not know they were simply part of a game. Morally, this game could be wrong, yet... Blair was discovering wells of ambition inside herself she had not imagined existed. Not so much ambition for the magazine business, but for the privilege of continuing to live in Paris, which of course for her was

(Continued on page 37)

(You Win continued from page 36)

only possible if she won the job. Leigh, with all those millions behind her, could stay here for the rest of her life if she chose, without ever so much as lifting an editing pencil.

"Today has great possibilities for both of us," yelled Leigh as she blow-dried her hair. They were a week into the job.

Blair was considering which of her unappealing suits to wear. "What?"

"The lunch deal with Xavier's. We can network and all that." Xavier's was one of Paris's older English literary magazines and Ashton thought it a wonderful idea to combine forces, if only socially. The lunch was planned at Les Philosophes, a charming cafe in the Marais, with tables reserved for twelve. Leigh and Blair hitched a ride with their boss, Clarence, who was frothing at the mouth since he'd caught his lover in flagrante delicto. He drove like a lunatic.

Inside, it was cozy and the staff from Xavier's already present. They'd left spaces between them so Le Journal de Chat Noir crew could mingle. Leigh wedged in by the editor-in-chief and Blair found herself next to a brown-bearded, glowering young man who, after introducing himself as Sébastien Devereux, explained that he was only editing for Xavier's temporarily. He asked Blair what her job was and she described her and Leigh's situation, minus of course, the wager.

"So," he said in French, though his English was excellent, "you are in competition with your best friend. Hmmmmm."

He'd gone right for the gist of it and her face reddened. To change the subject, she said, "Why is a Frenchman working for an expat English magazine?"

"But, why not?" he said. "It is the best I can do for now and good for perfecting my skills. My aunt is English and went to school with the editor. Do not worry, I will not be here long. I plan to work for a serious newspaper. A friend of my father is now working to secure me a position."

He ordered the duck and so did Blair, though normally she hated duck.

It was amazingly good. "You may not last here," Sébastien said suddenly.

Offended, Blair asked, "Why do you say that?" Mean Frenchman number three, she clicked off in her mind.

"You seem the sweet type," said Sébastien. "The sort who lives most contentedly in a secure relationship. Without one, you will return home where undoubtedly you will succeed in finding

one. Your friend, on the other hand - she could probably stay on her own."

"You haven't even met her," said Blair icily.

"I am an observant person," he said. "I can see this characteristic of hers from where I sit. Her carriage and body language declare it."

Blair ate the rest of her duck in fuming silence, then lapsed into mild depression. Sébastien talked animatedly with Milly on his other side. Blair had to keep saying to herself, it's Paris I love, not the men, not the men...

Leigh was quite animated when describing her conversation with Xavier's editor, Michael Dravener. "He is so cultivated. I thoroughly enjoyed myself!"

"That's nice," mumbled Blair.

"What's the matter? Did you get food poisoning or something? You look positively peaked."

"Just another cold, unfeeling man to add to my list."

"That dude sitting next to you? I thought he was attractive, in a don't-bother-me-when-I'm-creating kind of way. Long fingered hands, beautiful eyes."

"You could see his hands and eyes from the end of the table?"

"Looks like you're ahead in the contest, woman."

Blair wasn't entirely sure how she felt about that.

That evening, they took their pile of manuscripts to the Folies Café, their favorite au moment, and set up work and serious wine sipping.

The waiter, a painfully skinny old flirt who liked them (not on their list), allowed them to push two tables together. When Leigh slipped downstairs to the ladies', Blair's cellphone rang.

"Vous etes seule," said a male voice.

"Comment?" said Blair.

"C'est moi, Sébastien. I am at the bar. Look inside."

She twisted her neck to see. There he was, waving at her.

"I did not want to disturb you when you and your friend were working," said the rich, somehow warming voice in her ear.

Her stomach flipped. What was he doing here? "Well..." she began, when he interrupted.

"My apartment is over that small boulangerie there, do you see? Look to your right and ahead a few buildings. You see now?"

"Yes," said Blair. "Sébastien, how did you get my number?"

He laughed. "Your Ashton Mountebank, he is easy to crack." There was a pause

as Blair, who had her eyes back on him, noted Leigh passing him without apparently recognizing him. "There goes your friend now.

Would you like to meet me for dinner tomorrow evening, do you think?"

"For dinner?" she repeated stupidly. "Where?"

"I can fetch you, if you like. Since we do not live so far apart. (He knew that too, did he?). Or if you prefer, you can take a taxi and meet me. How about Le Templier de Montmartre? It is a favorite of mine."

She seemed to have lost the power of speech. Hadn't this person appeared to dislike her? Or at least beneath his interest for chatting longer than five minutes? "Um...okay. I guess you might pick me up at my place," she said, then realized that going out with a Frenchman could seriously injure her chances of winning the contest.

Surely, she should save dating until after she had won it fair and square. On the other hand, it would be part of experiencing France to go out with a Frenchman, so perhaps she could get away with it without

Leigh having to know.

Where was Leigh, for that matter? Blair gawked about, but could not see her. The voice in her ear said, "I see your friend has found someone she knows here, an African? They are having an intense discussion."

Blair took the opportunity to tell him, "I'll meet you there. 7:30?"

Give me the name again so I can write it down, okay?"

He did and just as she snapped her phone shut, Leigh appeared looking pleasantly flushed. "That was Youseff from the other night," she said. "He invited me to a party tomorrow evening! I told him of course I wanted you to come too, so he—"

Blair said, "Oh, no, I mean, I can't. I..." How could she say this? "I think I need a night to myself. You know what a loner I am. Do you mind?"

"Since when are you a loner?" said Leigh, but she didn't argue. "Of course I don't mind."

To distract her, Blair asked, "So you're not adding on to your Frenchmen list? Africans are sort of a detour, n'est-ce pas?"

"I haven't given up at all," said Leigh. "In fact, I added one today. When I delivered those proofs to the printer. Met a really nasty one there, a doctor who puts out his own newsletter. Accused me of the Iran Contra affair. Wasn't that when I was watching Sesame Street?" She laughed.

(Continued on page 38)

(You Win continued from page 37)

Damn, thought Blair. She herself hardly met any men. All day, she read manuscripts, which seemed to arrive by the truckful, while most evenings she spent doing the same in front of the TV. Otherwise, when she met any new people, she was with Leigh.

"You know," she said, "we really should go out separately. Otherwise, I'm hardly going to up my score."

"What are you saying?" said Leigh. "We always meet people on our own, even when out together."

"Well, it's not just that," said Blair, floundering now. "I-I really want to visit the art museums. The Louvre alone would take weeks."

"True," said Leigh. "I'm not really into art."

"Okay, then," said Blair with possibly too blatant satisfaction. "One or two days a week then, on our own?"

"Sure," said Leigh, shrugging rather Frenchilly. "If that's what you want."

As long as Blair didn't run into Leigh while she was with Sébastien, Blair's derriere was covered. There was a rash of reasons why she did not want Leigh to know about him, especially if she continued to see him - one, obviously, the contest. Leigh might jump to the conclusion that Blair was too sidetracked to continue and what other chance did

Blair have of winning the job? For no matter what Ashton said, he would surely choose blood over water - Leigh's mother, with her expert arm twisting, would see to that. Unless, of course, the woman secretly hoped her daughter would come home.

Also, there was something about the way Blair felt toward Sébastien that she did not want to dissect with her friend. Why she should have any feelings at all for this perfect stranger was moot; the thing was, the merciless way that she and Leigh habitually analyzed people and situations...well, Blair just didn't want that. Besides, who was to say this would turn into anything? If he was like the other Frenchmen she'd met, his hypercritical attitude would turn her off sooner than later.

Before leaving to meet Sébastien, she overheard Leigh talking on her cellphone in the bathroom. Strange, as Leigh did not usually bother to hide her conversations; she sometimes seemed to lack all sense of privacy in fact. Blair tried to catch what she was saying, but Leigh was speaking too softly.

Blair found Sébastien waiting for her at a table along the wall. There seemed to be little privacy as the people next to them were very close. As if reading her mind, he said, "Not spacious as American restaurants, but cozy, no?"

"Yeah," she admitted.

He handed her a menu. "Order anything you like, but I suggest le Pavé de Rumsteak au Poivre ou Roquefort or possibly Papillote de Poissons au Beurre Pesto. My sister loves that one."

"You have a sister?"

"Three," he replied. "One is married to an American and lives in North Carolina."

Surprising even herself, the thought shot across her mind: so the mother is already broken in to les américains.

"You know," he said, "At the luncheon, I did not want to waste time talking to you."

She felt a stab in her stomach. Why would he say such a thing?

"I wanted to save that for when we could be alone. Because I knew..." he paused, then went on rather nervously, "Because I knew instantly that there was something between us."

She looked into his eyes, which were hazel and had the odd characteristic of radiating mystery at the same time as dependability, and just like that, she was lost.

It became necessary now for Blair to purposefully search out testy Frenchman. Men were fond of reading their newspapers at the café next to the office and, once she'd ordered her chocolat and roll, she set about trying to tick them off. Three older gentlemen were her first prey. A mumbled remark about something she read on the back of their newspapers had done the trick, although their grumbling comments had not been directed at her Americanness, rather at her rudeness. Nevertheless, she scored two points (the third man ignored her). It was later impossible to keep this up since she'd since developed an easy friendship with the men and their cronies and they seem to look forward to her company.

After three months, Ashton moved Blair and Leigh to Fiction for a different experience. "I won't be trying you on poetry, however," he told them. "That's reserved for actual poet types and you girls don't write poems, am I correct?"

"Correct," Leigh said with a bored tinge to her voice. She'd been behaving oddly of late. Was she having a secret fling with the African? But if so, it wasn't like her not to share all the details with Blair. Of course,

that was hypocritical. Especially, since she herself spent every waking moment dreaming about Sébastien and slept with him every chance she got, not yet spending an entire night out, however. That was too risky.

"Turn in all your nonfiction submissions," Ashton continued, "to Clarence or Milly and pick up your new ones from Trudie. She'll be your new boss."

"Fiction is so much more fun than non," commented Blair. She and Leigh were munching their lunches at their desks, which faced each other. "I love brown-bagging in France," she went on lamely. "Look at this - creamy goat cheese, hard crusted bread, the best apple I ever tasted!"

Leigh, seemingly distracted, mumbled, "Yeah, delicious."

Blair wasn't sure if she had the right to ask what was going on. Did a person who was hiding something herself have that right? Curiosity got the best of her. "Um, Leigh, you seem...I don't know...kind of like you're in another world. You're not mad at me, are you?"

"Huh?" said Leigh, coming back from la-la land. "No, why should I be mad?"

"Well..." said Blair.

"No, I'm fine, really. Maybe I've just been thinking, that's all."

"About what?"

"I don't know...Rick."

"Rick? I thought you were done with him."

"I am, I guess," said Leigh. "I mean he's a shit and all and you should hear his excuse for mauling Eleanor Shane at that art show."

"You've been talking to him?"

Leigh blushed. "Just once. Well, twice."

Blair chewed in silence for a moment, then said, "So what was his excuse for the Eleanor thing?"

Leigh leaned forward, one wing of golden hair falling in her face, which she impatiently hooked behind her ear. "He says Eleanor and he were having a serious talk in that back room. They were drinking champagne and she was on her third glass. He says she confessed she suspected she was gay, but she wanted to be really sure before she came out and pissed off her entire family. So she asked him to kiss her good, so she could see if she felt anything."

"Oh, right," said Blair. "Best excuse for cheating I've ever heard."

Leigh waved a hand. "Whatever. He insisted she was really serious and he didn't have the balls to say no. So they locked

(Continued on page 39)

(You Win continued from page 38)

lips and she grabbed him and shoved her tongue down his throat. That was when

Allison came into the room and caught them."

"Good thing," said Blair, "or he might have impregnated her."

"The true test," said Leigh, "is whether Eleanor Shane is really gay or not."

"Well, how would you know? Even if she has female lovers, she could still be bi. And even if she's pure gay, whose to say ole Rick didn't get turned on doing that?"

Leigh sighed. "You're right. I don't know what I was thinking."

Sébastien took Blair to meet his mother.

"Pourquoi are we doing this?" said Blair, truly alarmed. They were riding in his beat up Citroen somewhere north of the city. "She is absolutely going to hate me. She'll assume I have designs on you and

I am a crass americaine. One crass americain already stole her daughter away. She might even poison my tea."

"She never makes tea. It will be coffee," said Sébastien. "And she was very glad someone married Terese before she got into worse trouble. My mother is open-minded. It's my father who is not, but they are divorced and, other than helping me get the job I want, he will not be running my life. I do what I choose."

