

Spring 2011

Le FORUM, Vol. 35 No. 2

Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice

Harry Rush Jr.

Annette Paradis King

Juliana LHeureux

Michael Guignard

See next page for additional authors

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

Recommended Citation

Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice, Lisa; Rush, Harry Jr.; King, Annette Paradis; LHeureux, Juliana; Guignard, Michael; Larson, Denise R.; Archambault, Peter; Gèlinas, Alice; Marceau, Albert J.; Blesso, Jacqueline Chamberland; Bélanger, Jim; Wallner, Maureen; Rivard, Bob; Boutin, Robert; Germain, S. Ella Marie CSJ; Herlan, James J.; Bernard, Dick; Lacaux, M.; King, Annette Paradis; and Chenard, Bob, "Le FORUM, Vol. 35 No. 2" (2011). *Le FORUM Journal*. 31.
https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum/31

Authors

Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice; Harry Rush Jr.; Annette Paradis King; Juliana L'Heureux; Michael Guignard; Denise R. Larson; Peter Archambault; Alice Gélinas; Albert J. Marceau; Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso; Jim Bélanger; Maureen Wallner; Bob Rivard; Robert Boutin; S. Ella Marie Germain CSJ; James J. Herlan; Dick Bernard; M. Lacaux; Annette Paradis King; and Bob Chenard

Le FORUM



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

VOLUME 35, #2

SPRING/PRINTEMPS



Photo provided by "Office of the Governor"

***“LE PREMIER
GOUVERNEUR FRANCO-
AMÉRICAIN ÉLU PAR LES
CITOYENS DU MAINE”***

***“THE FIRST
FRANCO-AMERICAN MAINE
GOVERNOR VOTED IN
BY THE PEOPLE”***

“The LePage family arrived in Canada in 1622 on l’Île d’Orleans. Shortly thereafter they migrated to the Gaspé Peninsula and Germain LePage became the first governor of Rimouski. The family settled in the Rimouski area, until shortly after the civil war. Joseph LePage, who lived in Trois Pistoles, Québec migrated to Lewiston, Maine.”

Vos Réflexions? Your Thoughts?

<http://francoamericanarchives.org/>

(See page 45)

<http://francolib.francoamerican.org>

(See page 44)

<http://www.fawi.net/>

(See page 34)

\$6.00 US



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

Volume 35, Numéro 2
Spring/Printemps
Éditeur/Publisher
Yvon A. Labbé

Rédactrice/Gérante/Managing Editor
Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Mise en page/Layout
Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Composition/Typesetting
Lisa Michaud

Aide Technique
Lisa Michaud
Yvon Labbé

Tirage/Circulation/4,500

Imprimé chez/Printed by

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

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

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

Les lettres de nos lecteurs sont les bienvenues — Let-
ters to the Editor are welcomed.

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

L'équipe de rédaction souhaite que *Le Forum* soit
un mode d'expression pour vous tous les Franco-Améri-
cains 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 --,

Features

L'États du Maine.....3-9
L'États du Connecticut.....10-15
L'États du New Jersey.....16-17, 27-29
L'États du New Hampshire.....18-22
L'États du Illinois.....23-25
L'États du Massachusetts.....30-32
L'États du New York.....36-37
L'États du Minnesota.....38-41
Books/Livres.....42, 43, 46
Coin des jeunes.....47, 48
Recipes/Recettes.....49
Genealogy/Généalogie.....54, 55

Endowment

*One way to support Le FORUM while at the same time reserving life income is
the establishment of a charitable gift annuity with the Franco-American Centre
Le FORUM Fund at the University of Maine Foundation. Call 1-800-982-8503.*

Abonnement au Le FORUM Subscription
Si vous ne l'êtes pas abonnez-vous — s.v.p.
— Subscribe if you have not

Nom/Name: _____

Adresse/Address: _____

Métier/Occupation: _____

*Ce qui vous intéresse le plus dans Le FORUM section which interests you the
most:* _____

Je voudrais contribuer un article au Le FORUM au sujet de: _____

I would like to contribute an article to Le FORUM about: _____

Tarif d'abonnement par la poste pour 4 numéros

Subscription rates by mail for 4 issues:

États-Unis/United States — Individus: \$20

Ailleurs/Elsewhere — Individus: \$25

Organisation/Organizations — Bibliothèque/Library: \$40

Le FORUM

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719

SOEUR VIVIAN BOND, R.S.R. (1913-2010)

*-par Harry Rush, Jr.
East Millinocket, ME*



Elle est née le 14 octobre 1913, à Douglastown (Gaspésie) où demeurent ses parents, Thomas Bond, cultivateur, et Nora Morris, d'origine Irlandaise. Elle est baptisée le 15 octobre sous les prénoms Marie-Sadie-Vivian dans l'église Saint-Patrick. Elle était l'aînée! Ses trois frères et ses trois soeurs l'admiraient.

Elle fréquente les classes des soeurs du Rosaire. Elle les trouvait parfaites. "Une révélation sur ma vocation me fut communiquée un bon matin de mars, par soeur Saint-Bernardin-de-Sienne: "Vivian, votre place vous attend au noviciat le mois d'août prochain." J'avais dix-huit ans. Cette parole me décida. Un problème se présentait: Comment payer mon passage sur le train à Rimouski? Maman proposa alors une neuvaine à saint Antoine. Nos prières furent bientôt exaucées et le généreux bienfaiteur fut notre Curé Père Myles.

En arrivant au postulat le 30 juillet 1932, elle subit un choc: du français, toujours du français qu'elle ne comprend pas. Mais avec le temps, elle a appris des mots, et ensuite des phrases, grâce à la patience de ses compagnes.

Après six mois de postulat, elle prend l'habit des novices le 2 février 1933 et reçoit le nom de soeur Marie de Saint-Clarence, nom de son frère. La jeune novice a un but: réussir à parler le français et à l'écrire afin de pouvoir aller enseigner aux enfants comme les religieuses qu'elle a tant admirées dans sa lointaine Gaspésie. Elle a fait sa profession religieuse le 2 février 1935. En août 1935, sa soeur Louisa entre au Saint-Rosaire et qui prendra le nom de soeur Marie de Saint-Gabriel-de-l'Annonciation.

Sa carrière dans l'enseignement est bien entamée. De 1935 à 1937, la voilà aux États-Unis dans l'état du Maine à Frenchville où elle est institutrice. De 1937 à 1938, elle enseigne à Price, Québec et elle prononce ses vœux perpétuels le 15 août 1938. Elle retourne au Maine, cette fois à Millinocket où arrivent les Soeurs du Saint-Rosaire. Elle est alors une des cinq fondatrices de l'école catholique de Saint-Martin-de-Tours. Elle y est institutrice de 1938 à 1953, et ensuite à Frenchville de 1953 à 1961. Elle retourne à Millinocket de 1961 à 1964. Elle revient à Frenchville comme enseignante de 1964 à 1972.

Pendant toutes ces années d'enseignement à temps complet, elle a



Soeur Vivian Bond r.s.r

réussi, grâce à des cours d'été, à obtenir en 1957 un baccalauréat en enseignement du collège Notre-Dame-de-la-Merci de Portland, Maine; sa maîtrise en éducation de l'Université du Maine en 1960 et une maîtrise en bibliothéconomie en 1968.

De 1972 à 1980, elle est professeure de religion pour les élèves de la sixième à la douzième année tout en étant bibliothécaire à l'Université du Maine à Fort Kent. De 1980 à 1989, elle consacre ensuite ses neuf dernières années d'enseignement à la catéchèse à Frenchville. De 1989 à 1991, elle est directrice du Young Adult Program à Portland.

En 1991, elle retourne à la maison mère pour rendre service à la communauté comme traductrice. Elle enseignait la conversation anglaise aux enfants et aux adultes jusqu'à la fin.

Le 3 septembre 2010, soeur Vivian a une crise cardiaque. Il faut appeler l'ambulance qui la transporte à l'hôpital. Évidemment, il faut avertir ses étudiants de ne pas se présenter pour leurs cours le lundi suivant. Le 6 septembre, le médecin accepte qu'on la ramène à la maison mère. Mais, après plusieurs semaines en sursis, il faut se rendre à l'évidence, soeur Vivian devient plus faible et le 26 octobre 2010, elle abandonne tout doucement son âme entre les mains du Père.

Le 28 octobre 2010, la communauté est réunie pour accueillir le corps de notre chère soeur. Soeur Jeannette Roy, coordinatrice, s'adresse à l'assemblée: "Soeur Vivian nous laisse le témoignage d'une femme d'espérance, d'uneoureuse de la vie, chaleureuse, serviable et dynamique.

Le lendemain, les funérailles sont célébrées par l'abbé André Desjardins, aumônier. L'épître est lue par soeur Edwina Bouchard, une de ses premières élèves de Millinocket.

Soeur Vivian est restée en contact avec des anciens étudiants de tous âges. C'était une personne très aimable. Elle est également l'auteure de SHE WAS FOR REAL au sujet de Mère Marie-Élisabeth, notre fondatrice; A TIME FOR REMEMBERING l'histoire des soeurs du Saint-Rosaire depuis 100 ans aux États-Unis et autres oeuvres. Aussi, elle a eu une réelle passion pour l'enseignement, passion qui l'a accompagnée jusqu'à ses derniers mois. Puisse-t-elle reposer en paix. Soeur Vivian, merci du bout de chemin que nous avons fait avec vous.

(Cet article par Monsieur Harry Rush, Jr., Millinocket Est, Maine, est un précis de la biographie de soeur Vivian Bond, R.S.R. par les Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski, Québec.)



Soeur Vivian Bond r.s.r

14 octobre 1913-26 octobre 2010

Âge : 97 ans

À la Maison mère des Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire le 26 octobre 2010 est décédée à l'âge de 97 ans dont 78 ans de vie religieuse Soeur Vivian Bond dite Sr Marie de Ste-Clarence demeurant au 300, allée du Rosaire à Rimouski et autrefois de Douglastown, fille de feu monsieur Thomas Bond et de feu madame Nora Morris.

Les soeurs de la Communauté et les membres de la famille recevront les condoléances jeudi le 28 octobre 2010 à compter de 13h00 à la Maison Mère des Soeurs de N-D du St-Rosaire 300 Allée du Rosaire Rimouski (Québec). Les funérailles seront célébrées vendredi le 29 octobre à 14h30 en la Chapelle de la maison mère des Soeurs Notre-Dame du St-Rosaire et de là au Cimetière de la Communauté.

Elle laisse dans le deuil tous les membres de sa famille et de la Communauté ainsi que tous ses amis(es).

Merci du fond du coeur pour votre présence et votre soutien.



Remembered Generosity of a Small-Town Doctor and his Wife

-by Annette Paradis King

Gouldsboro, ME

I was born in a home setting in the year 1924. The doctor that attended my mother was a young practitioner who grew up in Bradley, Maine. His name was Dr. Arthur Pierre Latno. To me, he was the doctor that found answers to whatever health problems we encountered, but that is close to all that I knew about him from a child's perspective. As I grew older, stories told by my father were how everyone in town loved Dr. Latno, and I got to know these by heart. I recently learned more about the details of his life when Mrs. Louise Bain of Orono, Maine (a niece of Dr. Arthur P. Latno's wife, Florence Latno) was so kind as to forward her copies of reports from the Penobscot Times and the Bangor Daily News of his sudden death at the age of 36 years. His is a remarkable story about a man who came home after becoming a physician, to live among his people, many of whom were at that time destitute or in many cases too proud to ask for help.

The parents of Arthur P. Latno were Alexander and Josephine Latno of Bradley, Maine. This large French-Canadian family of six sons and two daughters lived well at a time of great poverty and educated beyond the majority of folks from our area in the early 1900s. He attended Old Town High School, one year at Boston University, and four years at University of Vermont Medical College where he earned his M. D. in 1919. He stopped his studies long enough to join everyone else to fight in the 1st World War before returning to complete his professional training in medicine. He opened an office in Biddeford but soon settled in Old Town. After his marriage to Florence Marcotte of Winooski, Vermont, they came to live in Old Town on Main Street.

My father admired the doctor immensely, which may have had much to do with Dr. Latno being very fluent in French as well as in English—surely a rarity in those days to know of an educated man who also spoke Papa's familiar dialect. He was my father's age. They had both served their country during the war, so it is natural to imagine their experiences of those days would have been one subject covered with ease whenever they would have found themselves together.

Mrs. Florence Latno's outstanding generosity soon became her signature, plus,

being the wife of the doctor that everybody loved she must have made quite a stir from the beginning. People soon realized how well suited their doctor and his new bride were, obviously united in dedicating countless hours to helping others. There may be people living who still remember Dr. Latno giving hundreds of high school students his encouragement those years when great discouragement was rampant. He was known for



Dr. Arthur Pierre and Mrs. Florence Latno are pictured here in 1923, the year they were married in Winooski, Vermont. Florence decided to continue living in Old Town following the death of Dr. Latno. In 1931. She is remembered for the active roll she played in both politics and social events all her life. At the age of 91 she was honored by the K of C as "Woman of the Year" for her outstanding work and accomplishments in the city of Old Town.

supporting athletics at his high school alma mater, providing the annual physicals even for those who couldn't pay the standard fee.

We didn't live in town nor were any of us in the upper grades those years he prac-

ticed. But Dr. Latno's presence and his wife's energy and great generosity had an effect on me, my brother, sister, and our parents, too. These memories remain precious endearments, but have been retold and rearranged so often that I question my accuracy. Nonetheless, the challenge to highlight these two wonderful people I'm willing to take, in thanks for the part that Dr. Latno and his beloved wife played in brightening my childhood.

There was a time for several years that Dr. and Mrs. Latno's openhandedness became the delight of our Christmas, for we were on their list for gift-giving. The doctor likely furnished the list for he would have known the needy. Mrs. Latno may have been the organizer during those Christmas seasons before The Great Depression got its name. Mrs. Latno may have collected all of the presents and perhaps even delivered everything herself. If she had helpers, I never heard. Nor do I have any further knowledge on how this practice might have developed. Her niece wasn't able to give a shred of light, either.

My father came home daily after walking the length of a couple hills, and a long street minus houses to eat his dinner at noon. These were times he told stories of happenings in town. I thought he knew everybody, which may not have been far from the truth as he saw, one day or another, everybody who came to the Post Office for their mail.

His December stories I loved more than any other, and I got to know them by heart. "Mrs. Latno was in town today," he'd begin by saying. "She stopped and asked how you children were and seemed interested in your behavior. She as much as asked me if you were excited about Christmas coming. I told her the three of you were walking to church mornings, saying your night prayers, and trying to be good, which isn't easy for a couple of you." These reports may have been my only connection to this angel my father painted in the air for us. Surely we must have felt that Dr. and Mrs. Latno were close to being an uncle and aunt for giving us gifts.

It was after Christmas, described in his usual animated detail, we heard how Mrs. Latno brought a box filled with gifts to the Post Office for Papa the custodian. For several years running, it would be a large box with warm items, fitting for each of our ages. Opening mine was the frosting on my cake, and it gets thicker and yummiest with age! The embellishments of warm thoughts are what are left. I think of the smiles this created and how their gifts were welcomed for their practicality. My sister and I even

(Continued on page 5)

(Dr. Latno continued from page 4)

pressed the wrappings flat with our hands and folded all the sheets with care knowing they'd be valued as outfits for the paper-dolls we cut out from the Sunday funnies that an uncle sent over every Monday!

Dr. Latno's life ended at the age of 36. He had submitted to a surgical treatment for a serious ailment at a Bangor hospital. His death resulted from the disease and shock of the operation. (BDN) His wife remained in their Main Street house the rest of her life. She never re-married. She was a teacher of piano, and involved in virtually every political and social organization going. In 1986, at the age of 92 (and still running the house), she was honored as woman of the year by the K of C in Old Town. Ending her thank-you speech that night she was going to say, "If you want me to do some work, let me know and I'll do it." But she left it out because she thought at



farming until his death. Josephine (Paradise) Latno, was born at Van Buren, Maine.

Arthur P. Latno, received his preparatory education in the public schools of Bradley, Maine, later graduating from the Old Town High School. Upon the completion of these courses of study, he entered Boston University where he remained for one year. He then transferred to the University of Vermont Medical School, and he graduated from there with the class of 1919, when he received his degree at Doctor of Medicine. Immediately thereafter he gained his practical training as an interned in the Fannie Allen Hospital at Winooski, Vermont. He removed to Old Town, Maine, where he

ARTHUR P. LATNO, Doctor of Medicine, a promising young surgeon of Old Town, Maine, was born June 1, 1894, at Bradley, Maine, a son of Alex and Josephine (Paradise) Latno, both now deceased. Alex Latno, the father, who was born at Three Rivers, Canada, was engaged in

began the practice of his profession. Dr. Latno has remained there since, carrying on a general practice of medicine and surgery, and building up a fine reputation as a physician. During the World War, Dr. Latno, who was studying at the time, served in the Medical Reserve Corps at the University of Vermont.

Despite the manifold duties which his profession entails, Dr. Latno has participated generously in civic affairs. In his political preferences he is independent, and he served for one year as city physician for Old Town. Among the learned organizations which pertain to his profession, of which he is a member, are the American Medical Association, the Maine State Medical Society, and the Penobscot County Medical Society. He is fraternally, affiliated with the Old Town Lodge, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, the Knights of Columbus, and the college fraternities, Phi Chi And Alpha Sigma. He is also a member of the Penobscot Valley Country Club and the Old Town High School Alumni Association, of which he has been president since 1920. He is a member of the American Legion.

Dr. Arthur P. Latno married, in 1923, Florence M. Marcotte, who was born at Winooski, Vermont. Dr. and Mrs. Latno attend St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Church.

Waterville Marilyn Lacombe Snipe- Growing Up Franco in Waterville

By Juliana L'Heureux

Waterville native Marilyn Leonie Lacombe Snipe delights in talking about her Franco-American heritage. Her growing up stories are entertaining and educational. She recently participated in an oral history project with Lea Esty, a French language student at the University of Maine in Augusta. Snipe can talk for days about her Franco-American stories. "I have all sorts of things to say about my French heritage," she says.

One of Snipe's French ancestors who arrived in Quebec in the 17th century was Renee Birette, who was among Les Filles du Roi (daughters of the King). These select Mademoiselles were adopted by King Louis XVI of France. They voluntarily left their families in France to settle in colonial Quebec where it was anticipated they would marry single soldiers and trappers. These Mademoiselles could return home if they chose not to marry, says Snipe. "It was gra-

cious of King Louis XVI to offer them the option not to marry," she says. Of course, most of Les Filles du Roi married soon after their arrival, which is why Franco-Americans can easily trace their family's genealogy to one of these pioneering women. Birette married Pierre Balan dit Lacombe, a widower from Bordeaux, France, who came to Quebec to fight for King Louis XIV

Snipe learned about her lineage to Birette from a childhood friend she met at St. Francis de Sales elementary school in the early 1950's. "All the French Catholic kids went to St. Francis de Sales school," says Snipe. Her third grade classmate and lifelong friend is Claire Poulin, of Auburn. Poulin was researching her family's genealogy when she discovered the two women were related to Birette.

After 50 years of friendship, Poulin and Snipe realize they are also cousins.



Waterville native

Marilyn Leonie Lacombe Snipe

(Continued on page 6)

(Growing Up Franco in Waterville continued from page 5)

Snipe was born in Waterville in the house her grandmother purchased at 58 Silver Street. Her grandmother Angelina Mathieu Lacombe arrived in Waterville by train in the late 1800's from Cookshire, Quebec. She purchased the house soon after arriving.

Because her grandmother was the oldest of 14 children, the younger siblings were drawn to join their sister at her big Waterville house.

Six of her grandmother's siblings eventually migrated to Waterville and moved into the house. Each new family carved out a huge private apartment from the space in the Silver Street house.

Snipe beams while telling stories about growing up with her parents, aunts, uncles and grandmother living in one subdivided house. "Everybody was related," says Snipe.

She recalls huge family Christmas

gatherings with the Quebec relatives who visited during the holidays. They all went to Midnight Mass at St. Francis de Sales Church, followed by the traditional Reveillons with Tourtiere and Buche de Noel. Live music was performed by relatives who played accordions, violins, banjos and spoons. They rolled up the carpets and performed clog dancing on the hardwood floors.

Among the Franco-American artifacts and family heirlooms Snipe owns is an antique piano which once played during the silent movies at Waterville's Bijou Theater.

The piano reminds her of soirees she enjoyed when the family gathered to informally entertain each other. Snipe wants to eventually donate the piano to a Franco-American museum, if one is ever permanently established in Waterville. Currently, The Kennebec Valley Franco-American Society supports "Museum in the Streets," a set of walking tour historic markers with written

narrative histories, located along Water Street.

Four handcrafted christening dresses were laid out on Snipe's dining room table when I visited her home in Waterville. These antique ceremonial gowns were customarily worn in the past by both boy and girl babies during their infant baptisms. Although the gowns were hand made to be worn by newborns, the abundant amount of yardage in the cloth garments was enough to fit a small adult. "This baby petticoat fits me," she beamed, while holding one of the precious garments along the length of her adult frame. "It's supposed to be worn by a 6 pound baby!" she said.

To commemorate their shared heritage, Poulin gave Snipe the gift of a special edition 2007 Christmas ornament dedicated to Les Filles du Roi, purchased from the American-French Genealogical Society.

Check the website www.afgs.org for information.



<http://www.freethekids.org/>

Free the Kids – A Haitian Missionary's Vision ©

By Juliana L'Heureux

Corporations and entrepreneurs might consider employing missionaries when developing their strategic plans. Indeed, missionaries are usually visionary people who God has granted with a gift for seeing what's possible, regardless of how impossible a situation may appear to be.

Father Marc R. Boisvert was able to see beyond the impossible in Haiti. His vision for Hope Village in Haiti is helping to build a future for many of the country's children. Today, he helps vulnerable Haitian children to grow up healthier and better educated than when he found them in desperate need. Hopefully, his successful efforts will lead children to grow into adults who will bring economic stability to Haiti, the poorest nation in the Western Hemisphere.

His missionary work in Haiti began 12 years ago when he left his Commission in the US Navy as a Lieutenant Commander in the Chaplain Corps to help Haitian children. The children named his efforts in Creole "Vilaj Espwa" or Hope Village.

Hope Village is situated on 140 acres of land located 15 minutes from

Les Cayes, which is the largest city in the southern department of Haiti.

Haitian youth in Hope Village find a better chance in life through the power and love of Jesus Christ. Spiritual, educational, social and professional values taught in the community are rooted in an authentic relationship with Jesus.

Children are nurtured in God-honoring, loving homes in a way that will impact the wider community, the nation and world.

"We've come a long way since 1998 when I first arrived here," writes Father Boisvert in his blog at www.freethekids.org. When he arrived, people lacked potable drinking water. Similarly, there was no efficient way to provide children with nutritious food. Today, 5 wells are providing hundreds of gallons of clean drinking water each day. Successful farming and agricultural programs help Hope Village to be less reliant on outside food sources, because in Haiti, the economy is volatile and food prices are very high, he says.

Hundreds of Hope Village children tested positive for tuberculosis only a few years ago. Many children easily contracted

preventable diseases like malaria, typhoid and dysentery. But, generous supporters, volunteer assistance and professional medical missions from the US are helping to improve the children's health. Today, the 754 children living in Hope Village range in age from 11 months to 20 years old.

"Hope Village is not confined to people suffering the effects of poverty," says Father Boisvert. "We work hard to extend the love of God to neighboring families who live beyond our gates," he says.

Still, Father Boisvert worries about the enormous health and economic challenges the Haitian children still face. He is concerned about John, who is finally starting to socialize after almost two years at Hope Village. He and his eight siblings were being cared for by a mother who was mentally handicapped before they arrived at Hope Village. Another child named Roro has also been at Hope Village for two years, but he may never fully recover from the malnourishment he endured before receiving help.

"Our clinic is always a madhouse because we care for our neighbors as well as our own," says Father Boisvert.

Father Boisvert, 60, is a Missionary Oblate of Mary Immaculate with the Haitian province. He was born in Lewiston, Maine. His parents were first generation Franco-Americans. In other words, Father Boisvert's grandparents were French-Canadians. He grew up with his 6 sisters in a tight Franco-American community where everybody spoke French as their first language. Not

(Continued on page 7)

(Free the Kids continued from page 6)

many Americans outside of Maine are aware of how closely Maine's Franco-Americans have protected their French language. As a matter of fact, when Father Boisvert was a child, he was shocked to learn that English was the official language of the United States.

His French language skills served him well when he was a US Navy Chaplain at the Guantanamo Naval Base in Cuba. He was able to help Haitian boat people while there. "My French came in real handy as it allowed me to reach out to the Haitians. It allowed me to establish a rapport which led to trust", he says.

Lieutenant (Chaplain) Boisvert was awarded the Defense Meritorious Service Medal for helping his commanding officer to communicate with the Haitian refugee boat people while he was temporarily stationed in Guantanamo.

Father Boisvert's vision for Hope Village began when he flew to Port au Prince in Haiti with his commanding officer to pick up Creole language Bibles for the boat people.

Haitian poverty stunned him. "I could not believe my eyes. I could not believe such poverty!" he said. So, 12 years ago he left the Navy to start a non-profit 501©3 corporation named Theo's Work, Inc., to fund missionary work in Haiti. Theo's Work, Inc. recently changed its name to Free the Kids, Inc.

Obviously, Theo is the Greek translation for God. But, in addition to the name's prayerful intention, Father Boisvert wanted the name to also honor his Quebecois grandfather, Theophile Boisvert. His grandfather drove the only large Packard vehicle in his Quebec village. He drove French-Canadian families to Maine from Quebec to help them start a new life. "I think about my grandfather when I'm working to give people a second chance," he says.

"My story is really quite boring when compared to the lives of these children," says Father Boisvert. Compelling stories, like 11 year old Nadi, who was kidnapped and repeatedly violated before she was rescued by neighbors. She now helps care for other youngsters.

In addition to the 754 resident orphans and vulnerable children in Hope Village, another 1,700 children are attending the schools and over 3,500 meals are served every day. Hope Village also builds homes for the poor.

Father Boisvert's vision for helping Haitian children has grown beyond his wildest dreams. "I couldn't imagine being part of an on-going miracle like Hope Village. Our work is challenging, but the gratification is amazing," he says.

Robert Morris is a Portland ME attorney who serves on the board of Free the Kids, Inc. He visits Father Marc whenever he can. "Father Marc's progress in Haiti is nothing short of miraculous," says Morris.

"Father Marc is a remarkable man. His dedication to helping Haitians flows from his love and respect for the people, his intelligence, his wisdom and his faith in God," says Morris. Thousands of people depend on Hope Village for support. Father Boisvert is a priest, a teacher, an administrator and counselor. Free the Kids, Inc. exists for one pur-



pose – to support Father Marc's work in Haiti.

Morris says Hope Village has grown in 12 years from being a one-room orphanage into a group of facilities that today provides health, education and humanitarian necessities for thousands of children and adults. Everyday Father Marc works tirelessly, from before sun-up until after sun-down to sustain the religious faith and the programs for people who rely on Hope Village for help.

Cynthia DeSoi, M.D. is a Lewiston pediatric neurologist and the medical director of Hope Village. She visits Haiti about twice a year to assess the medical needs of the children. She says the children experience complex health problems often related to poverty. "Our kids almost always suffer from malnutrition, parasites both dermatologic and intestinal, and emotional trauma when they first arrive. With time, those problems improve. We track their growth and they generally do very well in our program. What we need right now is a larger clinic, which is in progress and an electronic medical record system. Like-

wise, we need better routine preventive care like vaccines, dental care on a regular basis, and the ability to observe and treat children overnight. More funding for public health efforts like prevention of sexually transmitted diseases is badly needed," says Dr. DeSoi.

As expected, the needs of the Haitians have grown since the January 12, 2010 magnitude 7.0 earthquake and aftershocks, which devastated the country killing over 250,000 people. Beyond the deaths are the massive rebuilding projects necessary to develop a better Haiti. It will take years to rebuild and revitalize Haiti. Very little aid is making it outside of Port Au Prince and even less makes it to Les Cayes, where thousands migrated to escape the terrible conditions in Port au Prince.

Keeping Free the Kids, Inc., financially going is the board's job. To that end, several fund raising events are held in Maine every year. One benefit concert held in April 2010 in his hometown at the Lewiston Franco-American Heritage Center was a big success, raising \$3,400 for Free the Kids, Inc.

Father Boisvert returns to Maine at least once a year when he meets with supporters and attends the board's fund raising efforts.

Inspirational leadership created Free the Kids and Hope Village. Father Marc Boisvert is a missionary with God given visionary gifts. He saw beyond what could have otherwise been an impossibly overwhelming project. "People depend on Hope Village for so many things. They are the direct beneficiaries of his many talents and strengths," says Morris.

Information about the 501©3 Free the Kids, Inc. and Hope Village are available on line at:

www.freethekids.org

The End

Postscript biography of Juliana L'Heureux, author: Juliana L'Heureux is a professional registered nurse in Maine and a free lance writer. Her column Les Franco-Americans appears weekly in the Portland Press Herald.



