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Le FORUM



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

VOLUME 34, #3

FALL/AUTOMNE 2009



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

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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 --Angel et Naomi,

*This issue of Le Forum is dedicated in loving memory to Marie-Anne Gauvin
Ce numéro du "Forum" est dédié à la douce mémoire de Marie-Anne Gauvin, voir page 4...*

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URGENT NOTICE!!!

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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!



To the Editor:

In the fall/winter issue of *Le Forum*, I noticed an allusion to the prototypical nun with the “big ruler” who hit students on the fingers “If you said something incorrect” in French or religion class. It reminded me of the movie *The Blues Brothers* in which Jake (John Belushi) and Elwood (Dan Ackroyd) Blues come into contact again with a big ruler-bearing nun, their former teacher.

While no doubt there were some instances of physical abuse in parochial schools in the past, it appears from memoirs and letters written today that such behavior was a common, everyday occurrence. While I attended parochial schools at about the same time as the writer featured in the last issue of *Le Forum*, I frankly can say that I was never the recipient of any verbal or physical abuse from a religious sister. Memory plays strange tricks on the mind and perhaps memoirs and histories written today about events a half a century earlier describe what the writer “remembers” rather than what actually happened.

In his excellent and thorough historical study of Franco-American parochial schools in New England called “L’oeuvre des communautés enseignantes en Nouvelle-Angleterre 1869-1986: les écoles paroissiales franco-américaines”, Gerard-J. Brault counted thirty-five religious orders of French-Canadian nuns who taught in New England and six orders of Brothers. They taught in 215 schools in 152 cities in New England. In Maine, French Canadian religious orders taught in 35 cities, towns and villages – alphabetically from Auburn to Winslow and geographically from Fort Kent, Madawaska and Van Buren to Biddeford, Saco and Sanford. And, because it was beyond the scope of his study, Brault did not even mention the hospitals, orphanages, homes for unwed mothers, and private boarding schools staffed by Sisters and Brothers. In my hometown of Biddeford alone, the *Soeurs de la Presentation de Marie* staffed the Pensionnat Stella Maris, the *Académie Marie Joseph*, as well as St. Andre parochial school after 1904 and St. Andre’s High School; the *Servants du*

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Coeurs Immacule de Marie (also known as the *Soeurs du Bon Pasteur*) originally staffed an orphanage at St. Joseph parish, St. Andre’s Home for unwed mothers; St. Andre’s parochial school until 1904 and St. Joseph parochial school, which I attended, and St. Joseph’s high school; the *Freres du Sacre-Coeur* taught boys at St. Andre’s middle school; the *Freres de l’Instruction Chretienne* taught boys at St. Joseph’s middle school and St. Louis High School from where I graduated; and the *Soeurs de St. Joseph Hospitalieres* staffed Notre Dame Hospital. These numbers are a tribute to the incredible achievement of our ancestors who exactly 250 years ago, when Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, numbered only 60,000 souls in North America.

When he delivered a talk on this subject in 1989 at a colloquium of the Institut francais at Assumption College in Worcester, Massachusetts, Dr. Brault made a special mention of the *Soeurs de L’Assomption de la Sainte Vierge* who had taught him in Chicopee, Massachusetts and recognized in the audience a former teacher who had made the trip from Nicolet, Quebec especially to hear her former student speak. I still correspond with my fourth grade teacher, Mere Ste. Rolande was her name then, who is now 100 years old and in retirement in St. Foy, Quebec.

Dr. Brault’s article was included in a book called *Les Franco-Américains et leurs institutions scolaires* published in 1990 by the Institut francais in Worcester. The book is dedicated “a toutes les religieuses et a tous les religieux qui sont devoués sans compter pour que vive la francophonie en Nouvelle-Angleterre.” The book has 23 articles about Franco-American parochial schools throughout New England and the religious orders of Brothers and Sisters who taught in those schools, as well as an excellent introduction by Claire Quintal. Noted authors such as Armand Chartier and Robert Perreault, among many others, fondly describe the education they received in Franco-American parochial schools. The book has 363 pages and I did not read one mention of “big rulers.”

In its mission statement, the editors of *Le Forum* write that they wish to be an advocate of the French Fact “in the State of Maine and in the region...” As editor Claire

Quintal states in the dedication to her book noted above, the devoted orders of religious Sisters and Brothers have been advocates of the French Fact, la Francophonie, in New England for almost 140 years now. And as Dr. Quintal and her book’s contributors show so well, these indefatigable teachers did so without resorting to physical or verbal abuse.

Sincerely,

Michael Guignard

To the Editor:

I read with interest in the *Forum* that the Unitarian-Universalist church is preparing to receive refugees. While their efforts are to be commended, as a Franco-American originally from Biddeford, Maine, I am very familiar with the racist writings of Robert C. Dexter, a prominent Unitarian-Universalist writer. While I never read any claim from Dexter that he was speaking for his church, his numerous articles, including “the French-Canadian Invasion” and “Fifty-Fifty Americans” attacking my ancestors and the ancestors of all Franco-Americans in Maine, still leave a sour taste in my mouth. Does anyone know what position the Unitarian-Universalist church took when the Maine state legislature passed a law in 1919 forbidding the use of French in Maine public schools and school yards by students other than those studying Parisian French in the classroom? That law stayed on the books for 50 years and, according to Ross and Judy Paradis, “spawned frustration, anger and psychological scars among several generations of students” in Franco communities in Maine.

Sincerely,

Michael Guignard

Chère Rédactrice;

J’ai reçu *Le Forum*, et je te remercie beaucoup. Je t’envoie un chèque pour renouveler mon abonnement. Je suis toujours fier de voir mon petit bout de mon histoire. J’ai reçu une carte de Mr. Y. Chartrand qui me disait qu’il avait aimé mon histoire.

J’espère que tu n’arrêteras pas de faire “*Le Forum*” sur papier, se serait une grosse perte pour les gens comme moi, qui ne savent rien des computers. La technologie a tellement avancé que je suis resté en chemin...avec l’écriture que je peu comprendre, et tous la nouveauté a piton--sa m’embête. (Suite page 25)

MARIE-ANNE GAUVIN (1929-2009)

Votre Pie bavarde, c'est ce que Marie-Anne Gauvin signait sous ses articles dans *Le Fanal*, le bulletin mensuel de *Le Club français* (CF). Elle les accompagnait de vocabulaire français pour ceux qui avait des difficultés avec la langue. Ses essais touchaient des sujets assez divers – un jour de pêche avec son père; le contraste entre le français et l'anglais dans le reportage des sports; et comment on s'amusait avant la télévision. Elle inventait des mots croisés, des devinettes, des jeux de mots et d'autres trouvailles pour provoquer l'utilisation du français. Marie-Anne a milité pour le bilinguisme presque tous ses 79 ans, surtout depuis le début du CF qu'elle avait aidé à fonder en 1993, pour sauvegarder et promouvoir la langue française dans la Vallée de la Rivière St-Jean au nord du Maine.

L'aînée des enfants Gauvin, Marie-Anne naquit à Daigle, Maine, le 8 juin 1929; mais sa famille déménagea à Madawaska pour qu'elle y commence l'école primaire. Après la secondaire, elle reçut un certificat

de trois ans en éducation de l'*Aroostook State Normal School* et elle enseigna le français pour quatre ans avant de recevoir son B.S. en éducation de *Gorham State College*. Elle a ensuite déménagé à Connecticut où elle a poursuivi et terminé ses études pour la maîtrise à *Central Connecticut State College* en 1965, pendant qu'elle continuait à enseigner le français. Six semaines en France, sous les auspices de la *University of Ohio*, ont solidifié sa connaissance de la langue métropolitaine. Elle a aussi fait d'autres études avancées à *Trinity College* à Hartford.

Elles étaient trois générations d'institutrices – Marie-Anne, sa mère et sa grand-mère. Sa mère, Bertha Caron Gauvin, a publié un mémoire – "*Au Temps des Années Folles*." Bertha y récite qu'une très jeune et audacieuse Yanne, comme elle appelait Marie-Anne, s'est élancée devant un camion qui venait vers elle et son petit frère, Bertrand, pour essayer de le stopper. Quand le chauffeur les a vus, il a pu arrêter à temps.

Nos vies se sont entrecroisées depuis le moment où j'ai lu sa thèse de maîtrise, *Linguistic and Cultural Heritage of the Acadians in Maine and New Brunswick*, qui discute les différences entre les parlers québécois et acadiens dans la Vallée et

récite l'histoire acadienne. J'ai été éberluée! L'histoire était une révélation absolue. On n'a jamais enseigné, et on n'enseigne pas officiellement maintenant, l'histoire de la Vallée dans nos écoles! Oui, nous sommes américains, d'origine française, débarqués au nouveau monde à partir de 1604; déportés en 1755; et arrivés dans la Vallée vers 1785. Mais, la frontière est tombée sur nous en 1842 pendant que nous étions Acadiens et Québécois. Pourquoi pas enseigner un cours sur notre histoire à côté de l'histoire américaine dans les écoles de la Vallée? Il faut savoir d'où on vient pour savoir où on va!

Marie-Anne avait publié sa thèse et en avait confié plusieurs copies pour les vendre au magasin de mes parents à Ste-Agathe. Mon père, un entrepreneur de construction, la connaissait bien. À la fin des années '60, il lui avait construit un petit chalet d'été à la Baie Creuse de *Long Lake* où elle revenait pendant l'été. Quand j'ai mentionné le nom de Marie-Anne à mon père et que j'ai révélé le nom de mon père à Marie-Anne, j'ai bien compris qu'il y avait là un respect réciproque. Assurément satisfaite de son chalet, elle parlait la langue de la construction parce qu'elle avait suivi un cours à Connecticut pour apprendre à bâtir. Quand elle a pris sa *(Suite page 5)*

MARIE-ANNE GAUVIN (1929-2009)

Votre Pie bavarde (Your Garrulous Magpie), was how Marie-Anne Gauvin signed her articles in *Le Fanal*, the monthly bulletin of *Le Club français* (CF). She provided French vocabulary for those who had difficulty with the language. Her essays touched on diverse topics – a day of fishing with her father; the contrast between French and English in sports reporting; and how people entertained themselves before television. She created crossword puzzles, riddles, word games and other inventions to promote the use of French. Marie-Anne fought for bilingualism for most of her 79 years, especially from the beginning of the CF which she had helped establish in 1993 to save and promote the French language in the St. John River Valley in Northern Maine.

The eldest of the Gauvin children, Marie-Anne was born in Daigle, Maine on June 8, 1929; but her family moved to Madawaska so that she could begin elementary school there. After secondary

school, she received a three-year certificate in education from *Aroostook State Normal School* and taught French for four years before receiving her B.S. in education from *Gorham State College*. She then moved to Connecticut where she finished her studies for a master's degree at *Central Connecticut State College* in 1965, while continuing to teach French. Six weeks in France, under the auspices of the *University of Ohio*, solidified her proficiency with metropolitan French. She pursued further advanced studies at *Trinity College* in Hartford.

They were three generations of school teachers – Marie-Anne, her mother and grandmother. Her mother, Bertha Caron Gauvin, published a memoir – "*Au Temps des Années Folles*" (The Roaring Twenties). Bertha recites how a very young and audacious Yanne, her name for Marie-Anne, threw herself in front of a truck which was approaching her and her little brother, Bertrand, to try to stop it. When the driver saw them, he was able to brake in time.

Our lives became intertwined from the moment when I read her master's thesis, *Linguistic and Cultural Heritage of the Acadians in Maine and New Brunswick*, which examines the differences between Québécois

and Acadian speech in the Valley and recites Acadian history. I was astounded! The history was a total revelation. The history of the Valley has never been, and is not now, formally taught in our schools. Yes, we are American of French origin; we disembarked in the new world starting in 1604; we were deported in 1755; and arrived in the Valley around 1785. But the border fell on us in 1842 while we were Acadian and Québécois. Why not teach a course on our history alongside American history in the schools in the Valley. One must know where one comes from in order to know where one is going!

Marie-Anne had published her thesis and had left several copies on consignment at my parents' store in St. Agatha. My father, a building contractor, knew her well. At the end of the '60s, he had built a small summer chalet for her at Baie Creuse on *Long Lake* where she spent her summers. When I mentioned Marie-Anne's name to my father and revealed to Marie-Anne who my father was, I understood that there was a mutual respect. Well satisfied with her chalet, she knew how to speak the language of construction because she had taken a course in Connecticut to learn about building construction. *(Continued on page 5)*

MARIE-ANNE GAUVIN suite de page 4)

retraitée et elle est revenue à Madawaska pour de bon en 1988, elle a fabriqué un modèle réduit, elle a fait le plan et les bleus et elle a supervisé l'assemblage, sur la 19e avenue, de sa maison de rêve au style québécois – toit relevé qui s'étend au dessus d'une galerie étroite d'un bout à l'autre du devant de la maison. Elle en était extrêmement fière.

Au début des années '90, j'ai contacté Marie-Anne pour lui parler pour la première fois quand j'ai commencé l'écrit de ma thèse de maîtrise. Nous avons découvert que nous avions le même but: la conservation de la langue française dans la Vallée. Nous avons entamé une correspondance et nous nous sommes rencontrées pour dîner et discuter au moins une fois par année quand nous allions au Maine, mon mari et moi.

Quand j'ai demandé à Marie-Anne d'élucider les honneurs qu'elle avait reçus, elle a été plutôt réservée. Je voulais la nommée candidate pour le calendrier "Celebrating Women of Aroostook," publié en 2000 par le *Maine Centers for Women, Work and Community*. Ces dames ainsi célébrées sont la crème de la crème du comté d'Aroostook. Malgré sa réticence, j'ai appris que Marie-Anne aimait le ski et la nature

MARIE-ANNE GAUVIN

continued from page 4)

In 1988, when she retired and returned to Madawaska, she fabricated a scale model, created the plans and blue-prints and then supervised the construction, on 19th Avenue, of her dream house in the Québécois style – upswept roof spread out over the full length of a narrow porch in the front of the house. She was extremely proud of it.

At the beginning of the '90s, I contacted Marie-Anne and spoke to her for the first time when I started writing my master's thesis. We learned that we had the same goal: the conservation of the French language in the Valley. We started a correspondence and met for dinner and discussions at least once a year when my husband and I went to Maine.

When I asked Marie-Anne to expound on the honors she had received, she was rather reticent. I wanted to propose her as a candidate for the calendar "Celebrating Women of Aroostook," published in 2000 by the *Maine Centers for Women, Work and Community*. The women who are thus celebrated are the crème de la crème of Aroostook County. In spite of her modesty, I learned that Marie-Anne liked to ski and liked nature – especially birds. Member and Secretary-Treasurer of the Club d'ornithologie

– surtout les oiseaux. Membre et Secrétaire-Trésorière du *Club d'ornithologie du Comté du Madawaska*, à Edmundston au Nouveau Brunswick, elle a fait plusieurs voyages ornithologiques avec eux. La véranda de sa maison était bien située pour observer les nombreux oiseaux qui fréquentaient son arrière cour. Sa candidature a bien réussi et sa photo dans le calendrier montre une Marie-Anne souriante regardant le monde avec équanimité et tenant à la main un exemplaire du bulletin de *Le Club français*.

Ah, *Le Club français*... Marie-Anne a tout fait pour ce groupe. Elle était en charge des comités de finances et de bourses pour étudiants ainsi que le comité qui administre un grand don. C'était elle qui avait fait la démarche au donateur qui l'a nommée sa messagère personnelle parce qu'elle l'avait



du Comté du Madawaska, in Edmundston, New Brunswick, she went on several ornithological trips with them. The veranda in her house was well positioned for her to observe the many birds which frequented her backyard. Her candidacy was favorably received and the photo from the calendar shows Marie-Anne smiling and looking at the world with equanimity while holding a copy of the bulletin of *Le Club français*.

Ah, *Le Club français*... Marie-Anne did everything for this group. She was in charge of the finance and student-scholarship committees as well as the committee administering a large donation. She was the one who had sought out the donor. The donor called her his personal messenger because she had done the soliciting herself. The result of her request: the CF was able to create its own center and French library

solicitée elle-même. Le résultat de sa demande: le CF a pu créer son centre et une bibliothèque française à Madawaska, ainsi que des bourses pour étudiants et d'autres programmes. Au moment de recevoir ce don, Marie-Anne m'a demandé de lui envoyer mon analyse et mes suggestions sur l'administration des fonds au bénéfice du Club. Je suis sûre qu'elle a cherché des conseils dans d'autres coins. Elle voulait faire le mieux possible pour le CF et pour les dons. Dans une de ses lettres, elle m'a aussi confié ses soucis à propos de l'augmentation des adhésions au Club – surtout avec des jeunes qui pourraient prendre la relève.

Dans son discours, quand elle a été nommée docteur honoris causa à l'*Université du Maine à Fort Kent* en 2006, Mademoiselle Gauvin, comme on l'a appelée, a raconté sa vie vécu en français (jouer à la messe); le mandat pour étouffer la langue dans la Vallée; et le développement de sa philosophie vis-à-vis du bilinguisme (on peut parler deux langues sans que l'une souffre au dépens de l'autre). On a rapporté que l'auditoire était bien attentif.

Pendant la période de nos visites avec Marie-Anne, elle a été atteinte par un cancer du sein suivi par de la chimiothérapie. (Suite page 6)

in Madawaska, as well as scholarships for students and other programs. When this gift was received, Marie-Anne asked me to send her my analysis and suggestions on how to administer these funds for the benefit of the Club. I am sure that she sought out advice from other sources. She wanted to do the best possible for the CF and for the donation. In one of her letters, she also confided her concerns about working to increase membership in the Club – especially with young people who would be able to take over.

In her address when she received an honorary doctorate at the University of Maine at Fort Kent in 2006, Mademoiselle Gauvin, as they called her, recounted living her life in French (playing mass); the mandated stifling of the language in the Valley; and the development of her philosophy concerning bilingualism (one can speak two languages without one having to suffer at the expense of the other). It was reported that the audience was very attentive.

During the period of our visits with Marie-Anne, she developed breast cancer and was treated with chemotherapy. After a few years, she had to face pancreatic cancer. Marie-Anne suffered through this (Continued on page 6)

MARIE-ANNE GAUVIN suite de page 5)

Après quelques années, elle a dû faire face à un cancer du pancréas. Marie-Anne a subi cette épreuve avec le même courage et la même grâce qu'elle avait montré pendant sa vie. Elle y a succombé le 14 avril 2009.

Rosaire Paradis, un des fondateurs et le Président actuel du CF, dans son éloge aux funérailles, l'a appelée Madame la Générale et l'a décrite ainsi: "Marie-Anne avait une volonté de fer dans la lutte pour sauver la langue." Guy Dubay, le gérant de la bibliothèque du CF, a cité Marie-Anne: "On lit en français puis on travaille

MARIE-ANNE GAUVIN
continued from page 5)

ordeal with the same courage and the same grace she had shown during her life. She succumbed to it on April 14, 2009.

Rosaire Paradis, one of the founders and the current President of the CF, in his eulogy at the funeral, called her Madame la Générale and described her thus: Marie-Anne had an iron will in the struggle to save the language. Guy Dubay, the director of the CF library, quoted Marie-Anne: "We read in French and we work in English." We are lucky to be able to keep a little bit of Marie-

en anglais." Nous avons de la chance de pouvoir garder un peu de Marie-Anne avec nous grâce à un entretien enregistré en vidéo de Marc Chassé, l'ancien président du CF, chez-elle en novembre 2008, où elle raconte sa vie après qu'elle avait fait face à sa mortalité. En janvier 2009, quand j'ai vu Marie-Anne pour la dernière fois, elle était de bonne humeur – même optimiste – et elle acceptait sa condition avec sérénité.

Notre Pie bavarde! Lorsqu'elle a lu un article que j'avais écrit qui récitait une petite comptine traditionnelle de Ste-Agathe, elle m'a envoyé une rimette que sa mère lui avait apprise:

Anne with us thanks to a video interview by Marc Chassé, the former President of the CF, recorded at her home in November 2008, where she recounted her life after having faced her mortality. In January, 2009, when I saw Marie-Anne for the last time, she was in good spirits – even optimistic – and she accepted her condition with serenity.

Our Pie bavarde! When she had read an article I had written which recited a traditional tale from St. Agatha, she sent me a rhyme that her mother had taught her:

Beautiful moon;

*Belle lune;
Jolie lune;
Fais-moi voir dans mon sommeil,
Ce que j'aurai à mon réveil.*

Bon sommeil, Marie-Anne.
Tu seras toujours dans nos coeurs!

**Jacqueline
Chamberland Blesso
Paterson, NJ**

jline59@earthlink.net

*Lovely moon;
Make me see in my sleep,
What I will have when I awaken.*

Have a good sleep, Marie-Anne.
You will always be in our hearts!

**Jacqueline
Chamberland Blesso
Paterson, NJ**

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Moosehead's Hidden heritage

**By Betty Doyon Ryder
Greenville, ME**

I remember my years of youth in Greenville in the 1950's and 1960's. The towns in the Moosehead area didn't look a lot different from the way they do now; however, there were more jobs and more people. The country was booming as it recovered from the many years of war, and as industry retooled for domestic needs, there was again a market for the resources that our forests could provide. Independent loggers and The Great Northern Paper Company employed many folks to log the eastern forests; some mills sawed the logs into lumber for the construction industry and others used the raw resource to produce paper products for home and business. During that period in Greenville, there was a local plywood mill (Atlas Plywood, which later became Stover Plywood) that produced panels for home and office construction, and then shipped by rail to markets throughout the nation.

Our family's original name was Doyon, but as was the common custom in

Canada, took on another name to designate a particular lineage; our family was also known by the name of Dyer. My grandfather, Duff, and his older brother, Bill, were loggers, and my father drove a log truck for the business when he was old enough. He married my mother, Helen, just after WWII; they bought my Uncle Bill's home in town and started their family. A few years later, Mom attended beauty school in Bangor – no small feat with two very young children at home. Dad, with the help of a housekeeper, held things together at home until Mom finished school and returned home to set up her own business. They both were hard workers and did a great job at raising a family, often on a shoestring. In the early 1950's, Dad gave up truck driving and went to work in the plywood mill. He picked up extra work when he could by hauling things with his Chevy dump truck (our only vehicle until 1960).

I remember those times and enjoy discussing with others about our community and the people of my youth. However, I feel there was a richness in our community and within our families that is no longer. I have

been interested in researching my family for years and do so "in fits and starts." With this research has come some understanding of who my people were, where they came from and why they moved. I have learned things about my parents, grandparents, and the many ancestors that I have never known; they are all a part of me and have had some influence on who I am today. I am the richer for it; Yet, something is missing for me.

During the last part of the 19th and first half of the 20th Centuries, a large Canadian population emigrated from Quebec (e.g. Doyon, Gagné, Boucher) or from Atlantic Provinces with strong Anglo populations (e.g. Ryder, Morrell, Murray and Graham) to the Moosehead area seeking work and a safe place to raise a family. These folks found work, mainly in the woods and for the railroads; they also found a mixture of acceptance and prejudice. Throughout Maine and elsewhere, there lingered centuries-old, negative feelings about the French, harkening back to colonial times. These feelings were heightened by the KKK who had a presence in Maine (peaking in the 1920's). During this period of time, there were cross burnings, threats, many derogatory jokes, (Continued on page 7)

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rumors, and general unrest directed at these new settlers and migrant workers. The effect of such discrimination relegated these families to live a rather second-class existence in many areas of the state and country. Still, many families carved out a place for themselves and tried to fit in as best they could. They became more reluctant to speak French in public places, gave in to their children's resistance at speaking French, and in the process of assimilation, lost much of themselves. Sadly, in many cases, grandparents and grandchildren could not communicate well or at all with one another. This was especially difficult if elderly parents found themselves living with their children and grandchildren in later years, as was the case with my daughter-in-law and her elderly "Mère." Without political support in government and within the Catholic Church, the French did not have the power, right and freedom to be who they were. Within one or two generations, most families were no longer recognizable as being of French heritage and culture. This is my story, too.

My father's family came to Greenville from Quebec, settling on the edge of town in the early 1920's. They were typical of the thousands of other French Catholics who were emigrating from Canada in search of work. My Dad, his brother Duffy and sister Margaret spoke only French until they attended school in Greenville. Sometimes, the children attended the Catholic convent school in Jackman when "Mère" went into the woods camps to cook; they may have spoken French at the convent, but I am not sure. Since the Greenville schools were not bilingual, they had to learn their new English language skills quickly. They were bright and learned to fit in with the other children.

Assimilation very often lessens the influences of family traditions, religion, music, art, and cuisine. In my own family, I remember the Sunday gatherings at my grandparents' farm. Mère and Père would attend mass, and then we would often gather as a family for dinner. In the afternoon, other Canadian-American friends (the Aucoins, Perry's, Thibodeaus, Goulets, Pories, Gilberts and Morins from Guilford, to name a few) would often come by for a visit. There was laughing and, of course, storytelling in French. Sometimes "Mère" would play the accordion, harmonica or spoons for us. Her music was lively and fun; she tapped her toes, laughed loudly,

and "deedle-deedle-dee'd" to further the musical experience for us. I hear the same sounding music today from Cajun country. The ancestors of today's Cajuns were from the same Acadian communities as some of my grandmother's ancestors. In the mid 1700's, French people of Acadia were torn from their lands by those in power in the British colonies (Massachusetts and our now Maine), then dispersed in small groups along the eastern seaboard of North America or deported to France. Many of these people eventually found their way to Louisiana, the only place at the time that welcomed new settlers, and the Cajun society formed. Through all the hardships of this ethnic cleansing, they managed to keep important elements of their ancestral culture alive, passing it on to subsequent generations.

My grandfather died when I was quite young. I remember him, but do not remember his dancing; however, my mother said that "Père" enjoyed clogging and that he was good at it. It may be that he learned to do it from family and friends, or he may have learned it during the long weeks and months in the logging camps where entertainment was at a premium. I have seen clogging a few times and found it fun to watch. I wish that these arts had been passed on to me, but they stopped with that generation.

My grandparents also believed that they had special powers of healing. Père believed that he could stop severe bleeding, and it was observed by my father on at least one occasion. Mère believed that she could heal various illnesses or injuries. I did not believe her and ridiculed her for saying so (how rude of me!) I remember one time that she attempted to heal Chuck Crossman of his many warts that were spread over his hands. I did not believe that she had any such powers; however, Chuck told me not long ago that the warts did indeed go away after her procedure (I do not know what to call it as I was not allowed to view what was happening) and did not return. My grandparents believed that they could pass on these powers to one other person in their lifetimes. I am not aware of anyone to whom they passed these special powers. It certainly would not have been me, as I was very young and not respectful and open to this Franco tradition.- my loss again!

Other communities in Maine have attempted to keep alive some of the cultural traditions and remember their heritage. Folks in Monson celebrate their Finnish heritage; and Lewiston/Auburn, Biddeford/

Saco, Waterville, Augusta and Madawaska are some of the Maine communities that celebrate their Franco and Acadian heritage. This awareness of the efforts of others have had me thinking about the large number of folks of Franco-American descent in the Moosehead area who have been such an important part of this working-class community and of the relative invisibility of their presence. We have a richness that is lost to us unless we work to revive and pass on the stories, family histories, foods, music (and other arts) and language of our heritage. I have joined efforts with Linda McBrierty, Renée Gagné, and Yvon Labbé (Director of the Franco-American Center at the University of Maine and a part-time Greenville resident) to begin to raise awareness and interest in celebrating the culture of the Francos among us. We will partner with the Moosehead Historical Society, the Franco-American Center at the University of Maine, our schools, individuals of our community, other communities who are farther along in this process that are we, as well as any other organization who would like to help us bring our goals to fruition. By participating in the various activities, we will connect with friends and families in ways that are meaningful and personal, sometimes sadly reflective, and at other times wildly fun. The elderly folks in our community hold many of the family stories, can teach the songs, crafts, share the recipes, identify photos and tell us about the events that have shaped all our lives. The clock is ticking on what they have to offer all of us.

A small group of us met recently to begin discussion on these issues. We will invite many more of our friends to join us for the subsequent activities and ask that you (anyone, especially the Francos) make an investment of time and talents to celebrate your/our families, enlivening the community with song, theater, dance and a deeper historical perspective.

Please be on the lookout for more information for upcoming events.

For more information or to offer help in planning, call Betty Ryder at 695-2287.

University of Maine - Distinguished Presidential Lecture Remarks of Séverin M. Béliveau Maine's French Reality



University of Maine - September 15, 2009

Let me thank you, President Kennedy, for this honor which I gladly accept, not for myself, but for the community on whose behalf I speak today. I speak about *la réalité Franco du Maine* – the reality of the French in Maine.

I hope to do our story -- *notre histoire* -- justice. Because Francos in Maine have not always had justice in the past. I speak as a Franco myself, and I speak as a lawyer -- *un avocat* -- an advocate, not an academic.

And I will speak frankly. Apparently our ancestors spoke so bluntly that the word for direct honesty – frankness – derives from them. So speaking frankly, the University of Maine has *not* always been a friendly place for Francos. For much of the last century when Maine was governed by a Republican Anglo-Protestant establishment, the University of Maine was part of that establishment. The Franco-American identity, the culture, the history, both Québécois and Acadian (both of which I share) was not welcome here. Seventy-five years ago the University of Maine played the same kind of role as part of Maine's Anglo-Protestant establishment that the University of Georgia played in its state. In Maine, as in Georgia, the Klan hovered in the shadows, hiding in their sheets. In Maine the targets were French Catholics, communities like Rumford, where I grew up. My father told me often about watching a cross burn above the river near Rumford on a ledge overlooking the tenement buildings occupied by Franco mill workers. This was in the 1930s, before he became a judge. Like cowards everywhere, the cross-burners fled before my father and his friends could find and deal with them. This happened throughout Maine – as late as the 1960s a cross was burned right on the doorstep of this University – across from French Island.

Only a few years later, in the 1970s, a glimmer of hope arose near that very spot. Here in Orono students at the University of Maine created the Franco-American initiative, which eventually became the University's Franco-American Centre. It was a small beginning. President Winthrop Libby wished

the students luck and gave them \$500. But at the same time, he predicted the initiative would fail because the faculty was too conservative to change. But the students did not fail, although sometimes it has been touch and go. One of those students, my friend Yvon Labbé, is the Centre's director today.

At the time the students wanted to learn more about Franco-Americans in Maine, they discovered that the University knew very little. There was nothing in the curriculum. Although many of the buildings were built by, and maintained by, Franco workers, none had a Franco name. Nor the streets. Nor the rooms. The population of one-third of the State of Maine had no recognition at their public university. Even today, they still don't (and as much as I admire Harold Alfond, I must also remind you of who made the shoes for him in Dexter).

Thirty-five years ago the faculty at the University of Maine had other interests. So the students began to do the research for themselves. They began with a simple question. Where, they wondered, where was French *la langue quotidienne* – the everyday language -- to be found? They discovered that it was a language in Maine homes: first between couples in the bedrooms, then more publicly in the kitchens, but less in the living rooms and still less outside the home. For many of us, French was the mother-tongue. Why did it hide outside the home?

It turned out there was a reason. In 1919, the Legislature enacted a law, entitled "*Relating to duties of State Superintendent of Schools and Providing for the Teaching of Common School Subjects in the English Language.*" Outside of foreign-language classrooms, this law forbade the speaking of French in Maine public schools. Even in the French classrooms, students were taught "Parisian" French, and not the "Quebecois/North American" French that their families spoke. This is the reason that native French-speaking teachers had a hard time getting jobs teaching French in public schools – the authorities didn't want them to "corrupt" the students.