This was happening fast. Yet it all seemed oddly natural. It wasn't that he

had proposed, but she felt it coming; it was in the air. And what if he did? It was way too soon to become engaged, wasn't it? Besides, she would have to leave Paris in six weeks. Ashton had let slip that "Leigh's office" would be in what was now the copy room. He tried to cover the slip up by pretending he was going to put them both there in a couple of weeks. Leigh had pretended she hadn't heard him.

Blair adored Paris, felt at home in it like she did not anywhere else, even her own home town, but it looked as if she would be losing it and the man she was in love with.

And, sans doute, Sébastien's mother would detest her on sight.

But, apparently no. When they arrived, she caught a twinkle in the woman's eye.

"Je suis très heureuse de faire votre connaissance," said Madame Devereux with an emphasis Blair could not miss. (It was only later that she learned the story of Sébastien's horrid former petite amie who'd brought nothing but embarrassment to the family. They were at the point where they'd have been happy if he dated a donkey.)

After that, Blair let herself flow with the apparently doomed romance and she and her Frenchman passed leisurely weekends strolling through museums and making love on his firm, but too small, bed. "We will need to purchase a larger one, of course," he said one morning (she did stay all night now occasionally). Then he pulled something from his pocket and placed it in her palm.

"It was my grandmother's," he said. "It was her wedding ring. But for you, it is a promise until we buy your own."

She stared into those hazel eyes and lost any fears she might have had. Everything about him just felt right; he seemed to be someone she had known for centuries.

After confessing to Leigh and assuming she had lost the bet (which now seemed unutterably silly), Blair was startled to hear that her friend had already begun plans to go home.

"I was terrified to tell you," said Leigh.

"But why are you going? I mean, you have the job, we both know it."

"You have the job. You win, chérie. I'm going to marry Rick."

"But...but, he's a cheat! What are you doing, Leigh?"

Leigh laughed. "Eleanor Shane sent out wedding invitations. She's marrying Melissa Lazbo at her family's beach house in Galveston. Rick and I are invited."

"But...but what was with the contest thing? I don't get it?"

"I guess I knew somewhere down in my psyche that I wasn't staying. It was fun though, wasn't it? The game thing?"

"I'm not sure," said Blair.

"You can relax. Paris is yours, and everything that entails. And by the way, I totally know what's going on."

They embraced, laughing hysterically, and made a night on the town, racking up four points each for critical Frenchmen. But their hearts were no longer in it.

Une revue du livre Révélation par Gabriel Crevier

par
Albert J. Marceau de Newington, CT

En 2003, l'Union St-Jean-Baptiste Educational Fund a publié un livre de poésie sous la titre Révélation par Gabriel Crevier, un ancien directeur de l'USJB qui est mort le 6 novembre 1999 à Smithfield, R.I. Comme on lit dans le collection, il n'a qu'un poème des 26 poèmes qui a été publié quand Crevier vivait – "Parfums de mai" – ce poème fut publié pour le première fois le 2 mai 1935 dans La Justice de Holyoke, Mass. Le manuscrit de poésie fut préparé par Constance Gosselin-Schick du Holy Cross College de Worcester, Mass. Dans le collection, il y a une photographe en noir et blanc d'une scène pastorale d'une tapis-

serie à l'aiguille faite par Justine Crevier et place à côté du poème "Trois coeurs habitant là." (Justine Crevier était la femme de Gabriel, et elle est morte le 10 juillet 2000.)

La poésie de Gabriel Crevier n'est pas dans le style de la poésie libre, mais des formes traditionnelles, et les formes qu'il utilise sont le quatrain, le couplet, et le sonnet. Crevier lui-même écrivait dans la préface de la collection que sa poésie se modelait sur deux poètes du 19ième Siecle – Alphonse de Lamartine (1790-1869) et Victor Hugo (1802-1885). La préface est l'evidence qu'il avait
(Suite page 40)

(La SHFA a un nouveau bureau des directeurs suite de page 23)

la société. Ils recueilleront des articles pour la prochaine livraison du Bulletin de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine. Ils célébreront le 110ième anniversaire de la SHFA, qu'est cette année. Ils réuniront des nouveau membres pour la société.

Si vous interessez à joindre la société, la cotisation annuelle de la SHFA est \$10.00 en fonds américains, et faites votre cheque à "La Société Historique Franco-Américaine," et l'envoyez à l'adresse: La Société Historique Franco-Américaine, 18 rue Orange, Manchester, NH 03104-6060. Si vous avez des questions sur la société, contactez Président Lacerte au (603)-669-3788 ou [mailto:rogerlacerte@yahoo.com]rogerlacerte@yahoo.com.

(Une revue du livre *Révélation* par Gabriel Crevier suite de page 39)

l'intention de publier sa poésie dans le future.

Il y a quatre poèmes dans la forme du sonnet: "Cher petit Raphaël," "Parfums de mai," "Ton regard," et "Ogunquit." Il y a six poèmes dans la forme de couplets: "Demain," "La Sapinière," "Jésus sur la place (Méditation de Noël)," "Gethsémani," "La messe sur nos temps," et "La vingt-cinq ans de Louise." Les autres seize poèmes sont des quatrains.

Il y deux thèmes dans la poésie de Crevier – la nature et la foi catholique – et les deux thèmes sont dans le premier poème – "Révélation." Dans ce poème, Crevier, comme un poète classique, invoque l'inspiration d'une muse, et de plus il est catholique, cela nous incline à penser qu'il invoque l'Esprit Saint, spécialement que le titre du poème à la même signification que le dernier livre de la Bible – l'Apocalypse. Dans ce poème, Crevier entrelaçait le thème de révélation et de la nature: "Pour le poète, ainsi la nature est un livre." Dans le deuxième poème de la collection, "La neige," Crevier a comparé l'effet émotionnel d'une chute de neige à l'absolution après une confession: "ton effet sur notre âme est doux comme un pardon." Dans le troisième poème de la collection, "Vieux pin de mon enfance," Crevier écrit à propos du pin: "tu offres le soir, en grâce au Tout-Puissant, l'arôme balsamique émanant de ton être." Les autres poèmes dans la collection qui ont des thèmes religieux sont: "Cher petit Raphaël," "Genèse," "Nuit de Noël," "Jésus sur la place (Méditation de Noël)," "Gethsémani," "La messe sur nos temps," "L'amour le plus parfait," "Aurore pascale," et "Souhaits de Pâques." Les titres seulement ont une chronologie de la vie du Christ – la Nativité, la Cène (qui est la première messe), l'Agonie dans le Jardin, la Crucifixion, et la Résurrection, et comme un bon classique,

Crevier a conclu sa collection par un thème religieux, mais un thème dans lequel la révélation se réalise – "Souhaits de Pâques."

Les autres poèmes sur le thème de la nature sont: "Aurore gaspésienne," "Le coucou," "Les feuilles d'automne," "Crépuscule," "Parfums de mai," "L'ivresse des soujets," "Ogunquit," "La Sapinière," et "Hymne au printemps."

Crevier a composé cinq poèmes sur cinq lieux qu'il rappelait avec nostalgie, et trois du cinq poèmes portent sur des lieux où Crevier a pris ses vacances. Le décor pour "Aurore gaspésienne" est la région de Gaspé au Québec, en particulier, Percé et l'Île Bonaventure. (Les poètes Michael LaChance et André Breton ont été inspirés par l'Île Bonaventure où il y a 293 espèces d'oiseaux.) Le décor pour "La Sapinière" est le Lac Dufresne, qui est 16 km de Ste-Agathe-des-Monts, au Québec. Son poème "Ogunquit" est appelé d'après le lieu de villégiature, Ogunquit, Maine. Crevier se rappelait avec affection des membres de sa famille qui ont habité Chipman Park, N.Y., dans son poème "Trois coeurs habitant là." Le décor pour "Genèse" est Southbridge, Mass., une ville que Crevier lui-même a habitée un certain temps et où vit une communauté franco-américaine.

Jusqu'à la publication de *Révélation* par l'USJB Educational Fund en 2003, il n'y a que quelques personnes qui ont l'occasion de lire la poésie de Crevier. Un intellectuel qui a lu ses poèmes dans les années soixante-dix est Ernest Guillet de Chicopee, Mass. Crevier a permis à Guillet de lire ses poèmes et d'en faire des commentaires dans sa thèse doctorale, *French Ethnic Literature and Culture in an American City: Holyoke, Massachusetts* (University of Massachusetts, 1978), mais il n'a pas permis à Guillet de publier la collection. Guillet a analysé et a cité six poèmes dans sa thèse doctorale. Le poème "Crépuscule" a cinq quatrains dans

la thèse doctorale et dans le livre, mais il y a quatre lignes qui sont différentes dans les deux recueils, cela démontre l'évidence que Crevier a recomposé les quatre lignes après 1978. Le 28 février 2009, j'ai parlé avec Ernest Guillet, et il m'a fait savoir que Crevier était un perfectionniste dans la rédaction de ses poèmes. Aussi, dans sa thèse doctorale, Guillet a analysé et a fait des citations des poèmes suivants: "Les Feuilles d'Automne," "La Neige," "Vieux Pin de mon enfance," "Parfums de mai," et "La messe sur nos temps." À propos de ce dernier poème, Guillet a écrit que Crevier a composé "La messe sur nos temps" pour le Congrès Eucharistique International tenu à Philadelphie, Penn., en août 1976. Crevier a donné l'information à Guillet dans une entrevue, mais cette information n'est pas dans l'introduction écrite par Gosselin-Schick ou dans l'histoire du congrès, *Jésus, Pain de Vie: Participation Francophone au XLIIe Congrès Eucharistique International* (Éditions Pauline, 1977). Néanmoins, Guillet et Gosselin-Schick ont écrit que Crevier a eu l'inspiration de composer le poème après il a lu le livre *Hymne de l'Univers: la messe sur le monde* par R.P. Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, s.j., (Éditions du Seuil, 1961).

Puisque le français n'est pas ma langue maternelle, j'encouragerais d'autres à lire pour leur propre intérêt le livre *Révélation*. Alors, ils pourront juger par eux-mêmes si la poésie de Crevier est vraiment dans la tradition de la poésie de Lamartine et de celle de Victor Hugo. L'USJB Education Fund vend le livre au prix de \$15.00 la copie, plus \$5.00 pour les frais d'expédition, vous pouvez envoyer votre chèque en fonds américain: "Union St-Jean-Baptiste Educational Fund," à l'Union St-Jean-Baptiste Educational Fund, 1300 Park Ave., Woonsocket, RI 02895-6546. Pour plus amples informations, téléphonez à 1-800-225-8752, ou (401)-769-0520, dans les heures des affaires.

Corrections to Parts Two and Three of the Series "25 Years of the FCGSC"

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT

After the publication of *Le Forum*, Spring/Summer 2008, I received a couple of complaints about part three of my series, "25 Years of the FCGSC." I would like to address the complaints, as well as add some information that I omitted in the series.

In "25 Years of the FCGSC: Part Two, the Deceased Founders," *Le Forum* Fall/Winter 2007, on page 31, column 3, I wrote: "One evening in September 2001, I called her home so as to interview her [Lorraine Harlow] on the beginnings of the FCGSC,

and her husband, Calvin Harlow, answered the phone, and said that he had just put her to bed. In a friendly tone, he said that I should call at another time." This information is essentially correct, but I have since found my notes from my telephone call to the home of Lorraine Harlow, and in them I wrote: "Called Lorraine Harlow, Sat. Sept. 1, 2001 at 8:10PM, + husband told me to call during the day." At the time, I figured I would wait a couple of days, and unfortunately, I waited at total of six weeks, and on the morning of Oct. 16, 2001, I (Continued on page 41)

(Corrections to Parts Two and Three of the Series "25 Years of the FCGSC" continued from page 40)

found her obituary in the Hartford Courant, so I lost the interview. If I had spoken to her in a timely manner, I could have asked her about the role of Ethel Hodgdon in the establishment of the FCGSC, as well as her own role with the establishment of the Connecticut Society of Genealogists, the American-Canadian Genealogical Society and the American French Genealogical Society.

In "25 Years of the FCGSC: Part Three, Profiles of Three of the Five Living Founders," *Le Forum* Spring/Summer 2008, on page 46, column 2, I erred on the date of the election of Marcel Guerard as a Director of the FCGSC in 1985. The correct date of the election is Sun. May 19, 1985, not Sun. Sept. 22, 1985, as I wrote in the article. The date of Sun. Sept. 22, 1985 is the day when the officers who were elected at the Spring General Membership Meeting, (which was held on Sun. May 19, 1985), formally took office, although they had been in office as of Sept. 1 of the year, in accordance with the then current bylaws of the FCGSC. The clarification in the dates is from the FCGSC Newsletter Sept. 1985.