Mère Sainte Rolande (Soeur Eugénie Demers)

*by Michael Guignard
Alexandria, VA*



*Soeur Eugénie Demers
(Soeur Sainte-Rolande)
15 mai 1907-22 janvier 2009*

À la Maison Bon-Pasteur, le 22 janvier 2009, à l'âge de 101 ans, après 83 ans de vie religieuse, est décédée sœur Eugénie Demers (S. Ste-Rolande) sœur du Bon-Pasteur de Québec. Elle était native de Ste-Émélie, Lotbinière et était la fille de feu monsieur Joseph Demers et de feu dame Amélie Beaudet.

Outre les membres de sa famille religieuse, elle laisse dans le deuil de nombreux neveux et nièces.

Le salon sera ouvert le samedi 24 janvier 2009 de 9h30 à 13h45. Le service religieux sera célébré le samedi 24 janvier 2009 à 14 heures en la chapelle des religieuses et l'inhumation se fera au cimetière de la communauté à Ste-Foy. La chapelle et le salon funéraire sont situés à la Maison généralice au 2550, Marie-Fitzbach, Québec.

Vos témoignages de sympathie peuvent se traduire par un don aux charités Bon-Pasteur, 2550, Marie-Fitzbach, Québec (Québec) G1V 2J2.

La direction des funérailles a été confiée à la Maison funéraire Lépine Cloutier Ltée 715, rue de St-Vallier Est, Québec



From time to time, the FORUM features stories and obituaries about religious sisters who taught in Maine for many years and who left an indelible impression on their students. The following is a short summary of the life of one such teacher, my 4th grade teacher, Mère Sainte Rolande, Eugénie Demers.

Mère Sainte Rolande was born in Leclercville, Québec on May 15, 1907. The town is situated on the south shore of the St.. Lawrence River about midway between Québec City and Trois Rivières. She was baptized on the day of her birth and was the youngest in a family of twelve. A brother who was a college student was her Godfather and a sister studying to be a nun served as her Godmother.

Mère Sainte Rolande entered the convent of the Servants du Coeur Immaculée de Marie (also known as the Good Shepherd Sisters) at the age of 18. She had been invited by cousins who were postulants in the Order to attend a retreat at a Good Shepherd Convent in Lotbinière, Québec. Of the thirty retreatants, ten entered the Order, including Mère Sainte Rolande.

During her long career that spanned 65 years, Mère Sainte Rolande spent 42 of those years in Biddeford-Saco. She taught at St.. Joseph's grammar school in Biddeford for 28 years until the age of 63 and then served as a receptionist at the Order's Bay View convent in Saco for another 14 years.

My initial contact with Mère Sainte Rolande came in the school year 1956-1957. As part of the baby boom generation, my classmates and I found ourselves in overcrowded schools, including St. Joseph's. Not to worry. The mayor of Biddeford from 1941 to 1955, who was elected annually, by the way, had conveniently arranged for Saint Joseph's parish to lease the Birch Street Public School, which was then empty, from the city--probably for \$1.00 a year. The school was across the street from St. Joseph's school and was referred to as St. Dominic's, although it was part of St. Joseph's school. How convenient, as the church lady used to say on Saturday Night Live. The ACLU would not have been pleased. Because the school was old and the bathrooms in poor shape, the Sisters decided to transfer only boys to St.. Dominic's, which in 1956, had three classrooms and a lunch room. (The lunch room was later converted

into an 8th grade classroom). We had one fourth grade class, one fifth grade class and one sixth grade class. Mère Sainte Rolande taught fourth grade, Mère Louis Chanel, fifth grade and Mère Ste..... Louise, sixth grade. Looking back on this experience, I marvel at Mère Sainte Rolande's ability to control a classroom of some 30 boys, who if my memory and hunches serve me right, tended to be the more obstreperous members of St. Joseph's 4th grade population. She was a diminutive lady, and some of her 4th graders, who had repeated grades, were as tall as she, but she kept order in the classroom and taught us to boot, in both French and English. Perhaps her first apostolate in the United States at Ste. Anne's Orphanage in Lawrence, Massachusetts gave her some training in handling young male ragamuffins. Sister taught us religion (in French), and French grammar, spelling and reading; we then studied English grammar, spelling and reading and history (in English). We did not study science. The Russians had not yet launched Sputnik. Mère Sainte Rolande's English was excellent even though I know now that she was not a native English speaker. I do not know where she learned her English, but she learned it very well.

I actually spent four years at St. Dominic's and saw Mère Sainte Rolande regularly. When she retired from teaching in 1970, I visited her at the Bay View Convent from time to time. We also exchanged correspondence. I was struck by her penmanship knowing that I was corresponding with a woman who was almost 100 years old. Her letters revealed a placid soul who had dedicated her life to God and took life one day at a time. She never complained about ill health or any aches and pains. Instead, she would inquire about my family. On May 15, 2007 the Good Shepherd Sisters celebrated Mère Sainte Rolande's 100th birthday. Several members of her family were able to attend the momentous event.

Mère Sainte Rolande passed away in January 2009 at the age of 101 at the Maison Mère of the Good Shepherd Sisters in Québec. She had entered the convent more than 80 years earlier. Her obituary took note of her "imperturbable serenity" and mentioned that in retirement she liked to knit "for
(Continued on page 9)

Pickled Green Tomatoes and the Hunt for Paul, Hus Paul et al

By Denise R. Larson
Bath, ME

The end of summer is heralded by the exuberant bloom of black-eyed Susans and a growing tenseness as I stare out the kitchen window and silently will the Beef-steak tomatoes to ripen before the first frost.

I play the what-if game. What if I have to pick them green and they don't ripen? What if I can't find Aunt Lucy's recipe for green tomato pickles? I'm not about to fry all of them, though there might be a Cajun recipe for that.

I go searching for the handwritten recipe that my aunt wrote in her elegant penmanship years and years ago and find the card tucked in with other notes. I have treasured the recipe because of the wonderful lady who gave it to me.

Aunt Lucy wasn't really my aunt. She was my father's cousin and a first cousin once removed to me, but my brothers and I respectfully called her "aunt." Aunt Lucy was the daughter of Delvina Bergeron and Adolph Paul. Adolph was the son of Joseph and Philomene Paul of St. Germain, Quebec, and Springfield, Mass.

When I started working on the ancillary lines of my family's genealogy, I found that the Paul family is inevitably linked with the Hus family. It quickly became the most confusing and interlaced French-Canadian genealogy I had ever encountered. I found that an ancestor in a branch of the surname Paul might have been known as Hus dit Paul or Paulet, Polet, Poulet, Paulus, or Hus alone. The surname Hus underwent spelling changes to Hu, Hust, LeHus, Hass, Huss, and even Boos.

Aunt Lucy's genealogy might be complex, but her recipe for green tomato pickles is simple and delicious. If Mother Nature con-

spires with Jack Frost and you have to gather your tomatoes in early, the recipe might come in handy. Whenever I eat green tomato pickles or relish, I think of dear Aunt Lucy.

Aunt Lucy's Green Tomato & Onion Pickles

Wash and drain 18 green tomatoes. Peel 6 onions. Slice them razor thin. Mix with 1/2 cup of salt. Let stand 12 hours. Drain.

Mix and tie in cheesecloth: 1 Tbls mustard seed, 1 Tbls celery seed, 2 Tbls mixed spices. Place spices in 4 cups of cider vinegar. Add 1 1/2 cups of sugar. Heat and boil 5 minutes. Cool slightly. Add tomatoes and onions. Simmer 20 minutes.

If packing into jars, bring to boil and place in hot jars. Seal at once.

Aunt Lucy wrote: "I then process them in hot water 5 minutes. I don't know if this is necessary but that's what I do."

Aunt Lucy confided in me that if I don't want to do the boiling water bit, I could refrigerate the mixture after simmering, which is what I have done with good results.



(Mère Ste. Rolande continued from page 8)

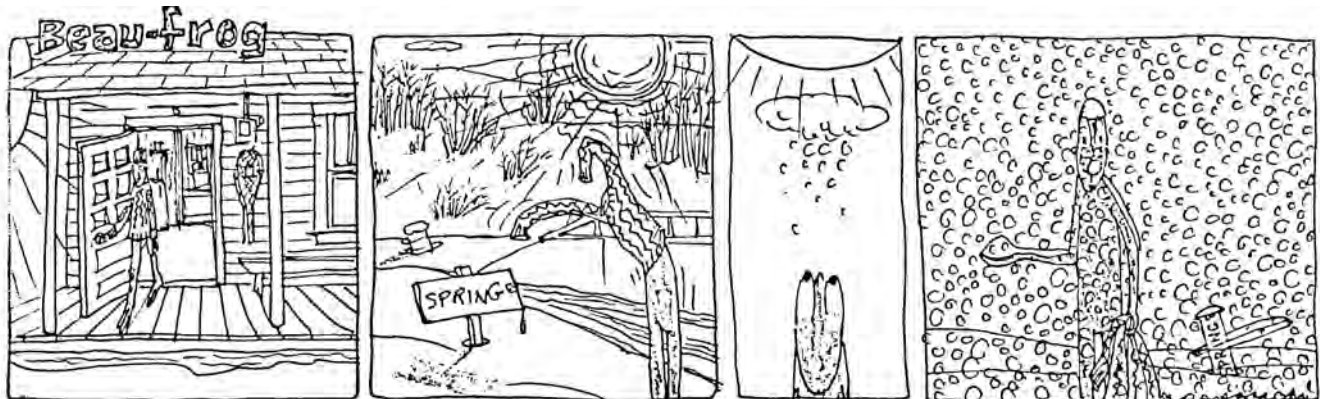
the poor," do crossword puzzles and word jumbles. She loved to entertain her nieces and nephews and their children and would memorize their names from photos so that when they visited, she would greet each relative by name without hesitation. She also received visits from former Biddeford students which, she wrote, she always enjoyed.

I ended a book I wrote about Franco-Americans of Biddeford, Maine with a summary of a conversation I had with Sister back in 1982. She had asked me if I still spoke French and whether I taught my kids French. I responded by saying I spoke a little French but was not teaching my children the language. She urged that I do so but added that, in any case, she was proud of her former pupils at St. Joseph's school. I did not know at the time how many students she had taught in Biddeford but realize now that the number was easily over 1,000. I hope that we all lived lives that would have made her proud of us.

I thought of Mère Sainte Rolande recently since the Good Shepherd sisters have just sold their Bay View Convent in Saco where Sister made her home for almost a decade and a half. What would she have thought? Having known her and having learned more about her in preparing this article, I am sure that she would have taken the decision in stride and accepted the move, which to people of an advanced age is a very traumatic event, as the will of God.

(See more from Michael on page 40)

"...the Good Shepherd seeks the suffering, heals the sick and carries the weak in his arms."



(N.D.L.R. Ceci est le cinquième 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

Tante Adrienne décida de réunir un conseil de famille, et elle demanda à papa d'y assister. Chacun pourrait exposer son point de vue sur notre situation.

Il y aurait, à ce meeting, mon oncle Jacques, mon oncle Alcide, tante Laura. Pour eux, la solution était déjà trouvée. Ils nous voyaient languir dans le Grand-Quatre, et à l'orphelinat de Trois-Rivières, nous aurions une meilleure éducation...

Papa tenait Émile et Rosélia dans ses bras, Rosa et moi, étions debout près de lui. Nous, les enfants, avions une peur bleue de l'orphelinat. Nous avons entendu mon père leur crier des injures, en les envoyant tous chez le diable. Il criait: "Jamais, je n'enverrai mes enfants à l'orphelinat. Je vais les garder avec moi! Dina n'aurait jamais voulu voir ses enfants élevés dans un orphelinat". Il prit la porte avec nous quatre. Papa pleurait.

Finalement, il a trouvé une terre dans le sixième rang à St-Boniface. Il a fait venir nos meubles de Waterbury. Nous avons enfin un vrai chez nous, nos propres lits et toutes nos affaires.

Papa travaillait dur, là où il pouvait: dans la côte de La Baie Shawinigan et d'Almaville. Papa connaissait son métier. Il faisait sauter les souches et les rochers. Parfois, lorsqu'il manquait son coup avec une charge de dynamite, il disait: "Aujourd'hui, tout allait mal, je me suis béni les gosses". C'était son langage garni de dentelle...

Pendant ce temps, Yvonne, Armand et Irène demeuraient à Waterbury. Yvonne qui devait se marier, a perdu son ami. Il tomba malade et il est mort. Elle a eu beaucoup de peine.

Ils étaient inquiets pour nous.

Irène revint pour de bon, à l'été. Nous étions fous de joie. Après, ce fut Armand, et Yvonne a suivi un peu plus tard.

La famille réunie à nouveau! Tous regroupés sous le même toit!

Yvonne s'est trouvée une place comme servante dans une maison privée. Cet hiver-là, elle travaillait chez Faïda Chainé au Grand-Quatre. Un dimanche soir, elle arrive

chez nous et elle me dit: "Cette semaine, je t'amène chez Faïda". Ma promenade n'a pas été longue. Je tombais malade. À l'âge de seize ans, je faisais des faiblesses du coeur (tachycardie paroxystique).

Tout de suite le lundi soir, j'ai été prise d'un malaise. Je ne pouvais plus parler. Je voyais le monde s'affairer dans la maison. Papa et Armand sont arrivés avec le vicaire Lemire. J'ai reçu les derniers sacrements. J'avais toute ma connaissance. Je ne voulais pas mourir.

En moi-même, je répétais: "Non, non, non". Tante Adrienne est arrivée, et elle m'a dit que j'aurais une belle place au Ciel, parce que j'étais pur à seize ans, mais en moi-même, je continuais à dire non, non, non.

Le lendemain, mon oncle Albert est venu. Il avait préparé un bon lit dans le grand sleigh. Ça faisait une grande boîte plate avec un petit siège en avant. Il a aidé papa à me ramener chez nous.

Papa m'a portée dans ses bras et mon oncle m'a recouverte doucement d'une peau de carriole jusqu'au cou. Papa et Yvonne sont restés avec moi, les yeux noyés de larmes.

Oncle Albert, debout à l'avant du sleigh, tenait les rênes, son cheval au galop, sur la route, je voyais déferler les petits sapins, plantés ici et là, dans la neige. Mon oncle a rencontré d'autres voitures, et il criait au charretier: "Clarez le chemin, clarez le chemin, j'ai une malade".

Rendu chez nous, il dit à papa: "Laisse moi la porter". Sa voix avait conservé l'autorité des patrons, mais je le voyais sous un jour différent. Je l'avais jugé à la manière des enfants, mais là, je voyais que ça lui faisait de la peine. Je n'ai plus eu peur jamais, et je l'ai toujours aimé pour ce qu'il avait fait pour moi.

Après ça, Yvonne a attrapé la fièvre typhoïde et elle est passée à un doigt de la mort. Elle fut transportée à l'hôpital Ste-Thérèse de Shawinigan. La soeur d'oncle Alcide qui était infirmière, Alma Gélinas, en a pris soin.

Papa avait eu son lot d'épreuves encore une fois.

L'automne d'avant, Rosa était entrée à l'hôpital de Trois-Rivières pour être opérée pour une appendicite aigüe. Elle nous avait fait une peur bleue, mais elle s'en est sortie rapidement.

À la mort de maman, papa avait eu quelques cheveux gris. En l'espace de cinq ans, il a blanchi. Ses cheveux sont devenus complètement blancs.

Un samedi soir d'hiver, Armand revient à la maison, et il s'est plaint à papa. Il bûchait toute la journée, et faisait l'ouvrage d'habitant pour sa nourriture. Nous n'avions pas le choix, mais papa lui a dit de ne pas y retourner. Il pourrait travailler avec papa et



aller vendre ses cordes de bois à Shawinigan.

Papa nous a toujours dit, aux garçons comme aux filles: "Si ça ne fait pas, vous reviendrez". Il nous a toujours protégés, et on pouvait se fier à lui en toute confiance. Il n'aurait jamais permis que l'un de nous se fasse maganer ou abuser à l'ouvrage.

Yvonne rétablie, elle se trouva une place chez le docteur Deschênes. Ce fut sa meilleure place. Une bonne nourriture et tout. Ils lui firent cadeau d'une grammaire et d'un petit dictionnaire.

Yvonne, au grand coeur, a toujours eu un regret. Le rêve de me faire instruire avait été englouti lui aussi avec la mort de maman.

Revenir au Canada revenait à dire: recommencer à zéro. Pour qu'il y en est une "d'instruite: dans la famille, elle me donna cette grammaire, afin que j'apprenne à lire et à écrire malgré tout.

Nous n'habitions pas loin du cimetière, et nous entretenions la tombe de maman avec amour et avec grand soin. Elle avait un épitaphe en bois. Plus tard, elle fut remplacée par une pierre tombale grise.

Nous y plantions des fleurs (pensées).

Nous nous sommes faits des amis: Eva et Parmélia Gélinas, la famille Racine et les Richard, nos voisins.

Nous avions du plaisir avec Philibert, Albert et Benoit.

Raymond Racine fut le copain d'Émile et Marie-Ange jouait avec Rosélia.

Lucien et Henri-Paul Richard, ainsi que leur soeur Marguerite jouaient avec nous.

Armand se joignait à nous, mais il avait ses propres amis. On faisait de longues promenades sur la ferme en parlant.

Aux temps des cerises, nous allions en cueillir afin qu'Yvonne fasse du vin. C'était son meilleur. Elle en faisait aussi avec du pissenlit.

Un jour, Armand Racine se fâcha contre son frère Philibert, parce qu'il avait roulé son pantalon jusqu'aux genoux. Très scrupuleux, il s'est plaint à sa mère en disant que Phil avait montré le poil de ses jambes aux filles de Lisée! Nous autres, on faisait des farces avec ça en disant qu'on aurait pas haï cela, voir un peu plus haut que le poil des jambes.

Dans cette famille, la moindre chose devenait un drame ou pire encore: un

(Suite page 11)

(Waterbury L'exilé suite de page 10)

scandale. Pauvre Phil! Un peu plus, il était mieux mort. Et nous, on trouvait ça drôle.

Mémère Racine est devenue une mère pour nous. Elle venait nous voir, nous conseillait et on l'aimait tous.

Joseph, Albert, Benoît, Philibert, Raymond et Marie-Ange, c'était tout comme notre famille. Ils étaient comiques, surtout Albert. On jouait aux cartes, on chantait. Armand commençait une chanson à répondre et toute la gang répondait. On s'amusait. Philibert était le plus beau.

Yvonne aimait Armand Racine. Il était poli et il avait de bonnes manières

Les Racine prenaient, à la cachette de leur mère, des tartes et de la crème, et ils nous en apportaient. À l'automne, pendant la saison des pommes, ils nous disaient: "Ce soir, nous allons aux pommes, vous laisserez vos fenêtres de chambre ouverte". Et tard dans la nuit, on entendait: bang, bang. C'était les pommes qui revolaient dans nos chambres.

Une fois, Armand est allé avec eux. Ils ont choisi le pommier du curé. Ils ont été pris sur le fait. Ils se sont sauvés à toutes jambes pour glisser dans la "fosse". À cette époque, les installations sanitaires, comme la fosse sceptique, n'existaient pas. Ils sont revenus, empestant autour d'eux. Pouah!

Les gars ont dû payer cinq dollars d'amende.

Armand aimait composer des ritournelles et chansons. L'une d'elle se chantait comme cela:

*À cinq piastres la pomme, ça coûte
chère la bouchée Vaut mieux s'en passer
que d'en voler*

Armand aimait taquiner et rire aux dépens des filles. Papa avait beau lui dire de ne pas les tourmenter pour rien, mais on aurait dit que c'était plus fort que lui. Les yeux moqueurs, il disait: "Te souviens-tu Eva quand on jouait à l'habitant? Tu faisais ma petite vache et Irène la petite vache de Léo!" Irène et Eva rougissaient pendant qu'Armand avait le sourire fendu jusqu'aux oreilles.

Nous avons joué aux fermiers, étant petits. Pour moi, cela avait été des jeux innocents, alors je me suis demandée pourquoi Eva et Irène s'étaient crues obligées d'aller à la confesse.

On était à l'âge des jeux et des fous rires.

Avec le voisinage, nous formions comme une grande famille. Le monde s'entraidait. Durant la Dépression de 1930, les gens crevaient de faim. Nous avons connu des Lamontagne et un frère à mon oncle Luc-



Armand Racine et Yvonne

ien, René Désaulniers ainsi que les Rivard qui tiraient le diable par la queue. Nous partagions avec eux des pommes de terre et des choux.

Les Rivard allaient se chercher une vache là où elle était: dans le champ! Les habitants s'apercevaient qu'il y en avait une qui n'était plus dans leur troupeau. Ils se demandaient bien où elle était passée. Ils ne la retrouveraient jamais plus. Personne ne déclarait personne. De l'argent, il n'y en avait pas. Les gens ne mangeaient pas dans de la vraie vaisselle. Parfois, le père avait son assiette, mais nous, si on s'adonnait à partager leur repas, les assiettes étaient fabriquées à partir de couvercles de chaudière dont on avait dentelé les bords. Les tasses, c'était des "bouco" (bocaux).

Il y avait au menu, de la galette de sarrasin, du pain dur et un peu suri. On arrivait au dessert, et on était satisfait avec de la mélasse et du pain.

Chez d'autres gens, qui ménageaient sur tout, il y avait un grand plat de crêpes faites avec un seul oeuf, donc, cela n'était pas bon.

Le thé Salada, il fallait aussi le ménager, ainsi que la viande.

Un jour, je me rappelle, j'avais dix-sept ans, et on manquait de nourriture. Papa décida d'aller nous chercher de la viande, même si ce n'était pas le temps de la chasse. Il est revenu avec un chevreu (chevreuil). Il l'a suspendu à une poutre au plafond pour le débiter.

Le fameux garde-chasse, qui demeurait à St-Boniface, s'introduit chez nous. Il voulait le chevreu et \$25 d'amende en plus. Papa lui dit: "C'est pas un chevreu, c'est un veau".

Tremblay répond "C'est un chevreu".

Alors, papa a décroché son fu-

sil et il a foncé sur Tremblay en disant: "C'est-tu un chevreu ou un veau?" Tremblay, blanc comme un drap, a reculé en disant: "C'est un veau, c'est un veau".

Pour papa, c'était nous enlever la nourriture de la bouche...Il était au désespoir. Sur la galerie, il a tiré deux coups de fusil en l'air. Tremblay a sauté dans sa voiture et papa lui a crié: "Si tu reviens, mon Coulisse, tu vas faire des pistes de fesses!"

J'ai toujours admiré mon père pour avoir fait pisser Tremblay dans ses culottes. Papa n'avait pas volé le chevreu, et à supposer qu'il n'y avait pas d'autres façons de manger convenablement, je n'ai jamais vu où était le mal là-dedans.

C'est un souvenir qui ne s'est jamais effacé de ma mémoire.

Papa échangeait de la viande de chevreu pour de la farine, de la graisse et du sucre avec le boulanger de St-Boniface, Hermas Boisvert. La famille Boisvert fut spéciale pour nous. Ils sont les seuls, de qui on a eu quelques choses, sans se sentir pour cela, endetté envers eux. Lorsqu'ils faisaient leur "ronne", une fois qu'ils avaient terminé, ils s'arrêtaient chez nous, les bras pleins de quarts de pain, qu'ils déposaient sure notre table pour rien du tout.

Et papa continua à passer au nez de Tremblay avec un chevreu, caché dans sacordebois.

La vérité, disait papa: "À moins d'avoir la tête dans les nuages, c'est qu'il faut se débattre pour ce que l'on a besoin".

Ce fut des années bien dures.

Ce n'était un homme courageux qui nous a montré à s'aider et à s'aimer dans les plus grosses épreuves.

Un soir, les frères Racine étaient chez nous. Armand Racine courtisait Yvonne sérieusement. Toujours distingué, il aimait le bon parler français, et au besoin, il se servait du dictionnaire. Il a, d'ailleurs, toujours été pour l'instruction.

Jack, son frère, en parlant, utilisa le mot: **quousiment**.

Armand Racine prend la parole et dit: "Ce n'est pas un vrai mot ça **quousiment**, encore si tu disais quasiment, mais le vrai mot, c'est: **presque**". Jack dit: "C'est un vrai mot et je peux te le prouver". Il fit un geste de la main, le pouce et l'index à peu près à un pouce de distance, et il dit: "Si ton nez se rend à ça de mon cul, y's'ra **quousiment** dedans". On a trouvé que **quousiment** était un vrai mot.

Tante Laura nous faisait des remontrances au sujet de notre parler, parce qu'on ne se privait pour dire ce que l'on voulait dire avec les mots qu'on connaissait,

(Suite page 12)

sans faire de détour. On était comme cela.

Maman avait gardé plusieurs mots anglais dans son langage. Chez nous, on disait: Clothes pin, cake, mop, garbage, can.

Pire encore, papa inventait des mots. Riganière pour hémorroïde, trigoderie pour malhonnête. C'était le sel et le poivre de son langage.

On disait aussi le: sideboard. Chez certains, ça se prononçait: sacboat. C'était un gros bahut. On en avait eu un au Petit-Quatre. C'est là-dedans que maman conservait ses albums de souvenir, etc.

J'en ai vu un chez tante Angéline, tante Rébecca et chez tante Adrienne. C'était le plus beau meuble du temps, et les petites mères étaient fières d'en posséder un.

Nous avons commencé à travailler comme servantes dans les maisons privés. Les servantes se faisaient attaquer. On mettait en pratique le: "Si ça fait pas, vous reviendrez". Ce n'était pas des mots en l'air. On se sentait vraiment protéger par papa.

Alors, j'ai appris très jeune à ne pas faire confiance à tous les hommes et à repousser leurs avances. Après s'être sauvée entre les vaches, on apprenait...à se méfier et à éviter les chambres à lait et l'étable où se trouvait les chaudières. Si elles (servantes) voulaient l'avouer, c'est certain que ça n'arrive pas qu'aux filles à Lisée, ces choses-là.

Entre nous, on s'avertissait: "Fais y attention au bonhomme, il est cochon!" On les voyait venir de loin, avec leurs manigances.

Heureusement, ils n'étaient pas tous comme cela. Mes deux meilleurs employeurs furent Trefflé Lampron du sixième rang, et Ovide Gélinas, un des frères de mon oncle Alcide. Des descendants du frère d'Izaak: Joseph. Ovide et papa étaient des petits cousins.

Ceux-là étaient fidèles à leur femme qu'ils aimaient.

Ovide a voyagé, lui aussi, du Canada aux États Unis. Je les avais accompagné chez le médecin. Sa femme se plaignait surtout de sa "colonne". Ovide, toujours patient, était foncièrement honnête et bon.

Le soir, on se promenait sur le trottoir du village. La jeunesse faisait ça dans le temps.

Au Grand-Quatre, il y avait de très belles filles: Simone Désaulniers, Marie-Laure Béland, Médérise Gélinas, Marie-Jeanne Pellerin et Antoinette Gélinas, la soeur de Camille. Elles étaient toujours tirées à quatre épingles, et elles battaient tous les records de beauté. En effet, il y eut un concours de beauté, et les garçons choisissaient celle qui était la plus belle. En tête, les favorites étaient Antoinette et Irène. Le choix était difficile, et

personne ne pouvait se décider entre les deux.

Nous étions tous fières. Irène, si timide et pourtant la plus belle de la paroisse. Cet honneur rejaillissait sur toute notre famille. Elle avait de beaux cheveux roux, avec du doré, et ils descendaient sur ses épaules en ondulant. Chose curieuse, elle n'avait pas de tache de rousseur comme Yvonne et moi.

Faut croire qu'on regardait pas trop mal, les filles à Lisée.

Une fille qui aimait nous "snober", nous avait demandé à Rosa et à moi, devant plusieurs jeunesses, voir si on avait qu'une ROBE. On en avait seulement deux, et c'est sûr qu'on était souvent vêtue avec la même. Nous n'étions pas riches, c'est vrai, mais on avait une qualité que nous avions hérité de nos parents: on abaissait jamais une autre fille, et nos amis l'ont été pour le reste de la vie. Nous n'étions pas prétentieuses et surtout, on savait rire, même de nous.

Cependant, si quelqu'un de la famille se faisait faire une injustice, les griffes nous sortaient et on était prêt à se battre contre le mal qui avait été fait. Toute la famille en était affectée.

J'ai appris très vite que si tu veux quelque chose, ça ne tombera pas du Ciel, faut que tu le gagnes, et que le bon Dieu, nous laisse avoir nos misères, et c'est à nous de s'en sortir.

Irène a cassé avec Albert Racine et plus tard, avec Lucien Richard. Nous avons expérimenté nos premières peines d'amour. On courait se réfugier dans les bras de papa, et on pleurait sur son épaule. Il nous consolait en disant: "Ma pauvre enfant". Je parle de papa tout le long de ma vie, toutes les fois où j'ai eu recours à lui.

Le chagrin d'avoir perdu maman si jeune m'a marquée, mais papa a été très spécial pour nous tous.

Les gens étaient sociables, et ils payaient la traite à l'occasion. Papa faisait son Whisky.

Ça se faisait la nuit. On suspendait des draps dans les fenêtres pour cacher la lumière. L'alambic était prêt, nous, on devait pas faire de bruit, car c'était défendu, et il n'aurait fallu que quelqu'un se fasse prendre en faisant sa propre boisson. Mais moi, tout comme papa, je n'ai jamais vu où était le mal là-dedans.

Armand et papa prenaient un test qui consistait à verser le liquide dans une cuillère et à la faire flamer avec une allumette. Lorsqu'ils voyaient une flamme, ça voulait dire que c'était prêt. Mais à force de faire des tests, à la fin de la nuit, ils chantaient tous les deux: "Prendre un petit coup, c'est agréable, prendre un petit coup, c'est doux..."