But getting back to the 1919 law --

some schools in the Saint John Valley bent the rules and allowed children to speak French in their free time, for example at recess on the playgrounds. But there was always a danger that the state's school inspectors might visit. So when a school inspector was sighted in town—you could tell who they were—the children were warned to be careful and—because they did not want to make a mistake—they stopped speaking altogether. So try to picture the state inspector coming up to a school, and finding a playground filled with silent children. Is there any more unnatural sight than a group of children playing together in silence. In this way, Franco children learned that it was a bad thing to speak French. Some catholic schools allowed teaching in French for part of the day or part of the curriculum.

The law was repealed in 1969. I was in the Legislature then. I remember when my friends Elmer Violette and Émilien Lévesque sponsored "An Act Permitting Bilingual Education." The playgrounds in the St. John Valley were never silent again. The repeal was also remarkable for the fact that Violette and Levesque, in speaking for the bill, actually spoke French on the floor of the State Legislature. They were the first ever to do so. In an emotional speech, Senator Violette related how he spoke no English when he entered primary school, and how it made learning much more difficult for him and the thousands of other children from French-speaking homes. Violette responded to a southern Maine Senator who called the use of French "un-American," and declared that English was the official language of the land. Violette said he and his fellow Franco-American legislators were hurt and stunned by the idea that helping Franco children learn through bilingual education was somehow not American.

That was an important day in our history. And now, at Maine's landgrant institution, for the first time the Chair of the Modern Language Department, Raymond Pelletier, is a Franco-American.

For many years the Franco American Centre has published a journal, *Le FORUM*. As with the Centre itself, the *Forum* began with students. It was recently edited by Rhéa Côté Robbins, a novelist from Waterville, and today it is edited by Lisa Desjardins Michaud from Van Buren. And as there is now a Franco-American Studies Program at the University of Maine, faculty are joining with the students in doing the re-

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search and teaching. The academic program was created at the Centre by Jim Bishop *de la famille Levesque*, a graduate of the University of Maine, a scholar and Franco-American poet from French Island in Old Town. It is now directed by Susan Pinette, also a graduate of this university, a remarkable scholar of everything Franco, whose family is from Berwick and the St. John Valley.

In the University of Maine System, Barry Rodrigue, whose research has done so much to define the transformation of New England by Québécois in the late 19th and early 20th century, leads an academic program at the Lewiston-Auburn College for the University of Southern Maine (Barry is also my father's biographer and the archivist of his papers). Despite strong resistance from the University of Southern Maine Administration, Barry established the Franco American Collection and the French North American Studies Program in 2000. Because of the support of my friend John Martin, a Franco-American University exists in Fort Kent where Lise Pelletier, a graduate of the University of Maine, directs the Acadian Archives. She was intimately involved in organizing the 2014 World Acadian Congress in the St. John Valley. Ross and Judy Paradis were and continue to be active in supporting French culture in all of its forms in the Valley. As Legislators, they were instrumental in establishing the Franco-American Day at the Legislature where our political leaders are graphically reminded of our presence and contributions to Maine. Quite a change from 1919, when certain legislators openly criticized Franco Americans and the French language. The CFO at the University of Maine, my friend Janet Waldron, is a Franco-American. Even the Chancellor of the University of Maine System is a Franco-American, albeit "from away".

Then there are the numerous community efforts. Rita Dubé has created a dynamic Franco-American Heritage Center in Lewiston. Willy and Elizabeth LeBihan have created a successful language immersion school in Freeport called L'École Française de Maine. And there are the political leaders. John Martin served as Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives for 20 years and for 8 years in the State Senate. Mike Michaud represents Maine's Second Congressional District in Washington. Mike may *seem* to be the first Franco-American in Maine's federal delegation. But he's not. Anyone know who was first? Margaret

Chase Smith of Skowhegan. Her mother's name was Caroline Morin from the Beauce region in Québec. In Mike's case, there is no question. He ran for Congress as a Franco. And for the first time, I believe I can say with confidence that the occupant in the White House is aware of Maine's French Reality.

There are other programs throughout our State which promote and celebrate the French culture, language and history.

- La Kermesse – a family event in Biddeford that attracts thousands to its summer festival

- Les Bavards – A group of Francos that meets weekly in Waterville to reclaim their French.

- Franco-American Moosehead Lake Region Initiative – A group of men and women who have undertaken an oral history project of Franco contributions and presence in that area.

- At the University of Maine Farmington, Sylvie Charon, a French Professor, has developed a relationship with the University de Maine in Western France.

My father taught me to be proud of my heritage.

In Quebec as a result of the 1759 conquest, the French used to say: *On est né pur être petits pains, on ne peut pas s'attendre à la boulangerie*—“we were born to be little breads, we cannot expect the bakery”—but now we've added some yeast to our expectations. We expect more and higher things. In 1972 when Elmer Violette ran for Congress, I was Chair of Maine's Democratic Party at the time and my brother-in-law Frank Murray, a graduate of this University who later served as the Roman Catholic Chaplain of the Newman Center here, was Elmer's campaign manager. When Elmer finished a speech here at this University in French by saying: “*excusez-là.*” It was his way of saying thank you for indulging me. I won't say that today.

Elmer lost Lewiston. With the help of my friend Chris Potholm (I have a few Republican friends and Chris is also a professor—at Bowdoin), Bill Cohen from Bangor found he could win the election by slicing off a piece of the Franco vote. This strategy turned Maine Francos against each other. It is still true today - you can't win a state-wide election in Maine without the French vote.

This is why in every election it seems that Lewiston, in particular, is a battleground city. Despite that loss, the Violette family was undeterred. Elmer Violette went on to become a Justice of the Maine Supreme Court. His wife Marcella, a native of the Saint John Valley, single-handedly prevented the closure of the University of Maine at Fort Kent to assure access to higher education for Franco-American students. Their son, Paul, a former State Senator, heads the Maine Turnpike Authority for our State.

We've come a long way. We have Franco novelists and artists and musicians and historians and politicians in Maine. But we still have not arrived yet.

My Franco-American family illustrates the distance we have traveled. My family (the part that is not Irish, but that is another story) is both Acadian and Québécois. The Béliveaus came to *Acadie* from France in 1636, almost 400 years ago. When the English deported the French Acadians to the south in 1755 – an event lamented in English by Longfellow's poem *Evangeline*, and remembered by the French as *le Grand Dérangement*— my family was stubborn. Or lucky. We did not get on the boats and go south. We went west. To Quebec. To our manifest destiny. And when nearly half of Quebec moved to New England in the late 19th and early 20th century (along the Old Canada Road through Jackman and the Kennebec Valley that Barry Rodrigue has mapped), the Béliveau family came along— first to Lewiston where they worked in the textile mills, then to Rumford to work in the paper mills. My father Albert Béliveau went straight from the paper mill to the University of Maine Law School, without going to college in between – perhaps all of this higher education is overrated! He served as an officer and interpreter in the Judge Advocate General Corps. in France in World War I, and had a good time as well, a fact we only discovered years later after his death when, cleaning out a trunk, we found a trove of photographs and letters from pretty French girls. After the War he came back home to Rumford, and entered into law practice with an Irishman – whose daughter he later married, my mother Margaret McCarthy.

My father taught me to be proud of my heritage. I remember walking with him down Lisbon Street in Lewiston, and a man approached and introduced himself as James Baker. “No,” my father replied, “Your name is really Boulanger. You've an-

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glicized it.” Then there was the man named Fisher, who my father pointed out really was Poisson. He wanted them, and me, to be proud of our heritage, and not try to hide it.

Every night at dinner we spoke en français. My father didn’t anglicize his name, nor join the Republican Party, as other Francos were doing in order to become assimilated.

My father was a great lawyer, quick, witty and persuasive. In 1935 Governor Brann appointed him to the Maine Superior Court, the first Franco-American to serve on that court. At that time, one in four Maine people were of French descent (today it is one in three). Yet he was the first on the Superior Court, and he served there for 20 years as others of lesser talents were promoted to the Supreme Court. Finally, in 1954, at the age of 66, he was appointed to be the first Franco-American to serve on the Maine Supreme Court. That was to be the end. He didn’t become Chief Justice, because no governor wanted to take a chance on a Franco and a Catholic and a Democrat in that post.

But my father cleared the way, not just for Franco lawyers, but for Franco politicians. He helped create the modern Democratic Party in Maine as a home for Francos and the other workers of our region. This was what helped make Maine a two-party state. He was *un avocat* in every sense of the term, and I am my father’s son.

I grew up with a love of all things French, but with a tinge of the Irish from my mother. My wife Cynthia grew up Irish, with a touch of French blood from her grandfather, Frank Guité of Waterville. All of our children have Irish names and French/Irish spirits. Conor and Devin studied at the University in Dijon. Liam has visited France. Emmett works for an American president who is loved in France for “son charme, son charisme, sa jeunesse.”

A little over a year ago I received an honor that I know my father would be so proud and happy to see in his family. The French government made me a *Chevalier* (that means “knight”) in the *ordre national* of the Legion of Honor. And today I am honored to be appointed to be a distinguished professor of Franco-American Studies at the University of Maine. Our family indeed has come a long way. And the journey continues with our children.

Our family is not unusual. According to the Census Bureau, today more than 350,000 of Maine’s 1.3 million people

claim French or French-Canadian ancestry. Maine is the most “French” state in New England. And all of these families are making great contributions to the present and future of Maine. We are now established.

It wasn’t always so. When Francos came from Québec to Maine and to the rest of New England, where our Diaspora began, it was not an easy move. Quebec was unhappy—often angry, some even felt betrayed—to see us leave. As a political leader said at the time: *Laissez les partir, c’est las canaille qui s’en va*; “Let them go, it’s the riffraff that’s leaving.” Many of us hoped that Maine and New England would be a temporary home. Many of us settled temporarily. For many of us, home remained Québec. We were also Americans, proud citizens of this state and of the United States—many of us died in its wars, beginning with the Civil War—but we had another home nearby. If France had been the cradle for French Canadians, Quebec was the source and cradle for us. I am using English translations for the French words *berceau* and *sources*. Some of you may notice how poorly these translations convey what the French words can mean, *des mots qui touchent au coeur* – words that touch the heart. But with all respect and affection for Quebec and France, for Franco-Americans today, Maine is our home. Maine is our source for *des mots qui touchent au coeur*. Because here is where our stories are. Maine is New France.

And here at the University of Maine, and at Fort Kent, and in Lewiston, those stories can be retold and preserved.

President Kennedy has told me that he would like the University of Maine to be the *university of choice* for Franco-Americans in Maine and throughout our region. Obviously this must be done in collaboration with University of Maine at Fort Kent and Lewiston-Auburn College of the University of Southern Maine in Lewiston, with their faculty and students—this must be a common effort—but leadership from here, from Maine’s landgrant, research institution is essential.

This brings me back to my subject, to *Maine’s French Reality* and, to enlarge the scope of the conversation, the *French Reality in our region*, in New England in particular and in New York, *c’est las même grand famille*.. Perhaps you still expect me to tell you what that reality is, but actually what I am here to suggest today is that together we discover what it is, not only as a past, but as a present, and *particularly* as a future. The philosopher

Alfred North Whitehead once remarked “Universities create the future.” I would add to that they do so by educating about the past -- those to whom the future belongs.

Recently I have been reading a number of books from the University of Maine Press about Maine people, a book of plays by the Waterville playwright Grégoire Chabot, a book of stories by the Lewiston writer Gérard Robicheau, a remarkable dictionary of the Malisset and Passamaquoddy Dictionary by David Francis and Robert Leavitt. I recommend them. They represent the kind of research we need from the campuses in the University of Maine System. We need partnerships with the communities as *equal partners*, as collaborators. It is central to your mission—our mission inasmuch as I am now a professor from the community in your midst. We do want *la boulangerie*. We do want the bakery.

What do you have to gain? To begin with, you can become the University for of all the people of Maine. You can gain the support of a third of the population of our state whom, in the past, you may have forgotten to welcome fully. You can become more inclusive. You can gain a more fruitful sense of Maine’s cultural realities that in turn can be the basis for a future, for a more creative, innovative economy and society. Maine’s French reality is vital to Maine’s role in the global community, that role on which our future prosperity will depend.

Let me give you an example. An organization that Francos created for Maine, the U. S office of the *Forum Francophone des Affaires*, organized the state’s first trade mission to France in 2005. It was the most successful trade mission in our State’s history. Over \$5 million in sales of new goods and services resulted from the trip. In 2010 there will be another trade mission to France. I believe it will be even more successful. The University of Maine has a vital role to play in this trade as well, by creating research and development partnerships with French schools and businesses. An example of the international opportunities for the University System is the 2008 Memorandum of Understanding between the University System and the University d’Angiers in Western France, which created the vehicle for exchange of educators, students and cultural organizations.

I began by thanking President Kennedy and by offering my hand in partnership. I have mentioned others along the way this afternoon, but there are so many people

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A New Franco-American Society – La Bibliothèque nationale franco-américaine

*By Albert J. Marceau,
Newington, Conn.*

On Wed. Nov. 26, 2008, the day before Thanksgiving, the State of New Hampshire legally recognized the incorporation of a new Franco-American society – La Bibliothèque nationale franco-américaine. The founders of the BNFA are: Roger Lacerte and Roger Brunelle, both of Lowell, Mass., Georges-Andre Lussier of Salisbury, Mass., Benoit Pelletier-Shoja of Concord, N.H., Albert J. Marceau of Newington, Conn., Michel Michaud of Lynn, Mass., and Louis-Charles Martel of Manchester, N.H. The purpose of the organization is: “To identify, collect, promote and preserve documents, books, and items important to the history of the Franco-Americans” as stated on the incorporation papers. The other two points which are mandatory in the Articles of Agreement of a New Hampshire Nonprofit Corporation, are the establishment of membership, which Charles Martel wrote by hand: “Annual dues, the amount of which will be determined at a later date,” and the other point, concerning dissolution, which Martel also wrote in his hand: “Corporate assets will go to the Bibliothèque et Archives nationales du Québec.” The listed founders of the society do not have titles in the corporation, since the laws of incorporation for the State of New Hampshire do not require a list of offices for the establishment of a nonprofit corporation.

The three most important meetings in the foundation of the BNFA are the first and third meetings, and a meeting of unknown date, but for the lack of date, it has the colorful name of “The Pizza Meeting.”

The first meeting of the BNFA occurred on Wed. July 9, 2008 at the Siam Orchid Restaurant in Manchester, N.H., and the men in attendance were Roger Lacerte, Charles Martel, Benoit Shoja, Michel Michaud, and John Kobuszewski. Charles Martel was the driving force behind the meeting, for he wanted to save books and artifacts by Franco-Americans from being destroyed, or collections from being broken and sold into individual items. Martel wanted to create an organization through which he could get grants, and in turn, use the grants to preserve collections of materials, or to digitize books and newspapers in



“The founders of the BNFA after the meeting at the IHOP in Tewksbury, Mass., Fri. Aug. 29, 2008, about 10:45PM. From left to right are: Roger Lacerte, Benoit Pelletier-Shoja, Marcel Raymond, Charles Martel, Roger Brunelle, Georges Lussier, with Albert J. Marceau seated Indian-style on the floor. The photo was taken with Marceau’s Pentax P3 SLR Camera on a tripod with a timer and a flash.”

order to make them available to a greater number of researchers. The first problem that Martel had in creating the organization was that he could not think of a name for it. Michel Michaud thought of a name – La Bibliothèque nationale franco-américaine – because it sounded impressive, and Martel himself was struck by it. All voted in favor of the name, and while the others were admiring the name, Michaud joked and said: “It sounds better than ‘Charlie’s books,’” and everyone laughed.

The third meeting of the BNFA occurred on Fri. Aug. 29, 2008 at the International House of Pancakes in Tewksbury, Mass., and its significance is that Charles Martel presented a blank set of the incorporation papers for the BNFA, and during the meeting, he began to fill in the four points necessary for the act of incorporation which are the previously mentioned points of name, goals, membership and dissolution for the society. The men who signed the paperwork at the meeting in Tewksbury were Roger Lacerte, Roger Brunelle, Georges-André Lussier of Salisbury, Mass., Benoit Shoja and Albert J. Marceau. The surprising statement during the meeting in Tewksbury came from Marcel Raymond, who did not sign the document, but offered \$50,000 from his own personal funds to the BNFA. The founders of the BNFA did not then, nor now, make a final decision on the very generous offer by Marcel Raymond.

The conclusion of the signing of the incorporation papers that started at the Tewksbury meeting occurred on Wed. Nov. 26, 2008, when Martel decided to finalize the submission of the incorporation papers to the State of New Hampshire. He brought the

paperwork to Michel Michaud, who signed it while at the ACGS in Manchester, N.H., and then Martel brought the paperwork to Concord, N.H. Martel’s signature appears last on the document because he handed the paperwork to the clerk in the Secretary of State’s Office, and then he realized that he forgot to sign it himself, so he asked for it back, and he signed the document before he finally handed it over to the clerk.

The meeting of an unknown date, according to the undated meeting minutes of Michel Michaud, occurred in the Roger Lacerte’s La Librairie Populaire on 18 Orange St., in Manchester, N.H. It is also known as “The Pizza Meeting” because

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to recognize and acknowledge. So many people on the journey whose names have been forgotten as well as the few who can be remembered. And now we are here today. Have you guessed yet what Elmer meant when he said, “Excusez-là,” what it means to speak French in this place? I assure you on Elmer’s behalf that he was not asking to be excused. That was not Elmer’s way. Perhaps at that time some misunderstood, but now you won’t: Elmer was extending his hand in friendship, and he was offering a gift. As I am today to you and the University. *Excusez-là.*

I want to close by thanking everyone for listening patiently to my academic debut and I trust that we will all leave today with a greater appreciation and understanding of the French Reality in Maine and the unique opportunity for the University System to capitalize on one of Maine’s finest resources, its Franco-American citizens.

(*A New Franco-American Society – La Bibliothèque nationale franco-américaine continued from page 11*)

Charlie Martel purchased two pizzas and some beer for the meeting. Those in attendance, according to Michaud's notes, were Lacerte, Martel, Shoja, Michaud, Kobuszewski, Roger Brunelle of Lowell, Mass., and Don and Marie-Jeanne Chaput of Manchester, N.H. Both Martel and Michaud remember that the meeting occurred in the Summer of 2008, while Michaud has a vague recollection that it occurred on Wed. Aug. 6, 2008, because he routinely visits the American-Canadian Genealogical Society in Manchester, N.H. on the first Wednesday of the month during the Summer. According to Michaud, Roger Brunelle brought his stack of meeting minutes and other papers from the Société Historique Franco-Américaine since he was a director of it. Benoit Pelletier-Shoja, however, is convinced that the Pizza Meeting is the Sixth Meeting of the BNFA, which occurred at La Librairie Populaire on Fri. Jan. 20, 2009, and the same people were in attendance at the meeting, except Brunelle. Both agree that the significant aspect of the Pizza Meeting is that Lacerte and Martel argued about the direction of the organization. Lacerte argued in favor of preserving only books and printed matter, while Martel argued in favor of preserving books, printed matter and artifacts. Martel suggested that the organization should get a place to store books, and those in attendance voted to save artifacts as well as books.

The meetings of lesser importance are the second, fourth, and fifth meetings of the BNFA. The second meeting occurred on Fri. July 25, 2008 at the Clam King Restaurant in Manchester, N.H., attended by Lacerte, Martel, Shoja, Michaud, Kobuszewski, Brunelle, Lussier, and the Chaputs. I effectively did not attend the meeting because he arrived about ten minutes before it ended. The decision of the second meeting was to continue the work of saving the Société Historique Franco-Américaine. The fourth meeting occurred on Fri. Sept. 19, 2008 in the office of Marcel Raymond on 5 Sever Street in Worcester, Mass., and it was attended by Lacerte, Martel, Shoja, Michaud, Kobuszewski, Brunelle, Lussier, Raymond, Marceau and Bernadette Bernard of Manchester, N.H. At times it was not clear if the meeting were about the BNFA or the Société Historique Franco-Américaine. The fifth meeting was held on Sun. Nov.

2, 2008 at the Centralville Social Club on 364 West Sixth St., Lowell, Mass. Those in attendance were Lacerte, Martel, Shoja, Michaud, Kobuszewski, Brunelle, Lussier, the Chaputs, Bernard, Marceau and June Turcotte of Northampton, Mass. The only mention of the BNFA was from Martel, who said that he was preparing the paperwork to incorporate the organization in the future. Most of the meeting was about the SHFA, and Brunelle said that he looked forward to meet with Marcel Raymond on Wed. Nov. 5, 2008 in Chelmsford, Mass., at the first meeting of the officers of the SHFA in years.

The practical factor in Martel's decision to save collections through the BNFA was the then potential dissolution of two Franco-American collections that were owned by the Association Canado-Américaine Assurance of Manchester, N.H., because the ACA Assurance was forced to divest itself of the collections at the behest of the New Hampshire Insurance Department. One was a collection of artwork that Msgr. Adrien Verrette P.D. donated to the ACA decades ago, and the other collection was the Collection Lambert, which the ACA owned since 1918. By the end of Summer 2009, both collections were sold to groups of buyers. Martel heard rumors that the group that purchased the artwork have decided among themselves to reassemble the collection sometime in the future. The rumors that Martel heard about the purchase of the Collection Lambert are confirmed in the *Geisel Library News* of August 2009, for it reported that the Collection Lambert has been donated by "a consortium of interested individuals" to the Geisel Library at St. Anselm College in Manchester, N.H. The same periodical also reported that Robert Perreault, the first librarian at the ACA to catalog the Collection Lambert, has been working with Betsy Holmes, the Collection and User Services Librarian at the Geisel Library, to select 3,000 titles from the 8,000 titles in the said collection, to comprise the core of the "ACA/Lambert Franco-American Collection," and that the collection will be available to the public in the Summer of 2010. Since I was surprised by the reduction of the Collection Lambert as reported in the *Geisel Library News*, I thought it was a mistake, and so I checked an early description of it.

Edward Ham, who was a member of the Société Historique Franco-Américaine, wrote in the November 1937 issue of *Modern Language Notes*, a description of the Library of the Association Canado-Américaine, and

he wrote that it contained the Collection Lambert, which was named after Adéland Lambert, a former director of the American Folklore Society. (Ham did not mention that Lambert is the author of the Franco-American mystery novel, *L'Innocente Victime*.) Ham wrote that the Collection Lambert contained in August 1936: "2,250 books, over 1,400 pamphlets, and several hundred letters, all of which are with few exceptions related to French Canada and New England." Ham also described other holdings of the ACA Library that contained manuscripts by Henri d'Arles and Édouard Richard, numerous Franco-American newspapers and periodicals, as well as the meeting minutes of organizations, such as the Société Franco-Américaine du Denier de St. Pierre and the Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Franco-Américaine. Since Ham's description of the Collection Lambert has 650 books and pamphlets more than what the Geisel Library was willing to accept, I decided to speak to Robert Perreault himself.

On the evening of Tues. Sept. 29, 2009, around 6:30PM, I telephoned Robert Perreault at his home, and after he reminded me to make the conversation brief because his dinner was on the table, he confirmed that the Geisel Library would only accept 3,000 books. Of that number, Perreault said proudly that all of the Franco-American books were saved, that the best of the Quebecois books were saved, and that only a couple books from France were saved. On the last point, Perreault remarked that the Geisel Library: "did not need another copy of *Les Misérables*." Perreault noted with a mixture of pride and puzzlement, that while the ACA held the Collection Lambert, no one knew about it, while now as it is being catalogued into the Geisel Library, there are requests from various libraries outside of New England, from Iowa and England, that are borrowing books from the collection. Perreault reiterated to me that he could not understand how quickly the requests were made by the other libraries, since the Collection Lambert has not been fully catalogued. Conversely, Perreault did not make it clear to me what would happen to the remaining 5,000 books from the Collection Lambert. When I mentioned Edward Ham's article in *Modern Language Notes* and the reference to the several hundred letters in the Collection Lambert, Perreault responded that the letters were not part of the Collection Lambert, and that they were still at the Franco-American (Continued on page 13)

Sirois and Lausier have goal to save UFAC

*By Albert J. Marceau,
Newington, Conn.*

Evelyn Sirois of Windsor, and Patrick Lausier of South Windsor, Conn., are both trying to save possibly the oldest Franco-American organization in New England – the Union des Franco-Américains du Connecticut (UFAC). The reason that they would like to save the organization is in part because it is possibly the oldest Franco-American organization in New England, and because it has a 501c3 status, so it could raise funds, and use the funds for cultural exhibits.

When Evelyn Sirois was the Program Director of UFAC, in 1998, she did apply for grants so UFAC sponsored the art exhibit “Sur Bois: Franco-American Woodcarvers of New England” that was on display in the gallery of the Institute for Community Research on 2 Hartford Square West, Hartford, Conn., from Sat. Oct. 10 to Thurs. Dec. 31, 1998. Although “Sur Bois” was shown in other parts of New England, the exhibit under UFAC had items by four woodcarvers from Connecticut, three of whom were alive then – Richard Boisclair of Barkhamstead, Alan Reynolds of Burlington, and George Daigle of South Windsor – and some carvings by Ronald St. Amand, whose carvings were lent to the exhibit through his widow Julie St. Amand of East Hartford. In an e-message to me, dated Sept. 22, 2009, Sirois effectively wanted to do with UFAC what she has done in the past, for she wrote of her goals for UFAC as a: “conduit for cultural grants..., to be part of the tourism resource so we can list all Franco[-American] related sites in the State.”

Like other Franco-American organizations in New England, UFAC has started to become defunct.

The last filing of UFAC with the Office of the Secretary of the State of Connecticut is dated Oct. 18, 2000, and the legal name of the organization is “L’Union des Franco-Américains du Connecticut, Inc.” The officers of UFAC, according to the file at the Secretary of the State, are President Normand Morneault of Bristol, Secretary Rita Anger of East Hartford, and Director Jean-Paul Gilbert of New Britain. Although the file is dated Oct. 18, 2000, that is the date when UFAC submitted

the latest two reports to the Secretary of State, and those reports are dated 1997 and 1998. It is not known as to why UFAC did not submit reports for 1999 and 2000.

The last known convention of UFAC occurred on the weekend of Oct. 25-26, 1997 at the Marco Polo Restaurant in East Hartford, Conn., and in the final vote of the organization, it was decided not to dissolve it, but to let it continue.

In June 2008, I spoke by telephone to Therese Lachance of Bristol, Conn., and she was the Secretary and Treasurer of UFAC for about 20 years, from the 1970s to the 1990s, when Robert Bisailon of Waterbury was President, and then under the Presidency of Normand Morneault. Since I was in charge of publicity for the 1997 Convention of UFAC, I remember her well. My first question to her was whether or not there was a convention of UFAC after 1997, and her response was unclear, for she herself was not sure if there were one of two conventions after 1997, and she was not sure of the date or dates of the convention or conventions. (I suspect that there were two conventions of UFAC, one in 2000, and another in 2003.) Lachance said that UFAC lost the meeting minutes of its last convention, for she said that the secretary of the last convention, Rita Angers, moved to Quebec and died there without giving copies of the meeting minutes to any other officer of UFAC. (Rita Angers was a Vice-President of the ACA, and in November 1983, she was elected the President of ActFANE, as reported in the *Hartford Courant*, Nov. 25, 1983, “Notable... Rita Angers of West Hartford....”) Lachance expressed confidence that Normand Morneault would get the meeting minutes, presumably from the family of Rita Angers, through the ACA Assurance in Quebec, where he was Chairman of the Board of the ACA Assurance. Lachance expressed concern for the future of UFAC, because she said that Normand Morneault told her that he wanted to dissolve UFAC, and to donate the \$6,000.00 in its coffers to the ACA Assurance. Lachance clearly stated to me about herself: “I would not let him do it.” (Note: these are the words of Lachance to me, who stated Morneault’s intention, at least as she understood it, and not what happened, to the funds of UFAC. On Thurs. Oct. 29, 2009, at 8:10PM, I telephoned Morneault, but I was not able to speak to him, and I left a message on his answering machine. He did not return the call in time for

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Center in Manchester, N.H., but he added a foreboding proviso to his response: “...if they have not been thrown away already.” Our conversation ended on the ominous note.

Since neither collection formerly owned by the ACA Assurance was saved by the BNFA, I spoke to Charles Martel on Mon. Oct. 26, 2009 about the BNFA and the goals he has for it. When I asked him if any of the goals of the BNFA have been achieved, he responded that one of them has been achieved – the digitization of the issues of *Le Bulletin de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine* for the years 1937 to 1973 – which was done by the Boston Public Library in the Summer of 2009. In early 2009, Martel had the intention to call the BPL for permission to digitize the said issues of the *BSHFA*, and then, with the letter of permission from the BPL, he intended to raise the funds through the BNFA, in order to start the process of digitization of the *BSHFA*. During the process of phone calls and visits to the BPL, Martel spoke to Tom Blake, who is the Digital Imaging Production Manager for the BPL, and Blake offered to digitize the *BSHFA*, at no charge to the BNFA. The only cost was a letter of gratitude to Blake from Pres. Roger Lacerte of the SHFA, a letter that Martel wrote and Lacerte signed it in the name of the society. The issues of the *BSHFA* are available on <http://www.archive.org/>, or they can be found by typing: “Boston Public Library Le Bulletin de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine” as a search term on Yahoo or Google. When I asked him what he plans to do beyond the digitization of the *BSHFA*, and he said that wants to continue the project of digitization of Franco-American books, pamphlet and newspapers, at least those of the 19th Century and the Early 20th Century. He said that he is searching for a place for the archives of the BNFA, likely in Manchester, N.H., and he said the purpose to find a place for the BNFA is to provide: “a safe haven for Franco-American items.” Anyone who is interested in the BNFA, or helping Charles Martel in any of the cited projects, can contact him on his cellphone at (339)-645-4854 or on his e-mail at Lcemartel231@comcast.net.

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the deadline for the article.) Lachance also said that UFAC would be remembered in a monument in the Province of Quebec, and that the engraving for UFAC cost \$1,000.00. She mentioned that her son was willing to pay for an engraving for her. She also said that she hoped that she would be well enough to travel to Quebec, in order to see the unveiling ceremony. This was the last significant conversation that I had with Therese Lachance because she died on Tues. Sept. 16, 2008 in the Bristol Hospital, in Bristol, Conn., and her obituary is published in the *Hartford Courant* on Thurs. Sept. 18, 2008.

The monument in Quebec that she mentioned in our conversation is the "Monument de l'Amitié/Friendship Monument," and in the eight-page pamphlet about the monument by Jacques E. Staelen and David Amaral, UFAC is listed among the "Associations," while Thérèse Lachance is listed among the "Individus," as "Famille Réginald et Thérèse Lachance, Bristol, Conn." Based upon what Therese Lachance told me in our conversation, UFAC likely paid for its engraving, while her son paid for an engraving in honor of his parents.

As another example as to how the living memory of Franco-American organizations are truly dying, the Director Jean-Paul Gilbert died on Tues. June 30, 2009 at his home in New Britain, and his obituary is in the *New Britain Herald*, on the same day, June 30, 2009.