Concerning the same article, Leon Guimond wrote a note of the correction about it to the FCGSC, post-marked Sept. 3, 2008 from Eastern Maine, and Dir. Ray Lemire read the note during the board meeting on Tues. Oct. 7, 2008. Since I wrote the article, I had to explain Guimond's references to the other directors of the FCGSC, which caused some mild laughter. The near entirety of Guimond's letter is: "I have a correction to make when we went to NH Society to copy books [...] Me + Henry Lanouette we used my photo copier [...] Henry did not have a copier at that time. [signed] Leon Guimond [...]" Guimond's correction is in reference to page 43, column 3 of my article, where I erroneously wrote that he and Henri Carrier, with Carrier's photocopier, would travel to the ACGS so as to photocopy "all the books on Kamouraska". Clearly, I misunderstood which Henri (with an "i"), or Henry (with a "y"), Guimond spoke of when I interviewed him on June 14, 2006. Therefore, based upon the correction, Guimond used to travel with Henry Lanouette, (both of whom resided in Enfield, Conn., at the time), with Guimond's photocopier in tow, and together, they photocopied "all the books on Kamouraska" at the ACGS in Manchester, N.H.

Also concerning "Profiles of Three of

the Five Living Founders," Robert E. Chenard of Waterville, Maine, who is member No. 721 of the FCGSC, wrote a complaint by e-mail on July 24, 2008 to the President of the FCGSC, Susan Paquette, about my synopsis of an article that Leon Guimond submitted to the Winter 1992 issue of the Connecticut Maple Leaf (CML). On July 26, 2008, Pres. Paquette sent Chenard's complaint by e-mail to all the directors of the FCGSC, and I responded to the board by e-mail about it on July 29, 2008.

Robert Chenard's message to Pres. Paquette is entitled "FCGSC article in U. of Maine's FORUM," and the essential point of his text is the following: "The article on page 42 [correction, page 43, column 1] of *Le Forum* [Spring/Summer 2008] states that my good genealogy [sic] friend, Leon Guimond, found a number of errors in Talbot's Beauce-Dorchester-Frontenac series in the Jolin family compilation and [he] wrote an article about it in FCGSC 1992 Winter issue [of the CML]. I am surprised that he did not give the source of that research. I'm sure he will tell you that I was the one who gave him a copy of those corrections for which he seemingly took credit." Due to the complaint, I re-examined the original source, and Guimond did credit Robert Chenard for the source of his information, but I overlooked it, and failed to give Chenard credit for his research in my synopsis of Guimond's article.

The reason that I made the error is because I erred in the number of pages in Guimond's article. When I wrote my synopsis on the article that Leon Guimond submitted to the FCGSC for publication in the CML, I thought that it was one page long, and the following two pages were a separate article. The article that Guimond submitted to the FCGSC is three pages long, apparently written and printed on two separate personal computers, for the first page is in an Ariel font from a laser printer and likely from an Apple Computer, while the following two pages were printed from a nine-pin dot-matrix printer. The headline on the first page is: "Jolin (Joler)," and at the bottom of the page is the editorial gloss of: "Submitted by Mr. Leon Guimond of Frenchville, Maine." The editorial gloss itself is in a different font than the rest of the page, likely that of an IBM typewriter. The second page has a second headline: "CORECTIONS [sic] to REPERTOIRES," and below the misspelled heading, is: "Compiled by Robert CHENARD of Waterville, Maine. Submitted by Leon GUIMOND of Frenchville, Me."

There is no continuous text between the headlines, and it is not clear that the three pages are part of the same article unless one re-examines the index page of the Winter 1992 CML, and the title of the article is: "Jolin Family Research," a heading that does not appear in the article. Also, no author is cited after the title of "Jolin Family Research" in the index, other than the citation of "Submitted by Leon Guimond." Hence, it is not clear who exactly wrote the article, unless one carefully examines the citation on the second page of the three page article.

Robert Chenard also wrote in his e-mail to Pres. Paquette that his corrections to Br. Eloi-Gerard Talbot's ten volume *Recueil de Genealogies des Comtes de Beauce, Dorchester, Frontenac, 1625-1946*, can be found on his website at [<http://homepages.roadrunner.com/frenchcx/>] <http://homepages.roadrunner.com/frenchcx/>.

To close on "Profiles of Three of the Five Living Founders," I omitted that Leon Guimond donated a genealogy of the Guimond Family in manuscript form to the FCGSC Library. It is entitled: "Guimond/t Family 4936 entries Filed Alphabetically by the Family Name...," as he printed in his own hand on the title page. Above the title is a note written in cursive: "Gift of Leon A. Guimond," and below the title is a stamp with the old mailing address of the FCGSC, that of P.O. Box 45 in Tolland, which was used from Dec. 1986 to Summer 1995, which means the manuscript was donated to the FCGSC by Guimond at least 14 years ago. The manuscript is bound in a wine-colored cover, with the word "GUIMOND" printed on the spine. The manuscript is unnumbered and based upon its thickness, it contains approximately 375 sheets of paper which are printed only on one side. The font used for the computer-generated manuscript appears to be from a 24-pin dot-matrix printer.



MUSIC MUSIQUE



Title: "DUAL CITIZEN-
Deux Citoyennetes"

by Lucie Therrien

Subtitled: "Mémoir Glimpses"
"Traditions French-Canadian"
"Song & Poems" (CD enclosed)

Return to home page and click on NEWS" BUTTON to read an excerpt from the book, and REVIEWS Return to HOME PAGE and click on AGENDA BUTTON to view Concerts & Book Signings Book Description: "LUCIE THERRIEN has enjoyed a lifelong musical career. She grew up in the Province of Québec, establishing a career when she moved to New England,

U.S.A., as a young adult. French-Canadian music and traditions are her signature, coupled with her own expressive creativity. She has published many CDs, DVDs, a songbook and researches, performed over five continents, and won numerous awards from the NHSCA, a state agency of the National Endowment for the Arts.

The book has three distinct parts: Memoir glimpses, written in English poetry (prose and/or rhyming style), with a French cachet, chronicling the critical events that paved her life: the inner struggles brought on by her cultural, linguistic and national duality; events following her crossing of the border; surviving crises; illness; and challenges, both as a young girl and as a woman. It details how she carved a unique niche in an unusual, challenging and competitive career in French, in an English speaking country - a veritable tour de force. Traveling the world as a single woman entertainer, she encountered danger and joy, and had to make difficult choices when it came to relationships. Traditions: French-Canadian gives an overview of the history of feasts, recipes, dances, and games she was brought up with. Songs & Poems includes the lyrics and poetry recorded on the CD (included). 106 pages, 28 pictures.

French American Music Enterprises
PO Box 4721, Portsmouth, N.H. 03802-4721

Tel. (603) 430-9524

www.LucieT.com

e-mail: lth@star.net

Donna Hébert

Frans-American fiddler and teacher

fiddle & Strings day camps
JULY/AUGUST, 2009

Fiddle & Strings
Week I - July 6 - 10 Youth
Week II - July 13 - 17 Novice Adults

Fiddling Demystified for Strings
Week III - July 27 - 31
Teachers, String Players, Fiddlers, Guitarists

French Accent Week
Week IV - August 17 - 21 Adults
novice to intermediate level
Fiddling songs, step and social dancing, guitar & more!

for fiddle, violin, viola, cello, guitar, banjo, bass, piano/keyboard

OLD SONGS
www.oldsongs.org

www.dhebert.com

Josée Vachon



Franco-American Singer
French-Canadian Rhythm & Songs

Bonjour! This year celebrates my 25th year recording! My new CD, "25 ans...Collection Vol. II" is now available online and at various stores throughout the Northeast! I'm including 22 songs, some new, some live, many from various albums over the years... Call 1-888-424-1007 to get a discount when you buy 2 or more! (I apologize that the online purchase page cannot offer the discount at the moment). You can listen to a few clips and feel free to e-mail me for a copy of the lyrics: info@joseevachon.com. Merci à tous! Josée

Four ways to purchase a CD or cassette:

- Call 1-610-683-9210 or 1-888-424-1007 (toll free)
- Mail a check or money order, using THIS FORM.
- Visit one of the stores listed on the right.
- Order online using the form below.

Quatre façons de faire vos achats pour des disques compactes ou cassettes :

- Téléphonez 1-610-683-9210 ou 1-888-424-1007 (sans frais)
- Remplir CE FORMULAIRE et envoyez avec votre chèque ou mandat de poste
- Visitez un des magasins sur la liste à droite, qui offre les disques de Josée.

POÉSIE/ POETRY

Raymondé

Way up on the Gaspé
Where the air is clean and fresh
Sits a very special lady
By her window facing west

Most everyone has grown and gone
Farmyards are quiet now
But she remembers way back when
The children chased the plow

Across the field and meadow
Their lovely shouts did ring
To fill a mother's joyful heart
And caused that heart to sing

She spies a cavalcade of cars
Zig-zagging up the lane
Family from near and far
Have come to praise her name

Her birthday could not be forgot
By those who love her so
It's our turn now to show the love
She gave us long ago

Happy Birthday, Raymondé!
Marie S. Landry
Jennings LA

Chère Raymondé
Bonne Anniversaire
Un poem a l'aire "C'est le mois de Marie"

C'est le temp de ta fête
C'est le temp le plus beau
Les amis ce présente
Tous enmene un cadeaux

chorus: Joyeux, joyeux, joyeux
C'est le temp le plus beau
Joyeux, joyeux, joyeux
Célébrer ta vie en nouveaux

Les étoiles dans le ciel
Fais des Cligne-œil au guellants
Toute le ciel célèbres
Ta naissance au vivants

Ta familles qui son proche
Ta familles qui son loin
A ce temp de ta fête
On vien te dire qu'on t'aime bien.

Marie S. Landry
Jennings LA

Ida's Legacy

She left her gifts—
of objects made
for the moment, for the person
— for them alone.
Sweaters, scarves and afghans
joined
with a legacy of touch, of homey scents,
familiar sounds—
texture of the yarn,
sustaining taste
of
tourtière, chicken soup
and sugar pie —
rich dishes from the French life,
hearty food for working folk.
With past-accented voice
French flavored,
she told
of times endured
when friends and neighbors
made the labor light.

Crafting her life—
as she did so many things—
one day
she cast the final stitch,
laid down
the finished work,
and slipped away.

For Kay on the death of her mother.
MSL 11/29/08

Aged 92, Ida passed away on November
21, 2008. She was a workingwoman all her life.

Until a few months of her death, she lived in her own home, drove her car, tended to her needs and looked out for others. In her own mind, she was never poor. She always had enough for herself, her friends, and family. During World War II she was a first class welder until the boys came home. Afterwards, for many years, she owned a knitting shop. Although she did retire, she never stopped working. Compassionate towards friends, she was always knitting, doing needlepoint, weaving rugs and cooking—all for others. Anyone who tasted Ida's cooking always came back for more. Completing one last sweater for a friend, she died. Living simply and completely, her motto was: "You're no better than anyone else—but no one is any better than you."

Notre Chanson

"Do they sing? If so, what do their songs say?
Is there a special music, a music they call
their own?"

--Le Forum Littéraire. Le FAROG FORUM (février 1980), p. 7

Dans les contes de nos familles,
De nos triomphes, de nos folies;
Dans le rire de nos enfants;
Dans les soupirs de nos parents;
Dans les cloches de l'Église,
De l'école, de l'usine;
N'importe où nous nous rassemblons,
C'est là, notre chanson.

--Maureen Perry
Lewiston, ME

WITH NOTHING NEW

by Steven Riel ©
Natick, MA



oarsmen from aged ships
then jailed in carts of swiftly hewn
guarded by
and still these naked captives rise in song
jaws against splintered
with all their might
streaked torsos heaving out
of buzz and drone
over the clatter of rim on
galloping toward a milder coast's

gagged, cuffed, blindfolded
hunched, vomit-drenched, in shock
concludes
blackness
commands
flogged
shoved
nothing
death

Now I must learn from this
to steer without rudder; without
without cat-o'-nine-tails, the I who
then starved them into bleating, the I who
their great spent limbs into "the hole" —with
I must lead them to an early
our inlets could swaddle with song

<http://www.stevenriel.com/index.html>
Steven Riel, Box 679, Natick, MA 01760

Email: Steven@StevenRiel.com

(See next issue for more poetry from Steven, also visit his website for more info. on his books: *How to Dream* (1992), *The Spirit Can Crest* (2003), and *Postcard from P-town* (due out Feb. 2009).)