Papa, le chapeau sur le bord de la tête, chantait, et le danger de se faire prendre ne le dérangeait plus.



Après avoir demeuré cinq ans au sixième rang, à St-Boniface, on est allé rester à Shawinigan. Je me suis inscrite à l'école technique sur la rue de la Station. J'y allais trois soirs par semaine afin de ne pas perdre mon anglais. Par la même occasion, je voyais des garçons.

Ce déménagement avait bien des avantages. C'était plus facile d'être servante. Les familles étaient moins nombreuses et on demeurait à l'intérieur des maisons. On risquait moins de se faire ahaler.

Arrivés en ville, nous avons été bien surprises de voir ce qui se passait. Dans notre bloc, nous étions huit familles. Nous autres, on demeurait au quatrième étage.

C'était au temps de la deuxième guerre mondiale et de la vraie pauvreté.

Notre beau Shawinigan, avec tous ses clochers, son boulevard, et ses parcs, avait aussi ses bordels. Sur le chemin de Ste-Flore, il y avait "Le pon du roux" et le parc Bellevue, et sur la route de Trois-Rivières, il y avait aussi "La côte cachée".

Au Pont du Roux, il se louait des petites cabanes. Un homme est allé fêter là un samedi soir; il s'est fait battre et voler pour aller finir dans la rivière. Il a été retrouvé, mais comme il n'avait pas d'eau dans les poumons, on a conclu que c'était un meurtre.

Quelques années plus tard, sur son lit de mort, un vieux garçon avait fait demander un prêtre, et tout haut, pour être entendu par les autres, il a avoué avoir participé au meurtre du Pon du Roux.

Au parc Bellevue, sur une petite montagne, une prostituée s'est fait tuer. Elle a été trouvée nue, plantée sur un piquet, les seins coupailés. Elle était supposée avoir des "mauvais maux". Les enquêtes n'étaient pas longues pour ces cas-là.

Ceux qui n'avaient pas d'auto, on pouvait les voir traverser le pont de Shawinigan et ils faisaient l'amour à "La tête de la Chûte". De grands malheurs, il y en a eu

(Suite page 13)

(Waterbury *L'exilé suite de page 12*)

dans le temps. Les petites venaient travailler en ville, loin de leurs parents, souvent, elles tombaient dans les pattes des loups.

Une belle jeune fille s'est jetée en bas du pont sur la St-Maurice quand elle s'est vue enceinte.

Nous avons connu une fille de vie qui se faisait battre, casser les deux jambes, et elle avait les yeux au beurre noir souvent.

Je n'aurais jamais changé de vie avec la leur. C'est pour ça que papa nous répétait: "Ne m'apportez pas de scandale, les petites filles".

Une "guédoune", ça racontait tout. Il y avait des ménages qui semblaient heureux et rien ne se déclarait. Nous autres, un gars qui frichait partout et qui allait dans ces endroits, on en voulait pas.

Une veuve de notre bloc allait à l'hôtel Vandôme, se vendre pour quelques piastres afin de nourrir ses enfants et les vêtir. Une autre aussi, du deuxième étage, se vendait en attendant que son mari revienne de la guerre.

Et nous, on voyait défiler les clients selon un horaire régulier, comme établi d'avance.

Nous étions au courant de la vie. On avait les deux peids bien à terre, et celles qui voulaient être dans les nuées, on ne disait rien, mais on riait et parfois ça nous fâchait.

Pour combler le plateau, ça arrivait qu'un homme marié amène sa maîtresse chez sa femme, c'est hypocrite à mon goût. Si il avait eu une cloche dans le cou, ça aurait sonné pas mal...

Papa ne voulait que l'on juge quelqu'un, car c'était peut-être des gens malheureux, mais pour nous: être prostituée, c'était la fin du monde. Papa disait: "Ne crachons pas en l'air, ça peut nous retomber sur le nez, et on ne sait jamais ce qui peut arriver à notre famille".

Il nous disait aussi: "C'est la misère qui a amené ces deux femmes à se vendre, elles ne sont pas méchantes, elles rendent service à ceux qui en ont besoin". Nous, on les haïssait pas, mais ça nous paraissait étrange.

Papa ne croyait pas à l'Enfer et au Péché Mortel. Il estimait que du monde comme nous autres, ça faisait leur possible. Il disait: "Le bon Dieu, c'est pas un sauvage". La foi de nos parents, c'était beau!

Papa a été embauché à l'Aluminium. Comme il pouvait se débrouiller en anglais, il est devenu chef de gang (contremaître). Il dirigeait une équipe d'ouvriers, et pour lui, c'était facile de parler avec l'ingénieur, Monsieur John Forbes.

Papa avait sa manière à lui de travailler, et si monsieur Forbes lui imposait sa manière, il s'apercevait bien que le résultat n'était pas aussi bon.

Je lui aidais le soir à remplir les papiers, mais monsieur Forbes devint un familier de notre maison alors, il faisait lui-même ce travail. J'ai eu l'honneur de l'accompagner à des banquets d'ingénieurs à Québec et au Mont-Royal à Montréal.

Il y eut aussi le Chat Frigon qui venait chez nous. C'était le député de la Mauricie dans ce temps-là. Il demeurait dans une grosse maison de pierre grises, voisin de la Cascadine, sur la septième rue.

Il accordait des octrois à papa. Pas des gros montants mais cent ou cent-cinquante piastres. Le docteur Trudel aussi venait chez nous avec le député. Ils lui trouvait de l'ouvrage.

Aussi, ils aimaient savoir ce que pensait papa sur tel ou tel sujet. Le docteur Marc Trudel demeurait sur la quatrième rue, et il a été élu député à son tour. Ils arrivaient par la ruelle, par la porte d'en arrière, ils n'étaient pas gênants du tout. Papa leur donnait un pipée de tabac qu'il tranchait lui-même. Je ne sais pas pourquoi, il mettait quelques morceaux de pommes dans son "bouco" de tabac.

Papa parlait à tout le monde: député, habitant ou quêteux, il ne faisait pas de différence.

Un souvenir me fait encore rire, c'est la première brosse d'Émile à ses dix-huit ans.

Philibert Racine arrive du chantier avec sa poche (paquets) chez nous et il décide de déniaiser Émile et de l'amener au "saloon".

La soirée se passe. Onze heures, minuit, etc. Pas d'Émile ni de Phil. Irène et papa étaient inquiets raides. Quatre heures! Émile entre avec Phil. Irène et papa avaient les yeux verts!

La journée du lendemain se passe. Après le souper, on récitait la prière en famille suivi de chapelet. Entre une dizaine, papa s'arrête et dit: "Cette dizaine, on va la dire pour qu'Émile se convertisse". Émile se relève, furieux, en disant: "Torieux! Dites-en une de plus parce que j'y retourne". Et il claqua la porte. On part à rire, pas capable de finir de la prière. Papa s'est mis à rire avec nous autres et il dit: "Coulisse! J'cré ben que je ne me suis pas pris de la bonne manière".

Pauvre père Lisée, on a été bien avec lui. Du moment qu'on ne lui apportait pas de scandale, il était heureux.

Papa aimait bien arrêter au bar le samedi soir. Tant qu'à moi, je n'ai jamais trouvé rien de mal à prendre un verre de bière. C'est d'abuser de ces choses qui n'est pas bien.

Je me rappelle un samedi soir en particulier, Irène avait l'habitude de l'attendre. Soudain, elle l'aperçut dans l'allée ... un peu éméché. Il avait l'air pressé sans bon sens. Il faisait chaud, et toutes les portes des loyers étaient ouvertes. Papa entre précipitamment dans le loyer du troisième chez Dennis et Paula. Papa a pénétré d'urgence dans le

cabinet. Ils se regardaient en se demandant ce qui se passait. Ils n'ont pas dit un mot.

Ce n'est que sur leur "trône", que papa s'est aperçu de son erreur, en voyant leur vrai papier de toilette, tandis que nous, on découpait des petits carrés de gazette qu'on suspendait à un clou. Les voisins l'ont entendu dire: "Coulisse! J'chus pas chez nous icitte". Il sortit et monta en haut. Dennis et Paula ont ri longtemps à propos de cet incident.

Avec papa, on apprenait que la famille, c'était plus que les frères et les soeurs. C'était la parenté qu complet. La famille élargie, et il les visitait tous.

Tant que mon sang se mêle à leur sang, c'est ma famille. Et cela était sacré.

"Quand la guerre est finie, pourquoi continuer à tirer du fusil". C'est comme ça qu'on a appris à ne jamais tenir rancune dans une famille.

Souvent la maison s'emplissait de petites cousines qui arrivaient de la campagne pour chercher du travail. Il fallait partager ce qu'on a vait: patates fricassées, crêpes, etc., parce que c'était la famille.

On installait chez l'oncle Lisée et on avait la promesse qu'à l'automne, ils nous apporteraient des patates. Ils ne l'ont jamais fait, mais ça ne faisait rien, car papa savait chasser, et au besoin, il nous en trouverait de la viande.

Tante Délina demeurait sur la troisième rue, à quelques blocs de nous.

Elle avait un petit bonhomme: Paul et comme nous, elle ne se chauffait pas avec du bon bois sec. Émile et Paul avaient leur petite "barouette" et ils montaient la "ripe" au quatrième étage. Ça travaillait jeune, aussi dans cette famille.

Entre-temps, Yvonne avait épousé Armand Racine.

Il y avait les Boisvert du village St-Boniface. Florian m'accompagnait au concert le mardi soir, au parc. Nous fûmes de grands amis, sans couchette, rien. Des gars bien sympathiques!

Il y avait Rodolphe Garceau qui venait me chercher et on allait danser. Rendu à la veillée, chacun était libre de passer la soirée avec qui il voulait.

Nous avions un peu plus de vêtements. Fini le temps où l'on avait que deux robes.

J'en avais une en taffetas de couleur bleu et une autre de couleur fushia. Rosa en avait une que était rose et une autre en crêpe de soie rouge feu, serrée à la taille et toute godée. Tante Rébecca nous avait montré à se faire des brassières.

On préférait les couleurs solides aux fleuries.

State Sen. LeBeau and State Rep. Morin Submit French Canadian American Day Bill in Conn.

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT

On Thurs. Jan. 20, 2011, Conn. State Sen. Gary LeBeau of the Third District and State Rep. Russ Morin of the 28th District, submitted Proposed Bill No. 383 entitled “An Act Establishing French Canadian American Day” to the Committee on Government Administration and Elections (GAE). The text of the proposed bill is: “Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in the General Assembly convened: That section 10-29a of the general statutes be amended to establish June twenty-fourth of each year French Canadian American Day.” The purpose of the proposed bill is: “To recognize the contributions of persons of French Canadian heritage, who compose the fifth largest ethnic group in the state.” There are no hyphens for the terms “French Canadian” or “French Canadian American” in the text of the proposed bill.

The GAE Committee accepted written statements by e-mail, also called “electronic testimony,” on Proposed Bill No. 383 until 3:30PM, Thurs. Feb. 24, 2011. A total of three persons submitted statements in support of the bill by e-mail: Odette Drouin Manning, Robert A. Bourgeois, Ph. D. of Albertus Magnus College, and me.

On Fri. Feb. 25, 2011, the GAE Committee held a public hearing on the bill in

Room 2B in the Legislative Office Building that began at 1:00PM. A total of five persons spoke in support of the bill. Odette Drouin Manning was the first and only woman to speak before the committee, and she read her electronic testimony, which can be found on the website of the Connecticut General Assembly: <http://www.cga.ct.gov/>.

I spoke next in favor of the bill, and I asked the committee to consider renaming the bill to: “Franco-American Day,” because the term has been used for more than a century to mean “French-Canadian-American.” I presented several histories that use the term “Franco-American,” from *Les Franco-Américains de la Nouvelle-Angleterre, 1776-1930* by Yves Roby, 1990, to *Franco-American Life and Culture in Manchester, New Hampshire: Vive La Difference* by Robert B. Perreault, 2010, and the documentary, *Franco-Americans We Remember*, produced by New Hampshire Public Television, 1999. I noted that there is only one professionally published history that uses the term “French-Canadian” in the title, *The French-Canadian Heritage in New England* by Gerard J. Brault, 1986. I presented several books of Franco-American literature. One was *Lonesome Traveler*, because the novelist, Jack Kerouac, identified himself as a Franco-American in

his introduction to his novel. I presented four volumes of the nine-volume set, *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*, published by the National Materials Development Center for French and Creole in Manchester, N.H., 1981.

A member of the GAE Committee asked me if the term “Franco-American” were used for the bill, would there be confusion, since the term “Franco-American” is more often used in context with France. I acknowledged that there could be such a confusion, since the term “Franco-American” seems to have fallen into disuse, at least in conversations in Connecticut, despite the fact that there are four organizations incorporated in the state that use the term – Union des Franco-Américains du Connecticut, the Franco-American Civic and Social Club in Willimantic, the Franco-American Social Club in Waterbury, and the Franco-American War Veterans, Post 26 in New Britain – while only one uses the term “French-Canadian” – the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut. My anecdotal example to the committee was from a conversation with Reference Librarian Emily Chasse whom I have known for nearly ten years at Central Connecticut State University in New Britain. She is a native of Kentucky and her husband’s family always called themselves French-Canadian, and she never heard the term “Franco-American” to mean “French-Canadian-American” until I mentioned it to her on Thurs. Feb. 24, 2011. After I finished speaking to the committee, I left my stack of books with a clerk for anyone on the committee or
(Continued on page 15)

On the Trail of Josée Vachon

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT



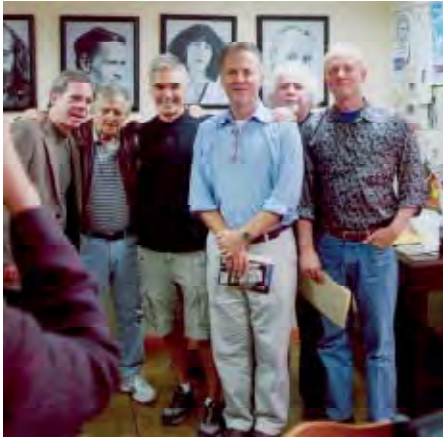
“Josée Vachon performs at a packed Lowell Senior Center in Lowell, Mass., at the culmination of *La Semaine Franco-Américaine*, Sat. June 26, 2010. On stage with Josée is a Franco-Lowellian on the spoons. **Photo by Albert J. Marceau.**”



“Josée Vachon performs at the Second French-Canadian Festival in Rotary Park in Putnam, Conn., on Sat. Sept. 11, 2010. Josée noted that one time, there were 18 Franco-American festivals each year throughout New England, and many of them have since ended. She said that she was pleased to be at a new festival. **Photo by Albert J. Marceau.**”

Souvenirs from Lowell Celebrates Kerouac 2010

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT



"Authors, scholars and a friend of Jack Kerouac at the Dharma Buns Sandwich Co. on 26-A Market Street in Lowell, for Lowell Celebrates Kerouac (LCK), Sat. Oct. 2, 2010. Left to right are: Paul Marion (Atop an Underwood), Billy Koumantzelis (in front of a pen and ink drawing of Jack Kerouac), Jay Atkinson (Paradise Road), Stephen O'Connor (Smokestack Lightning), unidentified, and David Daniel (Coffin Dust). **Photo by Albert J. Marceau.**"

(State Sen. LeBeau and State Rep. Morin continued from page 14)

the witnesses in the room to look at them.

A man in his late thirties testified in support of the bill, and he asked the committee to consider renaming the day to the "French-American Day," to commemorate all French-speaking immigrants and their descendants. A man from Putnam spoke in support of the bill, and he clearly stated that he was not concerned which name would be used, as he said in his own words: "no matter what the name." State Sen. Lebeau spoke in favor of the bill, longer than the allotted three minutes for each speaker, and he emphasized the work ethic among "French-Canadian-Americans" which helped to build the United States. None of the five mentioned the Acadians, or their holiday of August 15th. State Rep. Morin did not testify before the GAE Committee because he is part of the said committee. There were an additional 20 Franco-Americans who witnessed the hearings, most associated with the French Social Circle of East Hartford. The transcripts of the oral testimonies will be available on the website of the Connecticut General Assembly in the future, likely by the end of April 2011.

After Sen. Lebeau testified, the Franco-



"Billy Koumantzelis and Jay Atkinson talk in the Dharma Buns Sandwich Co. on 26-A Market Street in Lowell, for Lowell Celebrates Kerouac (LCK), Sat. Oct. 2, 2010. Billy



Koumantzelis was a friend of Jack Kerouac, and was one of the pallbearers on the day of his funeral at St-Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell, Oct. 1969. Koumantzelis simply attended the LCK 2010, and would talk to anyone informally about Kerouac. He was also selling copies of his CD, *On the Lowell Beat: My Times with Jack Kerouac* by Billy Koumantzelis, with an unusual ploy, of \$5.00 heads, \$10.00 tails. (I purchased one copy for \$5.00.) Koumantzelis is on Facebook. Jay Atkinson, before the photo was taken, was signing copies of his latest book, *Paradise Road: Jack Kerouac's Lost Highway and My Search for America*. **Photo by Albert J. Marceau.**"

"Brent Mason of New Brunswick performs at Dharma Buns during LCK 2010, Sat. Oct. 2, 2010. Unlike the apolitical Jack Kerouac, Mason sung about the wars in the Middle East in his song, "When Worlds Collide," from his CD, both kinds of music. In 2002, he released an album with a title similar to Kerouac's most famous novel, *hitcher on the road*. **Photo by Albert J. Marceau.**"

Americans went into the hallways outside of Room 2B for informal conversations. Sen. Lebeau, who was having a lively conversation with Helene Labrecque and other women of the French Social Circle, teased me a little on my argument in favor of the term "Franco-American" because I was wearing a navy-blue polo shirt with the words: "French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut, Inc. 1981" embroidered on it. He noted that my shirt did not have the words: "Franco-American Genealogical Society" on it. I just smiled and shrugged my shoulders, and I told him that I already gave my arguments.

The hearing was an early step of Proposed Bill No. 383 on its way to become a law. After the hearing, the proposed bill will be debated by the GAE Committee, concerning the testimonies submitted by e-mail and in person, and then the committee will vote on it. If it will pass the GAE Committee, it then will go to the State Senate Screening Committee, where it again will be debated, and it will be voted upon. If it will pass the State Senate Screening Committee, it will go the State Senate, where it again will be debated, and it will be voted upon. If it will pass the State Senate, it will go the House Screening Committee, where it again will be debated, and it will be voted upon. If it will pass the House

Screening Committee, it will go to the House. If it will pass in the House, Gov. Malloy has the option of signing it into law, or vetoing it.

State Rep. Morin told me after the hearings that to help insure the passage of the bill, people in Connecticut who support it should contact their state senators and representatives, and ask them to vote in favor of the bill. The means to find your local state senator and representative is to find the information on the website for the Connecticut General Assembly: <http://www.cga.ct.gov/>. The January 2011 Session for the Connecticut General Assembly will end on June 8, 2011.





MON ACADIE

Une Conférence

par *Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso*

Alliance Française de Bergen County, Ridgewood, NJ

le 20 avril 2010

Quand on mentionne l'Acadie ou les Acadiens, il y a deux questions qui surgissent: Où est l'Acadie? et Qui sont les Acadiens? À bord d'un bateau pour observer les baleines il y a quelques temps à Cheticamp en Nouvelle Écosse où on voit partout l'étendard acadien flottant au dessus des maisons, un monsieur a interpellé notre jeune guide, "ce drapeau représente quel pays?" Nous reviendrons à cette question. Bien sûr, vous connaissez les Cajuns, et leur cuisine et leur musique. Ils sont les gens de langue française arrivés en Louisiane vers la fin du 18e siècle qui venaient de plusieurs endroits de l'est de l'Amérique où on les avait déportés...Mais alors, pour comprendre tout ça, on doit retourner au passé avec l'aide d'un peu de géographie. Je vais essayer de répondre à ces questions en vous racontant un chapitre de l'histoire nord-américaine

que vous ne connaissez probablement pas. Je sollicite votre indulgence parce qu'il est nécessaire de la connaître pour y répondre.

L'histoire de l'Acadie a commencé en France. Le 28 juin 1604, une des premières expéditions françaises, celle-ci montée par Samuel de Champlain et Pierre Du Gua, Sieur de Mons, est arrivée auprès des Etchemins, comme les Français appelaient les autochtones (en anglais les *Passamaquoddy*), à l'Île Sainte-Croix, petit îlot situé sur le fleuve du même nom entre ce qui est actuellement le Maine et le Nouveau Brunswick. Si vous allez à Calais, Maine, le Service des Parcs Nationaux américains, en collaboration avec le Service des Parcs canadiens, maintient un terrain commémoratif d'où on peut voir l'Île. On a célébré le quadricentenaire de l'arrivée de Champlain en 2004.

Secouée par le vent, l'Île Ste-Croix

n'était pas accueillante, et 35 des 79 pionniers, presque la moitié, ont péri de faim, de froid et de scorbut pendant le premier hiver. Alors, au printemps de 1605, la colonie a traversé la Baie française (*Bay of Fundy*) pour s'installer à Port Royal sur la côte nord de l'actuelle Nouvelle Écosse. Des expéditions successives ont apporté d'autres colons du nord et de l'ouest de la France. Ils ont prospéré et ils se sont étendus dans la région qu'on a nommé l'Acadie, par la suite. Ils étaient experts à récupérer la terre par moyen d'aboiteaux ou de digues. Vous pouvez voir des copies d'une série de six peintures de Claude Picard de Saint Basile, un compatriote du côté canadien, sur la déportation des acadiens: <http://www.landrystuff.com/cpicard.htm>. Les originales sont au *National Historic Site* à Grand Pré en Nouvelle Écosse. La première, "**Le Paradis terrestre**," représente leur vie idyllique au début.

Il y a deux différentes versions sur l'origine du nom Acadie: On dit que Verazano avait exploré l'endroit et l'avait nommé *Arcadie*, d'après le pays du bonheur de l'ancienne Grèce. L'autre version, plus plausible, nous vient du nom Cadie des indigènes, ce qui signifie un morceau de terre. C'était la première colonie européenne au nord de la Floride. Des Huguenots sont arrivés en Floride au 16e siècle, mais les Espagnols les ont chassés de l'endroit. D'autres efforts de colonisation de différents pays n'ont pas réussi, ainsi qu'une expédition française menée par Jean Ribout en 1562 en Caroline du sud près de l'actuel Hilton Head qui n'a pas survécu. Donc, la colonisation de l'Acadie a précédé celle du Québec en 1608, et la première colonie anglaise de Jamestown en 1607, et, bien sûr, l'arrivée des pèlerins à Plymouth en 1620, événement célébré à la fête nationale américaine de l'Action de Grâce (*Thanksgiving*). La France avait fondé une colonie en Amérique après l'Espagne, mais avant l'Angleterre.

L'Acadie a changé de mains plusieurs fois entre les Français et les Anglais dans les guerres pour la domination du territoire nord-américain aux 17e et 18e siècles. Les Acadiens, victimes de ces tiraileries, étaient nommés les Français neutres (*the French Neutrals*) pour leur refus de porter armes contre leurs confrères et, en revanche, contre les Anglais lorsque les Français prenaient le pouvoir. Comme vous le savez bien, l'Angleterre a gagné définitivement au début du 18e siècle, et les Acadiens ont dû faire serment d'allégeance à l'Angleterre. Voir la 2e peinture de Claude



[Peinture de l'Île Ste-Croix par, et avec la permission de Don Cyr, Lille, ME]

(Suite page 17)

(MON ACADIE suite de page 16)

Picard, “**Le Serment d’allégeance.**”

À cause de bonnes relations entre les Acadiens et les indigènes, les Anglais avaient peur d’insurrection. Au milieu du siècle, ils ont demandé un serment inconditionnel qui aurait exigé que les Acadiens portent armes contre les Français s’il y avait une autre guerre. Ils ont refusé. On a utilisé leur refus du nouveau serment comme prétexte pour instituer une déportation en 1755 qui a duré jusqu’en 1763. Ceux qu’on a pas pu capturer et déporter sont devenus fugitifs. La 3e peinture est nommé – “**L’Ordre de Déportation.**”

On appelle cette diaspora “Le Grand Dérangement.” Il n’y a pas de nombre précis, mais on figure que 10,000 Acadiens ont été embarqués par force à bord de vaisseaux, avec seulement leurs vêtements et ce qu’ils pouvaient porter, séparant beaucoup de familles comme dans la 4e peinture, “**Le Départ Vers L’exile.**” Imaginez cet embarquement au milieu de confusion dans le froid de l’automne. J’ai vu à la télévision la purification ethnique (*ethnic cleansing*) de la déportation de famille kosovars en Serbie en 1999. La ressemblance aux Acadiens était frappante, sauf que pour les Acadiens les conditions étaient bien plus primitives, et sans le regard de l’univers par moyen de France 2 ou de CNN. Personne n’est venu à leur aide. Ensuite, on a incendié leurs habitations et leurs fermes: 5e peinture, “**On incendie leurs villages.**” Les bestiaux, abandonnés sur terre, ont dû se débrouiller.

On estime que 20% de ces gens, donc 2,000, ont péri dans des naufrages et de faim, de froid, de variole – et de chagrin – dans le fond des soutes des bateaux. Pour les empêcher de se réunir, on a débarqué les survivants en petits groupes tout au long de la côte atlantique. Imaginez des familles séparées qui essaieraient de se réunir à cette époque. Il n’y avait pas de Croix Rouge, de téléphones ou de fax pour les aider à se retrouver. Les colonistes ne les voulaient pas. En Acadie, ils étaient autosuffisants et indépendants, mais leurs biens consistaient de fermes, d’habitations et de bestiaux. Comme l’argent ne circulait pas comme aujourd’hui, ils sont arrivés dans les colonies anglaises avec rien. Ils ont souffert de disette et ils ont subi beaucoup de difficultés. On les a vendu comme servants synallagmatiques (*indentured servants*). Des enfants séparés de leurs parents ont été élevés par des colonistes, perdant leur identité.

On en a rapatriés. Je dis “rapatriés” entre guillemets, parce qu’ils avaient habité l’Acadie depuis un siècle-et-demi et pour plusieurs générations. Ils ne connaissaient plus la France et ils ont eu du mal à s’adapter.

En Acadie ils étaient libre et autonome. Leurs querelles et problèmes légaux étaient décidés entre eux-mêmes. Ils ne connaissaient plus le système agricole français. Pour les Français, ils étaient un fardeau. On a essayé de les nourrir, les héberger et les placer, mais un grand nombre a quitté pour revenir au nouveau monde.

D’autres captifs ont été emprisonnés sur place. On en a envoyés dans des prisons anglaises et même aux Îles Malouines (*the Falkland Islands*). Après un temps, plusieurs de ceux qui avaient été débarqués le long de la côte atlantique se sont réunis pour essayer de retourner en Acadie, 6e peinture, “**Migration et retour.**” Mais, l’Acadie n’existait plus. Le terrain, déjà occupé par des Écossais et des Anglais, avait été renommé la Nouvelle Écosse.

Encore d’autres Acadiens ont quitté la Nouvelle Angleterre pour la colonie française de Louisiane. Le terme Cajun est une déformation du mot Acadien. Il faut aller dans la région de Lafayette au sud-ouest de la Louisiane si vous voulez visiter les Cadiens, comme ils se nomment. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, le poète renommé du Maine du 19e siècle, dans son poème épique “*Evangeline*,” a raconté cette histoire pour la première fois, bien que se soit une dramatisation des faits historiques. On a célébré en 1997 le sesquicentenaire de sa publication en 1847. En 1929, on l’a aussi filmé avec Dolores Del Rio et Roland Drew qui ont joué les protagonistes, *Evangeline* et Gabriel. La statue du personnage fictif d’*Evangeline* a été érigée à Martinville en Louisiane. La chanson “*Evangeline*” est devenue un hymne “national” pour les Acadiens.

Pour esquiver la drague anglaise, un bon nombre de fugitifs se sont cachés dans les forêts ou chez les indigènes. Il faut encore essayer d’imaginer les conditions dans lesquelles ils se trouvaient en plein hiver sans abri et avec seulement ce qu’ils avaient pu apporter avec eux quand ils ont quitté leurs domiciles à la dérobee. Plusieurs sont allés au Québec, et d’autres se sont cachés en petits groupes dans l’actuel Nouveau-Brunswick. Après la révolution américaine de 1776, beaucoup de Loyalistes (c’est à dire qui étaient loyal à l’Angleterre), et qui n’étaient plus les bienvenus auprès des révolutionnaires américains, ont quitté les colonies anglaises pour Sainte-Anne (maintenant Fredericton) au Nouveau-Brunswick. Cette arrivée a causé beaucoup de friction entre eux et les Acadiens qu’on a encore bousculés. Les Acadiens ont dû partir encore une fois de l’endroit. On les a chassés et on a brûlé leurs abris. Pendant la décennie de 1780, ils ont commencé à arriver dans la vallée supérieure

de la Rivière Saint-Jean, et de nos jours on commémore l’arrivée de seize de ces familles qui ont débarqué à Saint-David sur la rive sud vers 1785. Ils ont réussi à s’installer sur les deux côtés du fleuve pour fonder la colonie du Madawaska. Les Malécites, de la grande nation autochtone abénakise, habitaient déjà la région. Il y a deux interprétations à propos de la signification de la nomination malécite de Madoueskak: soit “pays des porcs-épics” ou bien “un endroit placide et calme à la rencontre de deux rivières.”