UFAC has a curious and important history of publishing, for it started in 1885 as the *Canadiens-Américains du Connecticut*, and the first book that CAC published is *Histoire et Statistiques des Canadiens-Américains du Connecticut, 1885-1898*, edited by Dr. Arthur Baribault, and published by L'Opinion Publique of Worcester, Mass., in 1899. CAC officially changed its name to UFAC at the convention held in 1917, a fact noted by Alphonse Chagnon of Willimantic, in his history of the local *Société St-Jean-Baptiste* in Willimantic, in its 50th anniversary pamphlet entitled *Programme-Souvenir du Cinquantenaire de la Société de St. Jean-Baptiste de Willimantic, Inc., 1880-1930*. In 1924, UFAC amassed \$25,000 to publish a newspaper in Fall River, Mass., entitled *Le Réveil*, as reported in the *Hartford Daily Courant*, June 4, 1924, "French Societies Elect Gastonguay." No copies of this newspaper survive, and it is not known

what UFAC did with the money, since \$25,000 in 1924 is worth about \$124,800 in 2008, as figured by the *Inflation Calculator*, <http://www.westegg.com/inflation/>. In the 1950s, UFAC published a compilation of its meeting minutes for the previous 50 years, and the copy is owned by Lucien Nadeau of West Hartford, Conn., who lent it to Evelyn Sirois, during the UFAC Convention of 1997. When I spoke to Nadeau in May 2009 by phone, he did not sound well, and he did not know what I was talking about, while Sirois does not remember such a book from Nadeau. (Sirois is also tired of me asking her about it.) I unfortunately did not note the title, but the book of meeting minutes has the same style of binding as *Silhouettes Franco-Américaines* by Rosaire Dion-Lévesque. I hope to find a copy of the book someday. Robert Bisailon, a teacher by profession, and a former president of UFAC, wrote a three-part series for the semi-annual journal of the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut, the *Connecticut Maple Leaf* from December 1983 to December 1984, entitled "A Capsule History of the French Catholic Presence in Connecticut" which does mention various UFAC conventions after 1917, but before 1917, he called the organization UFAC. Bisailon failed to cite the book of meeting minutes, *Histoire et Statistiques* as edited by Baribault in his articles, although he had copy of it, and the proof of his ownership of the book is in the "Bisailon Collection" at the Connecticut State Library. Bisailon died on Oct. 25, 1994 at the Connecticut Hospice in Branford, and in his will, he donated about 1,000 books on the history and genealogy of French-Canadians to the Connecticut State Library, and *Histoire et Statistiques* is part of the said collection. As for the book of meeting minutes of UFAC published in the late 1950s, Bisailon apparently did not know of the book that is owned by Nadeau, and Bisailon certainly did not own a copy, since it has not appeared in the Bisailon Collection at the Connecticut State Library.

UFAC is also important to the history of Franco-Americans in Connecticut, for it started in 1885 as the *Canadiens-Américains du Connecticut* by six men who resided in three mill towns or villages in eastern Connecticut. Four of the six men resided in the borough of Danielsonville – Francois-Xavier Tetreault, Dr. Joseph Dauray, Eloi Jetté, and Prudent Lepage – and the other two resided in neighboring towns – Dr. Omer Larue of Putnam, and Louis P. Lamoureux of Grosve-

nordale. A decade later, Danielsonville was renamed Danielson, and the borough within the Town of Killingly is remembered in the 17th chapter of Robert Rumilly's *Histoire des Franco-Américains*, entitled "L'Affaire de Danielson." Therefore, CAC was founded in the parish at the heart of the Danielson Affair. At the 21st Convention of CAC, in Sept. 9-10, 1913, Rumilly noted that there was a type of reconciliation between the Franco-American laity and the Ordinary of the Diocese of Hartford, for Bishop John J. Nilan spoke a couple sentences in French at the end of the Mass for the convention. Rumilly omitted, however, that the Governor of Connecticut, Simeon E. Baldwin, gave an entire speech in French at the same convention. ("Governor Delivers Address in French," *Hartford Daily Courant*, Sept. 10, 1913.)

UFAC had at least four other conventions where a bishop presided at the Mass for the convention. At the 35th UFAC Convention in Waterbury, March 4-5, 1946, Bishop Henry J. O'Brien presided at the opening Mass of the convention, attended by 1,000 people. ("State French Clubs Open Convention," *Waterbury American*, March 4, 1946.) Bishop Bernard J. Flanagan, the First Bishop of Norwich, presided at the Mass for the 39th UFAC Convention, May 2-3, 1955. ("Union of Franco-Americans Opens 39th Annual State Convention," *Willimantic Daily Chronicle*, May 2, 1955.) Bishop Vincent J. Hines, the Second Bishop of Norwich, presided at the Mass for the 44th UFAC Convention, April 23-25, 1965. ("French Society Opens Convention," *The Day of New London*, April 24, 1965.) Auxiliary Bishop of Hartford, John F. Hackett, presided at the Mass for the 45th UFAC Convention, April 22-23, 1967. ("Bishop Hackett Will Celebrate Franco-American Conclave Mass," *Bristol Press*, April 21, 1967.)

Two Presidents of UFAC were on the board of directors of the Holy Apostles Seminary Corporation that was in charge of the Holy Apostles College and Seminary in Cromwell, Conn. Romeo A. Gosselin of West Hartford was the President of UFAC from May 1955 to May 1961, and in 1959, he was the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Holy Apostles Seminary Corporation. Gosselin died on March 14, 1966 in Springfield, Mass., and the report of his death in the *Hartford Times* noted that he was a Knight of St. Gregory, that he was a trustee of St. Ann's Church in Hartford, and that he was "responsible for 44 pending pat-

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ented mechanical innovations.” (“Romeo A. Gosselin Dies, Franco-American Leader,” *Hartford Times*, March 15, 1966. See also in the *Hartford Courant*: “Decision Due on Renewal of Seminary,” Sept. 24, 1959; “Gosselin Again Heads French, American Union,” May 20, 1957; “New Britain Man Heads Franco-American Union,” May 1, 1961.) The *Hartford Courant* reported on the death of Albert E. Trotter of Bristol, who died on July 1, 1962, and described Trotter as: “on the Board of Directors at Holy Apostle[s] Seminary in Cromwell, a member of St. Francis Third Order, [a member of] St. Ann’s Church [in Bristol], a Knight of St. Gregory, an honor confirmed by Pope Pius XII in 1957,” and a “past state president of” UFAC, although his years in office are not given in the report. (“Executive of Bearing Firm Dies,” *Hartford Courant*, July 2, 1962.)

There were other Governors of Connecticut who spoke at various conventions of UFAC after 1913. Gov. John H. Trumbull spoke at the 27th UFAC Convention in Hartford, Oct. 24-26, 1926, and Gov. James C. Shannon spoke at the 36th UFAC Convention in Norwich, May 23-25, 1948, while Gov. Abraham Ribicoff attended the 40th UFAC Convention in Hartford on May 18, 1957. (“Governor Greets Franco-Americans,” *Hartford Daily Times*, Oct. 25, 1926. “Gov. Shannon Extols American Way of Life in Banquet Speech,” *Norwich Bulletin*, May 25, 1948. “Five Franco-Americans Honored at Conven-

tion,” *Hartford Courant*, May 19, 1957.)

Possibly the peak of political clout held by UFAC occurred at the 37th Convention in Meriden, when both the incumbent Governor Chester Bowles, Democrat, and his Republican challenger, John D. Lodge, appeared at the formal dinner of UFAC on the evening of Mon. Sept. 25, 1950. The *Hartford Courant* reported that they gave: “an impromptu debate on foreign policy in speeches before 200 members of” UFAC. The effect of the impromptu debate is not known on the campaigns of either men, but Lodge was elected Governor of Connecticut on Tues. Nov. 7, 1950. (See the articles in the *Hartford Courant*: “2 Candidates For Governor Stage Debate,” Sept. 26, 1950, and “Wethersfield: Every GOP Candidate Wins by Wide Margin,” Nov. 8, 1950.)

It is clear that UFAC has a long and important role in the history of Franco-Americans in Connecticut, both politically and religiously, and as such, it should not be forgotten. As for the work of Evelyn Sirois and Patrick Lausier who are trying to revive UFAC, their work should continue, especially since both wish to see the organization live, and sponsor cultural events such as the exhibit of “Sur Bois” in the Fall of 1998. One such activity that they should do, once they have the support of Normand Morneau, is to compile all the meeting minutes of UFAC into one document, and make them available to any member of UFAC who wishes to read and study them. Thus, an overlooked facet of Franco-American history can be known.



“The Emblem of L’Union des Franco-Américains du Connecticut. The shield is similar to that of the Seal of the State of Connecticut, and the background within the shield is that of the tricolor flag of France, in blue, white and red. Other symbols in the emblem are the French fleur-de-lis, and the Canadian Maple Leaf, with the Cross at the center, symbolizing Christianity, and the shaking hands, symbolizing fraternity or co-operation. Notice that the cuffs indicate business suits. The last symbol, above the motto, is an eagle, and curiously, its head is turned to its left, hence, in sinister position. (The eagle on the Seal of the United States is turned to its right, hence in dexter position.) The emblem was first used at the 40th Convention of UFAC, May 17-19, 1957, as reported in the *Hartford Times*, May 4, 1957, “New Emblem for L’Union.”

Differences in the Franco-American Society of 1959 and 2009: The Obstacles faced by the SHFA in the 21st Century

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

As readers of *Le Forum* already know, I was part of the take-over of La Société Historique Franco-Américaine (SHFA) that occurred on Sunday, February 15, 2009, and I have heard accusations about the unfairness of the election, and so forth. The intention of the Resurrectionists, a term that I coined, was to save the society from dissolution, which seemed imminent in the Summer of 2008, since several of the board members

had died, and there was no desire from the surviving members of the board to hold an election. In preparation to hold an election, I searched the copies of *Le Bulletin de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine (BSHFA)*, in order to find the bylaws of the society. The latest published bylaws are found in the *BSHFA 1959*, and the same issue has a list of the members of the SHFA.

It is fascinating to look at the *BSHFA 1959*, aside from the bylaws and the list of members, because it is the size of a trader-paperback book, containing 285 pages. I do not know the cost of the issue at the time, but it has six pages of full-page advertisements from such institutions as the Association Canado-Américaine, the Union St-Jean-Baptiste d’Amérique, and the College Anna Maria. One advertisement is from the Secrétariat de la Province de Québec, La Commission des Monuments Historique, which is mildly ironic today, due to the controversy

concerning the former administration of the SHFA and the expenditure of money for an engraving on the “Monument de l’Amitié/Friendship Monument” on the northern bank of the St. Lawrence River in Québec. It may be wise to reconsider the relationship of the SHFA and the Province of Québec concerning the Monument de l’Amitié and the past relationship with the Commission des Monuments Historique in Québec. Aside from the advertisements, the same issue has a list of 16 patrons and benefactors of the SHFA.

According to the *BSHFA 1959*, the SHFA had 319 members, 67 were priests, 50 were women, 43 were doctors of medicine and ten were judges. To describe the demographics of the SHFA in 1959, 21% were priests, 15.7% were women, 13.5% were doctors of medicine, and 3.1% were judges.

According to the latest records of the SHFA in 2009, it has 94 members, 3 are (Continued on page 16)

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priests, one is a deacon, 28 are women, a figure that does not include the three nuns in the society, two are doctors of medicine, and one is a judge. To describe the demographics of the SHFA in 2009, 3.2% are priests, one percent is a deacon, 3.2% are nuns, 29.8% are women, 2.1% are doctors of medicine, and one percent is a judge.

It must be remembered that in 1959, most of the women who comprised the 15.7% were wives, with few single women.

Based upon the differences between 1959 and 2009 within the SHFA, it is important to consider the differences of Franco-American society as a whole for the same years.

In 1959, there were eight Francophone newspapers in New England, of which, four were in Massachusetts (*L'Indépendant* of Fall River, *La Justice* of Holyoke, *La Liberté* of Fitchburg, and *Le Travailleur* of Worcester), two were in New Hampshire (*L'Impartial* of Nashua, and *Le Canado* of the Association Canado-Américaine in Manchester), one was in Maine (*Le Messager* of Lewiston) and one was in Rhode Island (*L'Union* of the Union St-Jean-Baptiste d'Amérique in Woonsocket). The two major Franco-American fraternal insurance companies – the ACA and USJBA – published two significant books about the history of Franco-Americans – *Silhouettes Franco-Américaines* by Rosaire Dion-Levesque in 1957 (ACA), and *Histoires des Franco-Américains* by Robert Rumilly in 1958 (USJBA). Also, the same companies held private libraries – the Collection Lambert at the ACA and the Bibliothèque Mallet at the USJB. Rumilly, in the conclusion of his *Histoire des Franco-Américains*, noted two points of hope for the future continuance of Franco-American culture in the then recent establishment of the Association de la Jeunesse Franco-Américain and the Alliance radiophonique française de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Rumilly even noted that some radio stations broadcast one hour per day in French, but he did not mention how many stations had such schedules.

In 1959, the Catholic Church was in an era of growth, an important facet to remember since Franco-Americans were strongly tied to the Roman Catholic Church. It is also important to remember that in 1959, the language of the liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church was in Latin, and the form

of the Mass had not changed significantly since 1570, as standardized by the Council of Trent. The growth of the Catholic Church is shown in the establishment of new dioceses in New England. In 1950, the Diocese of Springfield, Mass., which covered the counties of Berkshire, Franklin, Hampden, Hampshire and Worcester since 1870, lost the County of Worcester for the establishment of the Diocese of Worcester. In 1953, the Diocese of Hartford, which covered the entire State of Connecticut since 1872, was elevated to the Archdiocese of Hartford, covering the counties of Hartford, Litchfield and New Haven, while two more dioceses were established, Bridgeport that covers Fairfield County, and Norwich that covers the counties of Norwich, Middlesex, Tolland and Windham. Robert Rumilly wrote in the conclusion of his *Histoire des Franco-Américains* that the establishment of the Diocese of Norwich, Conn., was a sign of hope for the continuance of Franco-American life, for 60 percent of the population of the diocese was Franco-American. Also, he noted that only a couple years after the establishment of the diocese, the Missionaries of the Holy Apostles, a religious order founded by Fr. Eusèbe Menard o.f.m. and based in Montreal, established their Holy Apostles College and Seminary in Cromwell, Conn., and one of the purposes of the seminary was the training of French-speaking priests for the Diocese of Norwich.

In 2009, none of the previously mentioned Francophone newspapers are published. Both Franco-American fraternal insurance companies merged into other fraternal insurance companies – the USJB in 1993 to the Catholic Family Life Insurance of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and the ACA Assurance in 2009 into two separate insurance fraternals – those in the U.S. to the Royal Arcanum of Boston, Mass., and those in Canada to L'Union Vie of Drummondville, Quebec, Canada. The private libraries of the USJB and the ACA were moved to other institutions. The majority of the Bibliothèque Mallet was transferred to the third floor of the Emmanuel d'Alzon Library at Assumption College, Worcester, Mass., in March 2004, with the official opening on Oct. 13, 2004, and it is currently on permanent loan to Assumption College from the Union St-Jean-Baptiste Educational Fund. The remainder of the Bibliothèque Mallet went to the Franco-American Collection at the Lewiston-Auburn College of the University of Southern Maine in

July 2008. The Collection Lambert was sold by the ACA, under pressure from the New Hampshire Insurance Department, to a consortium of concerned individuals in 2009, and the collection will be available at the Geisel Library at St. Anselm College in Manchester, N.H. in the Summer of 2010. Today, I know of two members of the Association de la Jeunesse Franco-Américaine, and both are current officers of the SHFA – Roger Lacerte and Trudy Lamoureux – and both today are senior citizens. Likewise, the Alliance radiophonique française de la Nouvelle-Angleterre is hardly a memory of the past, for I never heard any of the four Franco-American radiobroadcasters associated with the SHFA mention it once. The four broadcasters are: Roger Lacerte (“Chez Nous” Sundays 9AM-12NN, WFEA 1370 AM, Manchester, N.H.), Marcel Raymond (“L'Heure Française” Saturdays 12NN-2PM, WCUW 91.3FM, Worcester, Mass.), Suzanne Bernier (“Bonjour! Salut!” Sundays 10-11AM, WNRI 1380 AM, Woonsocket, R.I.) and Bernard Thérooux, who retired his show in the Summer of 2008, “L'Heure Musicale Franco-Américaine,” after nearly 35 years of broadcasting in Fall River, Mass., on Sunday afternoons, on WSAR 1480 AM from 1964 to 1974, and then from 1974 to 2008 on WALE 1400 AM, which changed its call-sign in 1989 to WHTB 1400 AM.

In 2009, it is apparent that the Roman Catholic Church it is in decline in both the U.S. and Canada, and the reasons for the decline are numerous. The foremost important change within the Roman Catholic Church that occurred as a result of the Second Vatican Council, which lasted from Oct. 11, 1962 to Dec. 8, 1965, is the establishment of the Mass of Pope Paul VI, (also known as the Novus Ordo Rite), that changed the Ordinary of the Mass as well as the cycle of readings throughout the year. Moreover, the Council decided to translate the Novus Ordo Rite from Latin into modern languages so the laity could immediately understand what the priest was saying during the Mass. (I must note that the two forms of the Roman Rite have important differences between them, the most significant is that the Tridentine Rite has very clear proclamations of transubstantiation, with repeated statements that the bread and wine are the Body and Blood of Christ, while the Novus Ordo Rite has vague terms for transubstantiation, the most notable in the original Latin are “panis vitae” and “potus spiritalis,” which

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are translated into English as “the bread of life,” and “spiritual drink,” while the French translation is “le pain de la vie,” and the rather poetic “le vin du Royaume éternel.”) The use of French in the Novus Ordo Rite that was heard in the various Franco-American parishes in New England from the mid-1960s and into the 1990s is rare today. The only parish in the State of Connecticut that has the Mass in French on Sunday morning is Ste-Anne/Immaculate Conception Church on Park Street in Hartford, where I am a parishioner, although Gérard Brault in the appendix of his book, *The French-Canadian Heritage in New England*, which was published in 1986, lists twelve Franco-American parishes in Connecticut. As for Rumilly’s hope for a Franco-American culture through Holy Apostles College and Seminary, one can walk throughout the campus and not know that it is run by a religious order based in Montréal. Since the order and the priests who run the seminary are fully aware of the change in demographics in the Catholic Church in the U.S., seminarians who are not native speakers of Spanish, must take at least one year of Spanish in order to graduate, but the study of Latin is optional. Proof that the administration of the seminary is not concerned with perpetuating their own ethnic heritage, the Vice-President of the seminary is Fr. Géo-goire Fluét, who is from Québec, and head of the diocese is Bishop Michael R. Coté, who is of French-Canadian ancestry from Sanford, Maine, and formerly an Auxiliary Bishop in the Diocese of Portland, Maine.

The closing of parishes and the drop in regular church attendance among the Catholic laity is a common occurrence. The Franco-American parish of Notre-Dame des Canadiens in Worcester, Mass., closed in the Summer of 2008. In August 2009, the Diocese of Springfield, Mass., announced that it would close 19 churches, and that it would merge an additional 20 percent of parishes throughout its diocese. In September 2009, Bishop Coté not only closed five parishes in the Diocese of Norwich, he placed the property of the parishes up for sale. *Le Devoir* reported in 2007 that less than ten percent of the population of Québec attends the Mass on a regular basis.

Therefore, the syllogism of “Qui perd sa langue, perd sa foi” no longer

makes sense, because Québec is no longer a Catholic culture. Rumilly noted in an early chapter of his *Histoire des Franco-Américains* that Bishop Laflèche of the Diocese of Trois-Rivières coined the phrase, because of his experiences in the Mid-West where French-Canadians emigrated in the 1850s. Rumilly wrote that Laflèche noted that the French-Canadians who retained their French, remained Catholic, while those who spoke English, tended to go to Protestant churches. Curiously, in 1891, Fr. Édouard Hamon, S.J., questioned the validity of the syllogism in his introduction to his book, *Les Canadiens-français de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*, where he noted that the speaking of French did not guarantee salvation, but he did not fully fault the logic of the syllogism, because he felt that it was working on a cultural level. Hamon also noted that it was working for the time, and he did not see it working in perpetuity.

So, what does all this mean for the Société Historique Franco-Américaine?

Since the SHFA is an historical society, one of its primary goals is to record and analyze how Franco-American culture, language, society et cetera, has changed over the decades. One such examination could be the role of Franco-American radio-broadcasters in the Franco-American community. Such a topic is timely, because I have already noted four Franco-American broadcasters who are members of the SHFA. How has broadcasting changed in the past 40 years? What does it mean now to be in a Franco-American community, such as Woonsocket, R.I., or Worcester, Mass., and broadcast over the internet, where anyone on Planet Earth can receive the signal over the internet? This last question could be answered by Marcel Raymond or Suzanne Bernier, since their stations are on the internet, at www.wcuw.org and www.wnri.com. Conversely, the SHFA could study why haven’t the Franco-American clubs in New England added internet access to their facilities to receive internet broadcasting from French Canada, or even satellite television reception from French Canada? I have gone into Polish grocery stores and restaurants on Broad Street, New Britain, and in Polish travel agencies and stores in Hartford, and I have watched Polish television via satellite, and I have heard radio broadcasts live from Warsaw while in New Britain or in Hartford. The connection to Poland has not diminished the role of local Polish media, because there are two weekly

Polish newspapers in New Britain, and there is a Polish Hip-Hop radio show on WFCS 107.7FM, Radio Emka, on the campus of Central Connecticut State University in New Britain, which is available through the internet at <http://emka1077.com/>.

Other changes in the Franco-American community that the SHFA should record are the move of the archives, such as the Bibliothèque Mallet and the Collection Lambert. Although both are referenced earlier, SHFA should have in depth reports about the changes, and answer the question as to why the Bibliothèque Mallet was split into two locations. (Here is the link to the Mallet Collection at Assumption College: <http://www1.assumption.edu/dept/library/Mallet/leaders.html>. Here is the link to the Mallet Collection at the University of Southern Maine: <http://www.usm.maine.edu/lac/franco/news/080719afr.html>.) Other archives that the SHFA should examine are the Franco-American collections that used to be in public libraries. I know that the Holyoke Public Library divested itself of its holdings of French language books within the past decade. If it were possible, a study could be made of the library’s records of the former holdings, and examine why it had such a collection, and why it divested itself of the collection. One such study could be repeated throughout New England.

An important study that the SHFA should do is of the changes within the Catholic Church and the effect on Franco-American culture. One study could be the effect of the Novus Ordo Rite on Franco-American parishes, from its implementation on the First Sunday of Advent in 1963 to the present. The shift from the Tridentine Rite to the Novus Ordo Rite was not simply of language, but a way of life, for in the early 1990s, I spoke to a Franco-American priest in Fitchburg, Mass., while delivering church bulletins to his parish, and he told me that when he grew-up in the parish in the 1950s, the class day in the parochial school was half in French, half in English, and the liturgy was in Latin. He then left for Rome to study for the priesthood, and when he returned to his parish, and the Novus Ordo Rite was implemented, the liturgy and the education at the parish were entirely in English. Another study could be of the diminution of Francophone religious orders. Another study could be of Franco-American bishops, including the first Franco-American Bishop of Springfield, Mass., Bishop

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<http://www.normandchartier.com/>

Normand Chartier: Artist, Author, Illustrator

Normand Chartier is a Connecticut artist, who lives in the rural "Quiet Corner" of the state. He is an accomplished rising watercolorist and a nationally celebrated children's book illustrator. His luminous impressionistic watercolor paintings have won numerous awards and have found their way into more than two hundred and fifty public and private collections around the entire country. He is an elected artist member of the Mystic Art Association (Mystic, CT) and is a past member of the Northeast Connecticut Artist's Guild and the Boothbay (Maine) Region Art Foundation.

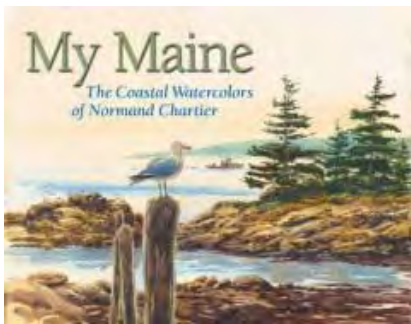


DOWNEAST BOOKS of Camden Maine recently published a 96 page volume on Normand titled "My Maine, the Coastal Watercolors of Normand Chartier". It is a compendium of 90 of his works spanning the last two decades, reflecting his love of that region and of painting itself.

As an illustrator he specializes in children's art. He has illustrated more than seventy children's books (authoring three). He contributes regularly to the finest children's periodicals such as Cricket, Lady Bug, Spider, and Sesame Street magazines.

Some of the numerous honors he has received include his selection to the New York Society of Illustrators Original Art Exhibition three times. He is listed in Gale Research's Something About The Author and is included in North Light Book's The Very Best of Children's Book Illustration.

In 1996 he was awarded the Gold Medallion for the best preschool children's picture book of the year from the Christian Publishers Association. In 1999 he was one of forty-three of America's most distinguished contemporary children's book illustrators chosen to contribute to TIKVAH (SeaStar Books), a collaborative reflection on human rights for children aimed at an adult audience. His work is in the permanent collection of the Northeast Children's Literature Collection housed in the Dodd Library at the University of Connecticut. In 2000 he was selected by the Hartford Courant/Mark Twain Committee as a Distinguished Connecticut Author. In 2004 a piece of his art was chosen to go on a 3-year international goodwill tour from 2005-2008. His recent book of watercolor paintings "MY MAINE" was selected by Publishers Weekly as a recommended Art/Gift book for 2005/2006.



My Maine, the Coastal Watercolors of Normand Chartier

Down East Books of Camden Maine has published a 96 page volume on Normand titled My Maine, the Coastal Watercolors of Normand Chartier. It is a compendium of 90 of his works spanning the last two decades, reflecting his love of that region and of painting itself. Copies of My Maine are available for purchase direct from the publisher, Down East Books.

<https://secure.downeast.com/store/product.php?productid=1134&cat=0&page=1>



View and purchase ORIGINAL ARTWORK:

http://www.normandchartier.com/my_maine_art_for_sale.html

(Differences in the Franco-American Society of 1959 and 2009: The Obstacles faced by the SHFA in the 21st Century continued from page 17)

Thomas L. Dupré, and Bishop Donald Pelotte, S.S.S., the first Native American Bishop of Gallup, New Mexico, who claims both Abenaki and French-Canadian ancestry, and who was born in Waterville, Maine.

Other studies by the SHFA could be of NAFTA and its economic effect on French Canada, how the rush to war in Iraq by the George W. Bush Administration effected the teaching of French in schools, how the absence of manufacturing in the U.S. has effected immigration from French Canada.

Another goal of the SHFA, which appears in its bylaws for May 20, 1960 and April 20, 1985, is the co-operation with other historical societies, "la Société... prête son concours aux autres sociétés historiques." This is a good goal, but I would advocate a networking with the various Franco-American genealogical societies in New England.

To conclude, there are numerous goals of the SHFA in the study of the facets of the history of Franco-Americans and French-Canadians. One of the goals to disseminate its work is through the publication of the *Bulletin de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine*. Another is to create a viable website with useful information for anyone searching for a given topic, and I would advocate that the website be bilingual, for I know many people from the St. John River Valley who can speak French fluently, but cannot read French at all. A third goal is to hold regular meetings with the membership for the business of the society and the education of its members. A fourth goal is to encourage its own members to research the histories of the various Franco-American organizations that the members are associated with, and to possibly publish their findings in the *BSHFA*. On the last point, the purpose of the SHFA would not be a means for the membership to admire the officers of the SHFA, rather, for the officers of the SHFA to empower the membership so they can record and write their own histories, so that, the history of the 16 million Franco-Americans in the U.S. can be known.

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N.D.L.R. Ceci est le troisième 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 3

« C'est la faute d'Alice »

Cet année là, 1926, mes parents ont pensé à un portrait de famille. Tante Laura qui demeurait avec nous, s'est trouvée photographiée aussi.

Chacun de nous a reçu une photo en souvenir. Le plus grand portrait fut pour papa et maman. Un jour, ils le léguaient à Émile, car, selon la tradition, ce serait lui, le plus jeune fils qui prendrait soin des parents, une fois rendu vieux.

Tante Laura et Yvonne s'amusaient comme toute la jeunesse des années 1920 à 1930. Nos parents riaient en les voyant pratiquer le Charleston. Dans leurs danses, elles tapaient souvent des mains et sur les genoux, et elles faisaient tourner leurs longs colliers entre leurs doigts. Elles faisaient un noeud dans leurs colliers et le reste revolvait avec tous leurs mouvements. La jambe est devenue très importante après avoir été si longtemps cachée. La ceinture à jarrettières a remplacé le corset à baleine. Une très belle jarrettière de couleur et garnie de décorations embellissait la jambe. Des bas de couleur avec une ligne noir en arrière. Souvent, il y avait une fleur ou un papillon noir comme la ligne du bas. Que la ligne soit bien droite était de première importance. Tout ce changement ne ressemblait plus au portrait qu'on avait de nos mères. La petite jupe très godée faisait qu'on pouvait voir la belle jarrettière quand elles dansaient. J'avais donc hâte d'être grande, moi aussi.

Puis, Tante Laura a dû retourner à St-Boniface, parce que grand-mère Annie s'était fait encorner par le boeuf. Les coups de cornes dans les jambes et les cuisses lui brisèrent les os. Oncle Albert l'avait

ramassée tout en sang et blessée gravement. Mes parents sont allés reconduire Laura à la gare, afin qu'elle aille en prendre soin. Ils pleuraient comme des enfants. Ce soir-là, papa nous a parlé de sa mère. Il se rappelait la peine immense qu'elle avait eu lorsque grand-père Elie fut frappé par le cancer. Elle se tennait auprès de lui, jour et nuit. Dans les dernières semaines de sa vie, toute la famille veillait grand-père. Il avait appris à aimer DINA qu'il réclamait à son chevet. Il nous a dist comment maman s'était dévouée pour lui. C'est elle qui lui a fermé les yeux, pendant que tante Adrienne récitait la prière des agonisants.

Après sa mort, c'est grand-mère qui donnait la bénédiction au Jour de l'An, à tous les enfants. On disait qu'un homme, ça pleure pas, et pourtant, papa qui était solide, quand il avait de la peine, les larmes coulaient sur son visage comme de l'eau dans un ruisseau. Par la suite, on a eu la nouvelle qu'elle allait s'en réchapper. Elle avait été près de la mort, mais ses fractures étaient en train de se ressouder. On en parle encore dans les familles, tellement cet événement a été atroce.



Alice Gélinas

était pour Rosa aussi. Quelle douceur!

Parfois, il n'y a que des parents qui peuvent comprendre nos larmes, apaiser nos craintes et calmer nos inquiétudes.

Parfois, il n'y a que le coeur des parents qui peut partager la joie que nous ressentons de voir nos rêves se réaliser.

Parfois, il n'y a que la foi de nos parents pour nous donner l'élan et la confiance dont on a besoin pour soutenir notre courage, jour après jour.

Le coeur, la foi et l'amour constant des parents sont frabriqués par les Anges du Ciel et envoyés sur la terre par le Dieu Très-Haut.

Portrait de famille, photo prise à Waterbury en 1926

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.

Chez nous, Irène commença à travailler. Maman s'occupait de la besogne et des repas. Dans la maison, il y avait des règlements, et tout le monde trouvait naturel de faire son lit le matin. Il y avait des corchets en arrière des portes pour suspendre nos vêtements et sac d'école.

Comme j'étais petite pour mon âge, le médecin a suggéré de m'enlever les amygdales. Papa m'a amené à l'hôpital de Waterbury. Le lendemain de l'opération, j'avais mon congé, et encore une fois, mon père me transporta dans ses bras. Maman avait préparé des petits plats, pour moi. J'ai reçu ma dernière poupée. Elle

Ce n'est que bien plus tard, que ce poème m'est venu à l'esprit. Petite, je profitais de leur amour et leur tendresse.

Rétablie, je retournais à l'école. J'étais contente de revoir mon p'tit chum : Tony Descôteaux.

Peu après, maman retomba malade. Elle vomissait toute la journée. Toujours sur le point de perdre connaissance, elle faisait l'ordinaire mais pas plus. Papa avait l'air inquiet. Elle avait été tellement malade durant ses grossesses surtout celle d'Émile, et là, c'était encore pire.