Coin des jeunes...



**Soumis par
Rita Roy-Drouin**

Savez-vous de quel arbre vous
provenez ?

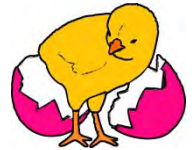
Recherchez votre date de naissance dans
la liste qui suit et vous trouverez votre ar-
bre. Un petit jeu amusant qui saura vous
surprendre par la justesse de ses propos
et qui s'inspire de l'astrologie celtique.

- 23 déc. Au 01 janv. - Pommier
- 02 janv. Au 11 janv. - Sapin
- 12 janv. Au 24 janv. - Orme
- 25 janv. Au 03 févr. - Cyprès
- 04 févr. Au 8 févr. - Peuplier
- 09 févr. Au 18 févr. - Cèdre
- 19 févr. Au 28 févr. - Pin
- 01 mars au 10 mars - Saule pleureur
- 11 mars au 20 mars - Tilleul
- 21 mars - Chêne
- 22 mars au 31 mars - Noisetier
- 01 avr. Au 10 avr. - Cormier
- 11 avr. Au 20 avr. - Érable
- 21 avr. Au 30 avr. - Noyer
- 01 mai au 14 mai - Peuplier
- 15 mai au 24 mai - Châtaignier
- 25 mai au 03 juin - Frêne
- 04 juin au 13 juin - Charme de la Caroline
- 14 juin au 23 juin - Figuier
- 24 juin - Bouleau
- 25 juin au 04 juill. - Pommier
- 05 juill. Au 14 juill. - Sapin
- 15 juill. Au 25 juill. - Orme
- 26 juill. Au 04 août - Cyprès
- 05 août au 13 août - Peuplier
- 14 août au 23 août - Cèdre
- 24 août au 02 sept. - Pin
- 03 sept. Au 12 sept. - Saule pleureur
- 13 sept. Au 22 sept. - Tilleul
- 23 sept. - Olivier
- 24 sept. Au 03 oct. - Noisetier
- 04 oct. Au 13 oct. - Cormier
- 14 oct. Au 23 oct. - Érable
- 24 oct. Au 11 nov. - Noyer
- 12 nov. Au 21 nov. - Châtaignier
- 22 nov. Au 01 déc. - Frêne
- 02 déc. Au 11 déc. - Charme de la Caroline
- 12 déc. Au 21 déc. - Figuier
- 22 déc. - Hêtre

Dessiner une ligne du nom à l'image



la chèvre



la grenouille



le cheval



le poussin



le coq



la vache



la souris

le dindon



la poule



le cochon



**Coulerier Manny
et ses outils**



Dear Editor;



That was very thoughtful of you to take the time to respond to my letter-and-honestly I don't remember if you wrote before. It's the world we live in now-too many numbers and stuff to remember. I did receive the fall/winter issue previously. So, I will "pass-on" the last issue you graciously sent.

In your letter of Feb. 16th, you mentioned a woman enquiring about the name: Simonneau. Enclosed, I sent you the two genealogy lists I have. The Simonneau was the mother of Marie Rose Corriveau who married Joseph Hebert, a blood relative on my memères (grandmother's) side of the family. It's interesting you asked about that name, Simonneau, because I could not find any "info" on the marriage of Joseph Hebert to Marie-Rose Corriveau. That is not really my priority to know, but, maybe that bit of "info" will be of some use to the lady you mentioned.

I've sent the genealogy lists for two reasons:

1. Maybe my list will help the woman.
2. a. I want to have a search done on my maternal line. Eventually, I want to have an mtDNA done to have "info" on my direct maternal line.
- b. Also, I have no "info" on where my ancestors lived in France. It would be nice to know what part of France or town they

(Continued on page 45)



THE THIBODEAU(X) PILGRIMAGE

August 17 – 19, 2009

Goal: Three day visit to several sites in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia that are significant to the early history of our Thibodeau(x) family.

ITINERARY

**Monday August 17, 2009
- Moncton, New Brunswick**

11:00 A.M. - Meet at Champ-lain Mall, Moncton, New Brunswick

1.) Tim Horton's for have lunch
2.) View Germain Thibodeau monument located in mall parking lot

12:00 P.M. - Departure for a short distance across the Peticodiak River to Riverview West for a brief visit to "La Pre en Coin" (Corner Meadow) site is the upper part of the Thibodeau Colony, approximately 30 miles up river from the lower portion of the colony on the Peticodiak River.

Tuesday August 18, 2009

8:00 A.M. - Meet at Champ-lain Mall, Moncton, New Brunswick

1.) Drive 150 miles (3 hrs.) to Windsor, NS where Thibodeau Village/Shaw Farm is located.

11:00 A.M. (approx) Arriving on NS Route 101, Exit 5A Tourist Information center. If possible carpool. Return to Exit 5 continue on to Route 14. Cross the St. Croix River to Poplar Grove continue about two miles turn left onto Avondale Road. At this intersection there is a take-out if anyone needs a bite to eat.

LODGING

(It will be each individual's responsibility to arrange lodging.)
(Letters continued from page 44)

lived in to learn the customs, traditions, etc.

Is this something you are able to do? If so, please let me know and send me an estimate of the cost involved with the search.

On the back side of the Hebert sheet, I tried to list the maternal line as far back as I was able to.

There was a bit of confusion doing this because I had to check onto the Dupont sheet to find my Great-Grandmother's mother's name. The confusion was that the list of the husband's was listed first and the wife after. But, when you look at the names Arline and Adrien Dupont, the names are in reverse. Adrien's name should have been above Arline's. Arline was my Great-Grandmother. I had the darnest time trying to figure-out who her mother was! I'm mentioning to you, so it is more clear to you, then, it was to me.

Many times I have thought of "writing my story," but I don't write well, but, the real reason is, that, there are too many tragedies and losses in my family. (I don't want my story to be sad.) Not all the losses are connected with "1756", but, as I get older and find out more informa-

responsibility to arrange lodging.)

1.) Grand Pré is about 20 miles from the Shaw Farm, they close at 6:00 P.M.

2) In the Grand Pré area is The Old Orchard Inn right off Route 101 in Wolfville, NS, nice and inexpensive hotel, (has no elevator). The prices were quite reasonable in 2004. This is the place where Sara and I were interviewed by CBC for the Expulsion documentary in 2004.

3) Annapolis Royal is 70 miles from Grand Pré .

4) There is a motel in Bridgetown near where we will be camping.. It is only 7 miles to Round Hill from Bridgetown via Route 201. Round Hill is about half way between Bridgetown and Annapolis Royal.} Wednesday August 19, 2009 - Annapolis

Royal

8:00 A.M. - Meet at Fort Anne on St.

George Street

8:30 A.M. (approx) - Drive 8 miles to Round Hill. Spend as much time as you wish visiting this very important site of our ancestors. I will be your guide tour of Round Hill, beginning with the small park where Pierre Thibodeau plaque is located along with the millstone said to have come from the mill of Phineas Lovett. This is very likely the site of the mill of our ancestor and the stone from his mill also, although not provable beyond doubt. I will then lead the group to the site where the Thibodeau homes were located on Round Hill Road and finally the vast 400 acre farm land that was known as La Pree Ronde owned by our ancestor.

Whatever remains of the day can be spent visiting other sites of interest in this very historical area. Places to consider are Ft. Anne (Opens at 9:00 AM), Habitation, Historical Gardens where there is a replica of an Acadian house, the Melanson Settlement on the way to Habitation and then Annapolis itself.

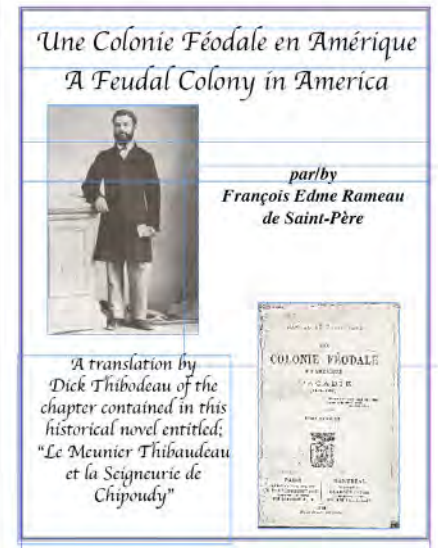
tion, I truly believe that many of the difficulties, losses, ostracizing of family members, and other dynamics that occurred, are the result of the ethnic cleansing of mass deportation in 1756. The scars of shame trickled down like poison through generations. The need to survive or perish damaged the branches of my family tree. Many of us particularly, the woman, became warriors without weapons, trying to hold-on to the little that we did have. Our perseverance to accomplish and succeed became a battle against loyalty and trust.

I am the only one amongst my brothers and sisters, trying to put the pieces together for myself and the next generation.

Hopefully, through knowledge and understanding of what has happened to us, there can be healing. Then we can evolve and return to reaching out to one another and be in harmony as we once were.

We were raised to hate anything French without realizing it was happening. As you stated in your letter, our parents and relatives were doing what they thought was best for our future. Assimilation was part of their oppression.

My grandmother told me a story in broken



Have Thibodeau Ancestry? Interested in learning about Pierre Thibodeau? To purchase the booklet above of the translation of the chapter on Pierre Thibodeau in "Une Colonie Fédale en Amérique" - A Feudal Colony in America by François-Edmé Rameau de Saint-Père. \$10.00 includes shipping and handling.

**Contact Dick Thibodeau at:
PO Box 245, West Kennebunk, ME
04094-0245**

**Email: DTthib@aol.com
or contact:**

**Lisa Desjardins Michaud at:
110 Crossland Hall, Orono, ME 04469
Email: Lisa_Michaud@umit.maine.edu**

English when I was about eight years old. She told me not to forget it. "It was about our people," she strongly said. I had forgotten the story and remembered it about five years ago. That is when I began my research. The story was about Acadia.

I wouldn't describe myself as being a very religious person, but, as the song goes, I believe in miracles. I don't live in the past and know I can't change it, but, the past is part of who we are. For me, learning about the past has given me more pride in who I am, and strengthened me to move forward. It has filled-in the missing pieces of my identity and my place for the future, they are linked together.

Now I am excited to be part French and I embrace my French Heritage.

*Sincerely,
Frances T. Paine*

*Dear Frances;
I am hoping our readership can help you with your genealogy.*

*To our readers;
Does anyone have the Antoine Hebert line? The Marcouiller line? The Gilles Dupont line? If so, please contact me at the Franco-American Centre or Lisa_Michaud@umit.maine.edu*



PRESS RELEASE

14 Feb 2009 Harvard, MA

The Terriot Acadian Family Society of Harvard, Massachusetts announces that the Société Historique du Madawaska of Edmundston, New Brunswick in collaboration with the Maine Acadian Heritage Council of Madawaska, Maine will be hosting the launching and signing of the book "Destination: Madawaska" by J. Ralph Theriault of Harvard, Massachusetts, founder of the Terriot Acadian Family Society. The launching is scheduled to take place at the University of Moncton at Edmundston on Friday evening, 3 April 2009 and at the University of Maine at Fort Kent on Saturday, 4 April 2009. The book, a 70 page soft cover is heavily illustrated with about 40 maps and photos, many never before published from the newly discovered family album of Pélagie Thériault Morneault of Moulin-Morneault in St-Jacques, NB, the grand-daughter of the pioneer Charles Thériault. The book is heavily annotated with endnotes and a bibliography.

The book is a biography of Charles Theriault, first francophone settler in 1821-1823 of the lower Madawaska River in present-day St-Jacques. The book presents a brief history of the Acadian migration before the time of Charles' trail-blazing in the wilderness of the Madawaska territory. The territory at that time was a 'no-man's land' that included much of northern Maine from Houlton and all of Madawaska county and parts of Victoria and Restigouche counties of northwestern New Brunswick. At that time, the territory was claimed by the United States as being part of the new state of Maine and was also claimed by England as being part of the new colony of New Brunswick. The dispute was settled by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842 which chose the St-John River as the international boundary separating the United States and New Brunswick.

The book presents the genealogy of the greater Thériault family in the St-John Valley showing that the population of all Thériaults until 1900 came from three branches of the Acadian family; one which migrated from the lower St-John to St-Basile around 1790 and two branches which had migrated from Acadia to Kamouraska, QC in 1759 and later migrated to the various Madawaska settlements between 1820 and 1860.