Le terrain madawaskayen, étant toujours disputé entre l’Angleterre et les États-Unis, en 1842, par le traité Webster-Ashburton, le haut Saint Jean est devenu la frontière entre les États-Unis et le Canada coupant ce pays en deux. Cet accord a séparé un peuple cohésif en deux groupes politiques – Canadiens sur la rive nord du fleuve et Américains sur la rive sud. Pour moi, le résultat est que je suis américaine au lieu de canadienne. À partir de la fin du 18e siècle, des Acadiens du Québec qui avaient épousé des Québécois ainsi que leurs parents et familles sont arrivés des côtes du Saint-Laurent au Madawaska, ce qui a réuni ces deux groupes francophones nord-américains qui ont formé le Madawaskayen. Comme la plupart des Francos nord-américains, ma lignée ancestrale sort de divers milieu – à partir de la royauté jusqu’à un ancêtre, Jean Chassé, de la lignée de ma grand-mère paternelle. On lui avait donné le choix d’émigrer de Besançon au nouveau monde ou d’être incarcéré pour ses activités de faux saunier, c’est à dire, la vente illégale du sel, un privilège réservé à la royauté à l’époque. Ma généalogie est un mélange de Québécois et d’Acadiens arrivés de la France au début du 17e siècle et qui ont déjà habité le nouveau monde pour 12 générations.

Après la longue errance de 30 ans entre la déportation et l’arrivée au bord de la Rivière Saint-Jean, qui me rappelle l’exode biblique, leur éducation avait été transmise oralement de leurs ancêtres ou par des prêtres itinérants. Cela n’implique pas une pauvreté de vie culturelle. Pour ceux qui sont conscients de l’ethnographie, je témoigne d’un microcosme des autres endroits acadiens. Nos gens se nourrissaient de chants, de danses, de quadrilles et de contes de “Ti Jean” et d’autres histoires qui prenaient des heures à raconter, comme “La Bête à sept têtes.”

Ils ont aussi composé des complaintes, qui sont des poèmes musicaux chantés sur un timbre, c’est à dire sur un air déjà connu de l’auteur et de son auditoire. La complainte des franco-américains raconte la tragédie de com-

(Suite page 27)

PIERRE BÉLANGER

2 March 1759 - 17 March 1834

La Rive Sud or Lower Canada —by Jim Bélanger, Hollis, NH

The towns on the south side of the river were referred to as “de la Riviere Sud”. The region was also often referred to as Lower Canada. For example, there is a St Pierre on the Isle of Orleans and a St Pierre on the south side of the river, in the county of Montmagny. One is referred to as St Pierre, I.O. (for Isle of Orleans) and the other is called St Pierre de la Riviere Sud (St Pierre of the river south) or St Pierre du Sud (St Pierre of the south).



LIVING ON THE SOUTH SIDE

The Belanger family is now really entrenched on the south side of the river St Lawrence. Its ties to the north are there but the family is now heading east and will never return to its ancestral lands.

Pierre was the 7th of 10 children of Ignace and Marie Genevieve Gagne. He was born on 2 March 1759 at St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud in Montmagny County in the Province of Quebec. Pierre was baptized on the same day he was born. Growing up in a family of five girls and four boys along the river St Lawrence was an adventure in itself. The farmland there is flat and stretches for miles in a southerly direction. The river rises and settles with the ocean tides but almost never floods the farming land. Deep ditches were dug into the ground to bring river water into the fields in several rows which stretched along the planted rows of crops for irrigation. The water was not put onto the crops directly as it contained too much salt. The water was allowed to settle into the trenches and wet the soil on both sides so that the crops got their water through osmosis. By the time Pierre grew up, French Canada was under English rule but the English allowed the French to operate a self determining government and most of the French population really saw no differences.

The information available from archives and research material for the period 1760 to about 1900 certainly does not fill volumes. For the most part, information is only available from church records and these include little else besides birth, baptism, marriage and death information. The activities of the people themselves is not recorded where it might easily be found.

2 NOVEMBER 1805

Pierre appeared before a notary public named Simon Fraser at St Jean Port Joli on 2 November 1805. Also present were Charles Gagnon, a farmer from St Jean, and his wife, Marie Elizabeth Dupont. Pierre and the others were before the notary to finalize and record a purchase and sales agreement for some land that Pierre was buying from Charles Gagnon and his wife. The recorded document goes into great detail, and legalese of the period, about who was there and why. In summary, however, Charles Gagnon and his wife, Marie Elizabeth Dupont, were selling a piece of land in St Jean (this was most probably St Jean Port Joli) containing two and a half arpents of frontage by ten arpents in depth to Pierre who was a resident of St Roch. There were no buildings on the land but Pierre was to get anything else that he found there. Pierre had inspected the land and was satisfied with what he was getting and the Gagnons were willingly conveying all title to the land and whatever improvements may be found on it. This clause was usually included so that the sellers could not later claim that they had cleared the land and made it more valuable. They also promised to never lay claim to any portion of the land as long as Pierre paid as had been arranged. This particular piece of land was situated in the “first row” and was bordered in the front by the tenant farmers, along the rear by the buyer (Pierre), on the southeast by the tenant farm of Jean Baptiste Michaud and on the northeast by land of Francois Bois. The piece of land was further described as being land the Gagnons received by a transfer from the previous owner, Joseph Boucher. Pierre promised to pay the Gagnons and their heirs the sum of 4,000 livres of which 3,000 was paid immediately as a down payment and the remaining 1,000 was due sometime during the month of June following. The document was signed by Francois Verreau (merchant

and witness), Raphael Fournier (witness), Marie Elizabeth Dupont and Simon Fraser (notary) who witnessed the promise made between Pierre Belanger and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gagnon. There is no indication as to why Pierre and Charles did not sign the document or even make their mark on it.

26 JUNE 1806

We find Pierre Belanger again appearing before the notary Simon Fraser on 26 June 1806. This appearance, with witnesses, is to complete the previous purchase and sales agreement made between Pierre and Charles Gagnon and his wife. Charles Gagnon is now listed as a resident of St Patrice in the Seigneurie of Riviere du Loup. Charles attests that he has received, from Pierre Belanger, farmer from St Roch, the sum of one thousand livres which satisfied the debt owed for the land purchased the prior November. Charles promises, in front of the notary and witnesses, that this sum satisfies the balance of the agreement and that he quits all rights to the property. This document is signed in the afternoon of 26 June 1806 in the presence of Louis Fournier and Joseph Boucher of St Jean. The document further states that since Louis Fournier and Charles Gagnon are unable to write, they made their mark on the paper after the document was read aloud to them. The only signatures were those of Joseph Boucher and notary Simon Fraser. Again, Pierre does not sign nor make his mark.

1-The French word RANG, which means ROW, was often used to describe land which was arranged in rows leading to the river. In today's use this has become synonymous with the word “street”.

(Continued on page 19)

(PIERRE BÉLANGER continued from page 18)

FAMILY OF MARIE
MARTHE TALBOT

France had been trying to restrain the fur trade even to the point of selling licenses to the "coureurs de bois". Many resented this as they felt that hunting and trapping was a right not to be abused or restricted by France. When English rule came, the English were very interested in the fur trade and the French were allowed to explore and expand westward without interference from France. The French had been promised, by the English, that if they remained peaceful and did not create any discontent, they would not be disturbed and could be free to practise their religion and do their trapping. The French of New France quickly became loyal to England and remained loyal even through the American Revolution. The influx of new settlers from England firmly established the English speaking settlements of Nova Scotia.

The Indian threat was not something of the past in Pierre's day. Indians still posed a constant threat even during days which appeared peaceful. Pontiac, chief of the Ottawas, was probably the most fierce Indian leader of all time. He systematically eliminated all settlements and garrisons west of Niagara except Detroit. Alexander Henry tells, in his book, about one specific incident in 1763. The Indians planned a game of lacrosse for the fourth of June, the king's birthday. Since it was a holiday, the gates of Fort Michilimackinac were open. During the game, the ball was thrown toward the fort and the Indians swarmed through the open gates. Within minutes every soldier and English trader within reach was killed.



PIERRE AND HIS
BROTHERS AND SISTERS

- 1 Ignace Belanger-180

Birth	25 Sep 1747	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Baptism	27 Sep 1747	Berthier sur Mer, Montmagny Co, Que
Death	24 Jun 1805	St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
Burial	26 Jun 1805	St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
Ref #	180	
Spouse	Angelique Ouellet-461 (1754-1777)	
Marriage	2 Oct 1774	St Anne de la Pocatiere, Kamouraska, Que
Spouse	Catherine Soulard-462 (1734-1802)	
Marriage	27 Oct 1777	St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
Spouse	M Louise Gauvin-463 (-)	
Marriage	21 Sep 1802	Kamouraska, Kamouraska Co, Que (St Louis)
- 2 M Marguerite Belanger-1829

Birth	24 Nov 1749	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Baptism	25 Nov 1749	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Death	8 Feb 1835	Montmagny, Montmagny Co, Que
Burial	10 Feb 1835	Montmagny, Montmagny Co, Que (St Thomas)
Ref #	1829	
Spouse	Isaac Langlois-2110 (-1810)	
Marriage	11 Jan 1773	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Spouse	Jos Pelletier-2111 (1749-1823)	
Marriage	27 Aug 1810	Montmagny, Montmagny Co, Que
- 3 M Genevieve Belanger-1830

Birth	28 Oct 1751	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Baptism	30 Oct 1751	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Death	12 Jan 1797	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Burial	14 Jan 1797	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Ref #	1830	
Spouse	Francois Xavier Vaillancourt-1834 (1743-1773)	
Marriage	1770	
Spouse	Louis Marie Picard-Destroismaisons-2112 (1753-1800)	
Marriage	11 Jan 1773	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
- 4 M Francoise Belanger-1831

Birth	29 Apr 1753	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Baptism	29 Apr 1753	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Death	26 Dec 1837	St Michel, Bellechasse, Que
Burial	28 Dec 1837	St Michel, Bellechasse, Que
Ref #	1831	
Spouse	Augustin Morin-2113 (-)	
Marriage	17 Sep 1779	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
- 5 Jean Baptiste Belanger-1832

Birth	25 Mar 1755	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Baptism	25 Mar 1755	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Death	20 Feb 1840	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Burial	22 Feb 1840	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Spouse	M Reine Boulet-2115 (-)	
Marriage	8 Oct 1785	St Frs du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
- 6 M Anne Belanger-1833

Birth	18 Mar 1757	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Baptism	18 Mar 1757	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
Death	15 Jul 1814	St Jean Port Joli, L'Islet Co, Que
Burial	18 Jul 1814	St Jean Port Joli, L'Islet Co, Que
Ref #	1833	
Spouse	Alexis Morin-2114 (1759-)	
Marriage	3 Aug 1784	St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que

(Continued on page 20)

(PIERRE BÉLANGER continued from page 19)

- 7 Pierre Belanger-148
 Birth 2 Mar 1759 St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
 Baptism 2 Mar 1759 St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
 Death 17 Mar 1834 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Burial 19 Mar 1834 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Ref # 000148
 Spouse M Marthe Talbot dit Gervais-149 (1764-1834)
 Marriage 18 Jun 1781 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 8 Francois Belanger-2106
 Birth 1 May 1761 St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
 Baptism 1 May 1761 St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
 Death 5 Jan 1834 St Michel, Bellechasse, Que
 Burial 8 Jan 1834 St Michel, Bellechasse, Que
 Spouse M Louise Morissette-2108 (1754-1821)
 Marriage 12 Jun 1786 St Michel, Bellechasse, Que
- 9 Madeleine Belanger-160060
 Birth 1 Jul 1764 St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
 Baptism 1 Jul 1764 St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
 Death 31 Aug 1764 St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
 Burial 31 Aug 1764 St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
 Ref # 160060
 Marriage
- 10 M Reine Modeste Belanger-2107
 Birth 27 Nov 1765 St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
 Baptism 28 Nov 1765 St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que
 Death 1 May 1799 St Jean Port Joli, L'Islet Co, Que
 Burial 3 May 1799 St Jean Port Joli, L'Islet Co, Que
 Ref # 2107
 Spouse Pierre Belanger-723 (1762-1836)
 Marriage 17 Oct 1786 St Pierre de la Riviere du Sud, Montmagny Co, Que

ST ROCH DES AULNAIES

St Roch des Aulnaies was founded about 1627, at the same time as the Company of One Hundred Associates was formed. Unfortunately, the land where St Roch is located had been taken by the English, being out of the protection of the fort at Quebec and not returned to French rule again until 1632. Nicolas Juchereau of Saint Denis was granted the Seigneurie des Aulnaies by the «Compagnie des Habitants», which was similar to the Company of One Hundred Associates, in the fall of 1645.

The granting of this seigneurie was certainly a family affair. Jean Juchereau came from France. He was born about 31 March 1592 at St Aubin de Tourouvre and died on 7 February 1672 in Beauport. Now, Jean had a brother named Noel who had been a member of the original Company of One Hundred Associates and held an important post in the government of New France. He had been involved in the administration of New France since 1632, was licensed to practise law, a member of the Royal Council and was a clerk in the Company of Habitants. The Juchereau family married into the Giffard

family and there was nobody closer to nobility than that. Jean's son, also named Jean, married Marie Françoise Giffard, daughter of Robert Giffard on 21 November 1645 at Quebec. His brother, Nicolas, married Marie Therese Giffard, daughter of Robert Giffard. Since Giffard had access to most all land donations, it was a foregone conclusion that Noel Juchereau would be granted a seigneurie. This one was called the Seigneurie des Aulnaies and was located in the heart of St Roch. The seigneurial manor and mill is still located there in 1996 and open to the public for visits. It is about a mile east of the town center and the church at St Roch.

The church, as it exists in 1995, has been rebuilt. Almost directly across the street from the church is the Belanger house. It looks much like the house in Beauport did before the exterior was coated with white adobe type mortar. It is a stone house and is lived in. The exact age of this house and which Belanger built it is not known to this author. The church was not established at St Roch until after 1681. Much of the religious activity was conducted by traveling mission-

aries from the other parishes. It was not until 1750 that a resident priest came to St Roch, M. Charles Gareault. The residents had gathered material to build the first chapel in 1721.

The Peace of Paris, signed in 1763, formally brought the war to an end when Pierre was just 4 years old. France only retained the two small islands of St Pierre and Miquelon in the Gulf of St Lawrence. Britain and Spain divided the continent between them with the Mississippi River as the boundary line. The English rule did not cause French families to relocate, however. They had fought and died to protect their lands and they decided to continue living on the land that had nurtured their families. Although France no longer had any holdings in New France, its peoples remained and lived under English rule. Pierre was born to a world known as British North America.

When Pierre grew up he met Marie Marthe Talbot dit Gervais from St Roch des Aulnaies. St Roch is a town located just east of St Jean Port Joli and west of Riviere Ouelle. It is quite a distance from St Val-lier, Berthier sur Mer and St Michel when thought of in the mode of travel for the period. However, roads had begun to be built in the regions and travel depended less on the riverway. This is apparent from the distances children moved from the family home.

Pierre and Marthe Gervais dit Talbot had 21 children although the exact number is questionable.

(Continued on page 21)



*Location of
Saint-Roch-des-Aulnaies
in Quebec*

(PIERRE BÉLANGER continued from page 20)

- 1 M Marthe Belanger-102472
 Birth 19 Apr 1782 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Baptism 20 Apr 1782 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Death 22 Apr 1782 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Burial 23 Apr 1782 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 2 Pierre Belanger-102473
 Birth Jul 1783 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Death 23 Jul 1783 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Burial 24 Jul 1783 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 3 Anonyme Belanger-18813
 Birth 12 Jul 1784 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Death 12 Jul 1784 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Burial 13 Jul 1784 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 4 Pierre Belanger-102474
 Birth 18 Nov 1785 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Baptism abt 18 Nov 1785
 Death 22 Nov 1785 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Burial 29 Nov 1785 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 5 M Marthe Belanger-102475
 Birth 25 Dec 1786 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Baptism 25 Dec 1786 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Death 7 Feb 1787 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Burial 9 Feb 1787 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 6 Francois Belanger-181
 Birth 29 Feb 1788 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Baptism 29 Feb 1788 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Residence 23 Jan 1855 L'Isle Verte when Zephirin married Benonie (Beremie) St Pierre
 Death 8 Oct 1865 L'Isle Verte, Riviere du Loup Co, Que
 Spouse Angelique Marier-458 (1796-1877)
 Marriage 24 Jan 1814 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 7 Pierre Belanger-2146
 Birth 4 Oct 1789 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Baptism 4 Oct 1789 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Death 1859 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Burial 1859 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Spouse M Ursule Morin-2152 (-)
 Marriage 21 Feb 1848 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 8 Jeremie Belanger-183
 Birth abt 1790
 Death 21 Oct 1865 St Alexandre, Kamouraska, Que
 Burial 23 Oct 1865 St Alexandre, Kamouraska, Que
 Spouse Adelaide (Adeline) Miville-Deschenes-460 (1799-1865)
 Marriage 10 Aug 1819 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 9 Hermenegilde Belanger-102476
 Birth 12 Apr 1791 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Baptism 12 Apr 1791 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 10 Germain Belanger-102477
 Birth 21 Feb 1793 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Death 20 Mar 1793 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Burial 21 Mar 1793 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 11 Francois Firmin Belanger-182
 Baptism 1795 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Birth 3 Jul 1795 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Spouse M Louise (Angele) Ouellette-459 (-1868)
 Marriage 4 Nov 1817 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Spouse Henriette Paradis-9431 (-)
 Marriage 23 Nov 1868 St Antonin, Riviere du Loup, Que

(Continued on page 22)

Congratulations! Félicitations!

To Jim Bélanger who was elected to the NH State House of Representatives in November of 2010.

About Jim: I was born & raised in Van Buren, Maine; a small town on the Canadian border with New Brunswick. I graduated High School in Caribou, Maine (1960) and entered the US Navy right after graduation. While in the Navy, 7,000 sailors applied for an appointment to the US Naval Academy at Annapolis Maryland. Of those 7,000; 300 of us ranked high enough in various testing to make it to the Naval Academy Prep School in Bainbridge Maryland for a year. Of those 300, 75 of us made it into the US Naval Academy, class of 1966 and entered Plebe Year in 1962. I left the Academy in 1963 and married Sandra St Pierre who was also born, raised and graduated High School in Van Buren, Maine.

Sandy and I are both fluent in Acadian French, were married in Washington DC, settled in NH and raised 4 children in Hollis. We started a small business in our basement in Nashua in 1968 before we moved our residence and business to Hollis in 1971. Sandy and I grew that business to a high of 12 employees and decided to sell it in 2006. This business started at Belanger's Electronics but we incorporated it as Beltronics, Inc. This business is still there on Proctor Hill Road today and specializes in public safety wireless communications & dispatch centers as well as enhanced audio systems.

After 8 years in the US Navy, I was employed by Sanders Associates in Nashua NH as an Engineer's Assistant (EA) as a result of

(Continued on page 22)

(PIERRE BÉLANGER continued from page 21)

- 12 Jos Marie Belanger-144
 Birth 4 Apr 1797 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Baptism 5 Apr 1797 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Residence 22 Jul 1862 St Alexandre, Kamouraska, Que
 Death 22 Nov 1884 St Alexandre, Kamouraska, Que
 Burial 24 Nov 1884 St Alexandre, Kamouraska, Que
 Ref # 144
 Spouse Basélisse Dufour-145 (1801-1885)
 Marriage 12 Jun 1820 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 13 Jean Baptiste Belanger-2144
 Birth 13 Jul 1798 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Baptism 13 Jul 1798 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Spouse M Louise Caron-2148 (1803-1830)
 Marriage 23 Apr 1823 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Spouse Theotiste Pelletier-2149 (1803-)
 Marriage 19 Oct 1830 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 14 Celestin Belanger-2145
 Birth 20 Apr 1800 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Baptism 21 Apr 1800 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Residence 10 Jan 1871 St Alexandre when Celestin married Philomene Ouellet
 Spouse Charlotte Chantal Dionne-2150 (-1844)
 Marriage 20 Feb 1827 St Anne de la Pocatiere, Kamouraska, Que
 Spouse Anastasie Morin-2151 (-)
 Marriage 16 Jan 1844 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 15 M Marthe Belanger-102478
 Baptism 20 Apr 1801 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Birth 20 Oct 1801 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 16 Julie Belanger-1703
 Birth 19 Apr 1803 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Baptism 20 Apr 1803 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Spouse Michel Morin-2142 (-)
 Marriage 30 Jun 1819 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 17 M Marthe Belanger-102479
 Birth 28 Sep 1804 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Baptism 28 Sep 1804 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 18 M Constance Belanger-2143
 Birth 27 Nov 1805 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Baptism 27 Nov 1805 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Spouse Jean Baptiste Langlois dit Serrien-2147 (-)
 Marriage 18 Feb 1822 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 19 Father Alexis Belanger-185
 Baptism abt Jan 1808
 Birth 18 Jan 1808 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
 Ordination 19 Sep 1835
 Death 7 Sep 1868 Sandy Point, Newfoundland
 Burial 29 Sep 1868 St Roch des Aulnaies, L'Islet Co, Que
- 20 Francois Belanger-102480
 Birth 1809
- 21 Jos Belanger-184
 Birth See Notes
 NOTES: A quick search through the original handwritten records of the Parish of St Roch, with the help of the local parish priest on July 19, 1995, reveals no mention of a Joseph

(except for Joseph Marie) as a child of Pierre and Marthe Gervais.

(Jim Bélanger continued from page 21)

my top secret clearance and background in electronic counter measures radar systems. I was later promoted to a "Company Engineer" where I was assigned to the Test Equipment division designing test stands. After four years with Sanders, I was a victim of "Peter's Principal". This is where a person who is good at what they do and is successful gets promoted to a level of incompetence. Seldom do we realize this is happening since getting a promotion is so welcome, with added prestige and pay, that we seldom refuse it. Being at the top of my present occupation and management wanting to promote me, Sanders Associates made me a "Company Engineer". This is a non degree position and places one in the same position and pay grade as degree engineers. After about six months of success in this new position, I was asked to design Test Equipment to the component level. I had been designing on a lower level and my proposals had won a contract to build. Not being a design engineer, I could see the writing on the wall and decided it was time to make a major change. The company offered me a position in Portland Maine but, it was obvious to me that my new title "Company Engineer" was going to put me up against road block after road block and a change was needed. Having been doing electronics repairs on a part time basis in my Nashua basement, I decided to move to a place where I could live and conduct a business on a full time basis. So, Sandy and I moved to Hollis and started our own business as Belanger's Electronics which was later incorporated as Beltronics, Inc. We grew this business from a basic TV Repair shop to a highly regarded wireless communications company specializing in public safety communications in dispatch centers and public safety vehicles as well as industrial applications. The business was sold to an employee in 2006.

I immediately got involved in the community. While we were just moving in to our new home in Hollis, the fire trucks came whizzing by to answer a call. I dropped everything and followed to help. I had grown up in a town with a volunteer fire department and knew that all the help available was usually welcome. I joined the Hollis Fire Department right away. Before even moving to Hollis, I had been involved in Nashua with the Police Department. At the time, Nashua had what they called "Civil Defense Police" and I had been a member of that force. We carried no weapons but served with other full time police officers. So, it was

(Continued on page 26)

Twenty-one Days

by Maureen Wallner
Moline, IL

Maurice had marked them off, the days endured: twenty-one. More days on the ship than years he'd spent of his life. In his head he'd counted them, lying flat and still on his iron bunk, hands behind his neck, three decks below the water level. His bunk one of many in rows and rows stacked four beds high, women and children to the lower, men and boys to upper, but all on brittle mattresses of straw, no shifting on them for fear of caving in. He'd started in on it with the mass of thousands of Ukrainians that slowly converged, made its way across the slippery ocean-smelling gangway in the smell of wet wool and sweat and garlic that mixed in burning coal and the sound of clanging bells. He kept it up across the channel and into Antwerp's port to pick up barrels hoisted on board into sheet-sized netting, and when they cast off again the *Arcadia's* clanging bells sounding, engines coughing, sails unfurled. He checked them off as the little ship tossed about like a bottle, spun as a top above the bottomless

abyss of seas, ballasts shifting, groaning, like the many people flat to berths, like him. Every day Maurice counted, sometimes in prayer, a *Baruch HaShem* in thankfulness for another day alive with what had managed to stay in his gut from what had been doled out by the ladles full from the dinner pail of brown matter non-identifiable, grabbed up by a tangle of hands and arms, what would eventually join with what sloshed as stink upon the floor for the rocking and what rose from the latrines.

And not one familiar face in all those days and certainly not Brishen's, a face he would have liked to see in honest open cunning spinning a tale, determining as he gazed upon unconscious shepherds on the ground, taking on the look of pride and

glory smeared in sheep guts, blood-smeared. Indeed, Maurice thought in days that crawled one upon another in rumors of cholera and smallpox, in bodies lowered, ropes wrapped round and round them, stiff as cigars, heads hanging, feet dangling, over the side of the ship and into the ocean, his eyes straining in foreboding that it could as well be... Brishen.

So many days, when one of them took a turn in seeming reprieve, in almost bearable, when he could move a little, could actually roll over with no rising of gore, no vice crushing his head. When he climbed gingerly down the side of the bunks to the floor, his legs carrying him across the room and up the ladder to the deck, and palms to the cool rail he looked out to undulating waves that brought

force of coughs that tore, red spittle hanging from his lips that dripped upon his shirt and the deck, the boy drained, stilled to panting. And a sailor came upon them frowning, muttering at the spotted sight. He who turned on his heel, strode off, frowning returned with mop and pail, his head, his eyes motioning with a jerk for them to scat; with not so much as glance at he who gently scooped up the boy and heavily made his way with him back down the ladder to steerage where the boy would sip at water and die in his father's arms, become another cigar-like sack to dangle and be dropped in another day struck off.

Then followed days of calm before black clouds took prisoner of the sky, and winds and waves turned fists pounding white-capped, fingers reaching, grabbing at the little ship in restless play, sliding chairs across the deck, seamen hunched in black rain slickers shimmying as slimy bugs up ballasts, yanking at ropes, wrestling with sails. And a bottle of amber-toned liquid that smelled of garlic, onions and whisky was passed from hand to hand, Hoffmann's drops to cure what ailed the embattled gut - something that ailed far more than it cured.

Three days of that before wind and waves tired of their game and another child and an old man were lowered over the side, and in another

space of days came the middle of a night with a loud blast that rattled bedsteads. The seas had come to propagate ice sufficient to skewer dagger-like the ship's bow, bringing anxious murmuring people to overflow the decks in boots and coats, in nightdresses, in bed sheets, as pumps throbbed and a siren wailed hoarse in the icy fog, with each blast an empty thrust from the ship as a flailing animal trapped.

Such a night, no rest for anyone, as the ship's captain in fur-hooded parka barked, "Run," waving his arms as a mad machine at the stilled mass of men, women and children assembled in disbelief.

"Gravity," he shouted with no further explanation when they *did* run, yet not know-
(Continued on page 24)



Québec and the Battle of the Plains of Abraham

*"Acknowledgement is given to the artist
Richard Short, mariner artist, 1841-1919."*

no ill, and he breathed deep of air refreshing, looking up to the cry of gulls black-white winged over the blue sky, diving as arrows to the waters. Soaring up again, tiny wiggling fish, pierced through - when the mood was broken by the sound of heavy boots on the ladder. And Maurice turned to a thin man in a long coat, his face pained, in his arms a boy more bones than flesh, about the age of Amit. He to be placed upon a wood slat chair in the warming sun emerged from behind a cloud where laboriously his chest rose, fell as he coughed, light and dry, as did Amit, the man leaning over him stroking his forehead tenderly the tip of his long dark beard touching the boy's chest. When the boy turned to his side, his body crumpling with the wrenching

(*Twenty-one Days continued from page 23*)
ing why, in boots and bare feet running, as fearing animals in stampede, back and forth, across and back again. The deck swinging down and down again as they cried, Whoa and Ahhhhh, toppling on to one another, scrambling to get up, or were yanked to their feet no one given the privilege of faltering or ceasing, and certainly not Maurice breath sharp to his lungs with the frantic unrelenting pace - when at last the ship began to sway in loud sounds of cracking, crunching and slowly moved forward to the jangled chorus of: Hurrah!

Twenty-one days all told when it was done in another night of tossing from one shoulder to another upon his thorny tentative mattress, tins and crockery rattling, baggage shifting, sliding, in the last of a broken dream of a crazed shadowy-chinned man with dark eyes and earth-pasted hands slicing a man in two with a scythe, a thwack! Maurice was in a sweat with the horror of that climbing the iron ladder to the deck when he saw land that disappointedly, puzzlingly was no more than a large island. A man was there already, of middle age, Maurice guessed by the creases around his eyes and mouth and the graying of his beard; of he staring out, hands to the rail, his black scarf fluttering in the wind, his long dark coat of heavy wool not so shabby.

"That is the great port of Montreal of which I have heard?" said Maurice with a frown, surprising himself that he was so uncustomarily forward.

"That is Grosse Isle, Big Island, of Québec," the man said unperturbed, his dialect of Yiddish something Maurice had difficulty placing.