Régina Gélinas, Marianna Beaudoin
(Suite page 20)

(Waterbury de page 19)

et Ligouri se relayaient pour prendre soin des petits, Émile et Rosélia. J'ai le souvenir très net: Maman nous regardant par le carreau de la fenêtre, Rosa et moi, pendant qu'on amusait les plus jeunes après l'école. Les plus vieux arrivaient et chacun faisait sa part. Maman malade, tout était au ralenti dans la maison. Le père de ma mère au voyait dans l'avenir, avait fait une prédiction. Un soir, il a étendu les cartes sur la table, et il aurait dit à mon oncle Clifford: "Dina ne passera pas au travers cette fois". Tristement, il a vaît rangé les cartes. Les mois ont passé. Maman ne se levait quasiment plus.

Nous étions à la fin Mai. Nous étions tous inquiets. Yvonne et Irène faisaient le lavage, repassaient les vêtements, plus l'entretien de la maison.

Je me revois, assise près du lit, au cas où elle aurait eu besoin de quelque chose. J'aurais tant aimé lui être utile. Lorsque papa n'était pas là, Irène restait près d'elle la plupart du temps.

Un dimanche, papa l'a aidée et soutenue jusqu'au salon, et il a déposé Rosélia sur ses genoux. Elle l'a prise, et elle a demandé à Rosa d'attacher les chaussures de la petite. Tout à coup, Rosa dit: "Avez-vous vu la femme vêtue de noir, avec un voile noir ? Elle tient un bébé dans ses bras." En disant ça, elle regardait la porte d'entrée, mais personne n'avait rien vu, sauf Rosa. C'était pas bon signe.

Maman restait toujours au lit maintenant.

Le mardi suivant, dans l'après midi, nous sommes allés à la neuvaïne qui avait lieu à l'église Ste-Anne, avec tous les élèves de l'école, lorsque auelqu'un est venu chercher le Père Comtois à l'autel. Il était demandé pour une personne malade. À notre retour à la maison, on a bien vu qu'il s'agissait de maman puisque le Père Comtois était à son chevet ainsi que le docteur Charles Audet et un autre médecin. Dans ma chambre, il y avait une porte qui communiquait avec celle de ma mère. Je l'ai entrebâillée pour voir ce qui se passait. Maman m'aperçut et elle me dit: "Alice, viens me frotter les mains".

Une infirmière fut engagée. Elle venait achque matin pour lui donner des soins. Le dimance suivant, le 3 juin, maman est entrée à l'hôpital Ste-Mary en ambulance.

Nous l'avons vue sortir de sa chambre sur une civière et elle nous regardait les yeux pleins de larmes. Lews ambulanciers sont sortis par la porte d'entrée, celle qui ne servait pas, car nous prenions la porte de côté.

Le lundi, Yvonne m'a amenée ainsi

que Rosa lui faire une visite a l'hôpital. Elle avait l'air tellement malade !

Elle me dit: "Alice, va me chercher de l'eau, de la bonne eau". Ce fut ses derniers mots pour moi. À rosa, ell a demandé de ne pas faire de bruit.

Le mardi, 1 5 Juin 1928, toute la famille fut appelée à l'hôpital. Papa, Yvonne, Armand, Irène ainsi que le Père Comtois y sont allés. Rosa et moi sommes restées à la maison avec les petits.

Nous étions assis sur les marches de ciment, en avant, et on attendait. Ligouri et des femmes étaient à l'intérieur.

Puis, Yvonne et Irène sont arrivées en pleurant. Elles ne disaient rien. Plus tard, Papa et Armand sont revenus eux aussi. Papa pleurait et Armand est venu vers moi et m'a dit: "Maman est partie au Ciel". Je poussais un cri, pleurant et gémissant. Je sortis dehors en courant, je traversais la cour, m'élançais dans le chemin qui conduisait à la rue River, puis rue Washington, pour ensuite revenir à la maison par la South Main. Armand m'a amenée dans la chambre en arrière et il demeura avec moi. Je ne pourrais pas dire combien de temps s'est écoulé, mais on entendait des pleurs et toutes sortes de commotions.

Aussi, on déplaçait les meubles de la chambre en avant pour faire une place où maman serait exposée. Toute la nuit, il y eut du barda. Nous ne pouvions être seuls. Plus tard, on amenait maman dans sa tombe.

Les gens venaient chacun leur tour, pour la veillée au corps. Un crêpe noir fut suspendu à notre porte d'entrée.

Toute la famille entourait le cercueil, mais moi, j'avais peur.

Irène et Armand m'ont parlé, me disant comment elle reposait paisiblement. Alors je consentis à y aller. En la voyant, ça m'a fait bien mal au coeur, mis la peur me quitta, et par la suite, je restais avec la famille.

Des amis nous ont confectionné des vêtements noirs, mais pas pour Émile et Rosélia.

Maman avait demandé à papa, au cas où il lui arriverait quelque chose, d'être ensevelie près de ses deux petits enfants au Canada. Tant qu'à moi, je vivais un mauvais rêve, car rien ne me semblait réel.

Je me rappelle d'être arrivée à St-Boniface, Canada, le lendemain. Deux chevaux noirs attelés à un corbillard attendaient. Puis, nous avons reçu la parenté. On a entendu sonner le glas jusque chez mon oncle Alert, à la maison de grand-maman Annie au Grand-Quatre, où ma mère fut de nouveau exposée.

Les gens sont venus de partout.

Nous étions fatigués et tout à l'envers, Rosa et moi, ainsi que les deux petits.

Tante Angéline, la soeur de maman, nous a amenés chez elle et se comporta comme un ange avec nous. Elle était tellement rassurante et gentille ! Ell nous a pris sous sa protection.

Le lendemain, nous avons rejoint le reste de la famille.

Papa nous gardait près de lui durant le jour, mais la nuit, nous allions dormir chez tante Angéline.

Maman est décédée un mardi, et elle fut enterrée le samedi suivant. Ce jour-là, il pleuvait.

Au cimetièrre, le cercueil fut ouvert pour une dernière fois. C'était l'anniversaire de Rosélia. Elle avait trois ans.

Nous n'avons jamais su ce qu'ils ont fait de l'enfant que maman portait. Nous ne l'avons jamais demandé. Il y a des vérités trop pénibles pour être abordées. Tout ce qu'on a su, c'est que l'on a vu; son corps n'était plus celui qu'on avait vu à l'hôpital. Elle avait été enceinte de sept mois.

Nous étions désormais des orphelins. Celle qui avait été pour nous, ce qu'il y a de meilleur au monde, n'était plus, mais son souvenir resterait dans nos coeurs et nos esprits. Elle avait quarante-deux-ans.

**"ADIEU MAMAN CHÉRIE.
JE VOUS AIMERAI TOUJOURS."**

TON ALICE

Sur son certificat de décès, c'était écrit : cause de la mort: Nausées pernicieuses de grossesse.

Irène écrivait un journal pour se décharger le coeur. Je le reproduis ici, car elle a mis les mots sur toute la peine que chacun de nous a éprouvé.

JOURNAL D'IRÈNE

Dimanche, le 3 Juin 1928

C'est bien tristement que je commence à raconter cette partie de ma vie. Aujourd'hui, dimance 11:30 heure du matin.

Je n'aurais jamais pensé qu'un jour, une ambulance viendrait chercher maman pour l'amener à l'hôpital. Je la revois pour l'amener à l'hôpital. Je la revois sortir de sa chambre sur une civière, et regarder chacun de nous, les yeux pleins de larmes. Papa l'accompagnait.

Ce soir, j'ai été la voir avec papa.

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(Waterbury de page 20)

Sa chambre est au premier étage. Lorsque nous sommes arrivés près de son lit, elle nous a regardés en souriant, mais elle semblait s'endormir. Elle dit: "Bonsoir".

Papa et moi, on parlait de chose et d'autre pour la distraire. Je lui dis: "Lorsque vous serez un peu plus forte pour vous asseoir, vous nous verrez passer quand on s'en va à l'ouvrage". Elle me répondit: "Lorsque je serai assez forte pour m'asseoir, je m'en irai à la maison". Le coeur gros, j'allai vers la fenêtre un instant pour essuyer mes larmes.

C'était bien triste, mais chaque fois qu'elle nous regardait, elle souriait. J'étais bien loin de penser qu'elle vivait ses derniers moments.

Lundi, le 4 Juin 1928

Aujourd'hui, j'ai été travaillée, mais j'étais réellement inquiète. Chaque fois que le téléphone sonnait, mon coeur s'arrêtait. Je pensais que c'était quelqu'un qui appelait à l'usine pour dire que l'état de maman avait empiré. Les heures se sont écoulées et en revenant de mon travail, je me disais que Mom devait aller mieux.

Ce soir, j'ai été la voir avec Yvonne et elle avait l'air si malade ! Mais je continuais à penser qu'elle guérirait. Il le fallait !

Avant de la quitter, j'ai pris sa main, et elle me regarda longuement comme pour graver à jamais mon visage dans son esprit ou comme si elle aurait su qu'elle me voyait pour la dernière fois. Je lui ai dit que je reviendrais le lendemain, après l'ouvrage. Elle me dit: «Oui, tu te dépêcheras».

Papa est demeuré avec elle pour connaître les résultats, c'est-à-dire, ce que le médecin dirait. Il est revenu à la maison vers onze heures. Il nous dit que le médecin gardait bon espoir de la sauver. Tranquillisée, je respirais enfin. J'allais me coucher, espérant que dans deux ou trois semaines, elle reviendrait à la maison.

Durant la nuit, j'ai rêvé à elle. Nous nous en allions tous en pique-nique, et elle parlait et riait tout au long de mon rêve. Elle était vêtue tout en bleu, était heureuse et très belle.

Mardi, le 5 Juin 1928

Ce matin, je me suis rendue à l'usine comme d'habitude. Les heures passaient et j'avais le pressentiment de ce qui allait nous arriver. À midi, j'ai mangé et je suis retournée travailler. C'est alors que j'ai vu Alice Descôteaux se hâter vers moi. J'ai pensé qu'elle devait oublié quelque

chose. Elle me dit: «Irène, ta mère a empiré, et ils te demandent à l'hôpital».

Saisie de surprise, j'ai quitté le travail avec elle et Adem Lamy.

À l'hôpital, j'ai commencé à courir vers la chambre de maman. En vain, un homme a essayé de m'en empêcher.

Oh ! Mon Dieu ! Qu'est-ce que je voyais ? Une infirmière, chaque côté du lit, et papa, Yvonne, Armand, à genoux et ils priaient. Quelle pitié !

Je tombais à genoux moi aussi et je priais pour qu'elle revienne mieux, mais ma mère adorée était à l'agonie. Elle se débattait en gémissant.

Le Père Comtois arriva et il pria avec nous.

Agneouillées tous ensemble, c'était un appel au secours qu'on adressait au Ciel. Le Père Comtois la bénit et elle arrêta de se débattre, mais elle continua à gémir. Le prêtre nous a dit de la laisser partir. Il pria de nouveau. Sa tête se renversa sur le côté, et elle était morte. Mon Dieu ! Est-ce possible ? Je croyais qu'elle respirait encore, mais on nous fit sortir de la chambre. Il était une heure et trente de l'après-midi.

Le Père Comtois nous disait: «Vous ne devriez pas pleurer comme cela». Il continuait en disant: «Elle est heureuse, et j'aimerais tenir le bas de sa robe et monter au Ciel avec elle».

Nous avons laissé notre amour de mère avec des étrangers, et nous sommes revenus à la maison. On avait plus de maman. Mon dieu ! Quelle douleur ! Comment annoncer cette chose terrible aux petits qui pleuraient.

La maison était pleine de monde.

Lorsqu'Alice a demandé comment allait maman, je n'ai pas trouvé le moyen de la mettre au courant du grand malheur qui s'abattait sur nous tous. Je ne savais pas comment m'y prendre.

À trois heures environ, papa et Armand sont revenus, et Alice a couru demander à Armand si maman allait mieux. Il lui dit la vérité tout simplement: qu'elle était partie avec Jésus. Il savait qu'elle accepterait bien mal la disparition de maman pour toujours.

Alicie s'est mise à pleurer et à crier: «Je suis une orpheline, j'ai «perdu» ma maman, je veux mourir moi aussi!» Nous avons essayé de la consoler du mieux qu'on pouvait.

Environ vers six heures du soir, le Père Comtois est venu à la maison afin de savoir ce que papa allait faire. Papa avait l'intention de rapatrier le corps de sa femme et de le faire enterrer au Canada. Le Père tâchait de le convaincre de ne pas faire cela, et tout le monde disait comme le prêtre, et

nous les enfants, nous ne voulions pas partir.

À six heures trente, on servit le souper aux gens. J'ai remarqué que papa n'était pas avec nous. Je l'ai trouvé dans la chambre mortuaire. Il était avec Armand, et il pleurait comme un enfant. Il nous a dit: «Vous préférez rester, mais moi ! Je n'ai plus de vie ici, et ça sera pas long que je vais devenir fou!»

Tandis qu'il disait ces mots, des sanglots entrecoupaient sa voix. La journée qu'il était en train de vivre resterait à jamais la plus accablante de sa vie. Il avait assisté, impuissant, à la mort de sa petite DINA, son grand amour !

On lui a dit, Armand et moi: «Nous n'avons plus que vous, nous irons partout où vous voudrez».

Ce fut décidé. Nous quitions pour le Canada. Ce soir-là, les entrepreneurs de pompes funèbres sont arrivés avec un corbillard. Lorsqu'ils ont sorti la tombe, ils avaient pris soin de fermer la porte de la cuisine, de sorte que nous avons rien vu. Auparavant, ils nous l'avaient fait regarder. Elle reposait, le visage détendu.

Ma pauvre maman ! Comme elle avait souffert !

Au moins, ses souffrances étaient finies. Ses derniers moments nous revenaient à la mémoire. Cette mort était un mystère. La nuit d'avant, j'étais allée près d'elle pour réciter le chapelet et j'ai posé mes lèvres sur son front. C'est là que j'ai senti le froid, et j'ai commencé à comprendre que ma mère était partie pour toujours.

Ce même soir, Ligouri a appelé grand-papa Alphonse et grand-maman. Mes chers grands parents ! Apprendre la mort de leur fille bien-aimée a dû être la plus triste nouvelle de leur vie.

Mcredi, le 6 Juin 1928

Aujourd'hui, je suis allée m'acheter des vêtements noirs. Je me regardais et c'était comme si ce n'était pas moi.

Comme c'était cruel de partir ! Tous ces gens compatissants qui nous seraient la main en nous adressant des paroles de sympathies. On déposa maman dans le corbillard. Nous sommes arrivés au dépôt, et des étrangers ont pris le cercueil, et l'ont hissé dans le compartiment à bagages.

Nous avons vu cela ! Mon Dieu ! C'était effrayant ! Maman, toute seule en arrière.

Qu'elle fut triste cette nuit-là, dans le train qui nous amenait tous au Canada.

Jeudi, le 7 Juin 1928

Nous arrivâmes à St-Boniface, (Suite page 22)

(Waterbury de page 21)

le lendemain vers une heure de l'après midi. Quelques uns de nos parents étaient là: oncle Arthur, Olivier Robert, Albert et William, les deux frères de papa.

Desux chevaux recouverts de draps noirs tiraient le corbillard dans lequel maman se trouvait. Le convoi funéraire traversa le village. Nous vivions un cauchemar. Ce que je me rappelle surtout, c'est que les cloches sonnaient, sonnaient pendant tout le trajet jusqu'à la maison de mon oncle Albert et grand-maman Annie où maman serait exposée de nouveau.

Je ne reconnaissais pas ces gens. Ça faisait quatre ans que nous restions aux États Unis.

Je suis allée souvent réciter le chapelet, auprès du corps sans vie de ma mère et je me disais: «C'est pas vrai, ell n'est pas morte, c'est just un mauvais rêve».

Vendredi, le 7 Juin 1928

Aujourd'hui, les gens sont encore venus en grand nombre. On adressait à la famille des paroles de sympathies. Oh! Que les heures passaient vite. Il ne me restait plus qu'une journée avec ma mère. Je ne pouvais croire que le lendemain, nous ne la reverrions plus jamais.

Samedi, le 9 Juin 1928

(Plus de Maine / More from Maine...)

Une Culture sans passé et sans avenir?

Par Virginie Sand

Après avoir lu le texte de Gilles LIPOVETSKY, « Une culture sans trace, » et le texte d'Edgar MORIN, « Culture des cultivées et culture de masse, » j'ai remarqué une similarité entre les deux. Les deux textes semblent décrire une culture occidentale basée sur l'industrialisation, le capitalisme, la consommation, les repas rapides, et la vie à toute vitesse. Chez les auteurs, cette culture de masse ne respecte ni le passé ni l'avenir et est donc temporelle, éphémère, et de courte durée, sans racines. Alors, c'est une culture qui ne honore plus ceux qui sont allés avant nous et leur rapport avec la terre, ni honore les générations d'avenir. Ça c'est évident avec la quantité des produits qui sont fabriqués pour jeter dehors en ajoutant au problème de la pollution. Cette mode de vie ne soutient pas d'avenir de la planète pour les générations du futur. Donc, je crois comprendre le thème chez les autres.

C'est ce matin que ma mère adorée fut enterrée. Toute la parenté a assisté aux funérailles.

Le glas sonnait. Ah! Près de la balustrade, on pouvait voir la tombe. Cela me crevait le coeur. Nous avions tous tant de peine. Émile et Rosélia étaient trop jeunes pour comprendre la tragédie qui nous frappait. Nous n'avions plus de mère, elle apportait avec elle tous nos rêves.

Au cimetière, la fosse était pleine d'eau. Papa l'a vidée.

Avant de fermer le cercueil, ma cousine Oglorre déziel a pris un portrait d'elle.

Quand la terre retomba en pelletées boueuses sur le corps de ma mère, Oh!! Quelle souffrance et quel vide nous allions ressentir.

ADIEU MAMAN CHÉRIE

De nous tous qui vous aimaient si tendrement, nous ne vous oublierons pas.

Ton Irène
(15 ans)

Papa avait 43 ans; Yvonne 19; Armand 17; Irène 15; Alice 12; Rosa 9; Émile 5; Rosélia 3.

La bannière pourpre des dames de Ste-Anne fut portée par ses trois soeurs: Alphonsine, Angéline et Ré-

becca ainsi que la soeur de papa: Exina

Son frère Clifford Lavergne, Arthur Gélinas et Olivier Robert et Adem Déziel, ses deux beaux-frères ainsi que le beau-frère à papa: Lucien Désaulniers furent les porteurs.

Merci Irène de m'avoir prêté ton journal.



«La dernière fois qu'on a vu Maman au cimetière»

9 juin 1928



Rédaction :

Coco

Avant Chanel

Par Virginie Sand

Coco Avant Chanel est un film français bien fait. Le vendredi, le 13 novembre 2009, j'ai regardé ce film de 17h00 à 19h00 à Waterville, Maine au cinéma « Railroad Square. » Moi, j'ai choisi de voir ce film parce que Coco Chanel est un guide à moi. C'est-à-dire, j'adore coudre avec le tissu depuis ma jeunesse, et je crée et porte aujourd'hui mes propres vêtements amérindiens à la mode avec mes propres idées. Je fabrique même les gilets amérindiens pour les hommes tribaux. Comme Coco Chanel, je ne conforme pas aux tendances actuelles. Dans un sens similaire, Coco utilisait les vêtements des hommes (Suite page 27)

Une histoire en-famille (A pregnant story)

*Par Bob Rivard
Amherst, MA*

“Je vous demande une fois de plus. Avez-vous travaillé pendant vos vacances.....?” Le douanier avait l’air sévère.

“Je jure monsieur, que je n’ai pas pris une miette de pain de la bouche d’une mouche dans votre beau pays.” Je souriais à pleine face. “Autrement dit, je n’aime même pas travailler quand je ne suis pas en vacances.”

D’accord Monsieur Rivard, voici vos papiers. Merci d’avoir resté si longtemps en Grèce.”

Le bonhomme avait essayé de me mettre sur la selette, et je lui avait donné une danse à claquettes.

Bien sur il savait bien que dix mois en vacances dans un pays étranger ce n’est pas un sinécure, et qu’un mendiant gamin conduit pas un tout nouveau char comme celui que j’avais. Mais quoi faire de plus? Trois fois il m’avait demandé “comment ça se fait t’il” et “pourquoi si longtemps”, et trois fois j’évita lui donner une réponse.

Ce n’était pas mentir, exactement, c’était simplement un jeu de mots pour lui donner l’impression de ma réalité. Cet à dire, pas une blague non-dissimulée mais un mensonge d’omission.

Oui j’avais travaillé depuis huit mois, mais qu’est ce que ça voulait faire avec le

chômage grecque? On m’a payé de causer en anglais avec les élèves. Les grecques ne peuvent pas faire ça, nom de Dieu. Le fait simple est que je pouvais causer en anglais jusqu’au bout d’espoir sans respirer une seul fois. Ça valait plus que l’argent.

En plus, les élèves m’aimaient. Je ne leur donnais jamais plus que dix minutes de devoir. La maîtresse, leur en donnait assez pour nous deux. Quand à moi c’était tout simplement a leur dire des bêtise qu’ils pouvaient répéter l’un a l’autre, que je pouvait corriger par la suite.

“Hey baby, what are you doing tonight?” Répéter après moi. “Get lost creep, I’m busy!”

Oxi, Oxi! Not buzzy; busy, busy!

Vraiment on ne peut pas trouver quelqu’un qui peut nous enseigner une langue aussi bien qu’un voyou. Ça c’est de rigueur. Quand on connaît une langue comme ça on peut traverser le monde.

J’avait gagné beaucoup d’argent cet an la et en plus j’étais fournis avec une cagibi vitrée à l’étage.

Il n’y avait pas de taxe, mais même ça ne touchait pas à la plus belle aubaine.....

Le douanier me remercia d’avoir demeurer si longtemps dans son pays et m’informait que si j’eusse travaillé j’aurais



du payé une taxe de voiture au départ de cinq pour cent de la valeur de ma voiture.

“Désolé” j’ai répondu. “Savez vous que dans l’armée d’Alexandre quand on se mariait il nous donnait un congé d’un an pour faire un voyage de noces. Ces dix mois ici c’était ma lune de miel.

J’ai venue ici en Grèce pour découvrir la sourire verticale de mon amour, et maintenant je départ avec ma femme en famille, enceinte, un pain au four.”

“Félicitations, Mr. Rivard,” il bouleversait. “Avez vous choisis un nom?”

“Athena,” j’ai répondu, “la dièse d’amour.”

Le douanier prenait la main de ma femme et la montait à ses lèvres et lui donnait un petit baiser.

“What is going on here”, my wife chimed in, “this is feeling a bit weird.”

“Smile, honey”, I replied, “I just saved us a bundle on car insurance!”

As usual this is a fictitious account of an actual event. My life is a blur and even now I have trouble distinguishing truth from my better half.

A Culture without a past or future

By Virginia Sand

After having read the text by Gilles LIPOVETSKY, “A culture without trace,” and the text by Edgar MORIN, “The culture of the cultivated and the culture of the mass,” I noticed a similarity between the two. The two texts seem to describe a western culture based on industrialization, capitalism, consumption, fast foods, and a fast-paced life. According to the authors, this culture of the mass respects neither the past nor the future and is therefore temporal, ephemeral, and short-lived, without roots. In that case, it is a culture which no longer honors the ones who have gone before us and their connection with the earth, nor honors the future gen-

erations. That is evident with the quantity of products that are fabricated for throwing away and adding to the pollution problem; a “throw-away society.” This way of life does not support the future of the planet for the future generations. Therefore, I believe to understand the theme of the authors.

The mass culture is based only on immediate pleasures. In the mass culture, one lives only for the present, not for the future. In the mass culture, the equilibrium is lost between the past and the future, between quality and quantity, between spirituality and materialism, between creative hand-made-products and mass produced products, and between eternity and mortality. In that case, where does eternity exist? It exists in the family, of course. However, mass culture no longer supports the continuity of the family, of the future generations.

Further more, colonialism and imperialism forced people to forget their “cultivated cultures,” including the traditions of their ancestors which were based on the earth and on nature. Therefore, the people of the mass culture lost a sense of their identities, the connection with their genealogy, the knowledge of their traditions, their customs, their languages, their spirituality, etc. They also lost their vision for the future generations. Moreover, one must know her/his origins in order to know where one is going in life. In this way, the culture of the mass is blind regarding the past and the future.



Jacques E. Staelen

NO. SMITHFIELD- Jacques E. Staelen, 84, of White Parkway, No. Smithfield, died Monday, August 17, 2009 in Rhode Island Hospital, Providence. He was the husband of Andree (Du-Bois) Staelen, whom he married August 5, 1950. Born in Tourcoing, France, he was the son of the late Eugene and Claire (Gaereminck) Staelen.

In 1970, Mr. Staelen started Sport Systems Custom Bag Corporation with his two sons which is still in operation today in Woonsocket. In 1965, he started Anjack Fashion, and had previously been employed in the textile industry and as a women's fashion designer.

Before coming to the United States in 1950, he was educated in the St. Louis School, the Professional Institute, the Beaux-Arts of Roubaix Textile Division and had limited studies in Paris. He served as a Student Council President, President of Catholics Youth Soccer Association, President of vacation camps for textile workers which was organized by the local chamber of commerce, a Boy Scout and Scout Master and a Routier, which is the equivalent of an Eagle Scout. Upon his arrival in America, he continued his education at Brown University and the Rhode Island School of Design.

Mr. Staelen was very active in Our Lady Queen of Martyrs Church, Woonsocket. He had served as a Special Minister, President of the parish council, President of the parish carnival, a member of the Finance Committee and a Trustee of the parish. From 1975-1977 he was Chairman of the committee for the renovation of the parish.

He was very instrumental in organizing many youth activities serving on the board of the Narragansett Council of the Boy Scouts of America, the Thundermist District Chairman of the Boy Scouts of America and was the Founder and President of the Greater Woonsocket Soccer Association, later becoming the Northern Rhode Island Soccer Association and growing enough support that each city and town was able to have its own team. He organized soccer camps using the Yawgoo Boy Scouts of America facilities and also started an Explorer Post for the Boy Scouts and participated in the Boys Olympics in Fort Collins, CO where the soccer team earned the Silver Medal. He also served as President of the Northern RI CYO center for seven years when it was its own public corporation independent of the Diocese of Providence.

He served on many local and national

committees. He was a member of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, the French Chamber of Commerce of USA located in New York, the French Institute of Assumption College and was the President "France Amerique" of Northern RI, the Rotary Club and the Woonsocket Chamber of Commerce. In Addition, he was a corporator of Woonsocket Hospital and North Smithfield Merci Hospital, Director of Rotary International, Chairman of the PTA at St. Claire High School, President of the Industrial section of the United Way, from 1976-1978 he was Chairman of the committee for a professional soccer game for the Rotary Club, Chairman of the food concessions at the Woonsocket Autumn Fest, Treasurer of the Committee de vie Franco American and in 1995 he initiated and organized a food campaign for the city of St. Hyacinth in Canada when it was struck by a devastating ice storm. In seven days two buses full of food worth over \$22,000 were sent to the city. He was the initiator and committee chairman for the Banlon Week in Woonsocket sponsored by the Dupont Company and Chemstrand Company, which are both international nylon manufacturers.

Mr. Staelen was very involved in Club Richelieu International (an international service club) serving as Governor of the Region Roland Desjardins (clubs in CT, RI and So. Mass), International Vice-President/Administrator from 1984-86 (clubs in ME, NH, MA, CT, and RI), executive Vice-President in 1986-87 and International President in 1987-1988. In 1988 he founded the Cercle Horace Viau, named for the founder of Club Richelieu International. Staelen also served as president of the Richelieu International Foundation in 1994-1995 and was the charter president of the United States Richelieu Charity Fund from 1999-2006.

He was Chairman of the French Heritage Award Committee, once a year recognizing the best French student from each of the RI High Schools, served as Chairman of the Governor Aram Pothier Award, given once a year to a deserving Rhode Islander, in 1999 he was the Chairperson for the fund raising committee of the Governor Pothier monument in Woonsocket, was on the fund raising committee for the addition of a nun mannequin at the Museum of Work and Culture and helped create the Lt. Georges Dubois Merci Train and Veterans Wing of the museum and was a member of its board, helped with the renovation of the Rhode Island Boxcar part of the Merci Train and from 2000-2006 was the Chairman of the committee for the November 11 Veterans Day celebration in Woonsocket.

Through all of his civic efforts, Mr. Staelen was recognized with many awards. He received five citations from various RI Governors, six citations from the RI Senate, four citations from the RI General Assembly, a citation from the city of Geneva, the Citation de la Societe des Bains de Mer de Monaco and a citation from Mayor Menard for extraordinary services to the people of Woonsocket. Mayor Menard also dedicated Saturday, February 7, 1999 Jacques E. Staelen

Day. He received the Plaque Commemorative from the city of Tournai, Belgium and the Plaque Commemorative from the city of Roubaix, France given by Senator Maurice Shuman. He was given the key to the city of Woonsocket by Mayor Baldelli, the key to the city of Manchester, NH by the mayor and the key to the city of Fall River by the mayor. He was given the Association Canado Americaine special award for the Merci Train and was chosen as Woonsocket Citizen of the Year by the Kiwanis Club. He was inducted into the Rhode Island Coaches Association Hall of Fame and the New England Soccer Hall of Fame. He was named Chevalier of the French National Order of Merit given by President Mitterand, which is the highest honor France can give to a civilian and he was named Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor given by President Jacques Chirac, which is the highest honor that France can bestow upon a French citizen, civilian, military or foreign person.

Besides his wife Andree, he is survived by two sons, Jacques E. Staelen, Jr. and his wife Lorraine of Woonsocket and Marc E. Staelen and his wife Claire of No. Smithfield, a daughter, Nicole DeYoung and her husband Eric of Chapin, SC, a brother, Henri Staelen and his wife Ann-Marie of France and four grandchildren. Danielle and Sophie Staelen and Kristen and Evan DeYoung.

His Mass of Christian Burial will be celebrated Saturday, August 22, 2009 at 10AM in Our Lady Queen of Martyrs Church, 1409 Park Ave., Woonsocket. Burial will follow in St. John the Baptist Cemetery, Bellingham, MA. Calling hours are Friday from 2-4PM and 6-8PM in the Holt Funeral Home, 510 So. Main St., Woonsocket. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to the Richelieu Charity Fund, Inc., c/o Diane Charette, Treasurer, 1 Parlee Street, Salem, MA 01970.

[<http://www.holtfuneralhome.com/>] www.holtfuneralhome.com



Ribbon cutting with Mayor Menard at the dedication on February 5, 2005

Pictured from left to right are Bernard Fishman (Executive Director, Rhode Island Historical Society), Susan Menard (Mayor of Woonsocket), Roger Begin (President, Rhode Island Historical Society) and Jacques Staelen (Renovation & Construction and Inaugural Committees Chairman, Lt. Georges Dubois Veterans Museum)

Lettres/Letters



(Alice Gélinas, Lettres suite page 3)

Je me demande si il en a d'autres comme moi???

Lisa!!! N'arrête pas de faire "Le Forum".

Lynn ma fait une belle album avec les photos de ma fête, qu'elle beau souvenir...et avec tous mes neveux et nièce, j'étais heureuse de les voir s'amuser ensemble. Je les aime tous. Je vois grandir ma 4 ième génération.

Bonsoir! Ta Vielle Amie,

Alice Gélinas
Waterbury, CT



Ma 93 fête!



Avec tous ma famille

Le Forum
110 Crossland Hall
Orono, ME 04469-
5719

Dear Editor:

Two days ago I received the manila envelope with all the "info." you found for me on the Dupont and especially the Hebert side. My gosh, that must have taken you a lot of time. It was astounding to go through many of the names. I never realized there was that many people.