In presenting the biography of Charles Thériault, J. Ralph Theriault also included the early history of the Saint-Onge, the Plourde and the Morneault families because of the close relationships between the four pioneer families. After Charles migrated to the lower Madawaska River in 1821-1823, he was later

(Continued on page 47)



Chez Yankois

Renewing the identity of French in New England

NEW SERVICE PROMOTES NEW ENGLAND FRENCH CULTURE THROUGH WEB 2.0 TOOLS

Chez Yankois Web Service To Act As Central Meetingplace For New England's 2 Million Franco-Americans

Joseph Theriault
Yankois Media, LLC
Phone: (603) 724-2264
Fax: (603) 369-3449
Email: press@yankoismedia.com

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE (January 4, 2009)– Yankois Media (www.yankoismedia.com) has launched Chez Yankois (www.chezYankois.com), a service to promote the enrichment of New England's French culture through web-based communication and social networking tools.

"Chez Yankois creates a forum for the Yankois to discover and share a world of French music, find and plan events, share photos and videos, and find new friends through common contacts and interest groups," says Joseph Theriault, president and founder, Yankois Media. "We hope that these opportunities to connect through this free service will drive it to become the centerpiece of online expression for New England's Franco-Americans, French students and teachers, and all those interested in our music, language and culture."

Any Internet user can sign up for a free account and immediately take advantage of a fast-growing collection of user-contributed content. Within its first days this content already included photo albums, a selection of French-language music ranging from folk to hard rock, groups dedicated to topics as varied as the Red Sox and the local French dialect, and an impressive listing of events taking place across all six New England states.

This service is being offered completely for free to the public with only minor merchandising revenue assisting to defray its associated costs. Joseph Theriault explained, "Yankois Media was founded to be a company that makes its money by catering to the Yankois community with products and services of specific interest to it. This pins our success on its health and we hope that Chez Yankois can play a major role in making it thrive."

About Yankois Media:

Yankois Media (www.yankoismedia.com) is working to build a valuable and profitable institution within the New England Franco-American community by assisting it to sustain and enrich its unique culture through increased access to the world-wide Francophonie, eased exchange of its goods and services at home and bringing those goods and services to the world marketplace.

About Yankois:

"Yankois" is a recently coined term to describe the significant number of New Englanders of French heritage. The URL www.yankois.info may be consulted as a reference with a more complete description and statistics.

816 Elm Street Suite 171
Manchester, NH 03101

www.YankoisMedia.com

Our Acadian, French Canadian, and Maine Ancestors

This site is in tribute and honor to our ancestors, who were pioneers in New France in the mid 1660s, and to their descendants who settled along the Saint Lawrence River and then migrated to the Upper St John River Valley in Northern Maine, as well as the descendants who migrated from Quebec, through Beauce County to the Augusta and Waterville, Maine area.

You can visit our family genealogy

site and use the search function to inquiry on ancestors in our database who might also be in your family tree.

The Roy and Boucher Family tree is the main anchor on our genealogy site. The Roy Family is of course my line and the Boucher Family is my wife's line. You can also visit our Nadeau and Soucy family, which is my mother's and grand-mother's family line.

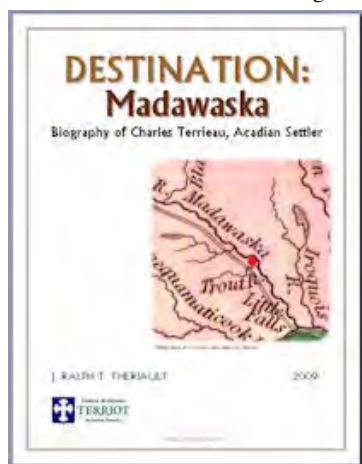
<http://www.royandboucher.com/>

Email: ken@royandboucher.com



joined in 1826 by his two brothers-in-law, Pierre Plourde and Jean Saint-Onge and their families. Pierre Plourde's contribution to the industrialization of the Madawaska territory is well recorded by other historians like Fathers Thomas Albert and Eugène Paré, and by Monsieur Guy R. Michaud. Pierre built the first mill on the Iroquois River in the 1840's in the present-day Moulin-Morneault area of St-Jacques.

The author, J. Ralph Theriault is the son of Théodule Theriault and Elsie Dubé of Upper Frenchville, Maine and later of Plainville, Connecticut. He was born in Fort Kent, Maine and raised in the parish of Sainte-Luce of Upper Frenchville. Mr. Theriault is a Captain (Retired) of the United States Air Force and an Electrical Engineer (retired) of the Raytheon Company in Lexington, Massachusetts. He lives in Harvard, Massachusetts with his wife, Rosemary. He has two daughters, Nicola Ann and Jill and two grandsons.



<http://www.terriau.org/>

<http://www.terriau.org/joseph-theogenie/>

Email: joseph.ralph@terriau.org



*Aroostook County
Genealogical Society*

The Aroostook County Genealogical Society presents their first publication: The 1850 – 1880 Aroostook County Censuses and Mortality Schedules as compiled by member Allen J. Voisine, #04.

Each individual Census has a complete index with standard and variant spellings of all known French and Acadian last names used in the particular census along with a complete explanation on how to read the complete census document is also included in the preface of the document.

The price for individuals within the State of Maine is: \$55.00, which is the price of CD, including sales tax and shipping and handling. The price for non residents within the U.S and for non-profit organizations and other sales tax exempt organizations regardless of location is: \$52.52, which is the price of CD and shipping and handling. The price for Canadian residents is: \$55.00 (in American Funds), which is the price of CD and shipping and handling. Please mail checks to: A. C. G. S. Census Order P.O. Box 142 Caribou, ME 04736-0142.



*Aroostook County
Genealogical Society*

La société de généalogie du comté d'Aroostook présente sa première publication: *Les recensements et l'inventaire des décès du comté d'Aroostook 1850-1880* compilé par Allen J. Voisine, membre no 4.

Chaque recensement a un index complet avec l'orthographe standard et adaptée de tous les noms de famille français et acadiens utilisés dans le recensement avec une explication détaillée incluse dans la préface sur la manière de lire le document.

Le prix de cet ouvrage à l'intérieur de l'État du Maine est de 55\$, ce qui comprend le prix du CD avec les taxes de vente, la manutention et les timbres. Le coût pour les non-résidents des États-Unis est de 52,52\$ plus envoi et manutention. Pour les résidents canadiens le coût est de 55\$ (en argent américain). Faire le chèque au nom de: A.C.G.S., Census Order, P.O. Box 142, Caribou ME 04736-0142.

SOUCY FAMILY CONNECTIONS

About You?

All Soucys today trace their lineage to Jean Soucy-LaVigne (c.1643–78) and Jeanne Savonnet (c.1650–1721), immigrants from Paris, France to Quebec and through at least one of their four grandsons. Their story is expertly told by L'Association des familles Soucy (Quebec) which is dedicated to preserving and promoting Soucy family heritage. It publishes original, well documented and definitive family research in its annual bulletin, "La Source". Summaries of certain articles are available in English on the Association's web site: <http://www.genealogie.org/famille/Soucy>.

About Me...

I am Ronald Bernard, American-born son

of French-Canadian immigrants. A Soucy on my maternal side, I have been researching that family's genealogy since 1983. I have an extensive data base of connected Soucys (Family Tree Maker) and hope to one day complete and make available the entire tree, an ambitious idea which has become feasible thanks to the advent of the Internet. (Although I am a Director of L'Association des familles Soucy, right now this is my independent project with encouragement of the Board).

After years of research I have collected a large file (5000+) of Soucys/spouses who are still unconnected. These names, relationships and details were obtained from numerous public sources including church repertoires, obituaries and wedding and birth announcements, state and provincial vital records, the U.S. SSDI, published family histories, on-line Soucy name lists, veter-

ans listings, on-line cemetery lists, news and genealogical society articles, etc. Although none of this information has been validated and there may be duplicates and overlapping, it is presented here in raw form in the hope that others may recognize individuals and families and help to accurately connect "missing" Soucys.

I would appreciate any contacts to further the project and will be pleased to collaborate with or assist anyone interested in preserving the heritage of this great family through its genealogy.

Contact Ronald Bernard

Email Ron@SoucyGenealogy.org

Postal Address: PO Box 1288

Farmington, CT 06034 USA





The French Connection

Franco-American Families of Maine

par Bob Chenard,
Waterville, Maine

Les Familles Guéret

Welcome to the seventeenth year of my column. Numerous families have since been published. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as the one below are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor. How to use the family listings. The left-hand column lists the first name (and middle name or initial, if any) of the direct descendants of the ancestor identified as number 1 (or A, in some cases). The next column gives the date of marriage, then the spouse (maiden name if female) of

marriage, then the spouse (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with

the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere apologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

GUÉRET [dit DUMONT*]

FAMILY #2

Jacques **Guéret** [dit Dumont*] born 19 April 1665 in the village of Canchy, department of Calvados, ancient province of Normandie, France, son of René Guéret and Madeleine Le Vigoureux, married on 19 April 1694 at Beauport, PQ, to Marie-Anne **Tardif**, born 1676 in PQ, died in PQ, daughter of Jacques Tardif and Barbe d'Orange. Canchy is located 1/2 mile west of the hamlet of Guéret and 14 miles west-northwest of the city of Bayeux. Jacques arrived in Canada in 1690 and he lived at Mont Louis. Most of his descendants adopted the surname **DUMONT** or **DUMOND**.

24B	Angèle		28 Sep 1863	Eugène "James" Bizier	Augusta(St.Mary)	
				"James-F. Lewis"	(of Skowhegan)	
	Thomas	1m.	04 Aug 1867	Mary Berry (Deblois)	Wtvl.(St.John)	24C
	"	2m.	17 Nov 1906	Georgiana Lessard	Waterville(SFS)	
	M.-Anne	1m.	25 Jun 1871	Augustin Boulette	Wtvl.(St. John)	
	"	2m.	14 Apr 1891	"Godfroy & Gaspard"		
				Pierre Beaudoin	Skowhegan(NDL)	
				"Peter Boardman"		
	Wm.-Honoré		22 Apr 1874	Adélaïde Lachance	Wtvl.(St.John)	24D
	"Henry"			[dit Marcoux]		
	Emélie		14 Aug 1874	Vital Bolduc	Waterville(St.John)	
	"		20 Aug 1874	" " recorded at:	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Elizabeth		05 Feb 1884	Thomas-J. Thibodeau	Skowhegan(NDL)	
24C	Adèle		20 May 1890	Jean-Napo. Laliberté	Skowhegan(NDL)	
24D	Élise-M.		19 Sep 1898	Alfred Charpentier	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Noé-Edward		02 Oct 1899	Malvina "Lina" Giroux	Skowhegan(NDL)	24E
	Marie		08 Jun 1903	John Redmond	Jackman(St.Ant.)	
	Hélène		18 Jul 1904	Eddie Marcoux	Jackman(St.Ant.)	
	William-Henry		01 May 1911	Bernice-Mabel Laliberté	Skowhegan(NDL)	24F
	Adam-J.	1m.	28 May 1923	M.-Anne-Clara Michaud	Skowhegan(NDL)	24G
	"	2m.	15 Jul 1938	Emma Therrien	Skowhegan(NDL)	
24E	Dorothy-Elsie		23 May 1927	Wilfrid-Edmond Poulin	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Alfred-Laurent		06 Jun 1927	M.-Lillian Charpentier	Skowhegan(NDL)	24H
				[dit Leo]		
	Henry-William		02 Sep 1939	Yvonne-Agnès Rodrigue	Skowhegan(NDL)	
24F	Irène		11 Jan 1937	Albert Godin	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Bernice-Adel.		24 Nov 1938	Fred-Allen Laney	Skowhegan	
				(Laliberté)		
	Robert-W.		19 Jan 1946	Délia-Régina Thibault	Skowhegan(NDL)	24J
24G	Ethel-A.	1m.	11 Aug 1944	Vaughn-R. Donovan	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	"	2m.	03 Feb 1946	Lee-W. Frost	Skowhegan	
	"	3m.	06 Jul 1956	William-H. Bowen	Skowhegan	
24H	M.-Louise		23 Apr 1955	Henry-Roger Hooper	Skowhegan(NDL)	
24J	Margaret-J.		09 May 1970	Philip Crowell	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Donna		19__	_____ Quirion	_____	
	Diane		19__	_____ Brown	_____	

(Continued on page 50)