"Kee-bee?"

"Québec (Kay-bee)."

"As you say. And why do we come here, do you know?"

"Quarantine. They check us out. It is the law. We have ill. Here we must wait," he said, Maurice in uneasy thoughts of Hamburg port and disinfecting.

"It is not the usual landing site, though, this island, this being for smaller ships as ours that can handle the shallows of the river."

"Where would *that* be, then," said Maurice, "the usual place?"

"Oh, Halifax. To the east," he said looking off. "But here, ah, here, the last I heard was an Irish ship, six thousand come with fevers and sickness enough to stay, most in shallow graves fed upon by the ship's rats."

"Ugh."

"Indeed."

"And here *we* stay," Maurice said openly anxious, "in this *not* so great city?"

"For a time," the man said looking at Maurice, apparently undisturbed, where he paused in thought, said, "But it is part of a city, this; part of Québec City, part of Québec the province this that only sits lower to the river than the great city of Montréal that is also part of Québec."

"Hm?" Maurice's eyes narrowed. "I don't understand."

"Where do you come from, boy?"

"Me? From Bârlad. Why?"

"And that is in Romania, no?"

Maurice nodded.

"So then, this island and Montreal and the city of Québec are on the land that is Québec, as is your Bârlad to your Romania. Unimaginative perhaps that



St. Lawrence The Main and St. Catherine Street, Montreal, 1924

city and province should bear the same name, but so it is." He lifted a brow.

"I see."

"And its roots, they are French," he said.

"You know a lot," Maurice said suddenly thinking that *he* knew nothing.

The man shrugged. "I only say what I have heard."

"And more? Have you heard more?" asked Maurice with somewhat of the same spark in tone that once was with Reb Letzker for his tales of silk-wrapped czars and tsarinas of far off lands.

"What would you like to know?"

"...of this Québec. What do you know of this Québec?"

The man looked around them to the deck. He thought. "Well, I suppose there is

time enough for that, no signs of life *here*. And a story truly worth telling, but where to begin?" he said. "Ah, yes. Here," he said gazing at the river, "at the track they took, a rightful place to speak of the English and the French."

"The English...? But you said..."

"Yes. Its roots are French, but there did come a time when the English were upon them. You see..." the man paused again a questioning look at his listener.

It was a bit long and confusing with perhaps an overabundance of "Maurices." There also came to be a bit of a problem with our friend Nathan Lerma, too many "hes" with no explanation of why "reb" suddenly appeared.

"I am called Maurice," Maurice guessed.

"And me Nathan. Nathan Lerma."

Hands extended meeting for this elder to be addressed as reb, and he continued: "You see, Maurice," he said, Canada, this country," (a gesture of sweeping hand), "inhabited by natives, the Iroquois, I believe, and others, was at first set to by explorers and traders. The first to come were from France, the Catholics. They built houses of stone and a great fortress: the Citadel of the Rock upon a cliff. That as watchful eyes at the mouth of this St. Lawrence," he said eyes again to the river.

"It was under the protection of a Marquis, who, as it was said, was quite something in his white wig and his perfume and tight blue coat, red epaulets, gray trousers and a white helmet topped in a black plume."

"When was that?" Maurice said taking in.

The man shrugged in thought, lips built to a stiff pout. "Long ago, Maurice. Long before you or I. And it was the son of a lieutenant who came, a young James from England who sailed his white-winged fleet up the river to take a closer look at this Québec for her. He who liked her so well he released his cannon on her, turned the town to rubble, rich and beggars pouring from hovels and massive stone that toppled just the same; churches bursting into flames, spilling Ursuline nuns and priests as well into the streets and French families to the countryside, people crossing themselves and praying for deliverance as they ran or stood imprisoned within their own walls, the gates and cathedrals ablaze.

"A long battle it was. Through the summer it raged in storms and fevers, thieves looting, criminals swaying from the gallows, the countryside deserted, the Iroquois with fattened scalp belts squatting by the shoreline, when it paused.

"And it was fall, mists rising from the river, the English in their red coats with Highland soldiers in plaid capes, kilts to knees,

(Continued on page 25)

(Twenty-one Days continued from page 24)

setting fires to haystacks, houses, before they set about scaling up and up a hill so steep only shrubs and a few trees could exist upon it, the Marquis on his black horse atop at a gallop along the line of his four thousand, his sword held high urging, "*En Avant*, Forward." When sun gleaming on sabers and claymores the Highlanders were upon them, heads struck off in one slash, horses falling, officers trampled, the French retreating in mad panic for the bridge that James, gasping, had given his last order to seize, his wrist gashed, a gun shot to his groin.

"And there it ended," said the man, the Marquis dragged off the battlefield his stallion's sides heaving, head hanging, bloody foam flowing from his mouth, and the Marquis' body was lowered into a cavity made by a cannon shell, as James's corpse was blanketed by the Union Jack in the cabin of his ship. The English had won Québec for her British Queen, but, as I said, the City, it would always be French."

"How is that?"

"It just is." Reb Lerma shrugged.

"...as is Montreal?" said Maurice.

"Ah, that." The reb rolled his eyes with a sigh. "That's a bit of a mess with the English Protestants against the French Catholics each claiming it as their own, which since the battle has not been disentangled.

"Still?"

"Still. And it would not be for you or I to figure it out when they cannot."

Certainly not to be figured out the city proper shared by the St. Lawrence, with her stock of English-speaking Protestants, with her ladies of society in their Paris fashions *au courant*, busy with themselves in silks and laces laid out by their maids, partaking of afternoon teas; her gentlemen attending to the needs of securing Common wealth, strategizing in mergers and acquisitions in the banks of the streets of St. James. Their homes atop Mount Royale (named for a French king, home previously to the Hochelaga), with spiraling staircases traversed to rooms innumerable, foyers branching into yet more, with carpets from the Orient and overstuffed chairs from France, art from Holland and Belgium, ceilings bright in painted scrolls and

flowers. Their children raised by nannies who punctually doled out porridge and other bland emollients in nurseries; who properly dosed in castor oil and other laxatives to encourage bodily functions. Children not overly exposed to mothers or to fathers, these occasions reserved for teas or weekends in forest resorts. A favorite being Métis-sur-Mer, an expedition



Roman Catholic Nuns, Bleury Street, Montreal, 1924

of trunks filled with dishes, towels, sheets, pots and pans and chicken sandwiches, and children dangling pajama legs from upper berths of the trains of Bonaventure. There by hearths to be exposed to French countryside and salt air in moderate proportions and to French farmers, butchers, fishermen who carted melons for the cause and corn and tomatoes, cucumbers, zucchini and pork loins,



French Canadian Habitants Playing Cards, 1848

rashers of bacon and bright-eyed silver-gilled trout, to be stacked and presented for morning inspection precisely at 10:30 and washed by 11:30, prepared by 3:05 of an afternoon.

Not to be figured out these farmers that

remained, these farmers that left their fields to make a different sort of journey to the lower regions of Québec: to Chambly and to St. Gabriel and Sherbrooke, north and east, and to Montréal to find jobs that might pay at shoe or leather factories or the textile mills where they would cut and dip and tie and knot and twist and wind through deafening twelve hour days, in fires springing, in heat enough to suffocate, in pay never enough. These whose place was hunger and cold and a living to be eked; whose place was row on row of tenements by Bonaventure Station and Lachine Canal, by St. Cunegonde and St. Henri and Rue Notre Dame, below and far away from all that was atop the Mount. To the place of bottom where gas dimly lit their shadowed streets, but never masked the dust or the smoke from factories that stained and choked anything that lay along the St. Lawrence and the Canal; thick smoke that

covered windows, coated skin, but could not warm the dense-packed hovels; smoke that as a flag waved over privy pits by the thousands, those holes of runoff, of putrid stinking excrement and urine far away from the Mount of les Anglais who knew nothing of putridity and leaking reservoirs; who heard nothing of the cries of infants dying of diarrhea or lungs collapsed to smoke. Nor did they hear the silence of those lost to consumption, typhus, diphtheria; not those who saw nothing of superintendents' maps pinned to walls in

shades of deep purple and violet and black, as bruises, as something to be remedied when gotten around to it.

Much to figure out of this Montréal separate and converging, a city led by he of seven generations of French Canadiens, his ancestor François Cottineau dit Champlaurier of Saint-Claud of France, his educated papa mayor and justice of the peace, member of the school board, who brought to his son a proper Scottish education from New Glasgow of Québec, English in mentality and language, as he said. To be préparé for les Anglais, he said, which served well for his future as Prime Minister (a ruff of white hair above his neck, but no more) to he who truly was no advocator of politics, but preferred the tranquility of libraries; who came around to the belief that French and English could coexist, poetically, as a blanket of hills, as land and tributaries that stretched across the Ottawa River Valley, as

(Continued on page 26)

(*Twenty-one Days continued from page 25*)
 l'Outaouais that had covered the route taken by his confrères, (taken by the Huron and Algonquin before les Français). A people united, to his thoughts, a perfect image of conjoined, as was Can-a-da, although that would not be exactly true, some said, she being part of an Empire and ward of final say, and, so to speak, at attention behind British skirts.



Moose Hunting Return, 1866

And what of others to factor in who would insist on coming to Montréal by the thousands from ships and trains? Those who had been wandering since the time of Abraham to what had been believed was a Promised Land, those whose niche of promise was now row houses too, those who rose before dawn with a will of finding better in the sweatshops of the sagging lofts off St. Denis and University, their fingers numb from cold sliding over cuts of fabric, needles whirring, their children piecing in humble kitchens. Those who believed in work for all, who came from towns shared in the old country; who came together again in this new St. Lawrence Boulevard, The Main, by book and magazine stalls and at synagogues praying, dancing, weeping; gossiping at bakery shelves by warm challah and rye and bagel rolls whose holes signified that life goes on. These Yiddish-speaking newcomers with *babushka* headscarves under chins seen by barrels of herring and by briskets, store windows proudly proclaiming Stars of David, Kosher, Jewish.

Montréal, streets thick in the traffic of living, being, seeking promise as milk bottles rattled announcing the gift of cream, and horses paused at curbs, men wound up narrow back staircases, leather straps across their broad shoulders with ice cut from the St. Lawrence River to drop with a thunk through a slotted door. These whose children reached eagerly for candy in scrap paper bags and sucked at baby cones and moons of hardened amber golden honey and flat plum-shaped

(*Continued on page 33*)

(*Jim Bélanger continued from page 22*)

a natural move to join the part time police department in Hollis as soon as I moved in. From there, it was one volunteer effort after another. I remember being asked if I had time to serve in any new position in which I opted to serve. I simply said it was a matter of giving up one to get into the other as there were only a certain amount of hours in a day. I served the Hollis Fire Department for 25 years and the Police Department for 22 years.

Being active at Town Meetings, I found new areas where I thought I could be of service to the town and my first public elected office as the Hollis School Board. I served 6 years on the Hollis School Board (before there was a Co-op) before moving on to serve another 6 years as a Selectman. A selectman, when I served, met twice a week (every Monday and Wednesday) and there were only three of us. From there, it was one elected or appointed position after another as the need arose or my gut told me to jump in and help. I am still very involved in the community and have served in almost every appointed and/or elected position possible and feel I can serve the communities of Hollis, Brookline and Mason at the State level by bringing this vast local experience to Concord as a State Representative.

My friends keep telling me to “blow my own horn” and to list other achievements. I hesitate to take credit for things that were accomplished as a team of several. It seems some take 100% credit for something when they had a 10% involvement and I have always thought that was not right. However, I have been instrumental in a team effort to get the Hollis VFW Post started in Hollis in 1992 and was the first commander of the post for two years. I am still the commander, having been re-elected to that position again in 2005. I was on the front lines in getting the Hollis

Rescue Squad up and operating and was on the first Ambulance Crew as a certified EMT and CPR instructor. I initiated Candidate's Forums with the town and later shifted that event to operate under the wings of the Hollis-Brookline Rotary Club. I have served on the Board of Directors for the Hillsborough County Fair since 1976 and am now an Honorary Director. A 12 year member of the Rotary Club with perfect attendance (weekly meetings) I served as the President of the Hollis-Brookline Rotary for one year when the club was operating in the “red”. A year later, the club was solvent and on good financial standing. I am now actively involved, serving as the Vice Chair, of the Souhegan Valley Transportation Collaborative (SVTC) which provides door to door bus service to residents of Hollis, Brookline, Amherst and Milford three days per week for Doctor and social service appointments to any resident of those participating communities. I have been coordinating Memorial Day activities for 18 years and supervise the decoration of our cemeteries for that event every year.

I could go on and bore you to death with details on every aspect of my service to community. But, if you simply look at my experience on the “Experience” page and read between the lines, you will get the idea. If you are a resident of our three towns and are familiar with boards of selectmen, budget committees, planning boards, etc., you can certainly fill in the details of my service in those positions.

I guess I can close this dissertation by saying that I just this year stepped down from being the Moderator of the Hollis School District and the Hollis-Brookline Cooperative School District after 10 and 15 years respectively and was elected, this year, as the Hollis Town Moderator to succeed the retiring Dr. Jim Squires. I was his Assistant Moderator for 14 years.

<http://www.electjimbelauger.com/Index.htm>



Sandy (St Pierre) Bélanger and I have been married 47 years with four children (1 boy & 3 girls) and 12 grandchildren.

(MON ACADIE suite de page 17)

patriotes et conserve le souvenir des victimes de la tragédie. Puisqu'elle fait partie de la tradition orale, on s'est rendu compte qu'elle était en train de disparaître. Alors, on a commencé à l'écrire et à la collectionner à travers l'Acadie. Je vous en offre un exemple de chez nous: "La Complainte d'Abraham Gagnon," composée en 1907, chantée par Maxime Sirois, qui l'a apprise par coeur quand il avait sept ans. À 92 ans, il l'a interprétée et il est décédé quelques mois après. Recueillie par Lisa Ornstein, on peut la retrouver aux Archives acadiennes à Fort Kent, Maine. Voici les deux premiers des sept couplets:

Dans l'année mille neuf cent sept-e, un' complaint' j'ai composée;

Le vingt-six du mois décemb'e, un accident est arrivé;

Un homme à la fleur de l'âge, peut-etr' que vous l'connaissez;

C'est l'garçon [à] Abraham Gagnon, dans le bois il s'est fait tuer.

Il travaillait sur les yard-es, c'est pour des billots rouler;

Y en a un qui lui échappe et qui s'en r'vient le tuer;

Sa mort a été si prompte; il n'a pas pu être assisté;

On na pas pu avoir le prêtre pour le préparer à l'éternité.

L'auteur de cette complainte est inconnu, mais les gens de ma région connaissent bien les événements qui en font partie. Elle sert de cantique funèbre pour deux frères morts par accidents et qui reposent au cimetière de mon petit village de Ste-Agathe. Pergolèse avait composé l'air pour accompagner la chanson du 18e siècle de Charles Henri Riboutté "Que ne suis-je la fougère." L'air accompagne aussi un cantique de la saison pascale que l'auteur connaissait, sans doute. Relativement moderne, cette complainte, comme son prédécesseur médiéval, sert de morale et d'exhortation à l'auditoire. On se souvient que les Acadiens sont arrivés de la France vers la fin du Moyen Age.

Comme la coutume américaine d'expliquer aux enfants que la cigogne amène les nouveaux nés, je ne sais pas si vous aviez autrefois une différente manière d'expliquer cet événement. On me dit qu'en France on trouve les bébés dans les choux. Les Acadiens, et les Québécois aussi, racontaient aux enfants que "les sauvages sont passés" et ils ont amené un bébé. "Les sauvages" était le nom donné aux indigènes qui, à cette

époque, avait la connotation de "gens de la forêt." On disait aussi qu'ils avaient cassé la jambe de la mère, ce qui expliquait sa convalescence. À vrai dire, c'était les "sages femmes" ou "les grand-mères capuches" qui assistaient aux accouchements. Étant jeune quand une de mes soeurs est née, j'étais absolument certaine que j'avais vu "les sauvages" passer tout près de chez nous.

Il y avait des gens renommés pour ce qu'on appelait "les secrets." On croyait qu'ils pouvaient guérir les verrues, arrêter le sang d'une blessure et soulager les douleurs des brûlures. Un homme pouvait conférer son secret à une femme, et une femme pouvait le donner à un homme, mais pas au même sexe. Quand j'avais une dizaine d'années, un compatriote qui était censé de posséder les secrets, m'a dit de ne plus regarder pour un temps une verrue que j'avais sur la main. Après ce temps, ma verrue avait disparu. J'ai pensé que c'était lui qui me l'avait enlevée.

"Le morceau du voisin," une autre coutume, consistait de donner la meilleure partie d'un animal au voisin qui, lui, rendait la même faveur quand il faisait la boucherie.

Les grands projets rassemblaient les voisins dans ce qu'on appelait un *frolic* pour alléger les travaux et pour accomplir les tâches les plus lourdes et plus difficiles, telle que la construction d'une grange. Des gens construisaient tandis que d'autres cuisinaient du boudin, des cretons (ce que les Français appellent rillettes), des ployes (crêpes de sarrasin) et des tartes de viandes qu'on appelle tourtières. Ils cueillaient des pissenlits, de la fougère, des noisettes, des fraises, des framboises, des bleuets (qui sont de petites baies qui ressemblent aux myrtilles françaises) pour le diner.

Après les travaux et le repas, apparaissait le violon et commençait la danse dans la grange. Le moment était arrivé pour se réjouir. Si vous avez entendu la musique québécoise ou louisianaise, vous connaissez la musique qui était jouée chez nous aux noces et aux fêtes. Ils jouaient aussi de la guimbarde, une petite harpe jouée dans la bouche par vibration.

Les gens se rassemblaient aussi en "veillées" par tour dans les maisons du voisinage pour badiner et se divertir. Les fêtes d'hiver amenaient de grandes célébrations aux réveillons après la messe de minuit, et aux visites des voisins de maison-en-maison pour les souhaits du nouvel an. Les dévotions mariales continuaient pendant le mois de mai dans les petites écoles ou dans les plus grandes maisons. Les Acadiens, très dévoués à Sainte-Anne, font souvent des pèlerinages à Sainte-Anne de

Beaupré à Québec surtout pendant l'été.

Le Madawaska, étant un pays intérieur agricole, la plupart des gens exploitaient les bois, élevaient des bestiaux et cultivaient des grains et des patates. Bien sur, chez nous, c'est ce qu'on appelle le tubercule, ayant adopté le nom des aborigènes de l'Amérique du sud qui étaient les premiers à le cultiver.

Les bucherons nous ont donné l'art populaire de tailler le bois avec un couteau. Sans les divertissements qu'on connaît aujourd'hui, et pendant les longues soirées d'hivers, ils fabriquaient des jouets et des statues. Claude Cyr de Madawaska a sculpté sa petite-fille en habit acadien. George Beaulieu a taillé une horloge en château à trois étages. À l'occasion du festival acadien pendant l'été, Albert Deveau, d'Edmundston, utilise une tronçonneuse pour tailler des statues de grandeur nature ou plus grandes. Il a sculpté Tante Blanche, un personnage historique et mythique de la région, qui avait aidé beaucoup de gens pendant un hiver de disette causée par une moisson gâtée.



[Photo avec la permission de Beurmond Banville, Ste-Agathe, ME]

(Suite page 28)



Claude Cyr de Madawaska a sculpté sa petite-fille en habit acadien.

George Beaulieu a taillé une horloge en château à trois étages.

[Photos avec la permission de Beurmond Banville, Ste-Agathe, ME]



Ce qui semblerait comme des expressions vieilles, sont courantes chez nous. On utilise encore beaucoup d'éléments de la langue française des 16e et 17e siècles. En France, le grasseyement du /r/ a été introduit au 17e siècle. Comme beaucoup d'Acadiens avaient déjà quitté l'hexagone avant cet événement, ils ont apporté avec eux le /r/ roulé. Sur la rive nord du Saint-Jean, on grasseye, parce qu'on enseigne en français et on a eu plus de contacts avec d'autres français d'en dehors de la région. Tandis que sur la rive sud, parce que les écoles et les contacts scolaires se mènent en anglais, et parce qu'il y a eu moins d'interaction avec d'autres français, on a gardé le /r/ roulé. Donc le parler du 16e siècle a été conservé à la maison. Avec un /r/ roulé, on dit: Robert revient de la rivière avec un raton. D'abord, certaines régions de la France conservent toujours le /r/ roulé.

Pour vous donner une autre exemple de ce parler, prenons la diphthongue /oi/ que les métropolitains prononcent /wa/ comme dans toi et moi. Chez nous le /wa/ est prononcé de différentes manières. On le prononce /wè/ comme dans étwèl pour étoile, mouchwère pour mouchoire et bwère ou bwère pour boire, ce qui correspond à la prononciation du début du 16e siècle en France. Deux autres prononciations se sont développées pendant ce siècle: /è/ et /wa/. Le /è/ survie dans la Vallée comme dans la prononciation de drète pour droit, ou de frète pour froid,

tandis que le /wa/ du parler actuel métropolitain est peu entendu du côté américain. Le /wé/, comme dans twé et mwé qui existe couramment chez nous, sort de l'ancien français d'avant le 13e siècle. En France, même après le grand effort de standardisation de la langue au 17e siècle, le /wé/ a persisté jusqu'au 18e siècle. On imagine Louis XIV qui aurait dit: "Le rwé, c'est mwé." Les immigrants français déjà arrivés au nouveau monde au début du 17e ont continué les autres prononciations apportées avec eux de /wé/, /è/ et /wè/ comme dans twé, drèt et étwèl.

Certains /ah/ sont prononcés comme des /âw/ surtout dans les mots pas et âge qu'on prononce /pâw/ et /âwge/. Encore une fois, en France, le /âw/ a changé en /ah/. Au Maine on dit: "Au Madawaskâ on parle pâs comme au Canadâ." Le /è/ de merci est prononcé chez nous, ainsi qu'en Nouvelle-Écosse, comme un /a/. On dit merci.

À cause de l'isolement des autres endroits français, nous utilisons aussi des mots anciens. Dans un séjour à Guadeloupe et Martinique il y a quelques années, on est arrivé à l'Anse Mitan qui m'a rappelé notre mot de mitan qui signifie milieu. Nous mettons des fleurs au mitan de la table. Chantepleur [ou champlur] est un autre terme intéressant qu'on utilise et qui est un petit robinet de tonneau, mais qui est employé chez nous pour tous les robinets. Le mot robinet n'existe pas. Quand le nom d'un nouvel objet n'était pas

connu, on le nommait souvent pour un autre objet qui lui ressemblait. On a emprunté aussi des indianismes comme moccasin et boucane. Une petite cabane appelée boucan servait pour fumer les viandes pour les conserver; la fumée qui sortait du boucan s'appelait la boucane.

J'aimerais citer quelques phrases d'Ephrem Boudreau de la Nouvelle-Écosse, l'auteur d'un glossaire Acadien. Il dit: "Le parler acadien n'est pas un patois. Il est ce qui a été le plus beau parler de France au 17e siècle, celui de la Touraine, du Berri, de l'Aunis, de l'Anjou, celui de la cour du roi Henri IV. Isolé pendant longtemps du Québec, de la France ou d'autres pays français, l'Acadien a conservé fidèlement, sans le modifier sensiblement, le parler apporté par nos ancêtres venus de France au 17e siècle. Du point de vue linguistique, le parler acadien est donc un phénomène, une pièce archéologique, un trésor historique." Moi, je dirais le parler des 16e et 17e siècles, puisque les Acadiens ont apporté avec eux en 1604 le parler du 16e siècle.

Antonine Maillet, l'écrivain de réputation internationale, a écrit sa thèse doctorale sur les comparaisons entre l'oeuvre de Rabelais et le parler Acadien. Elle a dit: "l'Acadien c'est une langue ancienne... On n'a rien inventé chez nous: tous les mots que j'emploie sont des mots français, mais des mots d'ancien français... Allez tout vérifier ça, c'est dans Rabelais, dans Villon, dans Marguerite de Navarre, et même dans Molière." Elle a écrit de nombreuses oeuvres. On la considère le plus important auteur de l'Acadie. *La Sagouine* est peut-être le mieux connu de ses écrits. Son roman, *Pelagie-la-Charette*, au sujet du retour des Acadiens dispersés, lui a gagné le Prix Goncourt en 1979. Sa production prolifique a été traduite en plusieurs langues. Elle a dit qu'on ne doit pas oublier le Grand Dérangement, mais on doit monter sur cette expérience et la dépasser. Elle m'a gracieusement accordé un entretien: <http://riverreview.umfk.maine.edu/documents/fin/jcblessl.htm>

Est-ce que la langue française survit chez nous? Dans mon enfance, tous les gens de la Vallée parlaient français. J'ai appris l'anglais pour la première fois à l'école. Dans les années '50, à l'école primaire, l'état nous défendait de parler notre langue et on recevait de mauvaises notes ou des châtiments corporels si on parlait français dans la cour. Un livre de maître de 1959 affirme, et je cite: "Une institutrice viole son obligation morale et légale quand elle encourage les enfants à parler autre chose que l'anglais à la récréation, alentour de la cour, avant et après l'école et même en

(Suite page 29)

(MON ACADIE suite de page 28)

dehors de l'école." Par conséquence, il y a des problèmes psychologiques associés au parler de la langue française. Les gens de ma génération et les plus âgés parlent toujours français. Mais, les jeunes qui comprennent encore leurs parents en français, préfèrent parler anglais entre eux-mêmes. La langue galope à son anéantissement. Il y a une quinzaine d'années, on avait institué un programme d'immersion dans deux des écoles primaires avec les buts de bilinguisme et de bilettration. L'année dernière, on a substitué quelques classes de français pour le programme d'immersion. Ce n'est pas de bonne augure. Le français ne sera pas rétabli si on ne commence pas avec les plus jeunes enfants.

"Acadian Culture in Maine," à laquelle j'ai contribué, est le résultat d'une étude de la région acadienne du Maine par le Service des parcs américains. Cet effort représente la reconnaissance par le Congrès des États-Unis de l'importance de notre culture. En 2007, le New York Times a publié un article de voyage sur les Acadiens des deux cotés de la frontière américaine et canadienne le long de la Rivière Saint-Jean. Bien que les faits historiques soient un peu embrouillés, cela vous donnera une conception de la région: <http://travel.nytimes.com/2007/06/29/travel/escapes/29american.html>

Revenons à notre question à propos de la représentation du drapeau acadien dont on a parlé au début. J'écoutais avec beaucoup d'attention quand notre jeune guide sur le bateau à la recherche de baleines a répondu que "**le drapeau acadien ne représente pas une nation, mais un peuple.**" Bien sûr, c'est un peuple sans pays. Il est bleu, blanc et rouge comme le tricolore français mais avec une étoile jaune qui symbolise Marie, Stella Maris, qui guida les exilés à travers les tempêtes et les souffrances.

Le gouvernement britannique n'avait jamais admis les faits du Grand Déplacement. Pendant une campagne menée par le Louisianais, Warren Perrin, dans la décennie de 1990, on avait demandé une reconnaissance des torts commis contre les Acadiens. Il ne s'agissait pas de demande de réparations pour les injustices commises contre eux, mais seulement un mea culpa. Dans sa proclamation du neuf décembre 2003, la Reine Elizabeth II a enfin avoué le rôle du gouvernement britannique sous George II qui avait donné les ordres de dispersion des Acadiens. Pour commémorer l'occasion, j'ai écrit un article op-ed pour le *Bangor Daily News* et *France-Amérique*.

Les Acadiens ont été dépouillés de leurs biens, déportés, éparpillés à travers le

monde, emprisonnés, tués, vendus, combattus, abattus, dissous, détruits, conquérants et reconquérants. Ils ont perdu leurs biens, ils ont souffert et ils ont parcouru de longs chemins. En revanche, qu'est-ce qu'ils ont fait et qu'est-ce qu'ils font? Ils repartent, parviennent, renaissent, refont, se souviennent, se secourent, s'accroissent, construisent et reconstruisent. Ils ont enduré et **ils survivent.**

Les Acadiens se retrouvent tous les cinq ans dans un endroit qui maintient une population acadienne. J'ai assisté au Congrès Mondial Acadien à Lafayette en Louisiane en 1999. Entre temps, il y a eu d'autres rassemblements. Mais, en 2014, le Congrès aura lieu dans notre région au nord du Maine et de l'autre côté de la Rivière Saint-Jean au Nouveau Brunswick et au Québec, un endroit qu'on a réuni sous l'appellation l'Acadie des Terres et des Forêts.

J'aimerais terminer avec un poème qui fait partie du recueil de 1976 "*Un Mot de Chez-Nous*" de Normand Dubé. Normand est né à Lille du côté américain et il est décédé il y a quelques années. Il utilise le mot "ratoureur" qui est quelqu'un qui aime jouer des tours. Il utilise aussi le mot "chétif," qui a le sens chez nous de quelqu'un qui est taquin et un petit peu méchant. Le poème est intitulé: "**Théophile.**"

Lorsque Théo était vivant
Le village nous était un paradis
Lorsque Théo était vivant
Il était raconteur
Il était vieux-sage
Il était bouffon
Il était ratoureur
Travailleur
Mangeur de boudin
De tourtière
De 'plogue'
De creton
Comme il était Acadien

Il avait les yeux chétifs
Très bruns
Il avait les cheveux touffus
Très blancs
Il était pâle
Il avait les épaules courbées
Il avait le pas lourd
Parfois chancellant
Toujours mesuré
Jamais pressé
Comme il était Acadien

Il était pour les quadrilles
Il était pour les folklores
Il était pour les enfants

Les jeunes
Les coeurs grands
Il était pour le soleil sur le sarrasin
La pluie sur les noisettes
Les patates terreuses
Les grands bouleaux
Les sapins
Le bleu de l'Atlantique
Le drapeau
Le porc-épic
Comme il était Acadien

Théo
Il pleurait aux funérailles
Il saluait tous les amis
Il parlait aux veuves
Il souriait aux enfants
Il buvait 'son coup'
Un peu partout
Avec n'importe qui
Pour le moindre prétexte
À Noël
Les anniversaires
Le vendredi

Théo
Comme il était vivant
Comme il était Acadien
Sa plus grande vertu était
D'être humain.