So now, I know what part of France, the family came from! That is, so exciting to finally have an idea of what their lives were like, as far as the geography is concerned.

Also, I looked at the pages you sent on the Marcouiller surname? That's the name that I need to trace to follow on the path to my maternal line. I guess that is going to be more difficult to accomplish. It makes a person ponder on what happened to those families so long ago.

I want to express my deep appreciation for all the time and concern you put into this project. And, I want you to know that I don't expect you to do more. It is very obvious to me, that this is a lot of work and takes time. Searching for the maternal line is going to take longer with the information you have sent me, I can start doing research also. You have sent me more than enough on the Hébert and Dupont line. Now it is the journey to first find out who Emelie Marcouiller's Mother was and so forth down the mother line. Maybe she was adopted and that's why it's harder.

I am more than satisfied for your dedication that you generously do in your work.

Oh, also, it was so exciting to know about *The Wall* with the 3,000 names. That was great information to have access to. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Peace, Harmony & Pride,
Frances Trudy Paine
Northampton, MA

P.S. It was with sadness to read that "Le Forum", will not be able to be published anymore. I'm sure there are many others who will be disappointed with that news. All the people involved in putting it together who have worked so hard!...

Hopefully it will start up again in the near future.

Dear Frances;

I am pleased to help you. I was able to find the names of your ancestors

(Continued on page 26)

(Lettres/Letters continued from page 25)

with the help of a good friend of mine from Caribou, Maine. He is the true genealogist. He is the one that found Emelie's parent's and grandparent's names. He is a wonderful genealogical resource for the Centre. (See the listing).

Regarding Le Forum, we are continuing to publish our journal, but in hopes of cutting costs it would be beneficial to be able to have those who have access to a computer to view the publication online or as a pdf file. Those that do not have access or wish to continue receiving Le Forum we will continue sending it via mail. So, no fear, we are not going away, but are just trying to cut our costs.

We thank you for your continued support.

Marriage: On January 12, 1824 in Sainte-Anne Town/District: Yamachiche/Maskinonge				
Between Jean-Baptiste Marcoullier		and Marie Aucoin		
Parents: Pierre Marcoullier Marguerite Isabelle		Parents: Jean Aucoin Josephite Grenier		
		Next marriage with: Alexis Garceau		
Children's marriages:				
Date	Town	First name	Sex	Spouse
1843-08-29	Saint-Barnabe	Emelie	F	Charles-Jacques Diamond
1846-07-07	Saint-Barnabe	Lucie	F	Henry Diamond
1850-01-22	Saint-Barnabe	Jean-Baptiste	M	Julie Lord
1852-01-13	Saint-Barnabe	Marcelline	F	Dolphis Lesieur-Desaulniers
1852-08-03	Saint-Barnabe	Rose	F	Pierre Gelinas
1857-08-10	Saint-Barnabe	Elise	F	Francois Lafreniere
1862-01-28	Saint-Barnabe	Adeline	F	Israel Deschenes
1868-09-29	Saint-Barnabe	Charles	M	Luce Gelinas
1870-10-04	Saint-Barnabe	Severe	M	Adeline Gelinas

La rédactrice

Dear Le Forum Staff;

I'm writing to let you know that I'm "Old School" and have no Email address and have no access to a computer.

I value your publication and am looking forward to the next issue.

I'm sending an extra check to help cover the cost of your sending me paper copies of my subscription. I know that these are hard economic times! I did send an extra amount for my subscription. Please use the extra to help with anyone else who has a subscription but has no access to a computer.

God Bless & Keep up the good work!

Ann E. Romano
Newington, CT

Dear Ann;

I want to thank you for your continued monetary support, this is why "Our" publication has been in existence since 1972, because of people like you. And giving a little extra for someone who is having financial difficulties is very heart warming.

I thank you for helping others.

La rédactrice

Dear Le Forum;

My mother is Candide Desrosiers of Sinclair, ME. In the late 1970's or maybe early 1980's, my mother attended the University of Maine in Orono. She made a film called "La Bonne Aventure: in which she played the grandmother. There was also a grandfather and two children, a girl and a boy.

My mother will be celebrating her 90th birthday in December and I am planning a surprise birthday party for her in August. As you know, no one travels to Northern Maine in the winter). I would like to present her with a copy of this film that she made.

I viewed a film with that title at the University of Maine in Fort Kent, but she was not in the picture nor was it her voice. It was about a visit to a sugar maple "farm". It included puppets/muppets as well. The U of FK library personnel suggested I contact you. I'm afraid I have delayed this request but hope you can find this movie. It was a pilot for educational purposed, but really never got off the ground.

My mom is now in a nursing home in Madawaska, where she was chosen in the "Remember Me" program you have in the State of Maine. I'm leaving the 31st for Sinclair. They are waiting for me to arrive to present her with this award. She still has lots of "Joie de Vivre" left in her.

If there is a charge for this movie, just let me know and I'll send you a check.

Sincerely yours,
Marie J. M. Baller
Joliet, IL

Dear Marie;

I am very pleased to inform you that "Yes" we do have the whole series of "La Bonne Aventure". But first of all I would like to extend a "bonne anniversaire" to your Maman. And I will send you the requested copies of the series in which your Mother played the role of Grandmother.

Again, please extend to your mother our birthday wishes!

La Rédactrice

Dear Le Forum;

Included is a check in order to help to continue the important mission of the Centre Franco-Américain and Le Forum.

Sincerely,
George André Lussier M.D.
Salisbury, MA

Dear Dr. Lussier;

Through the years we have been truly blessed, for without your generosity Le Forum and the Franco-American Centre initiatives would have/be limited. Once again, we thank you and so do our subscribers for helping to keep "our" publication afloat.

Merci Bien! La Rédactrice
(Continued on page 27)

Lettres/Letters



Mes chers distingué(s) au Forum;

Vous trouvez ci-joint un chèque pour continuer avec un abonnement annuel. Puisque je n'ai pas d'ordinateur chez-moi, je préfère la revue du Forum, parmi d'autres, reçues par voie de la poste. D'ailleurs j'ai l'habitude de garder tous les numéros et les relire souvent. J'aime beaucoup toutes vos rubriques et ça s'améliore surtout ce printemps 2009 avec Virginie Sand en "réduisant les ordures" (p. 8) et "Le Consommateur Biologique" (pp. 8 et 9) Je vous serais, donc, très reconnaissant de m'envoyer encore votre revue imprimée.

Recevez mes sincères salutations,
votre fidèle lecteur,

Anthony Socci
Needham Heights, MA

Merci pour vos mots très gentils.

(Coco suite de page 22)

pour recréer les vêtements pour les femmes, pour simplifier les vêtements des femmes en les faisant plus confortables et moins restrictives. Avant Chanel, les femmes portaient les corsets et plusieurs couches des vêtements et du tissu qui affectaient l'aspiration et le mouvement des femmes. Alors, les femmes s'habillaient pour plaire aux hommes, pas pour plaire à eux-mêmes. En fait, il y a aujourd'hui le soupçon que les brassières contribuent à la maladie du cancer de poitrine dans les femmes. Apparemment, les brassières resserrent l'écoulement du sang et donc empêchent l'éloignement des toxines de la poitrine. Ensuite, les kystes peuvent former dans la poitrine. Par conséquent, moi, une non-conformiste comme Coco Chanel, je choisis de ne pas porter les brassières. Elles sentent trop constrictive et inconfortable à moi. En plus, les femmes utilisent fréquemment les produits au des-

Dear Editor,

Enclosed is a US money order for my renewal to le Forum. I enjoy getting this periodical which has assisted me in having a greater appreciation and knowledge about my own Franco-American heritage.

I know very little about my Franco-American heritage growing up in Haverhill, Massachusetts. My late mother was of polish decent and my late father was the grandson of an immigrant from Ile-Verte PQ and an immigrant was Ste Anne do Ruisseau NS. As was the case of so many Franco-Americans, my father's family quickly assimilated into the larger culture. Their knowledge of French soon disappeared along with the other traditions of their ancestors.

My interest in genealogy, which was sparked about ten years ago, has made me more aware of my paternal ancestry. I can thank *Le Forum* for increasing my awareness.

Sincerely,
Robert C. Laprel
Haverhill, MA

Dear Robert;
How your letter warms the heart.
Nice to hear that Le Forum is helping you to increase your awareness of your Franco-American heritage. That means that we are doing our job.

Thanks for taking the time to write and let us know. Merci bien!

La Rédactrice

sous des bras pour empêcher la transpiration. Pourtant, cette transpiration est nécessaire pour l'éloignement des toxines des nodus de lymphes au contact de la poitrine. Donc, les produits qui empêchent la transpiration peuvent peut-être contribuer au développement du cancer de poitrine. En outre, les brassières et les produits à transpiration vont contre les fonctions naturelles du corps.

Dans ce film, *Coco Avant Chanel*, Gabrielle (*Coco*) Chanel et sa sœur sont abandonnées par leur père après la mort de leur mère. Alors, les deux filles passent le reste de leur enfance ensemble dans un couvent avec les religieuses. Ensuite, toutes les deux sœurs sont couturières dans une petite boutique pendant les jours, et elles chantent dans une attraction pendant les soirs. Là, pendant que Gabrielle Chanel chante la chanson, *Coco* (une chanson d'un chien), le soldat, *Étienne*, l'entend et puis lui donne le sobriquet « Coco. »

Dear Le Forum;

Thank you for sending me the Fall/Winter copy of *Le Forum*. I would be interested in writing an article, eventually, for the paper (in French and English.) What is the criteria for articles?

Merci bien,
Bob Boutin

Dear Bob;

Thank you for taking the time to write us. And we very much look forward to your submission, in both French and English. We have a more difficult time finding the French articles than the English ones, so your submission would be very welcome.

I thank you in advance and we look forward to sharing your story.

Merci!

La Rédactrice

Coco devient une amante d'Étienne et puis elle voyage au château d'Étienne dans la campagne pour habiter avec lui. Là-bas, Coco est inspirée de créer les vêtements qui fonctionnent mieux pour elle et pour les autres femmes dont elle rencontre au château. Par conséquent, Coco crée ses propres pantalons pour monter plus facilement à cheval, même si elle paraît unique à tout le monde. Coco est très pragmatique. Les femmes ne portaient pas les pantalons pendant cette période. En effet, Coco coupe et coud encore quelques vêtements d'Étienne pour qu'elle puisse les porter comme une nouvelle mode. D'autre part, Étienne pense que Coco paraît comme un garçon dans ses nouvelles modes. Alors, il essaye de cacher Coco de ses amis pendant les fêtes, mais Coco commence à créer les chapeaux de paille et les robes simples pour une amie d'Étienne qui joue dans les pièces du théâtre. Surtout, Coco rencontre l'ami d'Étienne, *Boy*, qui encourage la créativité de Coco, et dont Coco tombe amoureuse. Ensuite, *Boy* amène Coco à danser à un casino. En fait, il achète le tissu que Coco a besoin de fabriquer sa petite robe noire pour danser. Puis, au casino, tout le monde regarde Coco.

Enfin, Coco quitte Étienne et va à Paris pour commencer sa propre boutique

(Suite page 44)

Poésie / Poetry



JESSE
by Donna Dubay
Bristol, CT

*When I stop and smell the freshly cut grass
Do you smell it too?
When I hear the birds in the early morning
Do you hear them too?
When I think of you a million times a day
Do you think of me?
When I cry for you
Do you know?
When I feel a breeze
Is it you ?
Are you near me?
Are you there and I can't see you?
Let me know
Give me a sign
I miss you so...*

(Sadly Jesse passed away on Oct. 18, 2006)

Rose Marie
by Caroline LeBlanc
Adams, NY

Pardonez moi, if what I write about Acadie is from articles and half-remembered stories. You see, my Pepère was one who up and left for the better life in Massachusetts. Well, it was my Memère really, who insisted on her chance at the good life. Still, she spent every summer visiting family in Bouctouche, left Pepère in Leominster to build houses. It was the busy season so he worked all the time anyway.

I have a photo-- Pepère and my teen-aged father, circa 1930, proud in his young man's knickers, both men in driving caps and rakish smiles, leaning, elbows on Pepère's touring car.

Greater Loves
by Caroline LeBlanc
Adams, NY

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends (John 15:13)."

1.

When the trolley crashes, its pole spears her pelvis. Freda's young Mexican passion tires of drawing butterflies on her white body cast, paints the suffering woman in the mirror above her bed in intense colors. Later, she takes her limping body, her paintings to Diago. He showers blessings until she wifes him and bears only his wanderings. She dies of her wounds, loving him, forlornly.

To my Scandinavian husband, sexual fidelity is A matter of greatest honor. "I hope I was better to you than that," he says in earnest. I sigh, "Other women were never my concern. Combat and country, your warrior's battle lust were mistress enough to make my heart burst."

2.

In a moment, two centuries are gone and I am lost in Acadian love stories: Evangeline and her Gabriel deported on different vessels, their marriage vows postponed by government edict the eve of their wedding.

Widowed Longfellow gave these young lovers a lifetime to search, chastely reunited on Gabriel's deathbed. Acadian, like her exiles, Beausoleil and Pelagie, Maillet's lovers meet seldom and always in dread.

Night after night, Pelagie's band heads North in rickety wagons, rag tags escaping exile. Beausoleil rescues scattered deportees, sails South, pirates them to bayous and swamps in New Spain.

These, and so many like them, crucified
On power and appetite, the Colonial cross.

A story from Bouctouche, 1950: my cousin Rose Marie, seven, boards at Ste Anne's convent school three miles from the family farm. For the growing season and Christmas, her father gathers her with the tractor, their only vehicle. She never knows what happened to their horse and wagon --only that her home is too far for her to be taken there and back more often. Plus, the good sisters have toilets *inside* their convent.

Poésie / Poetry

Birthdays by *Annette Paradis-King* *Gouldsboro, ME*

Birthdays you say "come and go" ...

*Have "they" actually figured out how to slice them off?
I'm aware of tucks taken to remove the sags.
And read of programs to tone aging muscles
Seen pictures of people, who swallow pills to improve sex,
There are shops advertising garments to hide ugly sights.
Shoes to make us feel taller*

*And flats to make one a little shorter
Aids that will make us brighter, happier for a day
And programmed systems to get about if limbs are lost
Joints are replaced, hearing and sight made new. But—
So far, what's been invented to make birthdays
"Come and Go?"*

*I'm mature enough to know birthdays
Show-up annually and stay!
We can choose not to count them in
Or refuse to celebrate on their arrival.
Go ahead and misplace a few...
No one's deceived by that!*

*Please note,, my little declaration doesn't mean
You shouldn't call on the eleventh of the month.
I so enjoy the attention. I've always kept track of the day.
Besides, after eighty, the years become public domain.
Ah, isn't that a good reason to keep records strait?
Whatever, I'll always feel birthdays are horrible things!*

*When you say these come and go.
I suppose it's a lift you're offering.
But I can't lie,
It never works,
Birthdays proliferate.*

LAST GAME

by *Annette Paradis King*
Gouldsboro, ME

Through the eyes of the children
Where the real magic is
I watch once more
His bat striking the baseball—
And see it spinning
toward the moon, the size of an orange.

Shinning through the tree-lot
Of stately spruce and pines
It's all there in his tear filled eyes
The last homerun before bedtime.
You are so right, my dear
Life's not always fair and square.

Oui, Les Femmes Jouent Aux Cartes ! par *Danielle Laliberté*

Mon père a toujours dit
les femmes jouent pas aux cartes.
La place d'une femme
pendant le jeux est d'emmener
les peanuts pis la bierre froid.
C'est pas à elles compter ou penser.

Il tournerais dans son tombeau
s'il savait qu'aujourd'hui
les femmes yinque jouer,
c'est elles qui brosser!

PLUS QU'UNE ÉPOUSE par *Danielle Laliberté*

Dame douce, maîtresse de maison
well mannered demoiselle,
elle une vrai bonne-femme,
lady, fille d'Eve
du sex qui met au monde les enfants,
woman, or wife.

À la recherche de la vérité Après *Ourika* par *Danielle Laliberté*

Vous qui êtes tombé
avec les dernières feuilles,
je vous parle
dans cette langue emprunté.

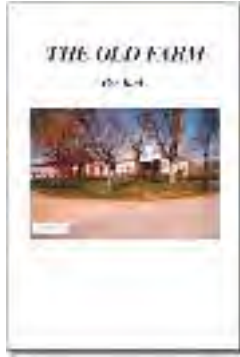
Vous avez défraîchi
de ce que vous avez caché-
qu'est ce que vous avez ?
Vous dit simplement
ma position et ma couleur -
est-ce que c'est vrais ?

Confiez-moi votre secret!
Les autres dit c'est l'amour non récompensé,
l'évasion, ou la disparition lente,
mais moi je pense
que c'est la résistance silencieuse.

*To learn more about Danielle visit her
website <http://daniellelaliberte.wordpress.com/>*

(More on page 33)

BOOKS/LIVRES...



THE OLD FARM
by Joe L

About the Book

I was driving along on a sunny fall afternoon enjoying the fall colors. Then I saw a sign that said "FOR SALE" on the lawn of this old house. I just drove into the driveway to investigate. That

was the last time I had to think about being sick or worry about my last days. I haven't had time to think about it since.

I found a little old lady at that farm house. She too was on her last leg. She was about to sell her farm which would be the end of the dreams she and her husband had shared. As I listened to her story, I couldn't let that happen to her, and I started up a path that not only revived me but revitalized this old lady and together we finalized the dreams that she had secreted in her heart all those years.

In helping this old lady I met the most wonderful people in the world.

Then, this young boy decides he likes our life style and he moves in with us.

Then other children decided they wanted to experience our life style, but we didn't have enough room for all of them. This community decided to build dorms to accommodate them.

The 4-H Club move out to the farm.

Then a young girl says to me, how

come you got boys here and no girls? Well she too was determined and dedicated, and Abby moved out to the farm.

The Old Farm
By Langlais Enterprises
Published: May, 2009
Format: Perfect Bound
Softcover(B/W)
Pages: 296
Size: 6x9
ISBN: 9781425179014

"As we make our way through life and try to better ourselves - if we help someone else along the way - the Lord will bless us and we will succeed!"

<http://www.trafford.com/>



The Land in Between:

**The Upper Saint John Valley,
Prehistory to World War I**

**Béatrice Craig and
Maxime Dagenais**
*With the collaboration of
Lisa Ornstein
and Guy Dubay*

Paperback, \$30, ISBN 978-0-88448-319-9

8 x 10, 464 pages, illustrations

Published with Acadia National Park & Saint Croix Island International Historic Site and the Maine Acadian Heritage Council

Regional History / Maine and Canada

The "land in between" is the upper St. John Valley, a region straddling the Maine-New Brunswick border. A zone of contacts between different Native American cultures until the arrival of the Europeans, it was disputed by the British and the French in the colonial period and settled by Acadians and French Canadians in the eighteenth century. To this day, it has remained the site of a distinct French-American culture, and its residents have striven to preserve their specificity and unity despite the international boundary. The Land in Between is a narrative survey history of this fascinating and unique region and is also designed to serve as a reference for teachers, librarians, archivists, and historians. It includes documents (many translated from the original), maps, and an extensive bibliography.

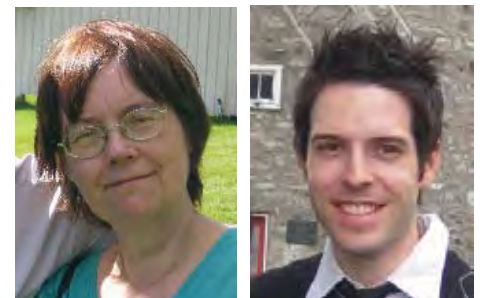
Béatrice Craig holds a PhD in Canadian-American history from the University of Maine. She is a full professor of History at the University of Ottawa (Canada), and the author of *Homespun Capitalists and Backwoods Consumers*, University of Toronto Press, 2007, as well as numerous articles on the history of the Upper Saint John Valley.

Maxime Dagenais is a doctoral candidate in Nineteenth-Century Canadian

History at the University of Ottawa. He obtained his BA in History from Concordia University in 2003 and his MA from the University of Ottawa in 2006. His thesis "When on Active Service: Discipline and Illegal Absences in the 5th Canadian Infantry Brigade" deals with French-Canadian military history.

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Béatrice Craig and Maxime Dagenais

BOOKS/LIVRES...



**Voix Francophones de
Chez Nous**
par
**Normand Beaupré
et autres**

Chaque conte et chaque histoire de l'anthologie apporte à la collection une voix unique: Robert B. Perreault de Manchester, N.H. nous parle d'un petit écolier curieux de savoir où mène l'escalier interdit et d'un père et d'un fils qui font prévaloir leur habileté, un avec ses mains, l'autre avec sa tête;

Grégoire Chabot de South Hampton, N.H. raconte une histoire où de jeunes étudiants sont provoqués par un enseignant acharné à la menace du communisme ainsi que l'histoire d'un homme presque aveugle et d'une parvenue qui doivent faire face aux changements tout en rêvant d'un avenir "à perte de vue"; Cléo Ouellette de Frenchville, Maine nous parle du "bord d'en avant" de sa jeunesse au nord du Maine, le salon défendue, hors pour les fêtes et la "grande" visite; Sylvain Johnson de Limerick, Maine et originaire de Montréal écrit à propos d'un jeune homme aveugle qui est poussé à commettre un meurtre afin de regagner sa vue et aussi d'un médaillon qui appartient à un passé culturel rattaché au Québec; Angelbert Paulin de Lamèque au Nouveau Brunswick, ancien pêcheur acadien, nous entretient de sa propre histoire de la pêche en pleine mer; Michael Guignard de Alexandria en Virginie et originaire de Biddeford, Maine raconte l'histoire d'un homme adopté dès sa tendre enfance qui apprend l'identité de sa mère naturelle; Normand Dubé, feu poète de chez nous, originaire de Lewiston, Maine nous charme avec deux de ses poèmes; Louise Péloquin de Paris, France et originaire de Westford, Massachusetts offre des billets évocateurs d'un passé où les souvenirs de la petite enfance de sa fille, Raphaële, nous

charment tout en nous plongeant dans la magie de la parole souple et colorée; Michel Courchesne de Lewiston, Maine se rappelle de son enfance où les souvenirs d'un enfant de chœur s'entremêlent avec la présence des dominicains dans sa jeune vie; Juliana L'Heureux de Topsham, Maine nous entretient de ses expériences vécues par le moyen d'une rubrique qui traite de l'histoire et la culture franco-américaines; et, Normand Beaupré de Biddeford, Maine nous présente quatre contes, un à propos d'un "petit garçon bleu" qui retrouve le Père Noël de ses rêves; un conte mexicain d'un petit joueur de flûte qui vit dans un village envahi de nains; un conte à propos du charme des petits oiseaux renfermés dans la gousse du laiteron; et un autre qui traite de l'environnement et d'un homme voué à la survie des petites bêtes volantes et apprend aux villageois la nécessité de la promenade du dimanche.

C'est la première anthologie franco-américaine contemporaine à paraître.

ISBN: 978-1-60594-289-6

Paperback

Format: 6 x 9 in - 172 pages

Language: French

Published by Llumina Press



**La Souillonne, English
translation (2009)**

**Norman R. Beaupré
Biddeford, Maine**

The long dramatic monologue, La Souillonne, by Norman Beaupré, became so popular that many people who could not understand French asked the author if there was to be an English translation. At first,

he found that translating his work would be a most difficult task since translating the Franco-American dialect is a real challenge. However, once he got into it, he realized that he could do it, and do it well. He managed to translate his play with similar language that ordinary folks use in their everyday activities that characterizes the language of La Souillonne. The play was performed in France in October 2008 : Paris, Dijon and Angers. It was also performed in Lamèque, N.B., Lewiston and Biddeford, Maine.

La Souillonne is a very ordinary person with an extraordinary sense of humor coupled with a keen ability for observation. She is a former mill worker and has lived in the same neighborhood, the same parish, for some fifty-nine years. She knows the people of her surroundings, their quirks, their ways of thinking and speaking out, and especially their way of life. Her anecdotes range from mill stories, old beliefs, washings and cleaning, things in nature, the old button can, to her own story and the love of her life, Willy. La Souillonne's way of telling things is direct and without embellishment. She likes to open up her heart to people, the

result of which is this long monologue, as she sits in her kitchen telling her stories and talking about herself and others while giving her thoughts on her own experiences in life.

ISBN: 1-60594-354-1 Paperback

Format: 5 x 8 in - 118 pages

Language: English

Published by Llumina Press.



<http://www.nrbeaupre.com/index.html>
MORE BOOKS ON PAGE 49...

RECIPES/ RECETTES



Potato Donuts

This old-time potato donut recipe is taken from my mother-in-law's recipe collection. Apparently, her family purchased this recipe at an estate auction sometime in the 1930s, but it is believed to be much older.

My wife Vicki uses about 3 liters (3 quarts) of oil to fry them in. She finds that canola oil works just fine, but her mother insists that using pure lard gives them a better taste -- a nostalgic taste. You simply have to try these yourself. People won't believe it when you tell them they are made from potatoes. They're sooooo yummy!

It has become a tasty tradition in our family to make potato donuts each year at Christmas, and they always get rave reviews. Why not make them a holiday tradition in your family too?

2 cups mashed potatoes; mix butter size of egg with potatoes; add pinch of salt, 3 cups white sugar, 3 beaten eggs, 1 cup milk. Sift 7 cups all-purpose flour. Put 5 cups flour with eggs and milk mixture. Take remaining 2 cups flour and add 4 teaspoons baking powder. Add bit of nutmeg. Mix. Fry in deep fat on a medium stove until golden brown.



Maine Potato Donuts



Ingredients:

- 1 cup sugar
- 2 large eggs
- 3/4 cup milk
- 3/4 cup potatoes cooked, mashed, cold
- 3 3/4 cups flour, all-purpose
- 1/4 cup vegetable shortening melted
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 3/4 teaspoon ginger

Directions:

Mix sugar and eggs, add milk and potato.

Add shortening and vanilla.

Sift dry ingredients, add and mix well. Chill 1 hour before frying.

Roll, cut out and fry in deep fat at 375°.

Tourtiere (pork pie)

From the kitchen of: Leola Gagnon

Ingredients:

- 1 1/2 lbs. of pork
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon poultry seasoning
- 1 medium onion dried fine
- 3 medium potatoes cooked and mashed (without milk or butter)
- 1/2 teaspoon flour
- salt and pepper to taste

Preparation:

Start the recipe the day before by browning the ground pork, onion, and seasonings. Let simmer for 30 min., drain the fat, and refrigerate overnight. Next day, reheat the pork mixture, cook, and mash the potatoes, add the flour, and combine. Place mixture into pie pastry (double) and bake at 450 for about 30 min. or until brown.

This is a traditional recipe for Christmas Eve or New Year's Eve. Very popular for Franco-Americans.

Chicken Stew

From the kitchen of: Leola Gagnon

Ingredients:

- 3 lbs. chicken breasts or chicken parts
- onions
- salt and pepper to taste
- 6 potatoes

Dumplings:

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 teas. salt

Preparation:

Boil chicken with onions, salt, and pepper for about one hour or until chicken is tender. Make sure you have enough water to cover the chicken. Remove chicken. Add cubed potatoes and cook until tender. Make the dumplings: mix the ingredients well to make a dough. Roll on floured board and cut up in squares. Drop in the stew and leave the cover off. Make sure the water doesn't boil when adding the dumplings. Cook for ten minutes. Cover and add the chicken. Make sure you have deboned and removed skin from chicken.

This must be made more than once to master. Served on Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve.

Poésie / Poetry

“sentenced to this tongue”:
Jim Bishop Reads

Reviewed by
Tony Brinkley

were it music
I would always almost always
play soft

Jim Bishop says at the beginning of *Jim Bishop Reads*, a new CD by the author of *Mother Tongue*. “I would want you bending toward me,” Bishop says, “toward the slight distinction tween / anticipation and the ever so slightly finer.”

Mother Tongue was published in 1975 by Contraband Press. *Jim Bishop Reads* was recorded by Bruce Holsapple in June 2006, for Holsapple’s label, Vox Audio. With one exception, the poems Holsapple recorded are from the 1975 book, and the recording enables listeners to revisit a volume of poetry that is still singular in its power and arguably among the finest by a contemporary Maine poet. To think of Bishop as “a contemporary Maine poet” is not to suggest that *Mother Tongue* is restricted to some variety of American regionalism, but to recognize a distinctive significance—a distinctive approach to significance—that offers a renewed sense of how the poetry of our climate might read. The voice in the recording is quietly generous. If it offers a way of listening to “slight distinction[s],” perhaps this is because Bishop has a way of reading that is itself a way of listening. “[W]ere it music,” Bishop begins, and the poetry that follows begins with this conditional, a fiction of music and of listening in which “I would want you bending toward me.”

The first poem in *Jim Bishop reads* ends with “grass” and, in that way, generously with Whitman and a tradition he fostered:

& trust it would be gentler brother
good
could you for the moment let
yourself
just be grass

Earlier in the poem as an instance of the distinction that is “slightly finer,” the poem imagines

as, say, from a window your eye
might fix
on five stalks seed-tails of grasses
tall
against their field
bend again again again in the
breeze

This way of becoming—to become the grass that you see, albeit in the conditional, *as if*—connects Bishop’s poetry through Whitman to the Wordsworthian “life of things,” which at first “you” might see into, but in the future might become—as if you could *live* as well as “see into the life of things” and reimagine this Wordsworthian sense of blessing. “Once again I see,” Wordsworth wrote. And in Whitman: “I loaf and invite my soul . . . observing a spear of summer grass” that sometimes “seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves,” until “to die is different from what any one supposed, and luckier.” From the beginning of *Jim Bishop Reads*, a generous voice invites at once a listening and a seeing: once again you see the “seed-tails of grasses” that Whitman saw, that in the future you might willingly become: then “it would be gentler brother”; dying would be “luckier.” How should we characterize this good fortune, this poetics of a recurring spot of time?

In contemporary criticism, Harold Bloom has become the critic of this poetics because more than any other literary critic writing in America today, Bloom has recognized the centrality for our poetry of *blessing*, both secular and spiritual, a legacy of Judeo-Christianity which in English found its defining articulations in early translations of the Bible. As an emerging literacy, English came into being mid-wifed by these translations and inherited a Hebraic sense of the *word* (in Hebrew, *davhar*) that, unlike the Greek *logos* is also—simultaneously—*thing*, *act*, and *truth*. From the Hebrew Bible, English inherited a verbal power to bear the Blessing, “the prospect of more life,” of living proleptically “into an unbounded time.” It was in this sense Wordsworth could write in “Tintern Abbey” that “all which we behold is full of blessing.” It is in this sense as well that Bishop’s writing offers readers a generous centering.

To listen as Jim Bishop reads is to hear these moments of blessing:

the drift
of that single purple
cloud

over the lighthouse
over the gull in flight
so far out
we imagine
more than we see.

“Something evermore about to be,” as Wordsworth wrote. Or, like the Hebrew *davhar*:

I dream
the tree has turned
to words

Or that

the sun is
getting in
the next to last word
of the dream

Or:

the eye is just
there

it is the light
reaches out

from things
nearly stepped on

so that it

might strike
a mother
through her bedroom window
as a star

Wallace Stevens says that “the mother’s face” is “the purpose of the poem” and that this purpose “fills the room.” Wordsworth says that the mother’s presence offers “the great birth-right of our being.” In Bishop’s poetry, in the moment of writing and speaking that Bishop calls “this disturbance in the air”:

i imagine

a woman (my sense of the living
room) —is right— and she
mothers a boy in the hostile

air the air

(Continued on page 34)

“Sentenced to this tongue” continued from page 33)

still
rife
with these waves

The woman in “the living / room,” who “mothers” the “boy in the hostile / air,” offers a mother tongue that becomes both a poem and its purpose:

mylilmama
you knew
herbs
were they
anise (you said
lah-nee
or
caraway
i see
us
walking in a field
this (was because it could be
sunny
caraway(?)
to my knees
you
stoop to touch
the blooms
you
name them
caraway(?)
l’anise(?)