GUÉRET

32A	Sifroid		19 Apr 1887	M.-Alice Tremblay	Lewiston(SPP)	32B
	William		11 Jan 1897	Odile Mailhot	Lewiston(SPP)	
32B	Roland-S.		11 Oct 1923	Stella Saucier	Lewiston(SPP)	
33A	Joseph		24 Oct 1881	Isilda Pomerleau	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Uldéric		15 Sep 1884	Exilia Bernier	Lewiston(SPP)	33C
	Adéline		17 Aug 1886	Jean-Bte. Griffard	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
	Cyriaque		18 Nov 1889	Marie Demers	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Léda		14 Jun 1897	Charles Anctil	Lewiston(SPP)	
33B	Béatrice		07 Dec 1885	Louis Caron	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Matilda		16 Jun 1887	George Griffard	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
	Antonia		26 Dec 1897	Laurent Morin	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
	Eugénie		19 May 1903	Patrick Dupuis	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
33C	Léda-M.	1m.	24 Feb 1908	Francis Crowley	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	"	2m.	14 Aug 1943	François-J. Laroché	Lewiston(HF)	
	Aurôre		20 Apr 1914	Albert Bourque	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Joseph-Fernand		08 May 1933	M.-Irène Lefebvre	Lewiston(St.Mary)	33D
33D	Henri-J.		09 May 1959	Annette-L. Langlais	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Cécile-C.		23 Apr 1960	Raynald-L. Lussier	Lewiston(HF)	
	Pauline-Joanne		08 Apr 1961	Omer-Ernest Bolduc	Lewiston(HF)	
	Ronald		30 May 1969	Rose-May Gallant	Lewiston(HC)	
35A	Emilie		04 May 1891	Henri Paquin	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Démérisé		13 Feb 1899	Maxime Pellerin	Lewiston(SPP)	
36A	Vital	1m.	27 Apr 1872	Euphémie Levasseur	Van Buren	36C
	"	2m.	02 Mar 1897	Euphémie Daigle	Grand Isle	
	Germain		07 Nov 1881	Marcelline Levesque	St.Basile, NB	36D
36B	Flavie		05 Oct 1879	Isidore Mercier	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
36C	Agnès-M.	1m.	10 Sep 1900	Lazare Blier	Eagle Lake	
	"	2m.	10 Jun 1918	Tancrede-J. Bizier	Waterville(SFS)	
	Paul		17 Aug 1901	Rose-Délina Nadeau	Eagle Lake	36E
36D	Florent		<u>20 Feb 1905</u>	Sophie Corbin	Grand Isle !	36F
36E	Laura		16 Jun 1930	Carroll-E. Grondin	Waterville(SH)	
36F	Maxwell		21 Oct 1940	Cécile Roy	Lewiston(SPP)	36G
36G	Lorraine	1m.	01 Dec 1962	Thomas Shea	Lewiston(SPP)	
	"	2m.	11 May 1975	Robert Lacombe	Lewiston(HF)	
	Victor-Roland		12 Mar 1977	Josephine-I. Stubbs	Lewiston(HF)	
40A	Auguste	1m.	18 May 1879	Flavie St-Amand	St.David, Me.	40B
	Séverin		12 Apr 1885	Ozithé Cyr	St.David, Me.	40C
40B	Séverin		28 Jun 1904	Catherine Cyr	St.Agathe, Me.	40D
	Firmin		23 May 1910	Marie Caron	Grand Isle	40E
40C	Étienne "Stephen"		05 Aug 1918	Délina Cyr	St.Agathe, Me.	40F
	Jos.-Anthime		16 Feb 1920	Yvonne Leclerc	St.Agathe, Me.	40G
	Théodule		30 Dec 1922	Alvina Mercier	Lewiston(SPP)	40H
	Cécile		12 Aug 1935	Edgar Cyr	St.Agathe, Me.	
	Carisse		30 Sep 1944	Louise-E. Turcotte	Lewiston(SPP)	40J
40D	Ubald		28 Sep 1942	Simone Lavoie	Lewiston(St.Mary)	40K
	Flavie		08 Sep 1945	Albert Laurendeau	Lewiston(SPP)	
40E	Jos.-Rosaire		30 Jun 1945	Robertine Lagassé	Lewiston(SPP)	40L
40F	Maurice		22 Feb 1943	Gertrude Saucier	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Murphy		10 Sep 1951	Mildred-E. Moreau	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
40G	Aldéo		20 Aug 1949	Thérèse Turcotte	Lewiston(SPP)	
40H	Arthur		28 Oct 1950	Dolores Laplante	Lewiston(SPP)	40M
40J	Michael		28 Jun 1974	Linda Sirois	Lewiston(SPP)	
40K	Lynette-M.		26 Feb 1972	Herbert-A. Millett	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
40L	Jacqueline-T.		10 Jul 1965	Ronald-G. Poulin	Lewiston(SPP)	
40M	Suzanne-Carol		27 May 1972	Barry-David Wright	Lewiston(St.Jos.)	
41A	Maria		20 Feb 1882	Séraphin Morin	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Georges	1m.	07 Nov 1887	Flavie Blanchette	Lewiston(SPP)	41E
	"	2m.	28 Oct 1912	Louisa Carrier	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Léocadie		19 Nov 1889	Abraham Couturier	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Théodore		18 Feb 1890	Elmire Descoteaux	Lewiston(SPP)	41F
	Lydia		27 Sep 1897	Joseph Mailhot	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Emilia		20 Jul 1903	Arthur Pelletier	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Joseph		17 Feb 1908	Cécile Turgeon	Lewiston(SPP)	
41B	Amanda		18 Jan 1886	Samuel Cloutier	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Omer		04 Oct 1886	Adèle Grégoire	Lewiston(SPP)	41G
	Olivine		13 Feb 1888	François-X. Côté	Lewiston(SPP)	
41C	Flavius		03 Aug 1914	M.-Rose-A. Pelletier	Lewiston(SPP)	
41D	Omer		18 Sep 1899	Emma Levesque	Lewiston(SPP)	41H
	Clémentine		03 Aug 1903	Ludger Champagne	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Pierre		23 Nov 1908	Rose-de-Lima Caron	Lewiston(SPP)	41J
41E	Éva		14 Jun 1915	Jules Comeau	Lewiston(SPP)	
41F	Wilfrid		08 Sep 1913	Antoinette Lefrançois	Berlin, NH(St.Anne)	

(Continued on page 51)

GUÉRET

41G	Joseph	29 Aug	1910	Flora Veilleux	Lewiston(SPP)	
	William	02 Jan	1923	Lucienne Bouchard	Lewiston(St.Mary)	41K
41H	Yvonne	30 Jul	1923	Émile-Jules Leclerc	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	William	25 Jun	1928	Juliette Poulin	Lewiston(St.Mary)	41L
	Dolores	04 Dec	1933	Alva Leblond	Lewiston(SPP)	
41J	Lucille	15 Jun	1935	Wilfrid Gauvin	Lewiston(SPP)	
41K	Marcel-Roland	14 Nov	1942	Constance-D. Auger	Auburn(SH)	41M
	Normand	04 Oct	1950	Florette Chicoine	Auburn(SH)	
	George-Omer	21 Nov	1955	Carolyn Bubier	Auburn(SH)	41N
	Jean-Shirley	19 Jul	1958	Robert Ignier	Auburn(SH)	
	Lucien-Wm.	18 Nov	1968	Andrey-Ann Hall	Lewiston(St.Jos.)	
41L	Muriel-Gert.	30 May	1967	Joseph Blouin	Lewiston(St.Jos.)	
41M	Sandra-Rolande	09 Jun	1962	Walter-Henry Hoyt, Jr.	Auburn(SH)	
41N	Daniel-Robert	15 Jul	1977	Victoria-Yvn. Goulet	Lewiston(HF)	
43A	Marie 1m.	29 Sep	1879	Théodore Beaulieu	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
	" 2m.	25 Jul	1916	Albert-Benj. Lebrun	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
	Fabien	13 Sep	1896	Angèle Mercure	Old Town(St.Jos.)	43B
43B	Francis	06 Jan	1919	Helen Dwyer	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
	Maurice	04 Jun	1923	M.-Irène Fortin	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
	Pauline-I.	02 Jul	1945	Gérald-J. Tremblay	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
44A	Damase	10 May	1887	Adèle Charette	Ft.Kent	44C
	Honoré	07 Nov	1887	Nathalie Pelletier	Frenchville	44D
	Philippe	10 Jan	1892	Amanda Cloutier	St.François, NB	44E
	Louis	25 Feb	1900	M.-Doromène Michaud	Frenchville	44F
	Jean-Baptiste	11 Apr	1904	Méthaïde Raymond	Frenchville	44G
44B	Alfred	24 Jun	1893	Apolline Pelletier	Ft.Kent(St.Ls.)	44H
	Félix	08 Jul	1901	Ella Paradis	Ft.Kent	44J
44C	Marguerite	14 Jun	1920	Paul-E. Levesque	Lewiston(SPP)	
44D	Albert	16 Jun	1913	Isabelle Labbé	Ft.Kent	44K
	Joseph-H.	29 Mar	1921	M.-Julia Charette	Ft.Kent	44L
	Adélarde	02 Apr	1929	Léona-M. Roy-Voisine	Ft.Kent	44M
44E	Oscar	15 Apr	1936	Lucia Blanchet	Dégelis, Témis.	44N
44F	Joseph-Louis*	31 Jan	1944	Cécile-L. Beaulieu	Lewiston(HC)	44P
44G	Émile	11 Dec	1944	Evelyn Jutras	Lewiston(SPP)	
44H	Joseph-A.	09 Feb	1916	M.-Rose LeClair	Ft.Kent	44Q
44J	Aline-Lina	12 May	1941	Edgar Boucher	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
44K	Ligorie	30 May	1947	Madeleine Dandeneau	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Jeanne-M.	22 Nov	1947	William Tucker	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Patricia	16 Mar	1954	Laurent Côté	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Adolphe-Antonio	21 Jan	1956	Lucille-Mgte. Côté	Auburn(St.Louis)	
	Harold-F.	16 Nov	1957	Patricia-M. Bragdon	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Lucienne-A.	02 May	1959	Henry-R. Hughes	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Paul	01 Jul	1961	Reanne Aliberti	Lewiston(St.Pat.)	
	Maurice	15 Aug	1961	Carolyn-F. Stasulis	Auburn(SH)	
	Eugène-Paul	09 Jul	1966	Elaine-C. Gagnon	Auburn(SH)	
44L	Rita	19 Aug	1940	Lawrence Levesque	Ft.Kent(RC)	
44M	Juanita	29 Oct	1955	Robert Thomas	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
44N	Jacques	11 Sep	1965	Rachel Corriveau	Biddeford(St.And.)	
44P	Irène	11 Jun	1960	Lucien Beaudette	Lewiston(HC)	
	Gérald-P.	25 Jul	1970	Lucie-L. Fortin	Lewiston(SPP)	
44Q	Guy-Maurice	01 Jun	1948	Minnie-Francis Brown	Lewiston(HF)	
	Louis	26 Apr	1952	Dorothy Smith	Lewiston(St.Pat.)	
46A	M.-Anne	03 Jul	1881	Émile "John" Lavoie	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
	Désiré	07 Jan	1885	Clarisse Gagnon	Caribou(SC)	46B
	Adélina	19 Jun	1887	Ernest Bois	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
	Théophile 1m.	12 Jul	1897	Mérentia Laliberté	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	" 2m.	09 Jun	1904	Alice Lemieux	Old Town(St.Jos.)	46C
46B	M.-Anne	29 Jul	1912	Peter-Adam Grenier	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
	Alphonse	26 May	1913	Anne Francoeur	St.Jacques, Mad.,NB	46D
46C	Emelie	18 Nov	1929	Albert Simon	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
	Léo-Roméo	16 Jun	1938	M.-Elizabeth Merrow	Auburn(SH)	
46D	Alphonse 1m.	25 Nov	1954	Yvette Labrecque	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	" 2m.	27 Jan	1978	Jeannette-M. Lebel	Biddeford(St.And.)	
	Georgiana	14 Nov	1964	Roger Gilbert	Biddeford(St.André)	
47A	Elzéar	22 Jun	1903	Jeanne Laflamme	Lewiston(SPP)	47B
47B	François	17 Nov	1924	Anna-M. Pomerleau	Lewiston(SPP)	47C
	Jeanne-M.	17 Dec	1938	Geo-Edouard Fortier	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Roger	16 Sep	1950	Monique Boucher	Lewiston(SPP)	
47C	John	12 Apr	1947	Anita Ouellette	Lewiston(SPP)	
55A	Victoria	06 Sep	1887	Hubert Sirois	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Clothilde	06 Sep	1887	Bénoni Violette	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Samuel	21 Aug	1893	Céline Fortier	Lewiston(SPP)	

(Continued on page 51)