Je vous remercie d'avoir bien voulu m'écouter sur l'Acadie, ce sujet qui est tout proche de mon coeur. Avez-vous des questions?



Dos à dos

par Bob Rivard
Amherst, MA

Je me demande de temps en temps comment ça se fait que les jeunes filles savent toujours quand les affaires sont en train d'éclater. Est-ce que la sensibilité féminine vole le dessein en pleine air quand un homme fait les yeux doux à une autre? Peut-être dès leurs premiers rencontres avec les gars, les jeunes filles soupçonnent que tout les gars sont de fond en comble des bêtes sauvages et c'est absolument obligatoire de les harnacher. Quand on a une laisse à main on peut sentir le poulain ruer dans les brancards, n'est-ce pas?

En tout cas, la première fois que j'ai fait la connaissance de Diane Trudeau elle m'a dit qu'elle avait un ange gardien qui venait la nuit chuchoter dans son oreille. Il n'y avait rien que je pouvais faire, ma vie quotidienne était clair comme de l'eau de roche. Je doutais la vérité de sa parole mais à tout hasard j'ai professé mon amitié impérissable et je lui ai proposé de faire une rencontre chaque vendredi après l'école, à l'Église Ste Jeanne d'Arc, pour prier ensemble, et pour demander à la Sainte Vierge de nous protéger.

Ma mère voulait bien que je choisissais une jeune du lieu pour atteindre ma majorité et quand j'amenais Diane chez nous, ma mère était transportée de joie. Il n'y avait rien que Diane pouvait faire de mal, ma mère l'adorait comme le premier flocon de neige en hiver. C'était toujours Diane est belle, Diane se porte comme le Pont-neuf, Diane dit le mot et la chose, Diane est si charmante!

"Maman" j'insistais, "elle est tout à fait normal parfois un peu têtue!" Néanmoins, maman était enchanté avec Diane et voulait le plus souvent que je l'amenais manger du poisson chez nous le vendredi soir, après notre visite à l'église.

À cette époque il y avait un corps de clairons et tambours dans notre paroisse qu'on appelait La Garde St. Jeanne D'Arc. C'était là que les jeunes se rassemblaient hors de la vue de les Soeurs Gris de la Croix, pour se taquiner comme chiot. On se rencontrait deux ou trois fois par semaine à la salle paroissiale et pendant la soirée il y avait toujours beaucoup de plaisanterie, de la camaraderie, et d'impudence. Pendant l'été le clique se rendait à le carrefour deux ou trois fois par semaine pour peaufiner la démarche et le manœuvre. Les samedis et les dimanche



le Père Marquis nous transportait en autobus de long en large à travers Massachusetts pour faire concours avec les équipes du CYO, une organisation de paroisses catholique.

Il y avait deux vieilles filles qui nous accompagnaient, Madame Anna Jalbert et La Petite Bossue, une dame sans nom. Je suis toujours étonné qu'on pouvait appeler une personne Madame La Petite quand on l'adressait, mais quand on se parlait d'elle c'était irrésistible d'ajouter le démoniaque. Les jeunes sont peu reconnaissant. Par exemple le bédeau on appelait le vieux boiteux, Le Père Lagasser on appelait Le Père Tête Nu. Aujourd'hui on ne peut pas dire aucune chose impolitique, on a tous la peau mince. Quoiqu'il en ait les jeunes éprouvent souvent le malin plaisir.

La Dame Jalbert s'occupait de le comportement entre les filles et les gars pendant l'après midi et surtout en train d'aller au concours. Après le concours, quand les veilles se reposait pour le retour, souvent le crépuscule les trouvaient endormi comme des ours en hiver. C'était là qu'on se mêlait ensemble, les filles et les gars, pour découvrir nos impiétés banales.

Diane avait deux ans plus jeune que moi, mais concernant le pas de deux entre les filles et les garçons, elle était beaucoup plus mûr. Quand je voulais jaser elle voulait s'embrasser. Quand je voulais lire elle voulait faufler les doux tendresses de la touché. Alors, j'étais un peu lent mais pas stupide. Dans le noir de l'autobus Diane me conduisait sur un voyage d'expérimentation et d'élancement. Chaque semaine les couples se mêlait de nouveau, troquant l'un pour l'autre enfin de goûter tous les saveurs féminines. J'en avait rien! Mon banc était réservé pour Diane et son banc pour

moi. Chère lecteur, pour éviter une descente dans les descriptions de délices interdites, j'ajout seulement que dans les longues journées de l'été brûlante, j'ai âgé douze ans.

Les écoles secondaires catholique à Lowell se trouvaient à l'écart. A la fin de la journée scolaire, il fallait que je cours à toute vitesse vers l'école St. Joseph des Filles pour faire rencontre avec Diane. Chemin faisant, je portait ses livres, la captivait avec mes histoires affreux concernant rien du tout, et jouait le bouffon. Pour sa part elle semblait s'intéressée, et me demandait souvent si je voulais la joindre à la danse des quadrilles le vendredi soir. J'avoue que la chose la plus effrayante dans ma vie, avant Diane, c'était exactement l'embarras de me trouver au centre d'attention devant une salle pleine de danseuse, avec mes bottines entrelacer. Faire le bouffon c'est une chose, mais devenir le bouffon c'est horrible. Devenir le bouffon devant toutes les jeunes filles de mon âge était insupportable.

Enfin Diane m'a convaincu que les participants nouveaux recevaient l'instruction une heure avant la danse, dans une salle privé, et qu'elle m'aidera. Pour sceller l'affaire elle m'a acheté une chemise noir avec deux roses broder sur les poches et des boutons en nacre. J'étais flamboyant avec ma chemise noir, une ceinture de cuir avec une boucle en coquillage, des pantalons noir, et des sabots blancs. Pendant une dizaine de vendredi en automne j'empruntait le char de Madame Grégoire et conduisait Diane, sa soeur Doris et sa cousine Marie Anne à le cercle St. Louis. La danse de vendredi soir est devenue le plus jolie événement de ma seizième année, et peu à peu mon éveil sociable. (Suite page 31)

(Dos à dos suite de page 30)

On appelait les quadrilles “western style”. Le quadrille français était dansé par quatre couples formant un carré. Les garçons sollicitait les filles au commencement de la danse. De temps en temps, on annonçait une

choix de demoiselles et les filles sollicitait les gars. C’est devenue mon dénouement. Doris voulait une danse. Marie Anne voulait aussi une danse. Suivi par Claudette, Lisette, Chantale, Denise, Rose Marie, et plusieurs d’autres. La chemise noir est devenue magnétique, je me croyais sorti de la cuisse de Jupiter.

La danse c’est le refuge des corps collés ensemble. On commence main à main et on fini lies ventre à ventre dans la communion du rythme. Diane aimait que je sortait de mon cocon un peu, mais alors, quand je suis devenue le gigolo de la grande salle, elle voulait me tordre le cou pas serrer la taille.

Diane avait tort de me fauter, après tout, c’était elle qui me voulait là, pour m’étalager comme un prince en pourpre, justement la couleur de mon foulard. Le truc se déroulait vite. Je m’amusais trop.

Enfin les badinerie de les premiers rencontres de la jeunesse se décollent, les métiers se raffinent, le coquin trouve son meilleure côté. La promiscuité s’épuise et on se trouve dans les rapports amoureux

plus irrésistible. Alors pour moi ce n’étais pas Diane mais une Anglaise qui est devenue la pomme de mon oeil. Par chance La Judith a traversé une salle de danse pour me demander le plaisir de faire un tour du plancher, une planche d’embarquement que nous n’avons jamais délaissé.

Ma mère m’a jamais pardonner.

Footnote; La Garde Ste Jeanne d’Arc was originally an all girls drill team. As the number of participants increased, the parish started a fife and drum corps and eventually a Drum and Bugle Corps. The Drum corps was re-branded as the Bel Air Drum and Bugle Corps after Father Marquis received a commitment of sponsorship from the Chevrolet Dealer in Lowell. Alas, dear reader I found it necessary to change the names of my young girlfriends to protect the guilty and search as I did, I could not locate the picture of that black shirt with the red roses. As a substitute I enclosed a high school picture of myself.

La sixième génération, et je parle encore français Ma lien française par Robert Boutin Fall River, MA

Ça fait des années, des décennies, depuis que mes aïeux aient traversé le frontière et soient entrés aux États-Unis. Comme beaucoup d’autres peuples et cultures qui espèrent à améliorer la vie, nous aussi avons trouvé du travail et sommes entrés le creuset américain. Cependant, nous oublions que les États-Unis sont un mélange de *plusieurs* cultures, et que c’est ce ragoût ethnique qui rend notre pays si riche. En grandissant à Fall River, MA, j’assistais à beaucoup de fêtes et d’activités de la communauté portugaise, qui aime partager ses traditions. Pendant que les activités fussent amusantes, une partie de moi-même se sentait vide...je n’étais pas portugais...je suis canadien-français...et je voulais avoir mon propre héritage et mes propres traditions à partager avec mes amis portugais, juste comme on m’a partagé leur propre culture. Pendant mes années à l’école secondaire, j’ai embrassé la tâche de me connecter à ma propre culture et mon histoire familiale, en essayant de mieux me comprendre et enrichir notre diversité culturelle ici aux États-Unis.

Comme n’importe quelle entreprise,

la mienne avait des barrages routiers. Bien que mon père m’ait appris quelques mots en français quand j’étais petit, il me fallait apprendre ce qui se cachait dans ma tête. La seule mémoire je pouvais souvenir de Québec était la fois quand j’ai pleuré devant le Château, quand j’avais sept ans. C’était le printemps, il faisait chaud; j’étais fatigué et grognon. J’ai fait une scène quand mes parents m’ont dit que je ne pouvais pas avoir une glace. J’étais un tête de pioche, mais la persistance paye, et j’ai obtenu une glace!

Pendant ma première année à l’école secondaire, j’ai suivi français 1, et je pensais que j’apprenais beaucoup! Je pouvais dire bonjour, au revoir...je savais les jours de la semaine! Je succédais! Mais si vous ne m’avez pas demandé ce que j’ai mangé pour déjeuner, ou « quel heure est-il? » j’étais perdu. Ça continuait comme ça pendant des années, au-déla mes années au lycée. Apprenant le français m’a aidé à comprendre les immigrants qui leur faut apprendre l’anglais. C’est bien facile à leur montrer du doigt et dire « Learn English! », mais seulement ceux qui ont es-

sayé de parler une autre langue peuvent comprendre la difficulté en essayant de le faire.

Ma connaissance de français s’accroissait, et j’ai décidé de continuer mes études à l’université. J’ai des bons profs qui m’a introduit à la culture française. Pendant que je me sentisse plus proche de mon but, je savais que je n’y suis pas encore arrivé. Après avoir fait une stage à Paris, j’étais plus confident. C’était l’heure de retourner au Québec, et cette fois-ci j’étais armé de la langue française. C’était le français continental, mais j’ai pratiqué avec mon père pour être fidèle à mes racines linguistiques.

Je suis très chanceux. J’ai voyagé en France deux fois, et je suis retourné à La Patrie dix fois au moins. Ce n’est pas mal pour un gars de 24 ans! Je pourrais écrire des livres sur chaque voyage; cependant, ma mémoire le plus favorite se passe à la ville de Québec, au bord du Fleuve St. Laurent.

L’année passé, je restais à Montréal pour une programme d’immersion pour les profs de français, et j’ai décidé d’aller à la ville de Québec pour une excursion d’une journée et pour visiter mon arrière tant, Alice Boutin. Elle était une soeur de Sainte-Jeanne d’Arc, et elle avait travaillé à plusieurs ville francophones à la Nouvelle-Angleterre pendant ses soixante-dix ans de service. Elle était américaine, mais elle demeurait à la Maison Mère à Sillery, Québec (maintenant Québec, Québec). C’était évident qu’elle y passerait le reste de ses jours. Je me sentais proche
(Suite page 32)

6th Generation, and I still speak French

My Own French Connection

by **Robert Boutin, Fall River, MA**

It's been years, decades, since my ancestors crossed the border and entered the United States. Like so many other peoples and cultures looking to better their lives, we, too, found jobs and entered the great American melting pot. However, we forget that America is made up *many* cultures, and it is this ethnic stew that makes our country so rich. While growing up in Fall River, Massachusetts, I attended feasts and activities from the Portuguese community, who were all very enthusiastic in sharing their traditions. While they were fun to attend, a part of me felt empty. I wasn't Portuguese; I was French Canadian, and I wished I had my own heritage and traditions to share with my Portuguese friends the way they had shared their culture with me. During my high school years, I seriously embraced the task of connecting myself with my own culture, my own family background, in an effort to not only better understand myself but also enrich our own-cultural diversity here in the United States.

Like any great undertaking, mine wasn't without its own road blocks. Although my dad had taught me some French when I was little, I had to relearn what was hiding in the back of my mind. All I could remember about Quebec was the scene I pulled in front of *Le Chateau* when I was seven-years-old. It was a warm, spring day, and I was tired and cranky. I pulled a scene when my parents said I couldn't have any ice cream. I may have been a brat, but my persistence paid off; I got the ice cream!

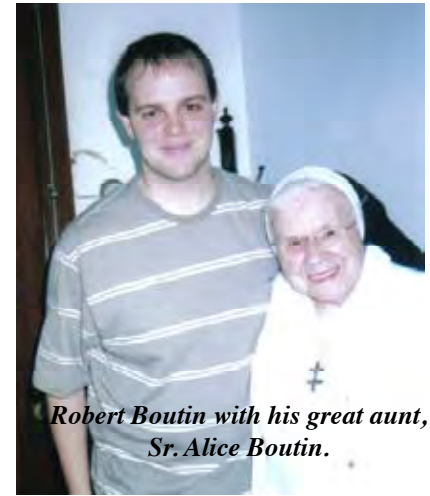
During freshman year of high school I was determined to learn more than just how to order a chocolate ice cream. I took French 1, and I thought I was learning a lot! I could say hello, goodbye; I knew the days of the week! I was on a roll. If someone asked me something more complicated

than what I had for breakfast or what time it was, I was lost. This continued for a few years, well into my French 3 class. Learning French as a second language helped me appreciate *anyone* learning any language, especially those coming to the United States. It's much easier for us to point the finger and say, "Learn English!" but only those who have ever attempted to speak another language know how hard a task it really is.

With a growing background in French, I decided to take French classes in college. There, I had great professors who introduced me to the French culture. While I felt I was closer to my goal, I knew I wasn't quite there yet. My confidence in speaking my second language was growing, but I still felt uneasy. After studying abroad in Paris, I was much more confident. The time had come to return to Quebec, and this time I was armed with the French language. It may have been Parisian French, but practice with my dad helped me stay true to my linguistic roots.

I've been very lucky to have traveled to France twice, and I've crossed the border back into La Patrie at least ten times. Not bad for a 24-year-old! I could write pages on each of my trips; however, my most cherished memory takes place in Quebec City, right in view of Le Fleuve St. Laurent.

Last year, while staying in Montreal for a French teacher immersion program, I took a day trip to Quebec City to visit my great aunt, Alice Boutin. She was a Joan of Arc Sister, and had been stationed in many places throughout Francophone New England during her seventy years of service. Although she was an American, she was now at the Mother House in Sillery, Quebec (Now part of Quebec City), where it was evident she would spend the rest of her days. I felt close to her. In fact, when I was that



Robert Boutin with his great aunt, Sr. Alice Boutin.

bratty seven-year-old, we were pen pals.

There were two ladies in her room, who I learned were her cousins. That would make them related to me, right? Her cousins couldn't speak English. There I was, speaking French with long lost relatives in the old country. What a surreal experience! After her cousins left, I stayed to spend some time with my aunt. Although she was an American, we didn't use English. We used French to talk about what we had been up to, the family, and everything else in our hometown of Fall River, or "notre pied-à-terre", as she called it. I was 23, and she was 98; we were three generations apart, and we were using our own ethnic language to speak. It was amazing.

The time had come for me to leave. I got up, gave her a bisou, and said "À la prochaine." However, there would never be a next time. My aunt passed away a few months later. Today, she rests in peace in Quebec along with her sisters Laura and Mathilda Boutin, also former Jeanne d'Arc Sisters. They all have a beautiful view of Le Saint Laurent.

I consider myself lucky to have had this experience, one that would have never occurred if I didn't pursue my desire to know more about my heritage.

If you're learning French, remember to have fun, and don't give up! You may even discover something about yourself on the journey.

(La sixième génération suite de page 31)

d'elle. En fait, quand j'étais ce tête de pioche à sept ans, nous étions des correspondants.

Quand je suis entré dans sa chambre, il y avait deux femmes. J'ai appris qu'elles sont les cousines de ma tante. Alors, elles sont mes cousines aussi, non? Ses cousines ne pouvaient pas parler anglais. Alor me voilà, il me fallait parler français avec mes relatives perdues depuis longtemps au pays de mes ancêtres. Quel expérience surréaliste! Nos cousines sont parties, et je suis

resté. Elle était américaine, mais nous ne utilisons pas l'anglais. Nous parlions en français de parler de la famille et de notre ville natale de Fall River, ou « notre pied-à-terre » comme elle l'appelait. J'avais 23 ans, et elle avait 98 ans; trois générations nous séparaient, et nous parlions notre propre langue ethnique. C'était merveilleux!

C'était l'heure de partir. Je me suis levé, je lui ai donné un bisou en disant « à la prochaine ». Cependant, il ne serait jamais une prochaine fois. Ma tante est morte quelques

mois après. Aujourd'hui, elle reste en paix avec ses deux soeurs, Laura et Mathilda Boutin, aussi des Soeurs de Sainte-Jeanne d'Arc. On a une belle vue du fleuve Saint-Laurent.

Je pense que je suis très chanceux d'avoir eu cette expérience qui ne serait jamais passée si je n'aurais pas poursuivi mon désir de connaître mon héritage.

Si vous apprenez le français, n'oubliez pas de vous amuser! Et ne laissez pas tomber votre désir de connaître votre culture. Peut-être vous trouveriez une partie de vous-même.

The Germain Saga

by
S. Ella Marie
Germain, CSJ
Ninth Installment



CLAIRE GERMAIN

At a very young age my sister, Claire was very observant and thoughtful. One time when Mom and Dad were gone, the neighbor lady stayed with us. She prepared a bottle for the baby. Claire who was only five years old wanted to make sure that the milk was not too hot for the baby. She told the lady exactly what to do!

One day Father Baudette questioned the little children during a catechism class.

(Twenty-one Days continued from page 26) chocolates, for a penny; mamas' heads covered in lace, reciting Sabbath prayers hands encircling flickering candles, freed hands to cloth satchels placing within them cabbages, potatoes, onions and carrots; they who were no longer plagued by pogroms, only by Francophones that stoned their children, defaced their synagogues. Not all, but some, the heads of mustached English police turned the other way. Enough, as people murmured of their spread to the streets of Cremazie and Ontario those to take up room and business between the French Catholic east and English Protestant west; who would probably take over Clark, St. Urbain and Esplanade next and even little Hutchison as they moved north these wanderers who would take over Park Avenue west and St. Denis east as well.

The wealthy British-born gentleman and scholar of Oxford and Cornell noticed this parasitic race, he of Ontario, Quebec's English-speaking neighbor to the west. For as professor of English history he knew, (he long of face and long of nose and long of scowl), as did le Mayeur of Québec, a Libérale of the House of Commons (of silver hair neatly parted), he who acknowledged the Englishman's holy words as Jewish maléfice

He enjoyed his sessions with these little ones. "Can anyone tell me the answer to this question?" Hands went up before he could continue. "What is a miracle?" Claire waved her hand and said. "I know, Father. It's a cow who eats green grass and gives whit milk!"

Way back in the early 1920's, children were not allowed to receive their first communion before the age of eight or nine. Father Baudette made an exception for Claire because she had a clear realization of the presence of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist. She received Jesus when she was only six years old.

In the fall of 1930, Claire, two Germain cousins and I went to St.. Joseph's Academy in Crookston for school. Claire was a Sophomore and I was a Junior. Nine months was a long time to be away from home, a distance of 300 miles. Finally at the end of the school year, Mom and Delore came for us. When Claire saw the car from the second floor window, she ran down two flights of stairs, pushed the doors open and threw herself into Mom's arms. It was Claire's first time away from home. During her year at the Academy, Claire had been lonesome, but she did enjoy her year there. It was her first year at a Catholic School.

The summer of 1931 was a painful one for Claire. The doctor told Mom that Claire had to be in bed for most of

it so well matched with what was printed in the Montréal *La Vérité*, *the Truth* and the sentiments of France currently so populaire that decried Jews as despoilers of society and partakers of ritual murders, as allies of the devil; a cry familière to les Français so fatigué with it all, as they had been since les Anglais.

"But you go there, to this Montréal," said this Reb Lerma in a break of thought.

Maurice nodded. "And you?"

"Not me. I go to Winnipeg, to meet my brother."

"Oh." Maurice sighed unable to hide his ache for Amit.

Something to receive a compassionate nod from the reb with his: "Ah, so you have family there you miss."

"No," said Maurice a shake of head, "no family."

"No? Then brave indeed to go it alone." He raised a brow.

For that there was a shrug and: "Perhaps," as heard from Brishen so many times before, from he of *what is... is*, on whom brave was a better fit. Although he would never be one to so admit, thought Maurice, brave being as his papa's coat too big in the sleeves, too long, too broad about the chest as he as follower by necessity, when pushed,

the summer because she had rheumatic fever. She recovered, and two years later graduated from New Richmond high school. Claire was a happy teenager, had many friends and enjoyed going to parties.

In May of 1933, I received the Holy Habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph at St. Anne's Church in Crookston. Claire came for my reception with Mom, Dad, Andrew and Ralph, my baby brother. Claire whispered to me, "I want to enter the convent." That summer she told Mom and Dad about her plans. Mom said, "I think you should wait." But Claire was determined. "I have to go this fall." It was in the month of October, 1933, that Claire left home to enter the convent in Crookston. This was difficult and yet a joy for my parents. Claire would be missed as was Ella.

Nine months later Claire received the Holy Habit, and was named Sister Marie Marcella. She began her Novitiate with five other companions. In the spring of 1935, they went to the Mother house in Bourg, France for a year of study. It was a great joy for me to see Claire for the first time as a Sister of St.. Joseph.

In 1936, Claire returned to St. Joseph's Academy in Crookston where she began her teaching career. She also taught grade school in Somerset, Superior, Richfield, Minneapolis and West St.. Paul. During the *(Continued on page 34)*

when prodded, no other path to take, he to circumvent wherever possible; circumvent, as he did now in this discussion he wished to end.

"We wait here long, then?" he said.

"As long as it takes," said the man his eyes removed from Maurice, and turning back to the island, "as long as it takes."

About the Author: A Canadian-American, née Québec, Maureen Wallner's non-fiction articles have appeared in such school and hospital publications as Augustana Magazine and New Realities as well in art-related International Bonsai; her poetry in Arts News, Lucidity and forpoetry.com. More recently her short fiction has been published in New England Writers' Network (Blue Tattoo) and in biosonus.net (Two Fires).

As a graduate of Augustana College, Rock Island, Illinois, having majored in English Literature with a minor in Journalism, her writing focuses on relationships and society, such as "The Pope and Harry's Father," published in the Jewish Federation of the Quad Cities and "Two Fires," as well as her historical fiction novel: "More than a Country," being readied for submission.

summer Claire donned the white habit and volunteered to work at St. Joseph's Hospital in Park Rapids. Having been sick herself, Claire understood the importance of loving bed side care. Claire also taught Summer Vacation classes in the country parishes of the diocese of Crookston. Her love for God radiated in the lessons she taught. Where ever Claire worked, she was very well liked.

Sister Claire received a Bachelor of Arts Degree from the College of St. Catherine. She also attended Viterbo College in La Crosse, Wisconsin, St. Anselm's College in Manchester, New Hampshire, and the University of Notre Dame in Indiana. Sister Claire and Sister Gladys took part in a French Institute sponsored by St. Anselm's College. Their summer in France was a wonderful experience.

On August 7, 1961, Claire celebrated her 25th Jubilee at St. Joseph's Academy in Crookston, and also at St. Anne's Church in Somerset the following week. The liturgies in both places were special. Some dearly loved French hymns were sung by the choir. Sisters Helene Cloutier, Imelda and Claire wore floral crowns for the occasion. The celebration at home was a joyous one.



25th Anniversary

One summer in 1940, Sister Claire and I were boarders at the Diocesan Teacher's College for the summer session. After supper one evening we decided to go to St. Luke's Hospital for a short visit with our brother, Dennis, who had just had surgery. If one goes by the shortest way, down the stone steps behind the college, it is only a ten or fifteen minute walk. Nuns usually carry umbrellas, but we were leaving for such a short time that we decided not to take them. Besides, there was not a sign of rain.

After visiting with Dennis, we noticed that it was getting cloudy and breezy. We

quickly explained that we had not taken our umbrellas along. With a hurried good bye we were on our way, walking as fast as religious dignity would permit us. We had gone only one block when the wind "let loose". It was all we could do to hole on to our veils. In fact we looked like two black balloons dancing away with the wind.

Since we had, in our childhood, lived in tornado regions, we knew the dangers of such a storm and became alarmed. Close by we saw a house with an ample open porch. "Let's stop here for a few moments", Claire said, and we dashed up the steps.

Once safely out of the wind we looked around. An old man was seated at the other end of the porch gazing coldly. Overcoming her timidity, Claire ventured to ask, "Mister, do you think we can make it up the hill before it rains?" The answer came back curt and unfriendly. "I don't know. That's your affair."

Sister Claire, more daring than I, whispered, "We can make it. Let's go." I followed reluctantly. As we started to climb the steps, the rain began to pour down. Fortunately, large leafy trees on either side of the stairway swerved as umbrellas. Then thundering and lightening began. In our excitement we forgot the danger of being under trees during an elec-

(Continued on page 35)



If you would like to be a part of the Franco-American Women's Institute or you know someone who would, send along your information and we will include you in the Institute. Or, if you would like to know more about joining the Franco-American Women's Institute, contact us at the email below.

Membership fees:

Institutional/Professional, \$40/yr,
Canada/Elsewhere, \$45/yr;

Individual, \$10/yr.

Canada/Elsewhere, \$15/yr. Merci!

To join, please go to this page:

<http://www.fawi.net/membership.html>

You can E-MAIL FAWI here:

FAWI2000@aol.com

Established in 1996

The Franco-American Women's Institute 2011 is the 15th Anniversary of FAWI! L'Institut des femmes franco-américaines

The Franco-American Women's Institute is an organization of women who gather together as a force for the specific purpose of promoting Franco-American, ethnic women's voices. The Franco-American Women's Institute is also an archival place or a recording place. The women come together in many forms of presentation, body, soul and creative spirit, as Franco-American women-- Québécois, Acadian, Métis, Mixed Blood, French Canadian, 'Cajun, Creole and Huguenot--in a way which encourages them to be voiced while collecting a record of their and their maman's existence. Daughters, mamans, and mémères.

Franco-Americans are the ancestors of an important and large genealogical group located on the North American continent. These women live in pockets of communities throughout the Northeast and elsewhere. Here in Maine several communities have been chez-nous for Franco-Americans for more than the past 150 years.

--Rhea Côté Robbins, Founder and Director

Author of *Wednesday's Child*

(<http://www.rhetapress.com>)

--Franco-American memoir

see also at book site

CBC, Zone Libre video interview with author

<http://www.fawi.net/>

(The Germain Saga continued from page 34)

trical storm. A sudden crash made us realize our imminent danger. A giant oak tree, twenty feet away, had just been the storm's victim.

We increased our speed. The stairs seemed to have no end. We stopped for a moment, and then continued our climb. As we reached the top of the stairway there was another cloudburst. We could not see two feet ahead of us. Finally, we groped our way to the side porch of the Teacher's College. After we had caught our breath we looked at each other and burst out laughing. Our long black habits were dripping and clinging to us. Right then and there we decided not to use the front entrance, so as to avoid meeting anyone. To our dismay, however, we found the side door locked. Imagine how embarrassed we should be if we rang the front doorbell, and Father Conole answered. We knocked at the side door until one of our sisters came to let us in. Never had the back stairway seemed such an important part of the building as it was that night!

After Claire retired from actual classroom teaching, she worked as the coordinator of the Resource Center at St. Michael's Grade School in Stillwater. Claire loved little children. She enjoyed reading interesting stories to them and they always wanted more.