Bishop’s mother tongue is *metis*, both Maine French and Maine English. It indexes a local reality and history, the interplay of French and English in Maine, but it also recalls that as a language modern English has always been hybrid to begin with, from its origins in many ways French. “Caraway,” “caraway(?),” “anise,” “lah-nee,” “l’anise(?)” name together in a dialogue, persuasively, not authoritatively, in the language the mother offers, “mylilmama” (a phrase that is itself a song), so that:

mother my mother
in this his darkest
year

your strange son
so
remembers . . .
yr warm inflections

how:
(trahنش? the sound,
Canuck, for)

slice:
slicing for everyone RED

slices

In a recent conversation, Bishop recalled that “RED / slices” refers to “a dream my mother once recounted to me in which, as a girl, she found a gigantic strawberry growing wild in a field and brought it home so that all her family could share it—they cut slices of it, as one would cut a watermelon (the berry was watermelon big):”

dirtpoor farmgirl find-
ing
in the fields
a berry
watermelon

-big
staggering homeward under
the weight
of
your
treasure

In Bishop’s poem, as a recollection of “RED / slice,” “trahنش?” becomes like Proust’s *madelaine* or Wordsworth’s sound of water, a recurring blessing of past things.

Among the most remarkable of Bishop’s poems are those that involve his way of wrestling for a blessing in language:

“daddy, what does mistral mean?”
& he telling of a chill wind — as the
winds,

by whom they touch & how, are name
—sirocco, melmeti, mariah,

i’ve since heard —so, this wind, “mistral”,
cold, dry,
rising, cold & dry, out of the north

—warmed me should
have these daddywords outthrough the
room’s hearth-lit

air to my ears & would have, Lord,
could he, could you, dad,
have said them one warm & holy
word out to (waiting,

fatherless on the floor, your word)

your son

From the chill wind of the “mistral,” any warming will be conditional—it “warmed me,” or rather, it “should / have,” it “would have, Lord” (the language of Psalms might be transfiguring) “could you, dad” (not the Lord, now, but the name of a child’s father, a child who no longer says “daddy”), could you “have said them,” or said *it*, “one warm & holy word” to “your son,” “your word,” “waiting, / fatherless on the floor.” If the father will not speak the father’s word, if the father’s word becomes as fatherless as the tears of Essau, how will “your son” find a mother tongue in “mistral,” the “chill wind”? Can a mother tongue find words in a father’s silence, in saying what was left unsaid before?

There is a dazzling moment in Bishop’s poetry in which transformation becomes palpable, “where the mind shapes / *Eden* as / the foot elects / its course.” On the printed page, the passage is in italics—as if slightly distanced, possible and impossible at once. In *Jim Bishop Reads*, this distance has been softened through the proximities of a generous voice that hesitates only slightly before the imperatives of “*what they know as real*”:

All my life i have lived in fear. And known freedom only briefly. And knew not what i feared and only vaguely even that I was afraid. Mysole joy, when it came, was in naming things rightly. Here nothing slithers in the dust. And the shadows are shadows only. But from this uncatagoried bliss i know i must return to what they know as real.

(Continued on page 43)

Baseball

By/Par
Yves Chartrand
(Ottawa, Ontario)

Efficient knuckles from the left

In the spring of 1959, pitcher Paul LaPalme was at a crossroads.

After spending the 1958 season in the minor leagues, he was released outright in late September to the Montréal Royals of the International League by the Chicago White Sox. His biggest hope, he told a Montréal reporter at the Royals training camp, was to get back to the majors.

He actually saw it as an advantage that he was now in the Los Angeles Dodgers organization. Of the five left-handed pitchers that the Dodgers have, he said, two have a sore arm. If only he could stay away from his own wing trouble, he would be helping the Royals and even any major league team would take notice.

More than anything, LaPalme was hoping to get three more big league seasons in order to qualify for the pension awarded to players with at least 10 years of service.

Unfortunately, things didn't turn out the way he wanted. 1959 became the last year that Paul Edmore LaPalme pitched in organized baseball.

He had been around since 1941 when, after attending high school in his hometown of Springfield (Massachusetts), he pitched as a 17 year-old for Bristol. He was 10-4 with the team in the class D Appalachian League. Before the 1942 season, he was obtained by the New York Giants from Bristol as part of a minor league working agreement. Assigned to Erie's class C team, his record was 12-11.

His baseball career was then interrupted when he served in the Army for about 32 months, from 1943 to 1945.

In 1946, again with Bristol, he was 20-2 with 181 strikeouts in 191 innings pitched. After the season, LaPalme got married. In 1947, his overall record was 13-6 pitching for the B team in Trenton and the A team in Jacksonville.

In 1948, he returned to Trenton and won 13 games. On November 24, the Boston Braves drafted him from the Giants. He

spent the 1949 season with Hartford in the Eastern League. Of his 31 games, he started 27, completed 19, won 14 and allowed only 175 hits in 211 innings pitched. He struck out 162 batters and his ERA was 2.90.

This time, the Pittsburgh Pirates took him from the Braves on December 5. In 1950, he was 10-7 with AA New Orleans and AAA Indianapolis. In 1951, he started the season in Indianapolis before being called up, at the age of 27, by the Pirates in late May. His first major league start was a success, a 5-0 shutout of... the Braves!

However, he did not win another game during his next 21 appearances and with an ERA of 6.33, he was sent back to New Orleans by mid-August in order to make room for two other players on the Pittsburgh roster.

In 1952, mostly used as a relief pitcher in Pittsburgh, he again struggled by allowing more walks than striking out batters. After being optioned to the Hollywood team in the Pacific Coast League on August 9, he developed a knuckle ball that lowered his ERA to 1.29. He appeared in 9 games, won and completed 6, lost only one and recorded three shutouts, which earned him his way back to Pittsburgh.

In 1953, Lefty LaPalme continued to work on other pitches (such as a reverse curve or screwball, which was actually more of a sinker, and a regular curve) to counter for his not so great fastball. Of his 35 games that year, 24 were starts. He was 8-16 with 2 saves and an ERA of 4.60. In 1954, his ERA increased to 5.50 as he won only 4 games during 33 appearances.

On January 11, 1955, the Pirates traded him to the St. Louis Cardinals for another pitcher, Ben Wade, and cash. He became an effective relief pitcher for the Cards, making 56 trips to the mound in 1955, winning 4 and saving 3. LaPalme got bombed in his only appearance with the Cards in 1956. On May 1, he was traded to Cincinnati for Milt Smith. In 11 games there, he was 2-4 with an ERA of 4.67. Placed on waivers, he was claimed on June 22 by the Chicago White Sox. Now in the American League, LaPalme posted some of his best numbers: 29 games, a record of 3-1, 2 saves, only 31 hits allowed in 45 2/3 innings pitched.

In 1957, LaPalme was 1-4 in 35 games, allowing 35 hits in 40 1/3 innings pitched. After posting a 24-45 record with 14 saves in 253 games, that was the end of Lefty's career in the majors.

In April of 1958, LaPalme was assigned to Indianapolis before ending up

later with St. Paul in the Dodgers organization. Chicago recalled him from St. Paul in early September, but released him to Montréal three weeks later. That's how he ended up with the Royals. He was offered a contract by the team in late January of 1959.

Besides, being in Montréal was an interesting thing for LaPalme since, according to the La Patrie du dimanche reporter he talked to, he was still able to speak French fairly well. The pitcher was actually looking forward to speak French more often since, at training camp, he had met a Montréal pitcher named Raymond Daviault who had been with the Royals the past two years. However, Daviault was sent to another team in 1959 because he had trouble with his pitching control.

As for LaPalme, he became more concerned about another matter than French, his left arm's health. The first half of the 1959 season with the Royals looked more like a nightmare. In mid-April, a sad LaPalme watched his teammates head north for the regular season as he had to stay behind because of his ailing arm. He finally appeared briefly in a game on April 25. In a full-page published on April 29 to welcome the Royals back to Montréal for their season opener, LaPalme wasn't even portrayed with other players.

The reason might have been that he was put back on the disabled list. Eventually, with consecutive doubleheaders scheduled for May 17 and 18, the Royals took him off the list and LaPalme pitched on these two days and even more.

On May 29, the team announced that he wouldn't go on the next road trip in order to get more treatment for his left shoulder. Released from hospital on June 11, LaPalme finally made his way back to the mound on June 22.

After slowly getting back into a groove working a few appearances as a reliever, LaPalme was given the ball as the starter on July 19. In the end, according to official records, he would pitch a total of 84 innings. Of his 28 games for the whole season, six were starts often as the team's only pitcher of one end of a doubleheader. His record was 5-5 with an ERA of 2.57. That wasn't bad playing for a team with a 72-82 record and also lacking offence for long stretches.

On September 7, the last day of the regular season in Montréal, the team organized several events for the fans to watch. LaPalme won a pitchers' race around the base paths.

(Continued on page 36)

Baseball

(Continued from page 35)

Records at the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown show that although Montréal reserved his services for 1960, he retired in the spring. Since the Royals folded after the 1960 season, he was released.

Des jointures efficaces de la gauche

Au printemps de 1959, le lanceur Paul LaPalme était à la croisée des chemins.

Après avoir passé la saison 1958 dans les ligues mineures, il a été envoyé sans condition vers la fin de septembre aux Royaux de Montréal de la Ligue internationale par les White Sox de Chicago. Son plus grand espoir, a-t-il dit à un journaliste de Montréal au camp d'entraînement des Royaux, était de retourner dans les majeures.

Il voyait actuellement comme un avantage de faire maintenant partie de l'organisation des Dodgers de Los Angeles. Parmi les cinq lanceurs gauchers que les Dodgers possédaient, selon lui, deux avaient mal au bras. Si seulement il pouvait éviter d'avoir du trouble avec son bras, il pourrait aider les Royaux et même toute équipe majeure qui le remarquerait.

Plus que toute autre chose, LaPalme espérait obtenir trois autres saisons dans

les majeures dans le but de se qualifier pour une pension remise aux joueurs avec au moins 10 années de service.

Malheureusement, les choses n'ont pas évolué comme il le voulait. 1959 a été la dernière année que Paul Edmore LaPalme a lancé dans le baseball organisé.

Il était là depuis 1941 quand, après avoir étudié à l'école secondaire de sa ville natale de Springfield (Massachusetts), il a lancé à 17 ans pour Bristol. Sa fiche a été de 10-4 avec l'équipe de classe D dans la Ligue Appalachian. Avant la saison 1942, les Giants de New York l'ont obtenu du Bristol dans le cadre d'une entente de ligue mineure. Avec l'équipe de classe C à Erie, son dossier a été de 12-11.

Sa carrière de baseball a ensuite été interrompue afin de servir dans l'armée pendant environ 32 mois, de 1943 à 1945.

En 1946, de nouveau avec Bristol, il a montré un dossier de 20-2 avec 181 retraits sur trois prises en 191 manches lancées. Après la saison, LaPalme s'est marié. En 1947, sa fiche cumulative a été de 13-6 pour deux équipes, le Trenton (niveau B) et le Jacksonville (A).

En 1948, il est retourné à Trenton et a remporté 13 matches. Le 24 novembre, les Braves de Boston l'ont repêché des Giants. Il a passé la saison 1949 avec Hartford dans la Ligue Eastern. De ses 31 matches, il en a débuté 27, a lancé 19 matches complets, en a gagné 14 et a alloué seulement 175 coups sûrs en 211 manches de travail. Il a réussi 162 retraits au bâton et sa moyenne de points mérités (MPM) a été de 2,90.

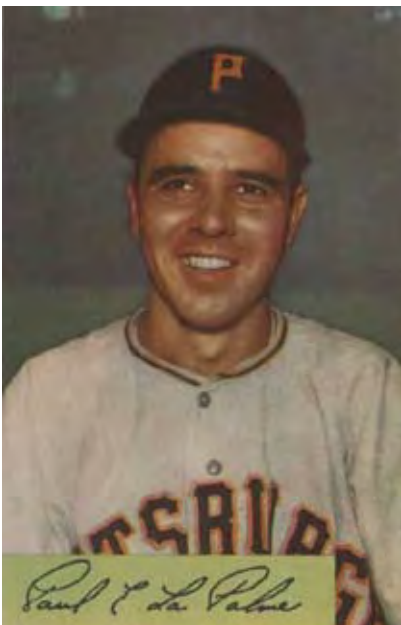
Cette fois, les Pirates de Pittsburgh l'ont obtenu des Braves le 5 décembre.

En 1950, sa fiche a été de 10-7 avec les équipes de la Nouvelle-Orléans (niveau AA) et d'Indianapolis (AAA). En 1951, il a commencé la saison à Indianapolis avant d'être rappelé, à l'âge de 27 ans, par les Pirates vers la fin de mai. Son premier départ dans les ligues majeures a été un succès, un blanchissage de 5-0 contre... les Braves!

Toutefois, il n'a pas remporté un autre match durant ses 21 apparitions suivantes et avec une MPM de 6,33, il a été renvoyé à la Nouvelle-Orléans à la mi-août dans le but de faire de la place à deux autres joueurs dans l'alignement du Pittsburgh.

En 1952, surtout utilisé comme un releveur à Pittsburgh, il a connu des ennuis en accordant plus de buts sur balles qu'en effectuant de retraits sur trois prises. Après avoir été cédé à l'équipe de Hollywood dans la Ligue de la côte du Pacifique le 9 août, il a développé une balle jointures (aussi appelée balle papillon) qui a réduit sa MPM à 1,29. De ses neuf présences au monticule, six ont été des victoires et des matches complets, il a perdu seulement une joute et a enregistré trois blanchissages, ce qui lui a permis de retourner à Pittsburgh.

En 1953, Lefty LaPalme a continué à travailler sur d'autres lanceurs (comme la courbe dans l'autre sens appelée balle tire-bouchon, qui était plus une tombante, et la courbe régulière) afin de compenser pour sa rapide pas nécessairement fameuse. De ses 35 matches cette année-là, 24 ont été des départs. Son dossier a été de 8-16 avec deux sauvetages et une MPM de 4,60. En 1954, sa moyenne a augmenté à 5,50 alors qu'il a remporté seule- (Suite page 43)



PAUL LA PALME NO. 107

PITCHER, Pittsburgh PIRATES, Born, Springfield, Mass., 12/14/23, Height, 5-10, Weight, 175, Bats, L, Throws, L.

Paul is a good workman on the mound. He was in 35 games for the Pirates in 1953, winning 8 and losing 16. That is a record that could have been reversed with a better hitting team behind him. Began baseball in 1941 and spent eight seasons in the minors, with three seasons in military service. In the eighth season Paul reached the majors, sandwiching 22 mound appearances for the Pirates between 5 for Indianapolis and 5 for New Orleans.

PITCHING RECORD	
	PAST YR. LIFE
GAMES	35 88
IN. PITCHED	176 290
WON	8 10
LOST	16 23
PCT.	.333 .303
HITS	191 326
RUNS	107 188
STRIKEOUTS	88 135
WALKS	64 132
ERN. RUNS	90 154
E. R. A.	4.60 4.78

Who was the stolen base leader in 1950 in the National League?

(N.D.L.R. It is with great sadness that I inform you that Sr. Ella Marie Germain passed away on Oct. 28, 2009. See page 34 for her obituary.)

The Germain Saga

by
**S. Ella Marie
Germain, CSJ**
Eighth Installment



New Pathways

ELLA MARIE GERMAIN

Our days on the farm with Mom and Dad were happy, but the time came when the familiar road we had walked was leading us to new paths. I was the first one to leave home.

My two years of high school at St. Joseph's Academy in Crookston, Minnesota, were very special. During that time, I thought of becoming a Sister of St. Joseph. In the fall of 1931-1932, I was back to New Richmond High School for my senior year. There I found new friends. My interests were changing. Clothes and accessories were now very important to me, and house parties were so much fun. Football games were a must where I saw the guys kick the ball. Dances at the New Richmond Pavilion were weekly events not to be missed.

After graduation, on May 26, 1932, the thought of becoming a Sister of St. Joseph preoccupied me very much. I was undecided. In fact, some days, the thought of becoming a sister was no longer what I wanted. This confusion was not good. But the call of Jesus was persistent.

On the 9th of June, 1932, I decided to make a novena of prayers to Mary, asking her to help me know what God wanted of me. On the last day of the novena, God made it clear to me. "Rise up, clasp my hand, and come." He invited me to follow Him as a Sister of St. Joseph. I accepted the Lord's invitation, and I was at peace.

September 3, 1932, was the day I

looked forward to, but yet I dreaded it. On that day I would be leaving the home I loved. I would be saying good-bye to Mom and Dad and to the family that would be forever missed. I thought of Leo, Dennis, and Ralph who would be too young to even remember me. I thought of my little sister, Rita, who would make her first communion. I would not be home to celebrate joyous occasions with the family. Mom and Dad would be celebrating their 25th wedding anniversary, and I would be far away in France. I thought of a hundred things.

On my way to the St. Paul Union Depot where I would go by train to Crookston, Minnesota, Dad stopped at Lonesome Trail School. There, I said good-bye to my bother Delore who was the teacher, and to some of his pupils -- Mae, Urban, Rita.

After nine months of study at the convent in Crookston, I received the Holy Habit along with four others on May 3, 1933. The church of St. Anne was filled with relatives and friends. Dressed in white wedding dresses and veils, we were seated in the front pews of the church. The Bishop came down the center aisle with his miter and crosier. Suddenly, I heard and recognized the voice of a child who said out loud, "Santa Claus." It was my two year old brother, Ralph! I was given a new name, Sister Rita Marie. I looked different but I was still Ella! My joy was that I was a bride of Christ. I also had a happy reunion with my family. Mom and Dad, Andrew, Claire, and my baby brother Ralph came 300 miles to celebrate with me.

After my one day visit home in June of 1933, five novices from Crookston went by train to St. Paul and on to New York City. From the harbor, we boarded our ship the S.S. DeGrasse for Vigo, Spain, Southampton, England, and Le Havre, France. The crossing took nine days. Six hours by train ended the long journey to Bourg, France. What an adventure for us who had traveled only in Minnesota and Wisconsin!

As novices, we began the canonical year at the novitiate in Bourg, France. It was a time of reflection and study of the gospels, Church history, the history of the Congregation, and the holy rule. There was also the study of French, art, and music. The défi was an exercise held on Sunday forenoon. It was not a favorite time, but it was one that was supposed to help us know ourselves. Our faults were revealed!

Every Thursday was "un jour de congé," a free day, when we went on long walks in the country. Each novice was

given a hunk of bread and a chocolate bar. There were many happy days, but also lonely ones. Between my family and me there was an ocean! Letters took long to come -- sometimes two or three weeks.

September 4, 1934, was the year the novitiate ended. It was on the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross that I pronounced my first vows of poverty, chastity, and celebrate, to rejoice and to give thanks.

A Paradox

*What wealth to be a nun
To have one's possessions
Reduced to a minimum -
To be empty-handed
An yet to share
The treasures of a King
And multimillionaire!*

*What joy to be set apart
To have one's love
Unclaimed by human heart -
To be childless
And yet to own
A million souls
For Christ alone!*

*What freedom to be compelled
To stay with a Spouse
Chained by love and held -
To be a prisoner;
What a glorious liberty
To have no goal
But sanctity!*

-Sr. J. Morin



S. Ella Marie
Germain, CSJ

Another group of American novices from Crookston arrived at the Motherhouse in Bourg, France in April 1934. Among them was my sister, Claire. What joy to know that I had a sister who was dedicating her life to God as a Sister of St. Joseph! I was not very long with my sister at the Motherhouse. In early May I left to help at a summer camp house in Chatillon in the Jura Mountains. College girls from Paris came to Chatillon for their vacation. I accompanied them on

(Continued on page 38)

(The Germain Saga continued from page 37)

interesting excursions in the mountains.

S. Claire Germain, CSJ



One day the college girls and I planned an all day hike in the Jura Mountains. The weather was perfect. We were walking along enjoying the beauty surrounding us when suddenly the girls disappeared. I wondered what was happening. I looked around, and a few yards before me I saw a snake. Thinking it was a garter snake, I picked up a stone, aimed, and hit it on the head. I had killed it with one stone! The girls came back on the road. "Sister, that was a viper. If you had not killed it, the viper would have killed you. It is a very poisonous snake. That's why we all ran."

After five months, I was called back to the Mother house when I received the news of my return to Minnesota in late September. I had been in France for 2 1/2 years. Traveling with me was Sister Ella Carufel and another sister. Reverend Mother Amborse asked me to take charge of the trip. We said good-bye to la belle France, and boarded the S. S. LaFayette, a much larger steamer than the S. S. DeGrasse.

There were over 1000 people on board ship. More than once we lost our way, and had to ask directions to the dining hall, the chapel, and our cabin. During the months of September and October, the ocean is very rough. We were told that there would be a bad storm during the night. A lady came to us and said, "Sister, I promise, if we are saved, I will go tot confession when I get to New Your." That evening the cabin boy knocked at our door. He wanted to check the double port holes, because the sea was very rough. We were given a life jacket, and number of our life boat in case we would need it. I looked out the port holes. Teh waves were as high as the ship. All through the nighth the ship rocked perilously.

The next morning S. Ella Carufel was sick enough to die. As for myself, I was fine. I went to the dining hall where I saw broken dishes all over the floor. No one was up because they were all sick. The captain had received a message about the hurricane.

He made a detour hoping to bypass the storm, but we got the tail end of it. I wondered about the lady's promise if we landed safely in New York. On the train, it seemed like we were riding the waves, but no, we were rolling ont he train to Crookston.

After my visit home, I went on to St. Joseph's Academy in Crookston where Mother Raphael had an assignment for me in October of 1935. I was to teach 3rd and 4th grades. During the summers I went to the Diocesan Teacher's College and the College of St. Catherine where I earned my B.A. Most of my grade school teaching was at St. Joseph's Academy in Crookston. I also taught at grade schools in Argyle, Minnesota, two years in Superior, Wisconsin, St. Joseph's Grade School in W. St. Paul for two years, and French for 14 years at Brady High School, also in W. St. Paul. In 1978 I taught French and American History for several years at Cretin and Cretin-Derham Hall. I earned my M.A. in French during the summers at the University of Notre Dame.



S. Ella Marie Germain with Cretin French students

I have been employed at Cretin-Derham Hall for 24 years. Now, 2003, I am a support staff, and enjoy my work. I duplicate, assemble spiral booklets, operate the folding machine, and distribute the mail to 130 facutly and staff. It takes me twelve minutes to walk to work in the spring and fall. During bad weather and the long winter months, my dear friend, Martha, comes right to my back door for me.



S. Ella Marie Germain, CSJ

At different times during my teaching years I chaperoned groups fo students to Europe: England, France, Spain, Swit-

zerland, Austria, Italy, and Luxemburg.

One of my very special trips was the 4 1/2 weeks in the Holy Land in 1990. To walk in the land where Jesus was born, lived, died, and rose in glory was a moving experience.

In 1993, I attended the International Federation Meeting of the Sisters of St. Joseph held in Lyons, France. Together we saw our past, our present, and a hopeful look into the future.

My eight summers at Laketrails Base Camp in Lake of the Woods proved to be a wonderful exzperience. It is a haven in a super wilderness area where teens come and go back home renewed.



Sr. Clare Arel and Sr. Ella Marie Germain with a baby eagle at Laketrails

In 1932, I went to the convent in Somerset to tell the Sisters that I had decided to become a Sister of St. Joseph. Fifty years later, I was there again. This time to celebrate my Golden Jubilee in the parish of St. Anne along with Sisters Ella Carufel, Jeanne Therese Condon, and Frances Hasty.

My 50th Jubilee Celebration at Marywood in Crookston was wonderful. When I saw All my brothers and sisters with their spouses who had come from Somerset and St. Paul, I was deeply moved.



Fifty Years

My youthful looks are gone
But my happy heart is young.

There's song in my soul --
God's blessings through time.

Countless joys I remember
And many dreams came true.

(Continued on page 42)

Les causes et les candidats de l'exode francophone aux États-Unis entre 1840 et 1930

*by/par
Felix Lafrance*

Au XIXe siècle, le Québec connaît d'importants changements économiques, sociaux et culturels pendant le passage de la société rurale à l'économie industrielle. En plein essor, le secteur manufacturier transforme le paysage des villes et des campagnes et bouleverse les rapports sociaux entre les différentes classes. La hausse démographique de 400% qui s'effectue entre 1784 et 1844 et l'augmentation de seulement 275% de la superficie occupée font que la terre québécoise ne peut plus subvenir aux besoins de sa population. En plus de faire face à une surpopulation, l'économie agricole doit se spécialiser afin de s'ouvrir au marché si elle veut survivre. L'exode qui s'en suit dans le monde rural fait grandir l'urbanisation. Mais se réfugier à la ville dans l'espoir d'y dénicher un boulot qui permette de vivre convenablement demeure hasardeux. Et puis la vie de l'ouvrier étant déjà pénible, celui-ci est aussi sujet à l'irrégularité de l'emploi et au chômage saisonnier. Simultanément, ce sont les économies rurale et urbaine qui souffrent, ce qui pousse les gens à trouver d'autres alternatives pour leur survivance. C'est ainsi qu'entre 1840 et 1930, plus de 900 000 Canadiens français s'exilent aux États-Unis¹. Les causes de cet exode massif ne sont pas le fruit d'un incident fortuit, mais l'aboutissement de facteurs complexes et multiples.

Dans le cadre des inégalités et des rythmes du développement économique que connaît le Québec au XIXe siècle, on pourrait expliquer le fait que les émigrants aux États-Unis subissent l'une ou plusieurs des influences suivantes: le manque de terres à la campagne, l'endettement agricole, l'incapacité de l'industrie québécoise à combler le manque d'emplois en ville ou ailleurs, une attirance quelconque pour les États-Unis.

Dans ce texte, nous nous proposons d'expliquer quels étaient les causes et les candidats de l'exode francophone vers la Nouvelle-Angleterre entre 1840 et 1930, synthétisant les excellents ouvrages de spécialistes tels Yves Roby,

Bruno Ramirez et Yolande Lavoie.

I- Problèmes dans le monde rural

Tout au long du XIXe siècle, le monde rural du Québec connaît des problèmes de toutes sortes. La population canadienne-française est plongée à la fois dans des crises économiques et agricoles, ce qui force une bonne partie de celle-ci à quitter la campagne.

L'énorme hausse démographique et les terres qui s'accroissent trop peu entre 1784 et 1844 provoquent rapidement un manque de superficie cultivable². Au cours du XIXe siècle, le pays souffre terriblement de surpeuplement et d'encombrement. Parce qu'il n'y a plus suffisamment de surfaces arables et que celles qui existent sont devenues pauvres, la rareté des terres agricoles s'accroît rapidement, laissant de plus en plus de Québécois sans domicile et sans emploi.

Malgré cette situation, de grands propriétaires terriens – souvent Canadiens anglais – maintiennent leur mainmise sur de larges domaines. Ces derniers sont trop souvent laissés en friche ou en « bois debout », soustrayant de riches et grandes terres à l'exploitation agricole. Et si les spéculateurs telle la British American Land Company acceptent de vendre ou de laisser en usufruit leurs terres, les prix et les conditions qu'ils demandent sont beaucoup trop élevés pour les fermiers québécois. Le régime seigneurial se fait également pesant. En plus d'augmenter sans cesse les cens et les rentes, les seigneurs refusent de couper leurs forêts pour vendre le bois et ainsi créer de nouvelles zones cultivables, préférant attendre pour profiter d'une éventuelle augmentation tarifaire des produits forestiers³. Il n'y a pourtant pas d'autre possibilité de créer de telles zones après 1830, forçant ainsi bon nombre de Canadiens français à opter pour la colonisation de nouvelles régions, pour le déménagement en ville ou à l'étranger. À cette population en exode sans cesse grandissante et freinée par les barons de la féodalité financière, il n'y a pas d'autres « exutoires naturels »⁴.

Devant ce surpeuplement rural, les familles s'appauvrissent, le nombre de jeunes gens sans emploi se multiplie et les départs s'accroissent. Puisque la terre d'un cultivateur est déjà trop petite pour pouvoir la diviser entre tous ses fils – la coutume de fractionner la terre entre les héritiers s'étant trop prolongée – ceux qui n'héritent pas d'une parcelle de celle-ci

doivent se trouver un autre moyen de subsistance. Pour la plupart fils de fermiers âgés entre 18 et 25 ans, ils sont réduits au chômage ou envoyés ailleurs chercher de l'argent pour rétablir l'économie familiale.

D'autres malheurs s'ajoutent au surpeuplement. C'est le cas par exemple des mauvaises récoltes, qui arrivent à répétition. En plus de subir les attaques de parasites (la mouche de Hesse) et des catastrophes naturelles (grêles, sécheresses, pluies abondantes), les cultures s'amenuisent en raison de l'épuisement du sol. Ce dernier porte les marques des mauvaises habitudes devenues routinières des agriculteurs, de leur manque de connaissances et de l'absence de bêtes pour le fertiliser⁵. Ignorants de l'agronomie, les fermiers de l'époque ne mettent pas leurs exploitations en rotation, et trop pauvres pour posséder des troupeaux, ils n'épandent pas non plus de fumier. À cela s'ajoute la baisse progressive des déjà maigres exportations agricoles, dont le blé, surtout, qui a de plus en plus de mal à concurrencer les nouvelles productions des terres fertiles de l'Ouest canadien. Cette compétition appauvrit énormément les agriculteurs, qui doivent transformer leur exploitation traditionnelle. Au final, caresser l'entreprise de s'en aller pour résoudre ses problèmes demande aussi beaucoup de courage, car les chemins et ponts qui sillonnent le paysage québécois sont rares et de mauvaise qualité.

Entre 1850 et 1900, en faisant apparaître une concurrence féroce avec l'Ouest canadien, l'ouverture à l'industrie et aux marchés commerciaux augmente la paupérisation du monde rural. L'inexorable baisse des revenus des cultivateurs canadiens-français les force à transformer leur activité, les faisant passer d'une agriculture de subsistance à une agriculture industrielle. Pour ce faire, ils doivent se moderniser et se spécialiser dans un secteur agricole en particulier, engendrant des emprunts à prix fort prohibitifs, allant à des taux d'intérêt parfois au-dessus de 20%⁶. En s'endettant de la sorte et en devenant dépendants aux fluctuations du marché pour se mécaniser, les fermiers rendent leur situation très précaire et difficile. Il ne s'agit alors que d'une baisse prolongée des prix, d'une concurrence accentuée sur les marchés internationaux ou d'une mauvaise récolte pour qu'ils soient dans l'impossibilité de rembourser leurs créanciers. De même, lorsque la rentabilité d'une terre est négative, son propriétaire aime souvent mieux la délaissier plutôt

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que de la cultiver à perte. La mécanisation obligée par la spécialisation fait également diminuer le besoin en main-d'œuvre dans le monde rural, poussant ainsi nombre de gens à trouver d'autres alternatives pour survivre.

En raison de l'insuffisance des marchés et du système de crédit aux mains d'usuriers sans cœur, du surpeuplement, de l'épuisement du sol ou des catastrophes naturelles, plusieurs fermiers doivent se départir de leurs terres et partir ailleurs. Que l'on soit sans terre, sans emploi, sans revenu ou débiteur, il devient pressant de trouver un moyen pour vivre, car les chances de survie s'amenuisent rapidement. À mesure que le XIXe siècle avance, de plus en plus de gens s'initient aux travaux saisonniers, partent vers la ville, vers de nouvelles régions ou vers la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Qu'ils optent pour l'une ou l'autre de ces alternatives, les Canadiens français exercent une mouvance particulièrement imposante durant cette période.