GUÉRET

	Tharsille	16 May 1898	William Duguay	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Georges	12 Sep 1898	Rosanna Leblond	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Alphonse	04 Sep 1899	Joséphine Thibault	Lewiston(SPP)	55C
55B	Télesphore	02 Mar 1892	Catherine Martin	Eagle Lake	55D
55C	Fernand-Ray.	17 Sep 1928	Wilhelmine McGraw	Lewiston(St.Mary)	55E
55D	Yvonne-J.	29 Dec 1924	Henry-Ls. Levasseur	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
55E	Janine-Dolores	07 Jan 1967	Richard-Aug. Hale, II	Lewiston(St.Pat.)	
59A	Alexina	06 Oct 1890	Octave Poliquin	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Ernest-J.	28 Feb 1905	M.-Anne Caron	Brunswick(SJB)	59B
59B	Gabrielle	18 Oct 1947	George Paradis	Lewiston(HC)	
62A	Alcide	27 Jun 1898	Délanire Boudreau	Lewiston(SPP)	62B
	Wilfrid	06 Aug 1907	Marie Lacombe	Lewiston(SPP)	62C
	Dominique-Henri	27 Feb 1911	M.-Alice Turcotte	Lewiston(SPP)	62D
	Emma-E.-M.	18 Sep 1911	Louis Therrien	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Antonio	19 Feb 1917	Blanche Bernier	Lewiston(SPP)	62E
	Frank-É.	12 Sep 1920	Justine Dionne	Lewiston(SPP)	
62B	Gabriel-Ovila	25 Jun 1924	Clara Dufresne	Ste.Madeleine, PQ	
62C	Dora-Yvette	25 Feb 1946	Emery-Edward Harris	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
	Simone	04 Jun 1946	Roméo-L. Ouellette	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
	Louis	05 Apr 1951	Edna-May Young	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
62D	Robert	01 Jun 1950	Henriette Chevrete	Lewiston(SPP)	
62E	Anita	28 Aug 1944	Roger Albert	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Jeanette-M.	01 Oct 1951	John-J. O'Connell, Jr.	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Carmen	14 May 1962	Raymond St-Pierre	Lewiston(SPP)	
63A	M.-Alice-M.	26 Jul 1920	Walter-F. Cloutier	Lewiston(SPP)	
74A	Pascal	29 Apr 1889	Anna Morin	Lewiston(SPP)	74B
74B	Edgar	20 Nov 1916	Éva Perreault	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Dora-M. !	04 Nov 1918	Frédéric-Alph. Marcoux	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Annette	13 Feb 1928	Wilfrid Castonguay	Lewiston(HC)	
	Gertrude	08 Nov 1931	Alphonse Morin	Lewiston(HC)	
	Simonne	19 Apr 1932	Aimé Poulin	Lewiston(HC)	
77A	Denis	14 Oct 1895	Aldéa Laderoute	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	77C
	Auguste	02 Jan 1901	Rose-Anna Gendron	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Joseph	19 Aug 1901	Élise Gendron	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	77D
	Philippe	01 Oct 1906	M.-Louise Dupras	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	77E
77B	Léontine	27 Aug 1900	Marcel Faucher	Biddeford(St.André)	
	Athénaïse	20 Oct 1900	Calixte Martin	Biddeford(St.André)	
	François	06 Oct 1902	Amanda/Anna Moulin	Biddeford(St.And.)	77F
	Joseph	20 Apr 1908	Élise Dupras	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	77G
	Louise-Georg.	12 Apr 1909	Henri Lafortune	Biddeford(St.André)	
	Léda	27 May 1911	Eugène Côté	Biddeford(St.André)	
	M.-Louise	29 Sep 1919	Aimé Genest	Biddeford(St.André)	
77C	Adélar	28 Jul 1919	M.-Régina Simoneau	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Alcide	06 Sep 1922	Béatrice Ledoux	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Antoinette	31 May 1926	Alfred Gagné	Biddeford(St.André)	
	Julien	02 Jul 1929	Murielle Hurtibise	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
77D	Rose-Élisa 1m.	22 Oct 1955	Arthur Gagnon	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	" 2m.	11 Dec 1971	Albert Paquet	Biddeford(St.André)	
77E	Albert	02 May 1932	Liliane-Florence Tellier	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
77F	François	18 Oct 1926	M.-Ange Grenier	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	77H
	Cécile	20 Mar 1937	Arthur Plourde	Biddeford(St.André)	
	Jeanne	14 Aug 1937	Lauria Létourneau	Biddeford(St.André)	
77G	Béatrice	02 Oct 1933	Hector Laporte	Biddeford(St.André)	
	Albert	12 Apr 1934	Rachelle Rodrigue	Biddeford(St.André)	
	Raoul	27 May 1940	Rita Bégin	Biddeford(St.And.)	77J
	Armand	11 Nov 1940	M.-Lorraine Bergeron	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Joseph	11 Mar 1944	Ruth Day	Westbrook(St.Hy.)	
	Anita	24 Jan 1948	Charles Gillis	Biddeford(St.André)	
	Raynald	11 Sep 1948	Simonne Lacroix	Biddeford(St.And.)	77K
77H	Léo-Paul	05 Sep 1953	Murielle Boutin	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	77L
	Richard-Oscar	21 May 1977	Cécile-Florence Girard	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
77J	Claire	09 May 1964	James Nadeau	Biddeford(St.André)	
77K	Laurent	24 Aug 1968	Judith Evans	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
77L	Ronald	09 Aug 1974	Nancy Perreault	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Steven-K.	11 Jun 1977	Yvonne Deslauriers	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Susan-Nancy	14 Oct 1978	Raymond-G. Perreault	Biddeford(St.André)	
79A	Cyrice	17 Jun 1925	Alberta Labonté	Sanford(HF)	79B
	Émile-J.	16 Jul 1928	Olianne-M. Côté	Sanford(St.Ig.)	79C
	Léonie-M.	07 Jul 1930	Guy-J. Twyman	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
	Albert	10 Jul 1933	Cécile-M. Laitres	Sanford(HF)	79D
	Maurice	28 Sep 1935	Dorothy Davis	Sanford(St.Ig.)	79E
	Henri	30 Nov 1940	Henriette Camiré	Sanford(HF)	

(Continued on page 52)

GUÉRET

	Marcel		17 May 1941	Ida Fortier	Sanford(HF)	79F
79B	Germain		12 Jun 1948	Yvette Caron	Sanford(HF)	
	Gabriel		09 Sep 1950	Réal Laroche	Sanford(HF)	
	Thérèse-Adr.		16 Jul 1966	Ronald Rouillard	Sanford(HF)	
79C	Priscilla-Ann		30 May 1967	Bernard-Ls. Ayotte	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
79D	Claudette		05 Aug 1953	Lionel Desrochers	Sanford(HF)	
	Rachel		29 Oct 1960	Ronald-Fernand Bernier	Sanford(HF)	
	Jeannette		08 Jun 1968	Raymond-A. Kellett	Sanford(HF)	
79E	Robert-Arthur		27 Nov 1954	Claudette Morissette	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
	Judith		04 Jul 1960	Robert-L. Tétreault	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
79F	Marguerite-M.		18 Jul 1964	Raymond-Benj. Dupuis	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
	James		28 Mar 1980	Barbara Stackpole	Sanford(HF)	
81A	Éveline		20 Jan 1934	Ernest Binette	Sanford(HF)	
	Maurice		27 Apr 1935	Annette Croteau	Sanford(HF)	81C
	Joseph-Charles		08 May 1937	Yvette Mailhot	Sanford(HF)	81D
	Simonne		31 May 1937	Henri Fortier	Sanford(HF)	
	George		17 Jun 1939	Elsie McComb	Sanford(HF)	
	Omer		12 Jun 1943	Jeannette Huard	Sanford(HF)	81E
	Raymond	1m.	27 May 1950	Esther Grennell	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
	"	2m.	25 Nov 1961	Ida Lemieux	Sanford(HF)	
	Conrad-J.		28 Feb 1947	Évelina-E. Préfontaine	Sanford(JOP)	81F
	"	rev.	19 Jul 1970	"	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
81B	Isidore		22 Jun 1935	Lillian Goulet	Sanford(HF)	
81C	Rose-M.		18 Jun 1960	Ronald Roberge	Sanford(HF)	
	Norman		30 Jun 1962	Irène Marcotte	Sanford(HF)	
81D	Pauline-E.		23 Sep 1961	Kenneth-Theo. Lauer	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Philip-Henry		24 Nov 1966	Corinne-Éva Thiboutot	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Michael		16 Aug 1969	Mancy Tremblay	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Rachel-Thérèse		15 Dec. 1971	Allan-Richard Callahan	Brunswick(SCB)	
81E	Lorraine-Chr.		03 Sep 1966	Roger-Paul Huppé	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
81F	Éveline-Rosalie		27 May 1967	Ronald-Roger Daigle	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
	Daniel-Conrad		31 May 1969	Diane-Rose Mathieu	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
82A	Emilie		07 Jun 1922	Alfred Levasseur	So. Berwick(St.Mi.)	
83A	Joseph		13 Jul 1912	Rosanna Caron	Lewiston(St.Mary)	83B
	Eugène		05 May 1913	Edith Lavoie	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Yvonne		06 Aug 1917	Pierre Lachance	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Camille-Sylvère		20 Nov 1932	Germaine-Fabiola Labrie	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
83B	Jne.-d'Arc(adop.)		26 Oct 1936	Armand Bolduc	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
87A	Éva		13 Jul 1931	Wilfrid Tardif	Auburn(St.Louis)	
	Reine-M.		30 Jun 1945	Adélarde Boucher	Lewiston(SPP)	
90A	Alphonse-Samuel		27 Dec 1926	M. R.-Florida Levesque	Lewiston(St.Mary)	90B
90B	Murielle		25 Sep 1948	Roméo-E. Martin	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Gérald		06 Nov 1954	Muguette Messier	Lewiston(SPP)	
91A	Lumina-E.-M.		11 Aug 1924	Dominique Lambert	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Rose-E.		05 Jul 1926	William Simoneau	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Gérard		31 Oct 1931	Gratia-Cora Rémillard	Lewiston(SPP)	91B
	Laurette		29 Sep 1934	Edwin-Frédéric Léger	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Gisèle		22 Jul 1939	Henry Gondek	Lewiston(SPP)	
91B	Constance		18 Apr 1953	Robert Brousseau	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Thérèse-M.		05 Jul 1954	Laurent Hébert	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Robert-Ronald		30 Jun 1958	Ida-Gaétane Therrien	Lewiston(HF)	
	Rachel-G.		20 Feb 1960	Edmond-J. Lebel	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Roger		30 Jun 1962	Rolande Ruest	Lewiston(SPP)	
92A	Alfred		07 Nov 1911	Dora Gamache	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Bella		12 Apr 1915	Edmond Poulin	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Olivine-Eugé.		13 Aug 1928	Adalbert-J. Rouleau	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Lionel-Claude		14 Oct 1929	M.-Irène Lajoie	Augusta(St.Aug.)	92C
	Aimé-J.		01 Sep 1930	Hilda-Adéline Dumont	Augusta(St.Aug.)	92D
92B	Arthur		30 Oct 1935	Aurôre Chicoine	Paquetteville, Comp.	92E
92C	Germaine-M.		29 Nov 1958	John-Bertrand-L. Roy	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Lionel-Claude		28 Nov 1959	Espérance-Thé. Violette	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Annette-M.		24 Nov 1960	Howard-A. Nason	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Jeannine		01 Jul 1961	Clément-Neil Dostie	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Paul-D.		10 Jun 1972	Melody Macomber	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Richard-Daryl		30 Aug 1980	Susanne-Gail David	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
92D	Gerene	1m.	19__	_____ Johnson	Maine ?	
	"	2m.	04 Dec 1964	Harris Philbrick	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Émile-J.		27 Feb 1969	Janice Wood	Brunswick(SJB)	
92E	Marcel		26 Oct 1957	Priscille Bergeron	Brunswick(SJB)	
93A*	Joseph		26 Jun 1916	Mattie <u>Bryan</u>	Benedicta	93B
	Napoléon		13 Feb 1923	Amanda St-Amand	Waterville(SFS)	93C

(Continued on page 53)