For many years only one sister in the community was given permission to drive the car. Finally, sisters were allowed to take lessons, and get their driver's license. By that time I was not interested in learning, probably because I was fearful. But Claire was unafraid, and anxious to get behind the wheel. Now she could drive to her work. It gave her a feeling of freedom while I was, and still am, dependent on



S. Claire reading stories



S. Claire Germain, CSJ

the kindness of others to take me places.

Claire's heart was damaged as a result of rheumatic fever she had at the age of 14. In 1962, she had heart surgery. Seventeen years later, Claire had heart problems again. In March of 1979, Sister Claire went to Rochester for open-heart surgery. Rita, Andy, Urban, Leo and I were there to reassure her and to pray for her. Two valves were implanted in the arteries of her heart. After a marvelous recovery at Mae and Tom's home, Claire was



In Des Moines, Iowa for Pope John Paul's visit.

determined to continue her work as librarian at St. Michael's in the fall, and she did!

In October of 1979, Claire signed up to go on the bus to Des Moines, Iowa where the Holy Father John Paul was to say Mass and address 3000,000 people. It must have been very tiring for her, but Claire considered it a privilege to make this pilgrimage. Little did she know that this was to be her last trip on this earth.

On January 6, 1980, Claire was taken to the hospital in Stillwater after a fall in the entrance of the school. She was transferred to St. Joseph's Hospital in St. Paul. I went to be with Claire every day after school. In mid February, Leo, Marion and I flew with her to Marywood in Crookston. Claire's time had come. Jesus called her on February 25, 1980. She was 64 years old. Still young, Claire's love for Jesus had reached the summit. She was buried in the family lot at St. Anne's cemetery in Somerset. Sister Claire who was always very close to the family is still with us in spirit. She intercedes for us in our every day needs.

Celeste Cota Photography

All images located on the website are available for sale. Prints can be purchased in a variety of sizes and can be matted and framed at your request. Please call for more details.

Select cards and prints are available at the following retail locations:

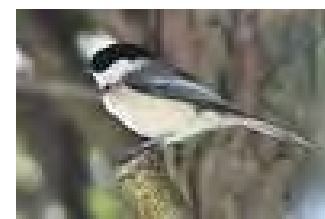
The Briar Patch - downtown Bangor, Maine

Metropolitan Soul - downtown Bangor, Maine

University of Maine at Machias bookstore - Machias, Mai

Contact me via email at

celeste@celestecota.com or by phone at 207.991.9788



www.celestecota.com

Huguenot Heritage: A Different French Connection

by James J. Herlan, Rochester NY

The path that my French ancestors followed to the United States is very different from the route taken by the vast majority of Franco-Americans in Maine and northern New England. As I learned during my 32 years of teaching on the Orono campus, most students with French roots had families who came here after settling first in what is now Francophone Canada. Almost a hundred percent of them also had some ties to the Catholic faith. By contrast, my own family story included no stops in Canada and no link to the Catholic Church. In fact, my ancestors, who were Huguenots, were driven out of France during the late 1600s and fled across the Rhine into Germany to avoid persecution. Although my personal history does contrast sharply with that of most readers, I'd like to share it anyhow, with the hope that a different perspective may provide some interesting insights.

Before recounting the Herlan family tale, I should mention that I first learned some of the genealogical details as an adolescent, after my uncle, Wesley Herlan, received a letter from a Herlan family member in Friedrichstal, Germany, in the late 1940s, following WW II. The German relative was seeking information about Herlans who had settled in the U.S. He sent my uncle a chart showing that we had a common ancestor named Pierre Herlan, who had lived in the small town of Friedrichstal after leaving France. More information would follow over the years. At the time, this was a shock to older family members, who had told me as a youngster that we were German, since our ancestors had all emigrated from Germany, around 1825. One relative had told me our name should be pronounced "hair-LAHN," as the Germans would say it. Only later did I learn that the really authentic pronunciation would be the French version, which rhymes with the French word "merlan."

Although I remember the stir caused by this post-war revelation, I confess that in my teen years I was not keenly interested in genealogy. School, sports, understanding girls, getting into college and other adolescent

preoccupations were far more pressing than the family name. Also, to add a very personal note, I should mention that my Grandma Herlan died in 1949, when I was 14. This was a huge loss for me, because I had spent a lot of time with her during my growing-up years and she was extremely supportive during my boyhood. Although Grandma was a Herlan only by marriage, she was my principal link to the older generation, and after she left us I felt somehow disconnected. So, the question of family history faded from my mind and did not return for more than a decade.

I was born in Buffalo, New York, in 1935 and lived there for three decades before moving to Maine in the mid-1960s. In college, I had been a French major, and after



The little covered wagon that the Huguenots traveled in.

graduation I became a French teacher. Over the years, I've wondered whether my genetic background had anything to do with my decision to study French and then teach it. At 76, I'm finally old enough to realize that there is no clear-cut answer to that question, but a quiet corner of my mind still likes to feel that my heritage and my career are somehow linked.

One of the first summers I lived in Maine, I participated in a French institute at the University of Maine's Orono campus. The intensive program, conducted entirely in French, was directed by the late Dr. Robert N. Rioux, a faculty member and himself a Franco-American. One of my fellow participants was Yvon Labbé, who eventually



founded the Franco-American Center at the university. My contact with these two men was my first introduction to the field and led me to a greater awareness of how important our family roots and cultural background can be. I don't think I ever thanked either Rioux or Labbé for their insightfulness, but I remain grateful to both of them.

During that period of my life, I also became a parent, and that led me to think more about family history. I began to ask myself how I should share background information with the children, as they grew old enough to understand it. Coincidentally, I started receiving more details of the Herlan story from my first cousin, John W. Herlan, the son of my Uncle Wesley (mentioned above). After his father's death, John became more intensely interested in the family heritage, and he kept me informed. He received most of his genealogical data from a more distant cousin, Stuart Herlan, who had settled in Ohio. I should note that almost all of the detailed family background I provide here originated with Stuart.

According to his research, our first known ancestor, N. Herlan, was born in the Picardie region of France, circa 1550. He got married around 1579 to a woman whose name remains unknown. Their great-grandson, Pierre Herlan, was also born in Picardie in 1648. He married Marie Delattre around 1673. Pierre, however, was the last Herlan in his branch of the family to be born in France. He and Marie had two sons, Abraham and Isaak, who were both born in Friedrichstal, on the German side of the Rhine, after the parents' escape from religious persecution in Picardie. I am a direct descendant of Isaak (1678-1770) who married a woman named Marie Jeanne Lelong in either 1704 or 1705. The Herlans continued to reside in

(Continued on page 37)

(Huguenot Heritage continued from page 36)

Friedrichstal for four more generations, until Franz Herlan (b. 1814) migrated to the U.S. He died in the western New York area in 1889. My grandfather, John Wesley Herlan, grew up nearby, just outside of Buffalo, and moved into the city as an adult. I never knew him, because he died in 1926 before I was born.

That genealogical summary offers a quick look at almost 500 years of my family's history, tracing my ancestors from France to Germany and finally to the U.S. The story interested me more as I grew older, but it all remained rather abstract for me until 2007, when my wife and I decided to visit France and Germany. Through my distant cousin, Kenny Burck (a Herlan on his mother's side), I was able to contact my 6th cousin, Elfriede Herlan Füssler, who lives in Friedrichstal.

Although we had never met, she and her husband Gunther were kind enough to invite us to stay with them overnight and to give us a tour of the town when we arrived. Elfriede took us through the small local museum, which was filled with historical items related to the arrival of Huguenots in the area. The most fascinating artifact was a fully reassembled covered wagon, the principal transportation used by the Protestant immigrants as they fled from Picardie. The wagons were smaller than those we've seen from U.S. history, but they looked solid and sturdy, even centuries later. Elfriede also took us to meet her married daughter, Juliane Oswald, whose house was a short walk away. Interestingly, Juliane and her spouse had purchased the house that had been owned by her grandmother Herlan (Elfriede's mother). So, the Herlan family ties were very visible to me now, both in

terms of real people and real places. The experience was truly emotive for me. The family history had become more than just names, dates and places printed on a family tree. Having seen the town where my ancestors grew up and walked the same streets they did, I felt a new attachment to my own past.

At the end of our visit, Elfriede and Gunther drove us into the nearby city of Karlsruhe, where we would take a train to Paris. After exchanging hugs with our cousins, my wife and I boarded the TGV and within minutes we crossed the Rhine and were racing across the French countryside. I suddenly realized we were headed in the opposite direction that Pierre Herlan had taken so long ago. At that moment, my family's French connection also felt very real to me. We stayed a few days in Paris but never made it to Picardie. Maybe that will come on another trip.



My cousin Elfriede, the museum director and myself.



The exterior of my cousin Juliane Oswald's house (formerly the home of her Grandmother Herlan).



My cousin Elfriede with her husband, Gunther.

“Remember the Maine”; USS Arizona; “Never Forget” LPD 21 USS New York

Written by Dick Bernard Woodbury, MN

December 7, 1941, my Uncle Frank Bernard was minding his own business on the USS Arizona, berthed at Pearl Harbor, HI. Without doubt he was awake at the time a Japanese bomb destroyed his ship and snuffed out his life. 1176 shipmates also died that day. Frank was definitely at the wrong place at the wrong time. Every year on this date, no doubt today as well, I will see a photo or a film clip of the Arizona blowing up.

I am the only one of my siblings old enough to have ever actually met Uncle Frank; the last time at the end of June, 1941, in Long Beach, California.

Frank had served on the Arizona since 1936. Though he seems to have been engaged to someone in Bremerton WA, he likely intended to be a career man in the Navy.

Wars are never fought without reasons, or consequences. They are collections of stories, often mythology masquerading as fact. One war succeeds the last war. That’s just how wars are.

Frank’s Dad, my Grandpa Henry Bernard, 43 years earlier had enlisted to serve the United States in what he always called the Spanish-American War in the Philippines. He was very proud of this service, which lasted from the spring of 1898, to the summer of 1899. The pretext for this war was the explosion of the USS Maine in Havana harbor. Whatever actually caused the explosion was blamed on the Spaniards, and led to an outpouring of patriotic fervor in the U.S. “Remember the Maine” was the battle cry.

Grandpa’s unit, one of the first to the Philippines, never actually fought any Spaniards – he and his comrades were hardly off the boat near Manila when the Spanish surrendered. His battles were with the Filipino “insurgents” who were glad to be rid of the Spaniards, and just wanted the Americans to go back where they came from. That

war is now called the Philippine-American War – a term Grandpa wouldn’t know.



Bernard Family Reunion at Long Beach CA late June, 1941. Frank is in the center, Dick, 1 1/2, is next to him.



Frank Bernard, Honolulu, some time before Dec. 7, 1941



In Henry’s company was his future wife’s cousin, Alfred Collette. Some years after the war, Alfred returned to the Philippines, becoming successful, later marrying and living the rest of his life in the Philippines.

After Pearl Harbor, the first major conquest of American territory by the Japanese was the Philippines.... Alfred was imprisoned at the notorious Santo Tomas. During the final battle for the liberation of Manila in 1945 his second child, named for my grandmother Josephine, was killed by shrapnel from either the liberators or the Japanese. She was

only four years old, in her mother’s arms. Her two siblings witnessed her death.

Seven of Uncle Frank’s cousins in Canada, all from the same family, went to WWII, three in the Canadian Army, four in the U.S. Army. One of the seven died in combat. Others from my families served as well, as did neighbors. Most survived; some didn’t.

Which brings to mind the USS New York LPD 21.

On Thanksgiving day came one of those power point forwards celebrating the launch of the Amphibious Transport Ship the USS New York, a ship partially manufactured out of the wreckage of the World Trade Centers September 11, 2001. The internet is awash with items about this ship, commissioned in November of 2009.

A key caption of the powerpoint said that the New York’s contingent was “360 sailors, 700 combat ready Marines to be delivered ashore by helicopters and assault craft”, apparently roaming the world at the ready to do battle with the bad guys wherever they were. The transport has “twin towers” smokestacks,

I could see the attempt at symbolism in the power point: “don’t mess with

(Continued on page 39)

("Remember the Maine" continued from page 38)

the U.S.". The boat plays to the American fantasy that we are an exceptional society, more deserving than others.

But, somehow, I failed to see the positive significance of this lonely boat, roaming the world, looking for opportunities to do battle against our enemies.

It doesn't take a whole lot of geographic knowledge to know how immense this world is, and how tiny and truly insignificant is a single ship with about 1000 U.S. servicemen, no matter how highly trained and well-equipped they might be.

It seems we have better ways to use our money.

Uncle Frank was technically a peacetime casualty – War wasn't declared against Japan until after he was dead. He and his comrades at Pearl Harbor who also died were only the first of hundreds of thousands of Americans, who joined, ultimately, millions of others who became casualties of WWII. A few of Grandpa Henry's comrades were killed on Luzon, and till the end of his life in 1957 in Grafton ND there was an annual remembrance at the monument in front of the Walsh County Court House.

*The triumph of war is what we seem to remember.
The horror of war is what we best "never forget".
Peace takes work, lots of it. Let's work for Peace.*



Alfred Collette, 1898, Presidio San Francisco CA



Henry Bernard, middle soldier, in Yokohama Japan, enroute home 1899



*Josephine Collette-Henry Bernard Wedding
June 3, 1901*

Nearly 50 years ago, May 23, 1957, Grandpa Bernard died.

He was the first of my grandparents to bid adieu. I was 17. His 'mates' on this mortal journey of ours - my other grandparents - followed him over the next 15 years.

On November 10, 2006, Grandpa's latest descendant, Lucy, joined the human family.

In their stories is the sto-

A Christmas Reflection: 2006 And who are our "Neighbors?"

(Luke 10:25-37)

***by Dick Bernard
Woodbury, MN***

ry of our humanity: an endless succession of beginnings and endings.

For all the years I knew them, Grandma and Grandpa Bernard lived in a house that was postage stamp in size. In my memory, they did not have a car, unless one counted that 1901 Oldsmobile stored in the Grafton (ND) City Hall. It was a mysterious contraption, that car. At least once we saw Grandpa drive it in a parade. I knew it to be his car. Grandma and Grandpa likely never expected to be rich in a material sense; neither did they enter married life expecting to be poor.

Best as I can tell, Grandpa had an excellent job, and excelled at it for many

years. But doing the right things wasn't enough. Life drastically changed course in one week near the end of May, 1927, when Grandpa's employer, and the bank that held their savings, went out of business. Fraud and even collusion were suspected. It made no difference. At 55 Grandpa was out of work and they were broke. Soon the Great Depression, and then WWII would dominate their lives for many years.

Who helped them survive the initial shock, and later, - and who didn't care - is an unanswered and probably unanswerable question. What is known is that their youngest

(Continued on page 40)

Paris...

Bon Voyage!

by Michael Guignard

Alexandria, VA

In a recent e-mail exchange with Lisa Michaud, I mentioned that my wife and I had travelled to France last year. She asked that I write about my experiences and provide travel trips to Forum readers. I hope the following travel diary will encourage some of you to visit.

I found that reading, speaking and understanding French really facilitated my ability to get around the city by bus, train and subway. We never got lost. While Paris is an expensive city, if you stay outside the tourist areas but within city limits, bargains can be had. We stayed at the Art Hotel Congres (www.arthotel.congres.com) very near Montmartre. Try to get a hotel that provides breakfast as even breakfast can be expensive in Paris. We travelled in early June before the weather gets hot in Paris. It was a perfect time of year and did not rain during our entire ten-day trip.

We planned our days so that we would go to the museums on late closing days. It takes more than one day to see the Louvre

but if you get there when it opens (there will be a little line) to buy the tickets and stay until the late closing, you can see all the highlights. Same for the Musee D'Orsay.

In Paris, there are hundreds of statues, almost on every corner. I was looking for statues of Jacques Cartier and Samuel de Champlain. In making inquiries about these two men, I found that they were not well known. But by dint of effort I found statues of both, in a small park behind the Grand Palais near where Avenue Franklin Delano Roosevelt intersects with the Cours la Reine. The park itself is called, appropriately, Place du Canada. The Cartier statue was erected in the 1930s. The Champlain statue was much more recent –put up and paid for by Hydro Quebec in 2004.

The subway system in Paris can get you within a hundred yards of anywhere you want to go, quickly and cheaply. We did not take a taxi once while there. Travel by bus is a bit trickier but I do recommend a ride on Bus 72's very picturesque route along the Seine. The Invalides, where Napoleon is buried, has its own subway stop, as do most of the more popular tourist sights in Paris. There is a very nice military history museum at the Invalides as well, in addition to a convenient soup and sandwich shop where you can get a quick bite. The Invalides also serves as a military hospital for veterans and while walking through the Invalides' gardens,

we saw some of the patients admiring the beautiful flowers. The Rodin Museum is also close by. It served as Rodin's home and studio and contains all his masterpieces.

Another nice walking tour beckons starting at the Place de la Concorde (famous some 220 years ago for its guillotine) and walking along the Champs Elysees to the Arc de Triomphe (located in a spot Parisians call L'Etoile because of the many avenues that radiate from the arch.) From there one can walk to the Eiffel Tower. Be prepared for large crowds there. We went several times before we finally decided to wait in line to purchase our tickets to finally see the city from the tower. It is a real Tower of Babel in the sense that most of the tourist there are not from the U.S. but appear to come from all over the world speaking many languages.

Another pleasant walking tour can take you from Eglise Notre Dame to the Pantheon and Parc Luxembourg. Not to be confused with Rome's Pantheon, Paris's structure was built as a Catholic church and now serves as a final resting place where some of France's most famous, philosophers, writers, humanists and scientists are buried, including Rousseau, Diderot, Voltaire, Hugo, Zola, Dumas and Marie Curie.

Since our hotel was close to Montmartre, we walked there and spent a day seeing the Moulin Rouge and climbing Paris' high-
(Continued on page 41)

(A Christmas Reflection continued from page 39)

child, Frank, was only 12 when catastrophe struck. Their oldest child, Josie, who was deaf and 24 years old, was still living at home. Their son, my Dad, had the ill fortune of graduating from high school the same week their world fell in. His plans abruptly changed.

Ten years later Grandpa began to get Social Security. He was likely in the first group of citizens to receive that benefit but there had been a very long dry spell between, and Social Security wasn't that much anyway.

Grandma and Grandpa were classy people. Though poor, and without much formal education, they exuded dignity. When we went to visit, Grandpa always wore a tie. Grandma, too, was first-rate. They were respected citizens. I know Grandpa had spent some years as president of the local fire department.

The legacy they left behind was not money or things, it was us. They're not responsible for what we've done or will do with our lives, but they live on in us, nonetheless.

One of the few certainties of mortal life is that it will end.

Another certainty is that life's

road ahead is uncertain; unpredictable, no matter how carefully planned.

Lucy will learn as we all do, that there are limits to what she can control or predict: ultimately we all need 'neighbors'...and they won't necessarily be the people we've chosen.

August 12, 2006, all but one of my grandkids, the Bernards great-great-grandkids, had an opportunity to sit in Grandpa's 1901 Oldsmobile; two of them took a ride in it, as did I.

Now Lucy has arrived, 134 years after her Great-Great-Grandpa's birth February 26, 1872.

What is on the road ahead for Lucy and her 'class' of humanity in this ever more complicated and interdependent world? 100 years ago, Grandma and Grandpa's world was small. Lucy's neighbors are everyone, everywhere. How will she remember our generation 50 years from now?



Lucy on her birth day, Nov. 10, 2006



Bowker 8-12-06, cutline: Spencer and Teddy ride in their great-great-Grandpas 1901 Olds, August 12, 2006 Buffalo MN (Driver/Owner Tony Bowker)

(Paris...

Bon Voyage! continued from page 40)

est hill. At the top we visited the Basilique du Sacre Coeur and went up to its steeple for a beautiful view of the city. There are a number of museums in Montmartre as it served as an artist enclave where Toulouse Lautrec, Dali and Picasso had studios.

Easily accessible by subway, you can also visit the Pere Lachaise cemetery, the marche des puces and Place de la Bastille. On the morning that I went to the cemetery, an older lady told me while waiting for the subway that Michael Jackson had died. While walking in the cemetery, I saw young people (maybe students) who lived nearby dancing on apartment building ledges to

Jackson's music. In addition to many famous Frenchmen, Jim Morrison and Oscar Wilde are buried here also. When I went, their tombs were covered with flowers.

During our ten-day stay, we managed to get out of the city and visit Versailles and the city of Rheims. Versailles was built by Louis XIV and serves as France's capital from 1682 to 1789. For history and art history buffs, be prepared to stay the entire day. I was particularly fascinated by Le Grand Trianon, Le Petit Trianon and Le Hameau, where Marie Antoinette went to escape the French royal court.

Rheims is the city where French kings were crowned in its cathedral. It is also where General Eisenhower set up his headquarters and where the Germans surrendered

to the British and American forces on May 7, 1945 – the surrender was ratified the next day in Berlin with the Soviets present this time. The room where the surrender was signed was part of a school which is now the Franklin Delano Roosevelt museum. We finished our day in Rheims with a tour of one of the many champagne establishments in the city. Best champagne I have ever drunk.

For any art and history buff who is also a Francophone, Paris is the place to go. For young readers, there are youth hostels in areas where restaurant meals are more reasonable. For those who do not mind more Spartan accommodations, you can also find convents in which to stay. Bon voyage!

Beginning a family history

by Dick Bernard
Woodbury, MN

Monday I mailed the family history of my Dad's French-Canadian family.

It is a weighty tome. Its 500+ pages read 3 lb 9.4 oz on the post office scale. It represents my efforts to condense 400 years of several families French-Canadian history in North America.

Whether the book turns out to be a 'weighty tome' in an intellectual or even family interest sense remains to be seen. Other 'scales' will measure that, and I have no control over them. I did my best, collecting information over the last 30 years, and during the last year attempting to organize and make some sense of it. Being a family in 2010 means, already, that I have sent books to California and New Jersey and Montreal and Winnipeg and Santa Fe and many other places. The family is hidden in plain sight, everywhere. Like a bunch of needles in a haystack.

Mine is an ordinary garden variety kind of family, like the vast majority of families who have built every nation and community in every era in history.

I built this history around the families of my Grandma and Grandpa's root families: on one side, Bernard and Cote; on the other Collette and Blondeau. (I did a similar history of my mother's 'side' some years ago.) My French-Canadians came from an era where French-Canadian married French-Canadian, and above that, lived in a French-Canadian culture in a French-Canadian community, speaking French. When my Dad was born in 1907, the fairly rigid ethnic boundar-



ies were breaking down in northeastern North Dakota, but even so, when Grandpa died in 1957, a majority of the 116 names (usually the wife, it seems) who signed the book at his funeral in Grafton, North Dakota were French surnames, and some of the non-French surnames I know had French maiden names. That is how it was, then.

I like to think – again, the critics will be the judge – that this document I labored over for the last twelve months approaches the status of legitimate history.

Such histories are difficult for common people to do.

My roots families were farmers and grain millers and sometimes small merchants, and for the most part not very educated in the formal sense. There were no journals to quote from; no treasure trove of family letters found in somebodies attic; no scribes recording their daily activities.

Contact:

Dick Bernard

6905 Romeo Road

Woodbury MN 5515-2421

651-730-4849

Email: dick_bernard@msn.com

<http://www.chez-nous.net/fc.html>

<http://www.outsidethewalls.org/blog>

<http://www.amillioncopies.info>

Still, once one is identified as having an interest in the history of the family, information begins to accumulate, and it did, in my project. I gratefully acknowledge at least 37 people who had at one time or another over the 30 years provided information of one kind or another. And I was lucky in that this family had some sense that photographs might be useful in documenting its members.

Importantly, I could use stories about the French-Canadian experience gleaned from a newsletter I edited for over 15 years. There are about 50 of these in the book, presented as they were presented in the 'cut and paste' days of the 1980s, forward.

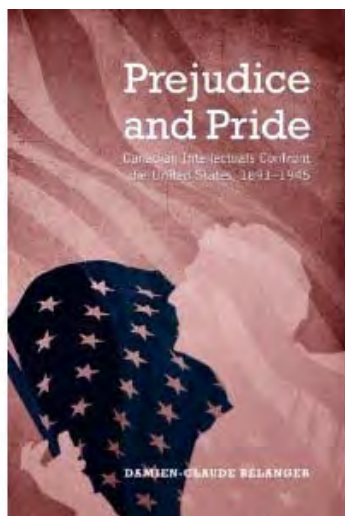
And now it's done...at least for me. I shipped the several boxes that constitute the archives off to the University of North Dakota library, ready for some unknown researcher in the future.

I noted, in all of this, that people of my generation – I am 70 – are truly the final keepers of what can legitimately called 'the old days', before television, computers, rapid transportation and the like.

If memories are to be carried on, it is people like myself who are well advised to take on the task, now, before memory fails.



BOOKS/LIVRES...



Prejudice and Pride: Canadian Intellectuals Confront the United States, 1891-1945

by *Damien-Claude Bélanger*

University of Toronto Press, Scholarly Publishing Division © 2010

World Rights

320 Pages

<http://www.amazon.ca/Prejudice-Pride-Canadian-Intellectuals-1891-1945/dp/1442640456>

<http://www.utppublishing.com/Prejudice-and-Pride-Canadian-Intellectuals-Confront-the-United-States-1891-1945.html>

'Prejudice and Pride is an excellent, original work that delves instructively into both English and French Canadian anti-Americanism. Damien-Claude Bélanger's unique comprehension of authors writing in both official languages presents readers with an honest portrait of a variety of intellectual trends. Well-focused and solidly argued, Prejudice and Pride will appeal to anyone interested in Canadian-American relations.' (Louis Balthazar, Department of Political Science, Université Laval)

As a country with enormous economic, military, and cultural power, the United States

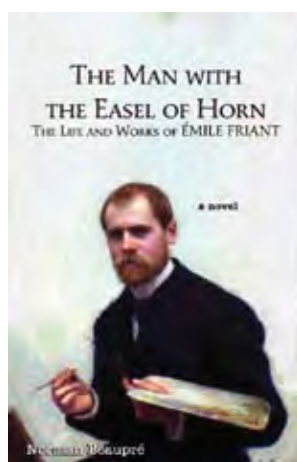
can seem an overwhelming neighbour - one that demands consideration by politicians, thinkers, and cultural figures. Prejudice and Pride examines and compares how English and French Canadian intellectuals viewed American society from 1891 to 1945.

Based on over five hundred texts drawn largely from the era's periodical literature, the study reveals that English and French Canadian intellectuals shared common preoccupations with the United States, though the English tended to emphasize political issues and the French cultural issues. Damien-Claude Bélanger's in-depth analysis of anti-American sentiment during this era divides

Canadian thinkers less along language lines and more according to their political stance as right-wing, left-wing, or centrist. Significantly, the era's discourse regarding American life and the Canadian-American relationship was less an expression of nationalism or a reaction to US policy than it was about the expression of wider attitudes concerning modernity.

About the Author

Damien-Claude Bélanger is an assistant professor in the Department of History at the University of Ottawa.



The Man with the Easel of Horn

by *Norman Beaupré*

<http://www.goodreads.com/book/show/9567932-the-man-with-the-easel-of-horn>

<http://www.lumina.com/store/manwiththeeaselofhorn.htm>

The Man with the Easel of Horn is an historical novel infused with the fine arts, based on the life and works of neglected master Emile Friant. Well known as a realist painter formed by the Cabanel atelier in Paris at the end of the 19th Century, Friant was a master draughtsman and painter whose works are an extraordinary example of real-

ism in art with academic formation at its core.

From his birth in Alsace-Lorraine, The Man with the Easel of Horn follows in the artist's footsteps through the Franco-Prussian War and then, later on, through WWI. We are introduced to the Grand Salon de Paris and meet famous artists such as John Singer Sargent. The novel also reveals the passion and obsession of Emile Friant dealing with love and the question of sensuousness. It's a faithful reflection of life under la Belle Époque. Very little has been written about Emile Friant and his works, so this novel

breaks new ground in the field of fine arts.

Professor Emeritus at the University of New England in Maine, Norman Beaupré writes both in French and English. He has done extensive traveling to do research on the subjects for his creative works. His last novel in English deals with Van Gogh in Arles. The author was decorated by the French Government with the insignias of the Ordre des Arts et Lettres with the rank of Officier for his contributions to the French culture.

BOOKS/LIVRES...



Annette Cogels

Souvenirs de Chasses ...dans le Maine

**Photographies et textes:
Jean Lacroix**

Le récit d'une partie de chasse en 1928

— *Beaucoup de nos gens ont travaillé dans les chantiers du Maine et en Gaspésie pour la famille Lacroix de Saint-Georges-de-Beauce, aussi bien que mon père, Donat Labbé, qui était cuisinier à Carleton ainsi que pour plusieurs jobbeurs dans Maine pour une trentaine d'années. Parmi ces jobbeurs: James Aucoin, Joseph et Andrew Redmond, Mathias Gilbert, Laval et Donia Gilbert, Gérard Gagné, Émile Breton, Antonio Poulin..*

Édouard Lacroix a fondé la Madawaska Corporation à Van Buren, Maine, et est devenu le légendaire innovateur dans l'industrie forestière du Nord de notre état. L'histoire de sa présence et son impact dans le Maine lui doit un récit beaucoup plus approfondi. Procurez-vous le livre de Jean Lacroix décrit ci-bas dans un article de "L'Éclaireur Progrès" de la Beauce.