Dans les années 1840 et 1850, les travaux saisonniers constituent le choix préféré de la majorité. Ils donnent la chance à l'agriculteur d'amasser un petit pécule durant une ou deux saisons, lui permettant de faire vivre l'ensemble de sa famille ou de rembourser ses créanciers. Dès 1835, l'industrie forestière profite du marché américain et procure en effet de nombreux emplois saisonniers dans la coupe et la drave, ou dans les moulins. Par contre, plusieurs de ses entrepreneurs sont grandement affectés par une période de crise qui se prolonge et doivent réduire leurs effectifs, entraînant au chômage ou au départ des travailleurs qui comptaient sur ce revenu saisonnier pour survivre.

De façon permanente tout au long de la période 1840-1930, beaucoup de paysans quittent aussi la campagne pour aller s'installer – définitivement ou temporairement – en ville en espérant dénicher un boulot. Mais les villes gonflent plus vite que l'industrie et ne peuvent absorber la totalité du trop-plein des campagnes. La colonisation de nouvelles régions représente également une bonne option pour les campagnards courageux. D'une part, il y a certains arrière-pays qui ne sont pas encore colonisés, retardant ainsi l'émigration vers la ville ou l'étranger dans ces lieux. D'autre part, grâce à la mobilité qu'offrent les réseaux de chemins de fer depuis les années 1870, il est bien plus

facile qu'avant d'aller vers les contrées sauvages à coloniser. Mais ces signes positifs cachent mal l'exode massif qui s'opère.

L'option de partir vers les États-Unis est malgré tout perçue comme un dernier recours⁷ et comme une période d'essai⁸. Ceux qui émigrent en premier choix sont en fait les plus téméraires, car selon John A. Dickinson et Brian Young, « Partir aux States n'est qu'un élément parmi d'autres d'une stratégie de survie »⁹ des gens dans la misère. Parmi les candidats, on retrouve surtout de petits agriculteurs appauvris et découragés, des familles complètes (72% selon Yolande Lavoie)¹⁰, un père ou un fils de famille allant amasser de l'argent pour soulager les dettes de la maisonnée. Les journaliers sans terre – devenus légion au Québec – forment un des groupes principaux à gonfler les rangs des émigrants. Par sécurité, les fermiers gardent toutefois généralement leur lopin de terre qu'ils quittent, au cas où l'aventure en Nouvelle-Angleterre ou dans les travaux saisonniers ne soit pas une réussite. Il représente pour eux l'endroit où ils reviendront recommencer leur vie avec les économies ramassées là-bas¹¹. Certaines migrations saisonnières vers le Sud poussent aussi hommes et familles entières vers les usines américaines avant le retour à la ferme le printemps venu. Car si les chantiers de bûcherons en automne, la drave au printemps, les scieries et les moulins embauchent plusieurs hommes au Québec, l'industrie américaine, elle, accepte qui voudra travailler¹². De plus, les chemins de fer contribuent grandement à ce véritable phénomène d'exode vers les centres urbains américains.

II- Problèmes dans le monde urbain

Bien que la paupérisation du monde agricole constitue la principale cause des départs – la grande majorité de la population québécoise étant de la campagne –, la pauvreté pousse aussi de nombreux citoyens vers les États-Unis.

La situation précaire de l'économie est le facteur principal des départs urbains. Malgré le développement qu'elle connaît grâce à la spécialisation de l'agriculture, à l'ouverture sur les marchés extérieurs, à l'amélioration des transports et à l'innovation des techniques industrielles après 1870, mais aussi à la *politique nationale* du gouvernement conservateur, qui impose des tarifs protecteurs sur les

produits canadiens, l'économie québécoise repose presque essentiellement encore sur l'agriculture et le commerce, en plus d'être fortement régionalisée. Trop petits, ses marchés freinent considérablement leur croissance en tardant à attirer les investisseurs. Petites sont aussi ses entreprises, dont la majorité œuvre dans la transformation de produits agricoles, de vêtements et dans les services, de sorte que l'industrie du Québec travaille essentiellement pour son marché local et progresse lentement. Sa concentration dans l'espace urbain et celle de ses capitaux dans les mains d'Anglais – à quelques exceptions près – ne favorisent en rien cette situation. Même au tournant du XIXe siècle, lorsque les investissements américains et canadiens-anglais commencent à affluer et développer plus significativement de nouveaux secteurs industriels du Québec (en particulier ceux reliés au bois), l'absence de charbon et de marchés assez vastes sur son territoire rattrape sa population. Il faut en effet beaucoup plus de temps qu'en Ontario ou aux États-Unis aux investisseurs pour mettre en place des mécanismes pour améliorer la productivité de la main-d'œuvre et les rendements de l'industrie québécoise.

La croissance de l'industrie de la ville se faisant trop lente et sa population gonflant par l'exode rural, les emplois manquent affreusement pendant un siècle. Les sans-emploi, qui deviennent encore plus nombreux et plus misérables en temps de crise ou en hiver, recherchent alors frénétiquement des moyens de subsistance, allant jusqu'au vol ou à la prostitution. L'irrégularité de l'emploi et les salaires peu élevés de ceux qui jouissent d'un travail engendrent aussi des attitudes déplorables chez certains individus, tels le divorce et l'intempérance. De plus, la plupart des familles doivent faire travailler femme et enfants pour espérer joindre les deux bouts¹³. Cette marginalité pousse les citoyens à agir comme les ruraux, soit à partir vers les régions de colonisation, les travaux saisonniers ou la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Mais cette dernière alternative représente souvent la dernière solution pour améliorer leur sort.

Sous la misère qui les assaille, de nombreux artisans, charretiers, manœuvres, domestiques, journaliers et ouvriers de toutes sortes quittent le Québec. Nombreux sont aussi les notaires, avocats, médecins, commerçants, plombiers, etc. à partir, car puisqu'une bonne couche de la population urbaine s'en va et que les professions libérales et de service subissent l'encombrement

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chronique, leur salaire s'en trouve affecté¹⁴. Le phénomène de cet exode citadin débute d'abord dans les districts de Montréal, de Québec et dans le comté de Dorchester, pour s'étendre ensuite à l'ensemble du réseau urbain québécois¹⁵. Les statistiques de Yolande Lavoie montrent que 2/3 des émigrants Canadiens français sont de la campagne et que le tiers provient de la classe ouvrière¹⁶. Comme pour les campagnards, s'ils veulent trouver une façon de survivre, l'émigration vers l'industrie américaine représente pour les citadins un moyen parmi d'autres.

En somme, quoique énormément de gens – 900 000 entre 1840 et 1930 – optent pour l'émigration, il ne faut pas considérer ce départ des Québécois vers la Nouvelle-Angleterre comme une expatriation, mais comme une chance d'améliorer leur situation et comme « un déplacement à l'intérieur d'une réalité canadienne-française à laquelle [appartient cette région] »¹⁷. Et pour les mieux entraînés là-bas, plusieurs attraits de la Nouvelle-Angleterre s'ajoutent au phénomène.

III- L'attrance pour les États-Unis

Si le manque d'emploi, l'endettement et la pauvreté causent le plus de départs vers les États-Unis, l'attrance qu'exerce ce pays sur les Canadiens français n'est certes pas négligeable parmi les causes de l'exode.

Aux États-Unis, pendant que la Guerre de Sécession tue des centaines de milliers d'Américains, la conquête du *Far West* s'achève et attire plusieurs pionniers vers sa colonisation. Par conséquent, dès la fin du conflit, l'industrie américaine qui reprend son expansion se trouve en pénurie d'ouvriers dans tous les secteurs. La surabondante main-d'œuvre sans emploi du Québec en profite alors pour lui offrir ses bras. L'urbanisation accélérée que connaît la Nouvelle-Angleterre a besoin de travailleurs pas trop exigeants en regard des salaires – bien qu'ils soient plus élevés et stables qu'au Québec – et des conditions de travail. Des travaux de toutes sortes sont disponibles: pour la construction de maisons, de manufactures, de barrages et de canaux, pour l'installation et l'entretien de réseaux routiers, pour les systèmes d'égouts et d'aqueduc, pour l'agriculture, l'abattage

du bois et surtout pour le travail industriel dans les manufactures. Ce sont d'ailleurs les industries du textile et de la chaussure qui se développent au rythme le plus effréné¹⁸. Que ces manufactures ne demandent aucune qualification spéciale pour travailler est un autre puissant argument pour tenter sa chance aux « States ». Lorsque le réseau de chemin de fer du Grand Tronc fait son apparition entre Montréal et Portland, l'accessibilité de ce territoire se fait aussi plus facile, surtout pour les travailleurs saisonniers. Enfin, les prix pour aller aux États-Unis sont beaucoup moins élevés et le trajet assez court comparé au trajet pour l'Ouest.

Une bonne part des gens gagne également la Nouvelle-Angleterre en raison des circonstances d'adaptation et des renseignements circulant sur le développement des États-Unis. Les Canadiens français connaissent déjà les lieux d'arrivée de leur éventuelle migration par l'information que leurs procurent parents et amis qui sont déjà là-bas. Ceux-ci envoient de nombreuses lettres leur vantant la vie américaine et font des visites très persuasives, étalant leur réussite matérielle (voiture neuve, montre éclatante, beaux vêtements). Les renseignements qu'ils fournissent sur les conditions d'emplois procurent aux proches une sorte de police d'assurance sur la situation à laquelle ils vont faire face. Les émigrés s'adonnent là à une véritable propagande d'encouragement, cherchant à entraîner amis et famille avec eux. Mais la vie américaine en elle-même représente également un fort pouvoir d'attraction. Pour le jeune habitant de la campagne québécoise, les loisirs de la ville réservent bien plus d'attraits que peut en avoir son monde rural qu'il connaît à fond et dont il se fatigue rapidement. Il anticipe les plaisirs de la ville et n'a que des reproches à faire à la terre. Pour lui, l'émigration vers les centres manufacturiers est une bonne façon d'échapper à la peine du travail agricole et de voir de nouvelles choses¹⁹. Avec le temps, cette migration en chaîne amène rapidement la reproduction de villages francophones. Ces petites communautés franco-américaines possèdent mêmes leurs propres institutions, ce qui attire de nombreux Québécois qui auraient eu peur de mal s'adapter là-bas.

Malgré toutes les raisons réunies pour lesquelles le Canadien français part vers le Sud, il faut parfois plus à certains pour se décider. La « machine » de recrutement des entreprises américaines entraîne quelques-uns de ceux-là. En mal de main-d'œuvre, celles-ci tentent par tous les moyens de

s'attirer les Québécois²⁰. Les patrons américains apprécient le Canadien français pour ses capacités et son comportement au travail; ils le trouvent docile, consciencieux, habile, guère exigeant et peu porté à faire la grève. Les stratégies pour le recruter sont diverses. Leur plus grand atout est l'agent recruteur, souvent un migrant québécois lui-même qui parcourt les villes et campagnes québécoises à la recherche du compatriote qui serait facilement séduit. Il lui fait miroiter les salaires et les avantages du travail dans les filatures, l'entretien sur les emplois disponibles et lui explique les conditions d'embauche. Le patron américain utilise aussi les brochures et les annonces de journaux pour faire reluire la vie américaine et les belles conditions de travail de son entreprise. Sans être primordiales à l'émigration, ces stratégies des employeurs réussissent à convaincre.

En somme, ce sont le succès matériel et la vie que procure l'industrie américaine, les conditions favorables d'adaptation aux États-Unis et les stratégies des manufactures qui agissent sur la décision des migrants.

IV- Conclusion

La « fièvre du départ » vers les États-Unis atteint plus de 900 000 Canadiens français durant la période 1840-1930 et s'intègre au phénomène plus large de la révolution industrielle américaine, qui attire plus de trente millions d'immigrants de partout au monde entre 1815 et 1914²¹. Comme on l'a vu, cette migration se produit en raison de causes multiples et complexes. La pauvreté est la raison majeure, surtout parce que le Québec est incapable de procurer des terres et du travail à ses habitants. Pour survivre à l'appauvrissement, il ne reste souvent qu'à partir aux « States ». Hormis cela, l'attraction qu'exerce la Nouvelle-Angleterre constitue l'autre grande raison de l'exode. Ses filatures, ses communautés francophones et sa vie plus facile et plus agréable en sont les principales caractéristiques.

Pour les contemporains, cet événement majeur de l'histoire canadienne-française est perçu comme la conséquence du goût pour le luxe, de la cabale par l'exemple et la parole, de la négligence, de l'intempérance et de l'imprévoyance des gens²². Or ceux qui partent sont de bons éléments de la société²³. Simplement, les circonstances de l'époque les poussent là-bas parce qu'il y existe une chance véritable d'améliorer
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leur sort. Mais aujourd'hui comme à cette époque, bien des gens rejettent la faute sur l'inertie ou le manque de prévoyance du gouvernement québécois²⁴. Il serait intéressant à cet égard d'étudier les actions que les élites étatiques et cléricales ont fait pour enrayer l'exode francophone vers le Sud.

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(Footnotes)

¹ Yves Roby, *Les Franco-Américains de la Nouvelle-Angleterre : rêves et réalités* (Sillery : Septentrion, 2000), 11.

² François Weil, *Les Franco-Américains, 1860-1980* (Tours : Éditions Belin, 1989), 14.

³ Yves Roby, *Les Franco-Américains de la Nouvelle-Angleterre, 1776-1930* (Sillery : Éditions du Septentrion, 1990), 14.

⁴ François Weil, *Les Franco-Américains, op. cit.*, 14.

⁵ Normand Lafleur, *Les Chinois de l'Est ou la vie quotidienne des Québécois émigrés aux États-Unis de 1840 à nos jours* (Ottawa : Éditions Leméac Inc., 1981), 15.

⁶ Yves Roby, *Les Franco-Américains... Rêves et réalités, op. cit.*, 23.

⁷ François Weil, *Les Franco-Américains, op. cit.*, 17.

⁸ Yves Roby, *Les Franco-Américains... 1776-*

1930, op. cit., 17.

⁹ John A. Dickinson & Brian Young, *Brève histoire socio-économique du Québec* (Sillery : Septentrion, 1995), 16.

¹⁰ Yolande Lavoie, *L'émigration des Canadiens aux États-Unis avant 1930 : Mesure du phénomène* (Montréal : Presses de l'Université de Montréal, 1972), 61.

¹¹ Bruno Ramirez, *Par monts et par vaux : migrants canadiens-français et italiens dans l'économie nord-atlantique, 1860-1914* (Montréal, : Éditions du Boréal, 1991), 50.

¹² John A. Dickinson, *Brève histoire, op. cit.*, 173.

¹³ Yves Roby, *Les Franco-Américains... 1776-1930, op. cit.*, 42.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 44.

¹⁵ Yolande Lavoie, *L'émigration des Québécois, op. cit.*, 14.

¹⁶ Yolande Lavoie, *L'émigration des Québécois aux États-Unis de 1840 à 1930* (Québec : Éditeur officiel du Québec, 1981), 17.

¹⁷ Jean Lamarre, *Les Canadiens français du Michigan : Leur contribution dans le développement de la vallée de la Saginaw et de la péninsule de Keweenaw, 1840-1914* (Sillery : Septentrion, 2000), 38.

¹⁸ Yolande Lavoie, *L'émigration... de 1840 à 1930, op. cit.*, 9.

¹⁹ Normand Lafleur, *Les Chinois de l'Est, op. cit.*, 14.

²⁰ François Weil, *Les Franco-Américains, op. cit.*, 37.

²¹ Armand Chartier, *Histoire des Franco-Américains de la Nouvelle-Angleterre : 1775-1990* (Sillery : Septentrion, 1991), 17.

²² C.-É. Rouleau, *L'émigration, ses principales causes* (Québec : 1896), 1.

²³ Normand Lafleur, *Les Chinois de l'Est, op. cit.*, 32.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, 15.

(The Germain Saga continued from page 38)

*God's goodness has blest me
And His love leads me on.*

*Yesterday's cherished memories
Are today's new joys.*

*Dear ones left on eagle's wings,
Leaving love traces behind.*

*I delight in a wonderful family -
Sharing, singing, and loving.*

*With CSJ's and God's people,
I work, pray, and rejoice.*

*I keep in mind that City of Peace
Waiting for God to make all things new.*

As a candle is consumed when it glows and gives light, so too my life is consumed for Christ and for His people as I wait for the day when all will be made new.



Sister Ella Marie Germain, 96
Oct. 28, 2009

Sister Ella Marie Germain, CSJ, of Somerset, Wis., died on Oct. 28, 2009, at the age of 96.

She was preceded in death by her parents; siblings, Sister Claire, Doris, Mae, Dennis, Donald, Delore, Andrew.

Survived by Urban, Leo, Ralph and Rita.

Sister Ella Marie taught at the grade and high school for 72 years. Her latest mission was at Cretin-Derham Hall and St. Anne's grade school where she taught French.

Sister was a graduate of St. Catherine's and the University of Notre Dame.

Mass of Christian Burial 11 a.m. Saturday, Oct. 31, at St. Anne's Catholic Church, Somerset, Wis. Visitation 4-7 p.m. Friday and one hour prior to the service, all at St. Anne's Church. Memorials preferred to the Sisters of St. Joseph or St. Anne's School.

To sign her guestbook:

<http://www.legacy.com/gb2/default.aspx?bookID=4033109437258>

Baseball

(Suite de page 36)

ment quatre victoires en 33 apparitions.

Le 11 janvier 1955, les Pirates l'ont échangé aux Cardinals de St-Louis pour un autre lanceur, Ben Wade, et une somme d'argent. Il est devenu un lanceur de relève efficace avec les Cards, faisant 56 voyages au monticule en 1955, en gagnant quatre et en sauvegardant trois. À sa seule apparition avec les Cards en 1956, LaPalme s'est fait matraquer. Le 1er mai, il a été échangé au Cincinnati pour Milt Smith. En 11 matchs à cet endroit, son dossier a été de 2-4 avec une MPM de 4,67. Placé au ballottage, il a été réclamé le 22 juin par les White Sox de Chicago. Maintenant dans la Ligue américaine, LaPalme a obtenu certains de ses meilleurs chiffres: 29 matchs, un dossier de 3-1, deux sauvetages, seulement 31 coups sûrs alloués en 45 2/3 manches lancées.

En 1957, LaPalme a été 1-4 en 35 présences, allouant 35 coups sûrs en 40 1/3 manches lancées. Après avoir montré un dossier de 24-45 et 14 sauvetages en 253 rencontres, ce fut la fin de la carrière de Lefty dans les majeures.

En avril 1958, LaPalme a été envoyé au Indianapolis avant de se retrouver plus tard à St-Paul dans l'organisation des Dodgers. Chicago l'a rappelé de St-Paul au début de septembre, mais l'a

dirigé vers Montréal trois semaines plus tard. Voilà comment il s'est retrouvé avec les Royaux. Il s'est fait offrir un contrat par l'équipe vers la fin de janvier 1959.

Il faut dire que d'être à Montréal était une chose intéressante pour LaPalme étant donné, selon le journaliste de la La Patrie du dimanche à qui il avait parlé, qu'il pouvait encore parler français assez bien. Le lanceur espérait d'ailleurs parler français plus souvent après avoir rencontré, au camp d'entraînement, un lanceur de Montréal nommé Raymond Daviault qui avait été avec les Royaux au cours des deux dernières années. Toutefois, Daviault a été envoyé à une autre équipe en 1959 parce qu'il avait des problèmes de contrôle avec ses lancers.

Pour ce qui est de LaPalme, il est devenu plus inquiet de la santé de son bras gauche que du français. La première moitié de la saison 1959 avec les Royaux a ressemblé plus à un cauchemar. À la mi-avril, LaPalme était triste de voir ses coéquipiers partir vers le nord pour la saison régulière pendant que lui devait rester derrière à cause de son bras malade. Il a finalement lancé brièvement dans un match le 25 avril. Dans une pleine page publiée le 29 afin de souligner le retour des Royaux pour l'ouverture de la saison à Montréal, la photo de LaPalme n'était même pas avec celles des autres joueurs.

La raison pouvait être qu'il avait été remis sur la liste des blessés. Éventuellement, avec des programmes doubles

consécutifs prévus les 17 et 18 mai, les Royaux l'ont retiré de la liste et LaPalme a lancé les deux jours et même davantage.

Le 29 mai, l'équipe a annoncé qu'il ne participerait pas au prochain voyage sur la route afin de recevoir des traitements à l'épaule gauche. LaPalme a obtenu son congé de l'hôpital le 11 juin et est finalement remonté sur le monticule le 22.

Après avoir repris lentement une vitesse de croisière à la suite de quelques apparitions en relève, LaPalme a reçu la balle comme partant le 19 juillet. En bout de ligne, selon les dossiers officiels, il a lancé un total de 84 manches. De ses 28 matchs durant toute la saison, six ont été des départs souvent comme le seul lanceur de l'équipe durant l'un des matchs d'un programme double. Sa fiche a été de 5-5 avec une MPM de 2,57. Ça n'était pas mauvais pour une formation qui a terminé avec un dossier de 72-82 et qui a manqué d'offensive durant de longues périodes.

Le 7 septembre, dernier jour de la saison régulière à Montréal, l'équipe a organisé plusieurs activités pour le plaisir des partisans. LaPalme a gagné une course sur les buts chez les lanceurs.

Les archives du Temple de la renommée du baseball à Cooperstown montrent que même si Montréal a conservé ses droits pour 1960, il a pris sa retraite au printemps. Quand les Royaux ont disparu après la saison 1960, ils l'ont laissé aller.

(“Sentenced to this tongue” continued from page 34)

What seems breath-taking in this passage—and in the recording of Bishop's poetry—is how much this “sole joy”—its *mother tongue*—lives on its own, as if in exile, and how quietly it reaches for what Paul Celan once called “the heartland.”

Different readers will hear different presences in Bishop's poetry—George Oppen's, for example, or Charles Olson's. Bishop's poems are equal to the company they keep, in part, perhaps, because of his palpable sense of a “heartland.” In “Final Exam,” an extraordinary crisis-lyric and the only poem Holsapple recorded that is not from *Mother Tongue*, this heartland is everywhere to be found. Like the poems from *Mother Tongue*, “Final Exam,” reminds a listener of what a poem's heartland can become. “[R]emember?” the poem begins, then offers a spot of time as its present (“you are driving down a country road”) as “they appear from nowhere no from black /

trees,” the antecedents for “they” remaining unstated for the moment until they become “crows in odd numbers” —“ragged as pines”—on whom “at the last accounting” the final examination will depend: “the effort here (remember) is to re- / member”: “you will be asked / to describe them.” And:

further on other faculties come into play
a section on comprehension example:

a small bird sits in your palm (hypothesis)
as the lids shut and cover the tiny
points of light you are asked to close
your own eyes and tell whether something
or nothing in in your hand this is not
a trick question your heart is expected
to find words

you get the sense it is not so much
a test as an examination you begin to see
this distinction

And then:
with a single finger almost compulsively
you stroke the bird's feathers you are unable
yet to cry beneath them you make out
something like bone like the smallest
bones you are capable of feeling

In this way, “like the smallest / bones
you are capable of feeling,” the intensity of a
wholly original verse builds until it finds with-
out saying—since it can only be indicated,
pointed out like the pulse in a phantom limb—

something the bird never said
the bird in your hand makes a passing
imprint writ on air that was your heart
speaking you have no idea how to spell it

and from a faroff sky the sound CAWCAW
defines momentarily an unbridgeable distance
you are left your self to deal with

(Continued on page 44)



Reflection on Coco

Before Chanel

By Virginia Sand

Coco Before Chanel is a well made French film. Friday, November 13th, 2009, I watched that film from 5:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. in Waterville, Maine at the Railroad Square cinema. I chose to see this film because Coco Chanel is like a guide or mentor for me. I have enjoyed sewing with fabric since my teenage years, and I now create and wear my own Native American themed clothes from my own ideas. I even make Native American vests for tribal men. Like Coco Chanel, I don't conform to current trends. In a similar sense, Coco was using men's clothes for recreating women's clothes, and for simplifying women's clothes so that they would be more comfortable and less restrictive. Before Chanel, women were wearing corsets and several layers of clothes or cloth which was affecting women's breathing and movement. In that case, women were dressing themselves to please men, not to please themselves. In fact, today there is the suspicion that bras contribute to breast cancer in women. Apparently, bras restrict the flow of blood and therefore prevent removal of toxins from breast tissue. As a result, cysts can form in the breasts. Consequently, as a non-conformist like Coco Chanel, I choose to not wear bras. They feel too constrictive and uncomfortable to me. Moreover, women often use products under the arms for preventing perspiration. However, this perspiration is necessary for the removal of toxins from the lymph nodes connected to breast tissue. Therefore, under-arm deodorants (antiperspirants) can perhaps contribute to the development of breast cancer. Furthermore, bras and under-arm deodorants go against the natural functions of the body.

In the film, Coco Before Chanel, Gabrielle (Coco) Chanel and her sister are abandoned by their father following the death of their mother. In that case, the two girls pass the rest of their childhood together in a convent with nuns. After that,

(Coco suite de page 27)

des chapeaux avec l'aide de Boy, son amant. Là, Coco trouve beaucoup de succès et est aussi inspirée de créer les robes et les autres vêtements qui sont pratiques et confortables pour les femmes. Elle laisse la conformité et invente une nouvelle mode des vêtements pour les femmes. Coco entre donc le monde des hommes. Surtout, elle refuse la conformité et les restrictions du

both sisters are seamstresses in a small shop during the day, and they sing in a cabaret during the evenings. There, while Gabrielle Chanel is singing the song, *Coco* (a song about a dog), the soldier, *Étienne*, hears her and then gives her the nickname, *Coco*. Coco becomes *Étienne*'s lover and then she travels to his castle in the country in order to live with him. There, Coco is inspired to create clothes that function better for her and for other women whom she meets at the castle. Consequently, Coco creates her own pants for riding a horse more easily, no matter how strange she appears to everyone else. Coco is very pragmatic. However, women were not wearing pants during this era. In fact, Coco cuts and re-stitches some of *Étienne*'s clothes so that she can wear them as a new fashion. On the other hand, *Étienne* thinks that Coco looks like a boy in her new fashions. In that case, he tries to hide Coco from his friends during parties, but Coco begins to create straw hats and simple dresses for one of *Étienne*'s friends who performs in the theater. Above all, Coco meets *Étienne*'s friend, *Boy*, who encourages Coco's creativity and with whom Coco falls in love. Following, *Boy* brings Coco dancing at a casino. In fact, he buys the fabric that Coco needs to make her little black dress for dancing. Then at the casino, everyone has their eyes on Coco.

Finally, Coco leaves *Étienne* and goes to Paris to begin her own hat shop with *Boy*'s help, her lover. There, Coco finds much success and is also inspired to create dresses and other clothes that are practical and comfortable for women to wear. She leaves conformity behind and invents a new fashion of clothes for women. Coco therefore enters the world of men. Above all, she refuses the conformity and restrictions of marriage and doesn't marry. Meanwhile, *Boy* is killed in a car accident. He hits a tree with his car. Even though Coco is broken-hearted, she continues to build her own empire in creating fashions for women. Finally, Coco died in 1971, where her career spanned some 60 years. Of that time, the life of Coco Chanel showed that, in breaking conformity, success is possible. In fact, Coco Chanel was a visionary.

mariage et n'épouse pas. Cependant, Boy est tué dans un accident. Il frappe un arbre avec sa voiture. Même si Coco a le cœur gros, elle continue construire son propre empire en créant les modes pour les femmes. Enfin, Coco est morte en 1971, où sa carrière a mesuré 60 ans. D'alors, la vie de Coco Chanel a montré qu'en cassant la conformité, le succès est possible. En fait, Coco Chanel était visionnaire.

(“Sentenced to this tongue” continued from page 43)

But “your self” is only the beginning.

From “something the bird never said,” and like a response to Whitman (to “Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking,” “Crossing Brooklyn Ferry,” and “As I Ebb'd with the Ocean of Life” as a beginning), when “you are left your self to deal with,” the unsayable accumulates in Bishop's poem, “the refrain of a lullabye . . . your mother never sang,” “the dark night after night” when “my own voice now I remember it said / “Please God don't let my mother die” / as if she had been a little bird in my hand,” the word “‘father’ (mine / and the father of my sons) who leave / to go off to a bar or to heaven,” “the first line / of the Lord's Prayer,” and repeatedly the burden of a responsibility that registers both *davhar* and blessing in English and American poetry:

how long were you gone? did you
return? can you say what you mean
by gone? did you let fall
from your hands the smallest bones
you were capable of feeling?
did you spend the rest of your days
trying to draw them?

mostly I remember the points of life
I could recite their eyes each one
in that moment between words
when there is always a question
and I felt myself a ragged weight
stretching to stay airborne
against a sharp infliction

In Whitman, a mockingbird introduces a child to death, and the ocean inflicts its sting. In “Final Exam,” which offers the unsayable by listening to its traces, “a sharp infliction” that is central to American poetry becomes palpable again and, like Whitman's defining verse—but with a renewed legibility—“mean[s] tenderly by you and all.” Or, as Whitman wrote in “Crossing Brooklyn Ferry”:

We understand then do we not?
What I promis'd without mention-
ing, have you not accepted?
What the study could not teach—
what the preaching could not
accomplish is accomplish'd, is it
not?

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Après la pluie le beau temps: La joie succède souvent à la tristesse, le bonheur au malheur.

Every cloud has a silver lining: You can find something positive in even the worst situation.



HENRY J. LABORE, JR.

I was born January 11, 1920 at home on 1195 Beech St., St. Paul, MN. My mother was 40 years of age and was attended by a midwife named Carrie Stemper. I was the 9th child in a family of 10, 7 boys — 3 girls. We moved to 1117 Sims St. about a mile North in 1921 and I grew up in that house. There was no electricity but all the walls had one or more city gas outlets that could be lit for light. We had running water — cold only. Heat for wintertime came from a large pot-bellied stove in the archway between the dining and front rooms. A big range provided heat for cooking and warmth in the kitchen. Our folks used the sewing room for their bedroom. The boys slept in one bedroom upstairs and the girls in the other. Brother Joe and I slept in a hallway at the top of the stairs and on the South side of the house. It was just enough space for a small bed so we got to know each other real well. Slept together till I was 15. I remember one incident — We fought for covers one cold winter night and ripped a home made quilt. Pa gave us a few whacks on the backside for that one.

The kitchen had an icebox, large sink with running cold water only and the very big wood burning cooking range. We had a long table with chairs and a bench for meals. This was the favorite room in the house. It was warm in the winter and always had a mouth-watering smell of something good cooking on the stove. The youngest boys in the family always had the chore of keeping the kitchen wood box full, not an easy job in the middle of winter.

There was an outside trapdoor to the cellar. A basement would be built in the late 1930's. Boy, none of us wanted to go into the cellar, it was dark and damp with a musty smell and an occasional rat or two. All canned produce, potatoes, etc. were kept down there. We would take our dog Mugs with us and he would take care of the rats. Pa's huge garden was on the North side of our yard and the West of that was the woodshed. A garage was built about 1930 at the far end of the lot by the alley.