GUÉRET

93B*	Marguerite-M. Laurent-Charles Joseph-E.	12 Jan 1946 11 Jun 1955 02 Jun 1956	Gérard-Léo-J. Bégin Thérèse-H. Pépin Roberta Dionne	Fairfield(IHM) Waterville(SFS) Waterville(ND)	
93C*	Christine-Viviane	11 Oct 1947	Melvin Gurney(Gagné)	Waterville(SH)	
97A	Aurèle-J.	10 Aug 1915	M.-Yvonne Bastille	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	97B
97B	Alain	28 Jun 1948	Thérèse Drapeau	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
98A	Lauretta Ludivine Émile-J.-B. Lucille Noël Éliette-Carmel Armande-J.	22 Jun 1921 04 Jun 1923 02 Jun 1924 07 Oct 1929 06 Jun 1932 09 Oct 1933 11 Nov 1935	Lucien-J. Bergeron Albert Barriault Armoza Blais Lucien Pelletier Helena Bernier Henri-Dominique Nolin Julien Deshaies	Lewiston(SPP) Lewiston(SPP) Lewiston(SPP) Lewiston(HF) Lewiston(SPP) Lewiston(HF) Lewiston(HF)	98B 98C
98B	Muriel-Ruth Thérèse-Const. Rita-Lorraine Julien Clodette-Sylvia Henriette-J.	17 Nov 1951 21 Jul 1952 27 Jun 1953 28 Jan 1956 14 Jul 1956 20 Jun 1959	Robert-Marcel Côté Dom.-Bertrand Giguère Donald-Denis Maheu Yolande Hamann Maurice-Roland Martel Louis-G. Domingue	Lewiston(HF) Lewiston(HF) Lewiston(HF) Lewiston(SPP) Lewiston(HF) Lewiston(HF)	
98C	Rita-Pauline Madeleine-C. Céline-Lucile	07 Mar 1953 07 Apr 1956 13 Feb 1961	William-A. McPherson Michael-J. Masselli Stephen-N. Sedgeley	Lewiston(HF) Lewiston(HF) Lewiston(HF)	
104A	Semelda	16 Jun 1914	Joseph-O. Vallière	Sanford(St.Ig.)	
104B	Eugénie-M. Louis-Philippe	28 Sep 1936 28 Mar 1921	Wilfrid Duperré Concorde Picard	Sanford(St.Ig.) Lille, Me.	104C 104D
104C	Léon-Bertrand Richard-Robt. Philippe-Rol. Léo-Roland	02 Sep 1946 16 Aug 1948 05 Sep 1949 25 Apr 1959	Blanche-Simone Poulin Thérèse-Gemma Albert M.-Jacqueline Plante Lorraine-Loretta Giroux	Augusta(St.Aug.) Augusta(St.Aug.) Augusta(St.Aug.) Augusta(St.Aug.)	
104D	Anne-M. Mark-Gérard Leila-Mae William-Henry	10 May 1975 31 Aug 1979 09 Sep 1976 20 Sep 1980	Michael-E. Woodward Susan Robichaud Robert-Allen Magee Rose-M. Beaulieu	Augusta(St.Aug.) Augusta(St.Aug.) Augusta(St.Aug.) Augusta(St.Aug.)	
112A	Paul-Émile	06 Sep 1937	Bernadette-I. Brissette	Lewiston(St.Mary)	112B
112B	Fernande Georgette-D.	14 Nov 1953 25 Apr 1964	Normand Létourneau Ronald-L. St-Pierre	Lewiston(SPP) Lewiston(SPP)	

Marquis Family Reunion**Will Be Held****June 25 to June 28, 2009**

Judy Paradis, Présidente U.S.A.

Courriel: Rody1@adelphia.net

Tel...207-728-4854

Murielle Nadeau-Deschaine, Généalogiste

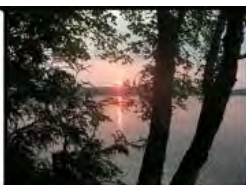
Courriel:Murielle@ainop.com

Tel...207-895-5262 ou local: 207-895-3205

Réunion des Familles Marquis & Canac-Marquis

Case Postale 1

Madawaska, Maine 04756

<http://www.marquisreunion.com/index.html>*(See page 54 for Marquis genealogy)*

**Franco-American Families
of Maine
par Bob Chenard,
Waterville, Maine**

**MARQUIS
(Markee)**

FAMILY #1

Charles Le Marquis, born 1651 in France, died 1700 in PQ, son of Charles Le Marquis and Jeanne Bignon from the town of Mortagne-s-Sèvre, department of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, first married on 18 September 1673 in Québec city to "Fille-du-Roi" Marguerite Baugran, born 1649 in France, died before 1698 in PQ, widow of Sébastien Cousin and the daughter of Nicolas Baugran and Marie Chevalier from the parish of St.Gervais, Paris; second married on 7 January 1698 at Ste.Anne-de-Beaupré to Agnès Giguère, born 1675 in PQ, died in PQ, daughter of Robert Giguère and Aymée Miville. Mortagne-s-Sèvre is located 5 miles southwest of the city of Cholet.

A	Charles		before 1651	Jeanne Bignon	France	1
1	Charles	1m.	18 Sep 1673	Marguerite Baugran	Québec city	
	"	2m.	07 Jan 1698	Agnès Giguère	Ste.Anne-de-Beaupré	3
3	Chls.-François		20 Jan 1724	M.-Anne Boucher	cont. Janeau	4
4	J.-François	27 Oct	1752	Françoise Côté	Trois-Pistoles	5
	"	2m.	1762	Agnès Côté	PQ	6
	Jean-Baptiste		11 Jan 1768	Claire Talon-Tonnon	Kamouraska	7
5	Joseph-Marie		08 Apr 1777	Marguerite Lizotte	St.Roch-Aulnaies	8
	Amable		20 Jan 1786	Marguerite Guéret	Kamouraska	9
				[dit Dumont]		
	Ph.-Hyppolite		01 Sep 1790	Madeleine Roy [-Desj.]	Kamouraska	10
	Philippe		05 Sep 1796	M.-Salomé Garon	Andréville	13
				{Greme-Grant}		
6	Benjamin	2m.	10 Jan 1814	Théotiste Bouchard	Kamouraska	17
	Firmin		12 Jan 1814	Nath.(Thècle) Levasseur	Kamouraska	18
7	André		13 Oct 1794	M.-Salomé Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	19
8	Joseph		18 Jan 1831	Marie Boucher	Andréville	24
9	Joseph		24 Sep 1811	Françoise Leduc	Isle-Verte	25
	Romuald		04 Feb 1816	Julienne Côté	Cacouna	26
	Alexandre	2m.	21 Apr 1823	M.-Évariste Pelletier	Cacouna	28
10	Paul		15 Feb 1819	M.-Anne Michaud	St.Basile, NB	35
	Jos.-Benoît		05 Mar 1821	Victoire Nadeau	St.Basile, NB	36
	Pierre-Henri		10 Feb 1829	Desanges Pelletier	St.Basile, NB	37
13	Philippe	1m.	11 Feb 1840	M.-Charlotte Caron	Cacouna	46
17	Clarisse		08 Apr 1850	J.-Onésime Ouellette	Frenchville	
18	Joseph	2m.	10 Nov 1856	Emérence Dubois	Frenchville	54

(See next issue for more Marquis genealogy)

Abonnement au Le FORUM Subscription

Si vous ne l'êtes pas abonnez-vous — s.v.p.

— Subscribe if you have not

Nom/Name: _____

Adresse/Address: _____

Email Address/Courriel: _____

Ce qui vous intéresse le plus dans Le FORUM section which interests you the most: _____

Je voudrais contribuer un article au Le FORUM au sujet de: _____

I would like to contribute an article to Le FORUM about: _____

Tarif d'abonnement par la poste pour 4 numéros

Subscription rates by mail for 4 issues:

États-Unis/United States — Individus: \$20

Ailleurs/Elsewhere — Individus: \$25

Organisation/Organizations — Bibliothèque/Library: \$40

Le FORUM

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719



HERITAGE VOYAGES

SAVE THE DATES!

Join us on one, or even both, Heritage Voyages.....fly to France in early October 2009, or cruise to the French Antilles in March 2010. Both trips will include interaction with local residents and organizations to allow for cultural exchanges on a personal basis.

Some of the revenues from these trips will benefit Le Forum.
Travel with us and share your French histories with others from some of our ancestral homes.

For more information please contact Renée Gagné at gagne@maine.edu

VOYAGES HÉRITAGE

RÉSERVEZ LES DATES!

Soyez des nôtres pour un, ou même les deux, Voyages Héritage.....volez vers la France au début octobre 2009, ou partez en croisière aux Antilles françaises en janvier 2010. Sera incluse dans les deux voyages, interactions avec les citoyens et les organisations locales afin de rendre possible des échanges culturels à un niveau personnel.

Le Forum bénéficiera d'un partage des recettes réalisées par ces voyages.
Voyagez avec nous et partagez votre histoire avec les gens de nos foyers ancestraux.

Pour de plus amples renseignements, veuillez prendre contact avec Renée Gagné à l'adresse électronique suivante: renee.gagne@umit.maine.edu

In Collaboration With: En Collaboration Avec:

<http://www.dubetravel.com/>



Celebrating more than 40 years in business...

...giving you the world!

1-800-TRY-DUBE

Want to speak to one of our travel experts? Call us today!

**THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MAINE**

The University of Maine Office of Franco American Affairs was founded in 1972 by Franco American students and community volunteers. It subsequently became the Franco American Centre.

From the onset, its purpose has been to introduce and integrate the Maine and Regional Franco American Fact in post-secondary academe and in particular the University of Maine.

Given the quasi total absence of a base of knowledge within the University about this nearly one-half of the population of the State of Maine, this effort has sought to develop ways and means of making this population, its identity, its contributions and its history visible on and off campus through seminars, workshops, conferences and media efforts — print and electronic.

The results sought have been the redressing of historical neglect and ignorance by returning to Franco Americans their history, their language and access to full and healthy self realizations. Further, changes within the University's working, in its structure and curriculum are sought in order that those who follow may experience cultural equity, have access to a culturally authentic base of knowledge dealing with French American identity and the contribution of this ethnic group to this society.

MISSION

- To be an advocate of the Franco-American Fact at the University of Maine, in the State of Maine and in the region, and
- To provide vehicles for the effective and cognitive expression of a collective, authentic, diversified and effective voice for Franco-Americans, and
- To stimulate the development of academic and non-academic program offerings at the University of Maine and in the state relevant to the history and life experience of this ethnic group and
- To assist and support Franco-Americans in the actualization of their language and culture in the advancement of careers, personal growth and their creative contribution to society, and
- To assist and provide support in the creation and implementation of a concept of pluralism which values, validates and reflects affectively and cognitively the Multicultural Fact in Maine and elsewhere in North America, and
- To assist in the generation and dissemination of knowledge about a major Maine resource — the rich cultural and language diversity of its people.

**LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE
L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE**

Le Bureau des Affaires franco-américains de l'Université du Maine fut fondé en 1972 par des étudiants et des bénévoles de la communauté franco-américaine. Cela devint par conséquent le Centre Franco-Américain.

Dès le départ, son but fut d'introduire et d'intégrer le Fait Franco-Américain du Maine et de la Région dans la formation académique post-secondaire et en particulier à l'Université du Maine.

Étant donné l'absence presque totale d'une base de connaissance à l'intérieur même de l'Université, le Centre Franco-Américain s'efforce d'essayer de développer des moyens pour rendre cette population, son identité, ses contributions et son histoire visible sur et en-dehors du campus à travers des séminaires, des ateliers, des conférences et des efforts médiatiques — imprimé et électronique.

Le résultat espéré est le redressement de la négligence et de l'ignorance historique en retournant aux Franco-Américains leur histoire, leur langue et l'accès à un accomplissement personnel sain et complet. De plus, des changements à l'intérieur de l'académie, dans sa structure et son curriculum sont nécessaires afin que ceux qui nous suivent puisse vivre l'expérience d'une justice culturelle, avoir accès à une base de connaissances culturellement authentique qui miroite l'identité et la contribution de ce groupe ethnique à la société.

OBJECTIFS:

- 1 – D'être l'avocat du Fait Franco-Américain à l'Université du Maine, dans l'État du Maine et dans la région.
- 2 – D'offrir des véhicules d'expression affective et cognitive d'une voix franco-américaine effective, collective, authentique et diversifiée.
- 3 – De stimuler le développement des offres de programmes académiques et non-académiques à l'Université du Maine et dans l'État du Maine, relatant l'histoire et l'expérience de la vie de ce groupe ethnique.
- 4 – D'assister et de supporter les Franco-Américains dans l'actualisation de leur langue et de leur culture dans l'avancement de leurs carrières, de l'accomplissement de leur personne et de leur contribution créative à la société.
- 5 – D'assister et d'offrir du support dans la création et l'implémentation d'un concept de pluralisme qui value, valide et reflète effectivement et cognitivement le fait dans le Maine et ailleurs en Amérique du Nord.
- 6 – D'assister dans la création et la publication de la connaissance à propos d'une ressource importante du Maine — la riche diversité



Université du Maine
Le FORUM
Centre Franco-Américain
Orono, ME 04469-5719
États-Unis

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Orono, Maine
Permit No. 8