We grew up in an era of relative safety. My parents never locked the doors and as kids we had freedom to roam and play everywhere. I fondly remember the empty



This is the house where I grew up. I was a year old when my parents bought it in 1921. They paid \$1,100 and did not get it paid off till 1939. It has changed considerably since I lived there. The left window of upstairs level is where Joe and I slept. The lower level (me Pointing) window is where Pa & Ma slept. Kitchen window is over my head. Under my arm is the area that we played horseshoes. It stands on the corner of Sims and Frank on the East side of St. Paul, MN. This picture was taken by my daughter Susan in 1999. So many, many memories when I look at it.

lot across the street from us on Sims St. It was used primarily for playing ball. The lot was 1/3 block wide and a full block long. We played football, baseball and softball or kittenball as we called it. There were plenty of kids in the neighborhood so we would choose up sides and play ball for hours. We did not have much for equipment. One bat, an old ball probably wrapped with black tape, no gloves. There were always plenty of girls wanted to play so we mixed the teams, everyone played and ability did not matter. A new family moved into our neighborhood in 1935 and Clara Bill started to play ball with us. She was a good athlete. I was totally unaware that she would become my wife one day. The lot was used by the boys for building "cabeens". We would work for days digging holes big enough for us to sit in, have a fire to roast potatoes, we thought it was a big deal. When I think of eating burnt black potatoes now — it does not sound appetizing. The winter use was to build snow forts with tunnels, etc. That empty lot will never be forgotten. Just writing about it brings back many pleasant thoughts.

Wintertime came skating and skiing. There were two fine skating rinks with warming houses within a mile of our neighborhood. Clara was an excellent skater and we walked to rinks many times. I remember when my parents bought me my first pair of skates. They paid \$5.00, a lot of money back then, The skates were about 4 sizes too big so I stuffed cotton in the toes and each winter I would take a little bit out. We called them "Tubes", the

kind racers use and I was so proud of them.

I remember brother Joe and I begging for a two wheel bicycle every summer. We never did get one, our parents could not afford it. Joe and I were disappointed but not angry.

Our house was the last one on Sims St. so we had plenty of open space to play. There were hills for ski jumping, trees for climbing, it was really a paradise for kids and we took full advantage of it. Cops and robbers — cowboys and Indians were favorite games. Both activities were hard on clothes. I can still hear Ma — "Junior, you tore your pants again" but she never told us not to play our games.

Sims St.

I hope the above has provided you with a bit of insight on the house at 1117 Sims Street, St. Paul, MN. — My home for 20 years.

NOW FOR SOME MEMORIES

One of the earliest was the memory of sleeping in the upstairs hallway. Our small bed was cramped in by the South wall and stair railings on the other side with just enough room to get in and out of bed. There was a window on the South wall and being an old house, it was not very tight, wintertime often found snow on the window ledge and our bed. We did appreciate the window in the summer, a South breeze was very welcome. Joe was a heavy sleeper and I would wake up quickly. I can still hear our Mother calling us, "Joe — Junior,"

(Continued on page 48)

(Henry J. Labore Jr., continued from page 47)

time to get up and get ready for school". I always had my clothes neatly piled by the bed so I could grab them and make a dash down the stairs to the warm kitchen to dress. Ma had to call Joe several times and even go upstairs to rout him out of bed. Now all this would happen about 6:30 in the morning so we would have enough time to dress, use the toilet, eat and get off to school. It was a little over a mile to 1st graders that was a long walk. If the weather was very cold or a lot of snow, Ma would walk a ways with us to see that all went well. There was always plenty of kids to keep company while walking as there were 3 or 4 Catholic families in our neighborhood that had children attending St. John's Catholic School.

The route to school work took us over the Earl Street Bridge. There were big steel abutments on the top of the bridge and when we used to dare each other to put our tongue on them. This was no problem in warm weather but when it got below zero our tongues would stick to the metal and big problems happened. We all had to try it to learn our lesson, some of us more than once. In the winter we would roll huge balls of snow, lift them up on the rail of the bridge and try to drop them down the smokestack of the trains going by below. Pa got word of that via the train crews and promptly put a stop to that. He knew most of them, as his job was railroad connected.

We built a tire swing with a very long rope tied to a big branch of a huge tree. The tire would swing out over the edge of a steep drop into a valley below. Sure enough we decided one day to pile as many of us as could hold on and swung out over the drop-off. The rope broke and we had some very bruised kids, including one with a broken arm. I was skinned up but nothing broken. That was the end of the swing.

Swimming was a favorite recreation for us in the summer. Lake Phalen, a very nice fresh water lake, was less than a mile North of us. The beach had loads of sand, three diving towers, three deep-water rafts and a very high slide that could be ridden into the water on a sled. We never had any money to pay for the use of a sled but would work picking up trash on the beach and get a sled to use as pay. Boy, that was a treat.

A memory comes to mind — the city would tar all the streets sometime during the summer and it was very messy. I grew up much faster than my friends so when



1923

Henry LaBore, Jr. Age 3/12. 1117 Sims St. Our much used wooden wagon. We met Ma at the stret car when she came home from shopping. We used it to go get white sand at Battle Creek Park, about 4 miles one way. Note — baby buggy to right and long johns hanging on line to the left.

1925

LaBore cousins — Henry Jr. far right. Brother Joe seated next to him.



BROTHERS

Henry Jr. — Joseph LaBore. 1117 Sims St., St. Paul, MN. Standing by house where they grew up. Wearing the new suits their Mother made. Henry is 8 — Joseph is 6. 1928.

the streets were gooey. I would carry them across at the intersections. They would all have clean feet and mine would be tarred. I would clean them with turpentine when I got home. Ma would not tolerate any tar in the house. We all grew up with so many happy memories of a wonderful childhood.

The years fly by, soon it was graduation time from Johnson High School. I was the first to graduate from high school. Joe followed a year later.

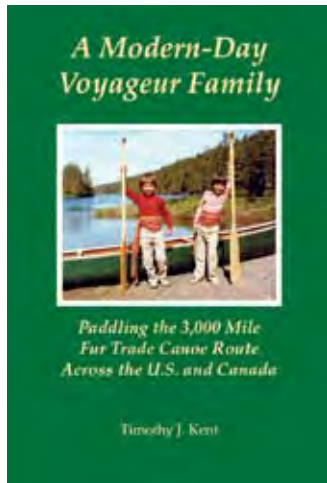
Both of us joined the Minnesota Air National Guard 109th Squadron in 1939 — go to three weeks camp at Fort Ripley near Little Falls, MN in 1940. The 109th was assigned to active duty and we left for Louisiana in Feb. 1941. Our lives would change forever.

It has been a pleasant journey for me to recall some of the happenings of my youth. I hope it gives you some insight to my childhood.



Clara & Henry LaBore wedding day, May 16, 1942/ Clara's mother in left background. Picture taken at 1078 Sims St., St. Paul, MN.

BOOKS/LIVRES...



**A Modern-Day Voyageur
Family
Paddling the 3,000 Mile
Fur Trade Canoe Route
Across the U.S. and
Canada**

by Timothy J. Kent

When Kevin and Ben Kent were ages seven and five, their parents conceived an exciting, enriching, and educational project for the family. As a team, they began paddling the 3,000 mile length of the mainline fur trade canoe route across the U.S. and Canada, retracing the steps of their French ancestors. This ancient native route, which consisted of an extensive series of rivers and lakes, stretched from Montreal to the Great Lakes to Ft. Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca, in northern Alberta. This was the primary highway on which most fur trade, military, and religious personnel had traveled and hauled cargo into and out of the interior regions of North America during the entire fur trade era.

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This engrossing and thought-provoking account of the adventures of the family

incorporates a considerable amount of fur trade history, in which their direct French ancestors participated from about 1618 to at least 1758. *A Modern-Day Voyageur Family*, written by one of the pre-eminent historians of the fur trade era, serves as both a source of inspiration and a guidebook for other families, couples, and individuals who wish to paddle all or portions of the historic route, or various other wilderness waterways. It also provides vicarious experiences and myriad lessons for those individuals whose venturing usually takes place in a safe reading chair on land. This work consists of a vivid adventure story, a how-to guide, and a primer on virtually all aspects of the French fur trade, all in one volume.

The hardcover book, containing 760 pages, is illustrated with 36 color photographs and maps, and is accompanied by a stunning DVD containing 370 color photos, with a narrative and musical accompaniment by Tim Kent and Friends. This paired set will be of considerable interest to active paddlers, as well as enthusiasts of fur trade, military, missionary, colonial, and canoeing history.

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For illustrations, excerpts, and reviews of all of Tim Kent's works, visit www.timothykent.com

"For those of us with a hands-on historical bent, Tim Kent is something of a national treasure. The award-winning, maverick author of massive, deeply-researched books on such subjects as Michilimackinac, the early material culture of the French and native populations, and the history of the bark canoe, he has fierce commitment to a certain style of historical research. Kent's new book is of a piece with his previous titles: it is big (760 pages), massively researched, and indispensable for anyone with an interest in the fur trade, wilderness, or the idea that family still works.

Before each of the fifteen summer

voyages, Tim pored over early eye-witness accounts of the route, as well as reams of other early documentation. As a result, the text is chock full of references to the origins of old portage names, the configurations of the waterways before some of them were dammed for hydro-electric power, and myriad details about how they were navigated two to four centuries ago. This alone makes the book an invaluable tool for anyone engaged in research on the fur trade.

It is also a very accessible adventure story. At the beginning, the Kents were not seasoned outdoorspersons, and their journey has a wonderfully Quixotic quality to it. It was on-the-job training with a steep learning curve, and the book describes this process with self-deprecating frankness and often hilarious detail. By the time they had completed their odyssey, they could scout a rapids or read the sky for what the weather might bring like the voyageurs of old. But these were acquired skills, and their acquisition is an important part of the story. Rather than admiring the Kents from afar, as one does in tales of heroics on Mt. Everest, the reader finds himself a participant in the undertaking, which comes to seem eminently possible.

Finally, the narrative is a compelling account of a family. In a world where marriage and divorce seem to be running a dead heat, and parents and children apparently dwell in mutually exclusive universes, this long project became a shared mission uniting husband and wife and the generations in a common purpose. It was not always a smooth undertaking, and Doree has some wonderfully droll observations on the adventures. She also offers some profound thoughts on the nature of the commitments people make to one another. By their own account, the journey gave the boys the opportunity to explore the complex business of becoming men. Paddling bow in a rapids on the French River, one of them describes the pride and responsibility of taking on a man's job for the first time in a situation where it mattered. At a time when we have legislated most of the risk out of adolescent lives, have we not lost something? How do young people find their way into adult life without milestones such as these?

As a portrait of the highways of the fur trade, and an account of a remarkable personal adventure, this book succeeds very well indeed. And the DVD accompanying it is an invaluable addition. The pictures of the route provide the reader with a sense of

(Continued on page 50)



FRANCE-LOUISIANE FRANCO-AMERICAIN VIVRE L'HERITAGE FRANCAIS AUX ETATS-UNIS

N° 137 Juillet-Août-Septembre 2009 (publication trimestrielle) - PRIX : 3,05€ - 17 avenue Reille - 75014 PARIS

Connexions Louisianaises par Michèle Eccart

Teddy l'aimait aussi Edward M. Kennedy s'en est allé au soir du 25 août 2009. Parmi les nombreux hommages qui témoignent de l'homme remarquable qu'il était devenu, celui de sa collègue louisianaise au Sénat à Washington nous touche particulièrement. Mart Landrieu raconte que Ted Kennedy fut le premier à contacter après la désastre provoqué par Katrina : « Comment puis-je aider ? » interrogea-t il. Mary rappelle que le défunt sénateur du Massachusetts finança de ses propres deniers un important programme de transport d'élèves néo-orléanais vers des établissements en zone non sinistrée leur permettant de poursuivre leur scolarité.

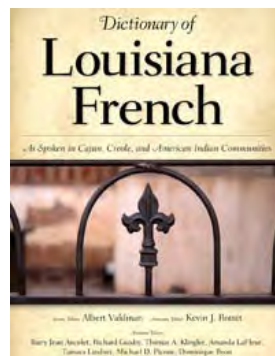
Nos lecteurs français ne connaissent peut-être pas les liens qui unissaient le benjamin des Kennedy à l'Etat de Pélican. Ted avait épousé en secondes noces en 1992 la Louisianaise Victoria « Vickie » Anne Reggie. Native de Crowley, Vickie est également diplômée de l'université de Tulane où elle obtient plusieurs diplômes dont un doctorat de droit.

Le couple se promenait parfois dans les rues de Crowley en toute discrétion. Une habitante de la ville se souvenait les avoir croisés et devant son étonnement, Ted lui avait déclaré avec un sourire malicieux « j'adore faire mes courses ici » sans préciser s'il faisait allusion au riz, spécialité locale mondialement connue.

- Un dictionnaire incontournable « Dictionary of Louisiana French (DLF) as spoken in Cajun, Creole, and American Indian Communities » voilà le titre du superbe dictionnaire qui vient de paraître sous la direction de Albert Valdman, professeur de français, d'italien et de linguistiques, directeur de l'Institut créole de l'université d'Indiana, associé à Kevin J.

Rottet, avec la participation de Barry Jean Ancelet, du regretté Richard Gudy, Thomas A. Klinger, Amanda LaFleur. Cet ouvrage très complet et détaillé recense en 800 pages le vocabulaire et les expressions utilisés de 1930 à nos jours, par les francophones cajuns, créoles et amérindiens. Prononciation - y compris les différentes variantes - traduction en anglais, nombreux exemples, index à partir de l'anglais, etc. témoignent de la richesse exceptionnelle de ce travail de longue haleine d'une équipe de connaisseurs de haut niveau. Vendu 38 dollars, ce dictionnaire deviendra vite incontournable,

Via internet :
upress.state.ms.us/books/1227



Le coin des francos

L'École française du Maine

Le très active école française du Maine, située à Freeport nous tient régulièrement informés de ses diverses activités.

Elle appartient au réseau de « la Mission Laïque française » qui compte douze autres écoles en Amérique, fondées pour promouvoir la langue et la culture françaises.

Parmi les événements récents, citons les « mercredis ciné » qui permettent, chaque seconde et quatrième mercredi du mois de voir un grand film français.

Dans le cadre de leur programme « Vrais Amis », soirée au bénéfice de l'école, elle invitait, en septembre, les parents

d'élèves à se joindre aux membres de l'école pour accueillir le nouvel ambassadeur de la France, Christophe Guilhus avec Anne Miller, attaché culturelle et Séverin Beliveau, consul honoraire du France au Maine.

Au programme de cet événement figurait une dégustation de plusieurs grands vins de Bordeaux accompagnés d'une série de hors-d'œuvre créés spécialement pour accompagner chaque grand cru avec, notamment, foie gras, queue de bœuf et huîtres.

Pour tous les jeunes élèves se sont tenues des sorties champêtres sur le thème de l'environnement et de la biodiversité dans le cadre des cours de sciences. Elles ont eu lieu dans les bois aux environs de l'école où l'on prit des notes et recueillit des exemples variés de végétaux.

Le chœur des petits, accompagnée au piano, étudiait lors de sa dernière séance « la Mère Michelle » (Suite page 54)

(A Modern-Day Voyageur Family continued from page 49)

the country which words cannot adequately convey. For scholars, it is an important visual reference for the famous landmarks contained in first-hand narratives of New France and the Northwest Company. For teachers, the photographs offer instructional materials which provide students with a sense of the rugged terrain which dictated the nature of the Canadian fur trade for more than two centuries. For arm-chair adventurers, they convey the beauty, grandeur, and menace of the Canadian North. Finally, for those who have traveled parts of the route, the photos bring back memories of days lived intensely and never forgotten. Seeing these scenes again, set to the haunting *chansons* of the old canoeemen, I thought of Pierre Radisson's description of the lure of the North, and like him, '...I did wish me in a canoe.'" - Claiborne Skinner, author of *The Upper Country, French Enterprise in the Colonial Great Lakes*, and paddler on major sections of the mainline route.



Retirement Ceremony
In Honor of
CSM Ronald J. Desjardins
October 9, 2009



Command Sergeant Major Ronald J. Desjardins entered the United States Army from Van Buren, Maine, in January of 1976. He Attended basic training and advanced individual training for Military Occupational Specialty 72E at Fort Gordon, Georgia.

His assignments have taken him to the Signal Company 7th Special Forces Group, Fort Bragg, NC; HHC 122D Signal Battalion, Korea, 35th Signal Group Airborne; Fort Bragg, NC, XVIII ABN Corps (G6), Fort Bragg, NC and Joint Communications Unit, Joint Special Operations Command, Fort Bragg, NC.

He previously served as the Command Sergeant Major for the 41st Signal Battalion Korea; 501st Signal Battalion

Fort Campbell KY; 35th Signal Brigade Airborne, Fort Bragg, NC; 9th Army Signal Command, Fort Huachuca, AZ; and Command Sergeant of the USA Network Enterprise Technology Command/9th Army Signal Command, For Huachuca, AZ.

He served in all Signal positions: squad leader, section sergeant, platoon sergeant, operations sergeant, First Sergeant and operations Sergeants' Major. He assumed the position as Command Sergeant Major of the Chief Information's Office/G6 (CIO/G-6), Pentagon Washington, DC on 22 February, 2006. Command Sergeant Major Desjardins' military education includes all levels of the Non commissioned Officer Education System.

His awards and decorations include: the Legion of Merit with two oak leaf clusters; Defense Meritorious Service Medal two oak leaf clusters; Joint Commendation Medal two oak leaf clusters; Army Commendation Medal two oak leaf clusters; Joint Achievement Medal two oak leaf clusters; Army Achievement Medal; Army Good Conduct Medal tenth award; National Defense Service Medal; Korean Defense

Medal; Armed Forces Expeditionary Medal; Armed Forces Service Medal; NCO Professional Development Ribbon; Overseas Service Ribbon; Expeditionary Medal; Global War on Terrorism Service Medal; Kuwait Liberation Medal; SA Liberation Medal; Master Parachute badge; Air Assault Badge; Canadian Parachute badge; German Parachute ; and Koran Master Parachute badge.

Command Sergeant Major Desjardins earned a Bachelor of Science Degree in Business Administration with honors from Columbia Southern University and a minor in Project Management. In addition, he also holds an Associate Degree in General Education from Central Texas College. He is currently enrolled at Columbia Southern University pursuing a Masters Degree in E-Commerce and Technology.

Command Sergeant Major Desjardins is married to the former Yong Sun Choe of Korea. They have two children, Ronald Jr., a US Army Staff Sergeant currently stationed with the 112st Signal Brigade, and Tricia an Art Director in Dallas, Texas.



***Fernand Bourque
died at the age of 19
serving his country
1924-1944***

He was the son of George & Rosanna (Cliche) Bourque

***Submitted by
Diane (Bourque) Tinkham***

(N.D.L.R. The following is a transcription of a letter he wrote to his sister prior to being killed in action.)

Dear Sis,

Well sis here I am again, well how is

the family feeling, fine I hope. For me I am feeling fine, only my feet hurt a little, but I will be alright in a few days. Well sis I haven't done nothing for a week , boy am
(Continued on page 52)

(Fernand Bourque continued from page 51)

I lazy, but that the way it is, but we been working like hell every since we been here, will it still rain all night last night, and boy I woke up about 3 o'clock this morning, and my cloths were floating in the water, by those tent we sleep in aren't too good. Boy my pal this morning you what happen, he got all dress and they call us out, and he took his steel helmet and he put it on his head, boy it was full of water, boy did he sweat for a while . We laughed like hell. HA. HA. But me I had to put my clothes on the line, and I had to wake with my long johns on. Well sis this afternoon its nice, boy it feel good too.

Well how is Arthur feeling these day. I hope he feeling fine, and how are

your three little one, boy I guess they be pretty big when I get home. Boy sis I give anything to be back in the State, (Name?) said he far away from home, well he lucky to be in the state, boy me and Armand (?0 we did stay long in the state were both in the same outfit thats why. Well my pal is sleeping write near me, boy he awful sick, he had a fever of 100 this morning. Boy he can't even speak. Boy the hospital up here and full of men sick. Well sis I give you one idea where I am, buy the life magazine of Feb. 24, 1944. Well sis how is mother and Dad, I hope there all fine, boy heres one guy that will never leave home again., because I seen everything by every sent I been here I saw more than a guy that been here a year.

Well sis some guy that came in with me, they ship out this morning boy there

shipping every day. I hope I stay here a little while. Boy all we walk in here is mud? That all you see. Well I hope Armand come home soon. By (?) been over there long enough. Well I bet the weather up home is fine, boy I give anything to be back home. Theres no place like home. Well sis I will close now, and will say good day, and may God bless you and your family, and hope to see you all soon.

Your brother,
Pvt. Fernand Bourque



April 14, 1944

Dear Sis,

Well sis here I am again, well how is the family feeling, fine I hope. for me I am feeling fine, only my feet hurt a little, but I be alright in a few days. well sis I havnt done nothing for a week, boy I am lazy but that the way it is, boy we been working like hell every sent we been here, well it still rain all night last night, and boy I woke up about 3 o'clock this morning, and my cloths were floating in the water, boy there tent were sleep in not to good. boy my pal this morning you know what happen, he got all dress and they call us out, and he took his steel helmet and he put it on his head, boy it was full of water, boy did he sweat for a while we laugh like hell, HA. HA. but me I had to put my cloths on the line, and I had to wake with my long johns on. well sis this after noon it nice boy it feel good too.

-2-

Well how is Arthur feeling these day, I hope he feeling fine, and how are your three little one, boy I guess they be pretty big when I get home. boy sis I give anything to be back in the state, Tuffy said he far away from home. well he lucky to be in the state, boy me and Armand were both in the same outfit that why. well my pal its sleeping write near me, boy he awful sick, he had a fever of 100 this morning. boy he can even speak, boy the hospital up here and full of men sick. well sis I give you one idea where I am. buy the life magazine of Feb 24, 1944 well sis how is mother and Dad I hope there all fine, boy here one guy that will never leave home again. because I seen everything by every sent I been here I saw more than a guy that been here a year.



Continued from page 52

HEROES

Onias G. Martin
 Oct. 12, 1919 - Aug. 10, 1944
 died serving his country

*He was the son of Denis & Alphonsine (Raymond) Martin
 of Madawaska, ME*



The Monument erected in Bonnetable, France in honor of 2nd LT Onias Martin.



He is buried in the St. David Cemetery in Madawaska, Maine

(Fernand Bourque continued from page 52)

Well is some guy that came
 in with me, they ship out this mornin
 boy there shipping ever day. I hope
 I stay here a little wild, boy all
 we walk in here is mud? that all
 you see. Well I hope Armand come
 home soon. boy has been over there
 long enough, well I bet the weather
 up home is fine, boy I give anything
 to be back home, there no place like
 home. well is I will close now, and
 will say good day, and my god
 bless you and your family, and
 hope to see you all soon.

your brother
 Pat Fernand
 Bourque

WWII Veterans in Northern Aroostook

World War II Veterans database of over 1200 vets from the St John and Fish River Valleys to my web site - http://www.royandboucher.com/veterans/WWII_search_form.php as a tribute to all those veterans who defended our freedom over 60 years ago.

If you have never read about the Medal of Honor recipient from Mars Hill / Blaine - Ed Dahlgren http://www.royandboucher.com/veterans/WWII_details.php?id=309 there was a great writeup on him in the Yankee Magazine that I anchored to the web site at the bottom of his detail page where it says More Information on Edward Dahlgren <http://www.yankeemagazine.com/issues/2008-05/interact/10things/medals/dahlgren> He was a boy from Aroostook with the 36th "Texas" Infantry Division.

Ken Roy

ken@royandboucher.com

1st Cav Div Spt Cmd in Bien Hoa, Vietnam from June 1969 to June 1970
<http://www.royandboucher.com>





(Suite de page 50)

Enfin on tenta d'inventer divers nouveaux jeux sportifs sur le terrain de football voisin.

Profitant de beau temps, un piquenique fut organisé au parc Winslow, le lundi 14 septembre, auquel les parents étaient invités.

On joua ensuite au « jeu du drapeau » où chaque équipe tente de ravir le drapeau (foulard) de l'équipe adverse en protégeant le sien.

Si vous souhaitez en savoir plus sur cette école, je vous invite à consulter leur « web site » : www.efdm.org.

Jean Moisson

Échos

L'Université du Maine, qui compte 12 000 étudiants, située à Orono est désormais membre associé de l'Agence Universitaire de la Francophonie forte de 710 instituts à travers le monde.

La crise sévissant en Louisiane comme ailleurs, le Conseil pour la Développement du Français en Louisiane (CODOFIL) a été amputé de la moitié de son équipe, au

1^{er} juillet. Des stratagèmes sont heureusement venues renforcer les effectifs durant l'été dont Érin Roussel, de l'université Tulane, venue depuis à Paris poursuivre ses études françaises cette année universitaire.

Le Louisiana a été choisie pour participer au **forum des jeunes ambassadeurs de la francophonie des Amériques**. Ces jeunes hommes et femmes de 18 à 35 ans contribueront au dynamisme du fait français en Amérique du Nord.

Warren Perrin, président du CODOFIL a protesté au nom des Cadiens de Louisiane à propos du film d'animation des studios Disney *La Princesse et la grenouille*. En effet, l'un des personnages montre les Cadiens sous un jour peu glorieux. Cela contribué, écrit Perrin dans sa lettre au président des studios à perpétuer la mauvaise réputation de la population en Louisiane.

Section Histoire

« De Nantes à Louisiane », l'histoire de l'Acadie, l'Odyssée d'un peuple exilé de Gérard-Marc Braud. - Cholet (F) : Éditions de l'Ouest, 2008 (191 pages). Cette édition reprend l'ouvrage publié en 1994, revue, complétée et préfacée par Alain Dubos, écrivain - médecin. L'auteur retrace d'abord l'histoire de l'Acadie, son origine, sa fondation en 1604, la vie des colons, l'occupation

anglaise jusqu'au Grand Dérangement en 1755. Puis ce sera la tragique déportation en Europe, dans les prisons anglaises et l'implantation sur les côtes de Bretagne et en Poitou. Enfin, après 10 ans d'errance et de souffrances, les 1600 Acadiens regroupés à Nantes vont s'embarquer en 1785 pour la Louisiane à bord de sept navires dont les listes d'embarquement figurent en annexe. C'est la vie de ce peuple dispersé et le « rêve américain » enfin réalisé que l'auteur nous donne avec de très nombreuses informations et illustrations choisies. Une mine de renseignements pour les chercheurs et les généalogistes.

Section Romans et Nouvelles

« Voix francophones de chez nous », ouvrage collectif de Normand Beau-pré et autres. 'Lumina Press, Coral Spring, Floride (E-U), 2009 (158 pages). Dans cette anthologie, onze écrivains franco-américains, « d'une voix unique », nous offrent des souvenirs personnels, des contes magiques, des poèmes pleins de charme, des expériences vécues, le reflet des traditions familiales et culturelles, l'évocation émouvante d'une double appartenance à leurs ancêtres francophones et à leur actuelle identité.

(N.D.L.R. This is the second installment of the Marquis family genealogy.)



Franco-American Families of Maine

par **Bob Chenard**,
Waterville, Maine

Les Familles Marquis

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) 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.

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.

MARQUIS
(Markee)
FAMILY #1

18	Joseph	m.	19 Apr	1836	Emilie Quinn	St.André, Kam.	53
	(the above Joseph is most likely not the same Joseph as the one below since the 1870 census of Frenchville gives his age as 41, i.e. born 1828-9 in Canada)						
	Joseph	m.	10 Nov	1856	M.-Emérence Dubois	Frenchville	
	(above Joseph was the son of Joseph-Benoît Marquis & Victoire Nadeau #10 per Frenchville book and belongs with his siblings under #36 below)						
	Rémi	1m.	26 Feb	1838	Florence Quinn	Andréville, PQ	
	"	2m.	10 Aug	1846	Marcelline Ouellette	Frenchville	55
	Henriette	1m.	05 Feb	1839	Honoré Roy	Andréville, PQ	
	"	2m.	23 Jan	1860	Alexis Pelletier	Frenchville	
	Firmin		14 Sep	1852	Démérisse Madore	Frenchville	56
	Eusèbe		18 Sep	1854	Justine Morneau	Frenchville	
19	André	1m.	22 Feb	1819	M.-Geneviève Nadeau	St.Patrice, R.-Loup	57
	"	2m.	22 Sep	1863	Eléonore Soucy	St.Anaclet	
	Bénoni		19 Feb	1822	M.-Julie Bourgoin	St.Patrice	58
20	M.-Nathalie		02 Feb	1830	Fabien Nadeau	St.Patrice	
	"	2m.	25 Jan	1857	Théophile Lagacé	Frenchville	
22	Pierre-Étienne		01 Aug	1843	Osithée LaForest	Andréville, PQ	63
24	J.-Octave		27 Aug	1860	Angèle Mercier	St.Patrice	67
	Israël		19 Oct	1880	Léopoldine Côté	St.Patrice	69
25	M.-Malissé		15 Jul	1844	Jérémie Côté	Isle-Verte (to Bradley)	
	"	2m.	05 Jun	1898	Pierre Ouellette	Old Town(St.Jos.)	
26	Amable		27 Jun	1843	Angélique Lebel	St.Basile, NB	74
	Marcelline		31 Jan	1848	François Bélanger	Frenchville	
	Nicolas	1m.	08 Apr	1850	Caroline Pinette	Andréville	75
	"	2m.	21 Oct	1856	Marie Levesque	St.Patrice	76
	Jean-Ana		09 Nov	1852	Esther Levesque	St.Patrice	77
28	Alexandre	1m	.25 Jan	1848	Flavie Bergeron	Isle-Verte	79
	"	2m.	18 Nov	1886	Adèle Ouellet	Cacouna	
	Ange		05 Feb	1849	Emérence Pelletier	Cacouna	80
	Cyrille		07 Jan	1850	Adélaïde Jouvin	Cacouna	82
	Maxime "Michael"		23 Oct	1855	Olive Côté	Cacouna	85
34	David		12 Jun	1870	Mélina Chaput	Wickam	94
35	Joseph	1m.	22 Feb	1841	M.-Métaïde Albert	St.Basile, NB	96
	"	2m.	02 Jul	1866	Marguerite Martin	St.Basile, NB	97
	M.-Rose		15 Apr	1844	Vital Daigle	Frenchville	
	Christine		08 Jan	1848	Joseph Gagnon	Frenchville	
36	Benoît		03 Nov	1847	Julie Sergerie	Frenchville	98
	[dit St-Jorre]						
	Élodie		29 Jul	1851	Joseph-Geo. Lajoie	Frenchville	
	Fabianna		29 Aug	1853	Israël Roy	Van Buren	
	Théodule		30 May	1853	Adélaïde Marquis	Frenchville	99
	Joseph	m.	10 Nov	1856	M.-Emérence Dubois	Frenchville	54
	SEE NOTE in #18 above						
	Eusèbe		05 Aug	1861	Délina Cloutier	Frenchville	
	Marie		17 Aug	1863	Adolphe Thériault	Frenchville	
	Georginana		21 Nov	1864	Louis Plourde	Frenchville	
	Vital	1m.	13 Nov	1865	Flavie Daigle	Frenchville	
	"	2m.	24 Feb	1868	Marguerite Martin	Frenchville	101
	Emma		20 Jan	1866	André Morneau	Frenchville	
	Flavie		12 Jan	1868	Maxime Lebel	Frenchville	
	Nathalie-Thaïs		28 Jan	1868	Fabien Nadeau	Frenchville	
	Délina		17 Feb	1868	Raphaël Morneau	Frenchville	
37	Pierre		05 May	1851	Germaine Gauvin	Frenchville	
	Salomon		14 Sep	1852	M.-Choise Ouellette	Frenchville	102
	Justine		27 Jan	1861	Damase Pelletier	Frenchville	
	Noël-Jean		15 Jun	1863	Anaïs-Eliz. Martin	Frenchville	102a
	Maxime-Léo		13 Feb	1865	Lucie Michaud	Frenchville	103
	Régis		08 Sep	1867	Pheobée Sirois	Frenchville	

(See the next issue for more...)



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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-américaines 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