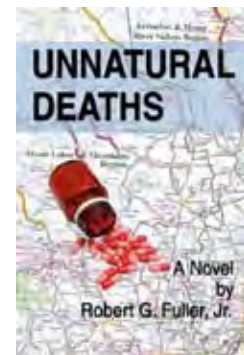
Yvon Labbé

Description

D'une critique publiée: "Publié en Belgique en 1929 par la maison d'édition La Grande Librairie, aujourd'hui disparue, le journal décrit comment les gens vivaient à cette époque dans les profondeurs du bois, comment Annette Cogels tuait le gibier ainsi que les opérations forestières de la compagnie Madawaska. Dans son journal, Annette y décrit même son passage en Beauce. «On peut lire qu'elle part de Québec en train et passe par Saint-Georges pour se rendre jusqu'au Lac-Frontière qui

**Éditions Jean Lacroix
279, Route LaFlamme
St-Benoit Lâbre, Beauce
Québec, Canada
G0M 1P0**

jeanlacroix@aol.com



Unnatural Deaths...A Novel

by Robert G. Fuller, Jr.

Why would anyone want to kill Harvey Coburn? This question perplexes Maine state police detective Martin Counihan. Two of Coburn's hunting companions, enroute to Coburn's hunting camp deep in the Maine woods, find the owner of Coburn Shoe lying in the woods road with a bullet in his skull. Later that day, the Coburn police discover another body in the parking lot of an Appalachian Trail entry point. This victim is Blackie Pelletier, a worker at Coburn Shoe and the brother of Laurent Pelletier, a powerful, well-connected Maine lawyer. Counihan explores several leads and discovers the startling fact that the murders he is investigating resemble two others, one in Rhode Island and one in Georgia. Is there a link, Counihan wonders?

A Russian businessman from Brooklyn, New York buys the Coburn factory. His company intends to import vitamins made in Eastern Europe, bottle them in Maine and sell them to nationwide to health-conscious Americans. The employees of Coburn are relieved to maintain their jobs and

the Maine governor is pleased to take the credit for bringing in a non-polluting industry.

As Counihan probes further, he learns that there also may be a connection between the Russian and the two murders in Coburn. Meanwhile Pelletier, haunted by his brother's death, uses his own contacts within the legal system, attempting to assist Counihan without impeding the detective's own investigation. He discovers that the Russian, now his client, is not all he appears to be. Counihan's dogged efforts lead him to Harvey Mishkin of the FBI's Russian task force and Talia Skibinskaya, a savvy former New York investment banker who becomes a confidential informant. In a crackling ending, Maine and federal authorities descend on those responsible for these two unusual murders in the small Maine mill town and bring them to justice.

About the author

Robert G. Fuller, Jr. practiced law in Maine for about thirty-five years. He also

served in the Judge Advocate General's Corps of the United States Navy as a reserve officer. During his career, he developed extensive contacts among Maine trial lawyers and judges, law enforcement personnel, prosecutors and forensic analysts, all of which have contributed to the authentic flavor of this novel.

**Available at:
Amazon.com,
BarnesandNoble.com,
BooksAMillion.com,
Borders.com
and from your local
independent bookseller.**

ISBN:978-159858-897-2

**Also now available in e-book form on
Kindle and Google e-books.**

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

Franco-American Library



Bibliothèque Franco-Américaine

Under the sponsorship of le Centre de la francophonie des Amériques in Québec City, and with the support of the organization “Chez Nous,” a chapter of Royal Arcanum-ACA, the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine has taken on the task of seeking out writings and other resources important to Franco American history and life in the United States. What has come of this search is a new website project housed at the Centre:

FRANCO AMERICAN LIBRARY | BIBLIOTHÈQUE FRANCO-AMÉRICAINNE

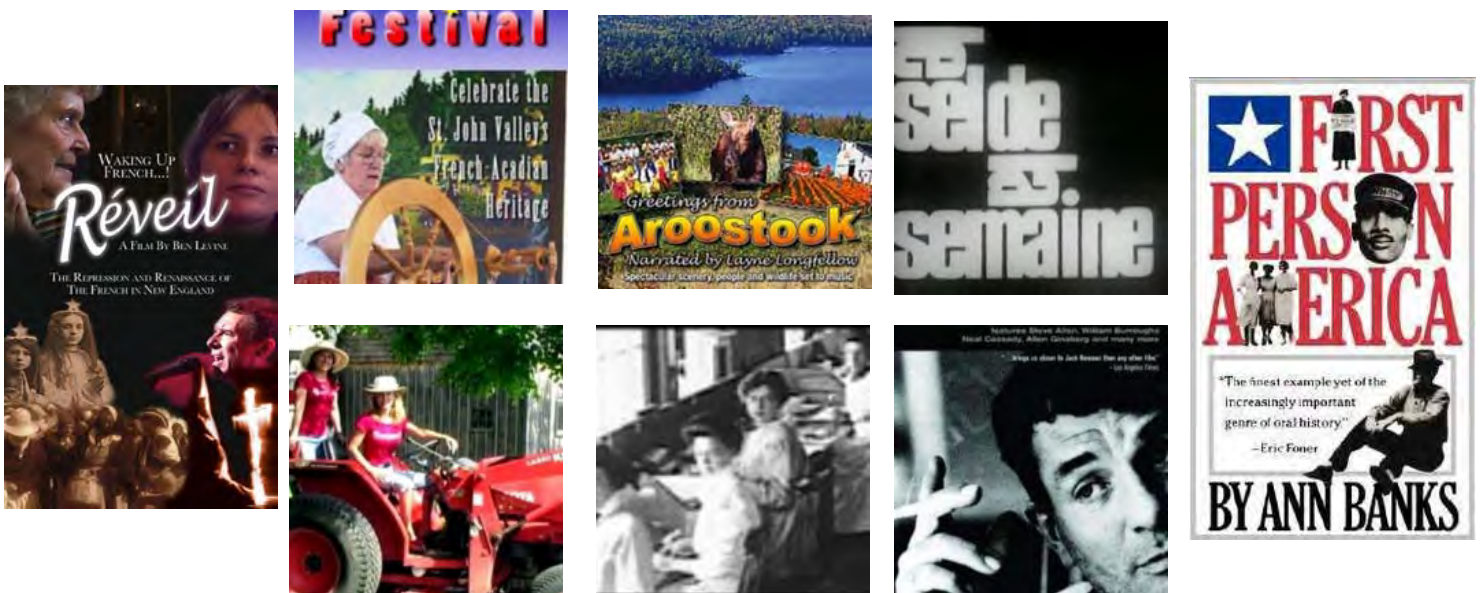
(<http://francolib.francoamerican.org>)

Franco American Library is a searchable, interactive website that contains detailed descriptions of library resources - genealogies, journal articles, novels, essays, poems, history texts, newspaper printings, dissertations, videos, films, recordings, and more – concerning Franco American culture. Each of this collection’s over 1000 items has either been linked to where it might be found on the internet, or located at any number of physical libraries throughout the world, making access to any piece of the collection both simple and clear. In addition to being categorized by genre and theme, each of the items has been organized geographically and placed on a **U.S. Resource Map**, allowing anyone to search for resources specific to a community in the United States. And as a public community project, with your help, the Franco American Library collection will continue to grow! Each item’s unique page contains a discussion space for sharing your thoughts about that item, or about any part of the collection. A **Contribution** area allows anyone to add an item to the library’s virtual shelves. **News**, **Calendar**, and **Links** sections are spaces that provide great resources on the happenings of today’s Franco American communities, advertising spaces for your own events, or network spaces to share links to your own projects.

Any thoughts about the Franco American Library? Let us know! Email the project at

francolibrary@gmail.com,

or contact the UMaine Franco-American Centre. Happy exploring!



Franco-American Oral Histories

Voices of the past and present for our future

<http://francoamericanarchives.org/>



Welcome!

The history of Franco-Americans has been omitted for generations from the history books due to the politics and discrimination Francos faced in employment and social settings.

The history of Franco-Americans, like Native Americans, has long since been left out of school curriculum so our younger generations are becoming less aware of their roots, their language and their history.

Franco-Americans have a proud ethnic heritage that needs to be preserved. The history of the Franco-Americans is not complete without the inclusion of the voices that lived the experience. To that end, the Franco-American Oral History Archives is to create and preserve a more complete record of the history of Franco-American experience in the northeast by preserving recorded interviews, the recollections and experiences of all who are Franco-American.

The mission of the Franco-American Oral History Archives is two-fold. The mission of the Franco-American Oral History Archives is to develop, collect, archive, and make available to the public oral documentation pertaining to the personal, regional, ethnic and political histories of Franco-Americans. As a public history, it is to connect the academy with the community by promoting family/community studies, historic preservation, heritage tourism and high-technology media in order to enrich historical understanding in public memory.

Bienvenue!

L'histoire des Franco-Américains a été omise des livres d'histoire depuis plusieurs générations à cause de la politique et la discrimination auxquelles les Francos ont fait face dans leur situation d'emploi et leur milieu social.

L'histoire des Franco-Américains, tel que celle des Amérindiens, depuis longtemps sont absentes du curriculum de nos écoles. Il en résulte que nos jeunes deviennent de moins en moins conscient de leurs racines, leur langue et leur histoire.

Les Franco-Américains possèdent un fier héritage qui doit être préservé. Absente les voix de leur vécu, l'histoire des Franco-Américains est incomplète. À cette fin, les Archives d'histoire orale franco-américaine se veut un moyen de préserver et d'enregistrer l'histoire de l'expérience franco-américaine du nord-est en conservant les entrevues enregistrées, le souvenir et l'expérience de tous les Franco-Américains.

La mission des Archives orales franco-américaines a deux volets. Dans un premier temps, c'est de développer, de collectionner, d'archiver, et de rendre disponible au grand public une documentation orale se rapportant à l'histoire personnelle, ethnique, politique, et régionale des Franco-Américains. Dans un deuxième temps, et comme histoire publique, c'est de relier l'académie avec la communauté en promouvant les études communautaires et de familles, la préservation historique, l'héritage touristique, la technologie de pointe des médias, ceci afin d'enrichir la compréhension historique de la mémoire collective publique.

Wanted!

The Franco-American Centre is currently seeking Oral histories, scrapbooks and family stories to add to our website.

We all have stories to tell, stories we have lived from the inside out. We give our experiences an order. We organize the memories of our lives into stories.

Oral history listens to these stories. Oral history is the systematic collection of living people's testimony about their own experiences. Historians have finally recognized that the everyday memories of everyday people, not just the rich and famous, have historical importance. If we do not collect and preserve those memories, those stories, then one day they will disappear forever.

Your stories and the stories of the people around you are unique, valuable treasures for your family and your community. You and your family members can preserve unwritten family history using oral history techniques. Likewise you and your community can discover and preserve unwritten history large and small. Oral history is so flexible that people of all ages can adapt the techniques of asking and listening to create and learn about history and historical narratives.

Many people become concerned about "doing it right," yet they also recognize that a voice on tape is better than nothing at all. So they try just a simple interview, just talking to someone for an hour. Ten years later such people are thankful that they made the effort, and those who did not ...well, they have regrets.

I hope that this request will encourage you to take the time and make the effort!

Please contact Lisa Desjardins Michaud at 207-581-3789 or by Email: Lisa_Michaud@umit.maine.edu or by mail: Franco-American Centre, 110 Crossland Hall, Orono, ME 04469-5719

Meet Lynn Plourde - Children's Book Author

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



I'm Lynn Plourde, children's book author. I was born in Dexter, Maine, on October 1, 1955. I grew up in Skowhegan, Maine, and lived with my parents (Leon & Charlene Plourde), one sister (Cathy), and two brothers (Michael & Stephen). Ever since I can remember, I have LOVED words. Growing up, I always had my nose stuck in a book—my parents had to shoo me outside to get fresh air. During family get-togethers, I would sit quietly and listen with fascination as the grown-ups shared jokes and stories. I also enjoyed writing—even those 50+ page term papers in high school.

I'm 100% Franco-American and proud of it. The four sides of my family are Plourde, Jacques, Ambrose (D'Amboise), and Clukey. I used to "sit with" my Great-grandmother Jacques when she was too old to stay alone. She didn't speak any English except for a few phrases like "open the light" and "close the light."

I loved school and was frequently accused of being a teacher's pet (there are worse names to be called!). I took baton lessons as a kid and was a major-ette in both high school and college. I also was involved in speech and drama.



Lynn Plourde posing for a picture as a three-year-old

I graduated from Skowhegan Area High School in 1973 and then went to the University of Maine at Orono for five years and received bachelor and masters degrees in speech therapy. I worked for 21 years as a speech therapist in Maine public's schools, and it was a great career for me. Speech therapy actually gave me my start as a published author. I believe that in today's visual world, all children need extra help learning to be good listeners and speakers. And so I developed a series of instructional books, CLASSROOM LISTENING AND SPEAKING (for preschoolers up through 5th-6th graders), which are filled with hundreds of fun learning activities for classroom teachers to use with their entire classes.

In 1984, I married my husband Paul Knowles and gained a ready-made family with three- and four-year-old stepsons, Seth and Lucas. Suddenly, I had two boys to read to every night at bedtime. And so I would go to the library and checkout a big bag of picture books. I soon discovered that I loved the books more than the boys did (I'd keep reading them after the boys fell asleep). I started to think maybe, just maybe, I could write picture books.

And I tried—for 13 years, I tried—collecting hundreds and hundreds of rejection letters. Then finally in 1997, I had my first picture book published, *Pigs in the Mud in the Middle of the Rud*. And it was definitely worth waiting for all those years. I couldn't have asked for a better first book. It was illustrated by a Caldecott-medalist, John Schoenherr. *Pigs in the Mud* was praised for being a terrific read-aloud, but also a great early reader (several mothers have told me it's the first book their kids learned to read by themselves). Also the grandmother in the story was the hero of the book—grandmas should be heroes more often! Plus I did my very first booksigning for my very first picture book, *Pigs in the Mud in the Middle of the Rud*, in my hometown bookstore (Skowhegan Mr. Paperback) on March 1st—National Pig Day! How serendipitous!

Now I work full-time as an author which means juggling lots of parts of my job—doing author visits to schools, writing new stories, editing and revising old stories, doing booksignings and readings, teaching courses and workshops on how to write for children. For me, being a children's book author is the best job in the world.

Those young stepsons I mentioned are now all grown up and in their thirties! Plus my husband and I have a daughter, Kylee, who is grown too and has left the nest. She was the inspiration for my book *Wild Child*. Our family moved to Winthrop, Maine, in 1995. The newest member of our family is our dog, Maggie, an Irish Setter mix who acts like a puppy even though she's twelve (That's 84 in people years!)

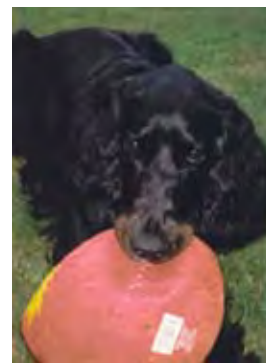
For hobbies, I read, go for walks with Maggie, kayak, garden, and snowshoe. And most days, I give myself a pinch just to make certain that I'm not dreaming—as I live my "dream" of being a children's book author.



Lynn & Paul with Seth and Lucas on their wedding day in 1984



Family photo on Christmas 2001--Seth, Paul, Kylee, Lucas, & Lynn



Maggie, the family dog, looking sweet and innocent—but looks can be deceiving!

Coin des jeunes...



EASTER WORD SEARCH PUZZLE

FIND 20 WORDS HIDDEN IN THIS PUZZLE



S G S E A R C H S R J K J G E
 S Y A B D A F F O D I L E C C
 R Q R H W U H F S J F X L H H
 T P A I N T B A S K E T L O I
 H O O V F P I A H W K E Y C C
 L S D I W D O J U P Q A B O K
 A U E S M H O W X P A S E L S
 F N C U I Q G F U N M T A A G
 B D O I E G G D G X S E N T Z
 U A R N P B O N N E T R P E I
 N Y A N R A B B I T D N A U U
 N R T H U N T G R G M N R D F
 Y F E M S P R I N G A K A I I
 N S D W M Y H V S C A N D Y N
 F V K S C S R L S X A R E H D

Word List

BASKET
 BUNNY
 CANDY
 CHOCOLATE
 EASTER
 EGG
 FUN
 HUNT
 SUNDAY
 RABBIT
 SPRING
 DAFFODIL
 JELLYBEAN
 PARADE
 BONNET
 CHICKS
 SEARCH
 FIND
 DECORATED
 PAINT

Search the puzzle for the words shown in the word list. Circle each word that you find until you find all of the words in the whole puzzle!



The Blizzard Wizard

by Lynn Plourde

Why are there no good snowstorms this year? Because of global warming? Because of El Niño or La Niña? No, there's a simpler explanation—the Blizzard Wizard has lost his snow spell! In this fun story, the Blizzard Wizard tries time and again to create the perfect snowstorm to make children happy. After several failed but funny attempts, he finally finds and casts his missing snow spell—at a most unusual time and place!

Includes real blizzard weather facts.

Author Information

LYNN PLOURDE is the author of more than twenty children's books, including *Moose, of Course!* and *Wild Child*. She is a "teaching author" visiting hundreds of schools and libraries every year. A graduate of the University of Maine in Orono, she worked for twenty-one years as a speech-language therapist in Maine public schools. Along with writing children's books she has had eleven instructional books for teachers published, including her newest: *Listening, Speaking & Learning* (2007).

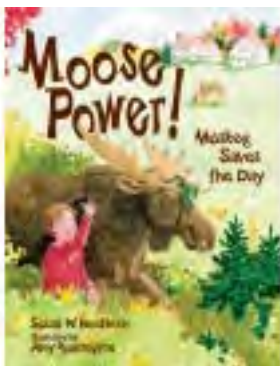
Illustrator Information

JOHN AARDEMA is a freelance illustrator based in Woodridge, Illinois. As a lifelong midwesterner, he says he's "well acquainted with the winter landscape, both with snow and without." *The Blizzard Wizard* is his second children's picture book. His first, *There Was an Old Auntie*, was published in 2009.

Moose Power!

Muskeg Saves the Day

by Susan Williams Beckhorn



Author Information

SUSAN W. BECKHORN has had stories published in *Cricket* magazine for children. The author of 5 previous books, she lives in Rexville, in upstate New York.

Artist and illustrator AMY HUNTINGTON lives in Williston, Vermont. Her work has appeared in *Vermont Life* magazine as well as in several previous children's books.

Down East Books
 Hardcover, \$16.95
 40 pages, 8.5" x 11"
 ISBN 978-0-89272-762-6

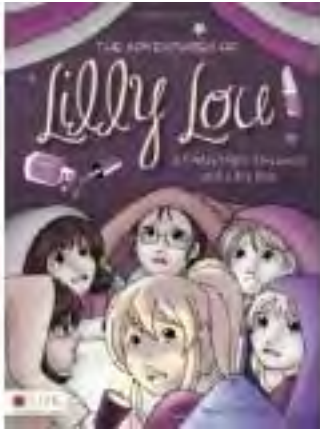
Down East Books
 Hardcover, \$16.95
 32 pages, color illustrations
 ISBN 978-0-89272-789-6

Retired logger Jean du Bois rescues an orphaned moose calf. Raised in the barnyard, young Muskeg forms a special bond with Kate, the gentle draft horse. When Kate becomes too old and tired to pull the wagon and plow, Jean du Bois fears he will have to give up his beloved farm and move to town—until his grandson and Muskeg show him a clever solution to his problem.

Available wherever books are sold or directly from Down East: 800-685-7962

www.downeast.com

www.downeast.com



Coin des jeunes...



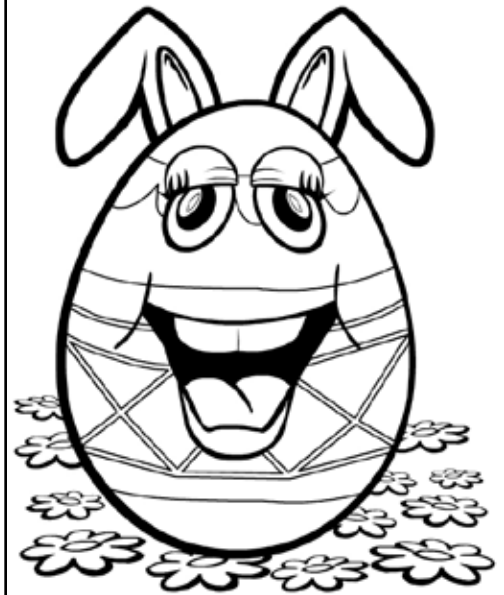
**The Adventures of Lilly Lou:
A Friday Night Sleepover and a Big Boo**
by Paula Gendreau

It was Friday afternoon, and Lilly Lou sat staring at the classroom clock. "Is the bell ever going to ring?" she thought. Lilly Lou couldn't wait to get home and begin preparations for her very first sleepover. That night, the girls have fun getting makeovers and doing their nails, but when they start getting ready for bed, they receive a big scare. Find out what happens in The Adventures of Lilly Lou: A Friday Night Sleepover and a Big Boo!

Reading level: Ages 4-8
Perfect Paperback: 24 pages
Publisher: Tate Publishing
(December 28, 2010)
Language: English
ISBN-10: 1617391905
ISBN-13: 978-1617391903
Product Dimensions: 7.5 x 5.7 x 0.1"

<http://www.amazon.com/Adventures-Lilly-Lou-Friday-Sleepover/dp/B004IDQSMO>

**Coulerier
l'Oeuf de Pâques**



**The Adventures of Lilly Lou:
The First Day at Camp Who Who**
by Paula Gendreau

Paula Gendreau's first book walks children through the anticipation of the first day of summer camp and the excitement that awaits them.

Going away to summer camp for the first time can be a daunting prospect, Lilly Lou finds out. But the wonder of the wilderness and the warmth of a new camp counselor make the transition an exciting one! In Paula Gendreau's first book, The Adventures of Lilly Lou: The First Day at Camp Who Who (published by AuthorHouse) walks children through the anticipation of the first day of summer camp and the excitement that awaits them.

Paula Gendreau's first book was inspired by her own young children, Kara (age 7) and Kurt (age 5). Lilly Lou, an eager but hesitant new camper, is unsure of leaving her parents for a week to embark on a "big girl" journey. After hugs and kisses from Mom and Dad, Lilly Lou realizes just how fun summer camp can be.

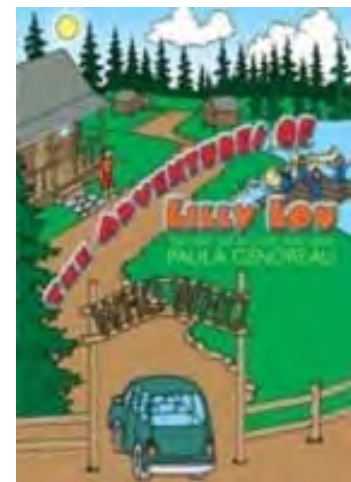
At Camp Who Who, Lilly Lou learns to canoe, makes yummy s'mores and sings songs around the campfire - and best of all, she makes new friends. When her week at Camp Who Who is over, Lilly Lou's anxieties have been relieved, and she can't wait to return for more adventures next year!

The perfect book for settling a child's fear of leaving home for the first time, The Adventures of Lilly Lou: The First Day at Camp Who Who is a delight for new or veteran summer campers alike. Children will relate to Lilly Lou's nervousness at setting off on a new adventure and will be comforted by the fun she encounters during her first week at summer camp.

Trade paperback, 8.5x11 color
Approximately 16 pages
ISBN: 9781438959504

\$5.60 retail price

Available at www.amazon.com and www.barnesandnoble.com



http://www.prweb.com/releases/Lilly_Lou_book/going_to_camp/prweb2503304.htm



RECIPES/ RECETTES

Maple-Apple Pie With Brown Sugar Crust

Crust

2 1/2 cups all-purpose flour
Pinch salt
1/4 cup brown sugar
5 tablespoons olive oil
Ice water

Filling

1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon ground ginger
1/4 teaspoon ground nutmeg
Pinch ground cloves
5 to 6 large apples (Granny Smith works well), peeled, cored and sliced
1/2 cup maple syrup

Preheat oven to 425 degrees.

For the crust, combine flour, salt and sugar in a large bowl. Add the olive oil 1 tablespoon at a time, mixing with a fork until

the flour resembles coarse meal. Add the ice water 1 tablespoon at a time, mixing with a fork, until the mixture begins to hold together. Form lightly into a ball with your hands and wrap in plastic wrap or wax paper. Let dough rest in the fridge at least 20 minutes.

For the filling, in a large bowl, combine the flour, cinnamon, ginger, nutmeg and cloves. Toss the apples with the dry mixture. Drizzle in the maple syrup and toss well to coat with the syrup and flour.

Remove dough from fridge and divide into 2 balls. Roll out half the dough and fit it into a 9-inch pie pan, letting some dough hang over the edge. Pile in the apples. Roll out the other half of the dough and fit it over the pan, pressing and crimping along the edge with a fork. Cut a few vents in the top of the pie.

Place pan on a cookie sheet to catch any drips and place in oven. Bake 10 minutes, then lower heat to 350. Bake for 35 to 40 minutes, until crust is lightly browned and filling is bubbling. Remove from oven and let rest about 15 minutes before serving.



Tarte au Sirop D'érable

Ingrédients

1/4 tasse (65 ml) beurre
1/4 tasse (65 ml) féculé de maïs
1 1/2 tasse (375 ml) sirop d'érable
1/2 tasse (125 ml) eau, chaude

Faire fondre le beurre et mêler la féculé de maïs. Retirer du feu et ajouter le sirop et l'eau. Amener à ébullition jusqu'à ce que le mélange épaississe. Cuire 5 min. en remuant constamment. Laisser refroidir 20 min. et verser dans une croûte cuite.

Tarte au Sirop D'érable (Maple Syrup Pie)

1 1/2 cups maple syrup
1 cup whipping cream
1/4 cup cornstarch
1/4 cup cold water
1 baked, single, 9 inch pie crust

In a saucepan, combine maple syrup and cream. Blend cornstarch and water together until smooth and stir into cream mixture. Bring filling to a boil over medium heat and cook for 2 minutes, stirring constantly until thickened. Pour into baked pie shell and let cool until set.

Ployes

Dessert Ployes

Prepare PLOYES as directed.
Stack in a plate and set aside.

Filling:

12 oz. package cream cheese
1 cup fresh or frozen strawberries (or any other fruit)
2 Tbsp. powdered sugar

Combine cream cheese and berries add powdered sugar and mix well in food processor or with hand mixer. Spread 2 Tbsp. filling into each ployes. Roll ployes, tucking seam underneath. Sprinkle with powdered sugar. What a treat!



Banana Nut Muffins 2 cups Ployes Mix

2 eggs
1 1/2 cup water
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup vegetable oil
1 cup mashed bananas (about 2 medium)
1 cup chopped walnuts (If desired)

Heat oven to 400 degrees. Grease bottom of muffin pan. Beat eggs, stir in water and oil. Add remaining ingredients all at once until flour is moistened (batter will be lumpy.) Fill greased muffin cup about 3/4 full. Bake until golden brown, about 20 minutes. Immediately remove from pan.



Bouchard Family Farm
3 Strip Road
Fort Kent, ME 04743

**Telephone: 1-800-239-3237 or
(207) 834-3237
Fax: (207)834-7422**

Email: bouchard@poyes.com



<http://www.connectmaine.com/poyes/index.html>

Franco-American Centre Visits Dragonfly Farm & Winery Cabane À Sucre



Todd Nadeau showing our group how the sap is collected from the piped trees.



Celeste Cota tasting the sweet sap.



Nola Cota tasting the delicious maple syrup pie Rita Nadeau prepared for our group.



Todd Nadeau explaining the vineyard (800 vines) and the many chores associated with upkeep and production.



John Nadeau explaining to Blake the boiling process for the sap and how the water evaporates from the sugar water as it boils.



Rita Nadeau giving little Lilly some sap from the tapped tree.



Rita Nadeau checking the thermometer to see if the syrup is ready to be poured on the snow.



Everyone enjoying the freshly poured maple taffy on the snow. Delicious!



Nola Cota helping to collect the sap from the tapped trees.

Dragonfly Farm and Winery is located just 20 miles from Bangor in Stetson, Maine, not far (8 miles) from exit 167 on US 95. Take Rt. 143 north and turn left onto Mullen Rd (Rt. 222). The winery is at 1069 Mullen Rd on the left, but you might want to call ahead to arrange a visit at 296-2226/2229.

http://www.mainewinegrower.com/Home_Page.php

FAROG Student Group Makes Ployes on Maple Sugar Sunday...



Visitors enjoying baked maple syrup beans, scrambled eggs cooked in maple syrup and ployes. And for dessert, vanilla ice cream with drizzled maple syrup topping.



Rita Nadeau demonstrating how scrambled eggs are cooked in maple syrup.

Franco American Studies

The University of Maine, Orono

The Living Past: Franco American Identity in a Modern World

May 20-22, 2011

Join us as we gather together to explore the relevance of Franco American culture to our lives today. We will ask where does one find Franco American culture today? How is it relevant? How might we use these traditions to address modern-day questions?

SAVE THE DATE

Confirmed participants
Ron Currie, Jr.
Suzanne Germaine
Abby Paige
Michael Parent
Susan Poulin
Josée Vachon

SAVE THE DATE

We will meet on the University of Maine campus in Orono. Costs will be minimal. For more information contact Susan Pinette spinette@maine.edu or 207-581-3791



One of the many ploye fans that visited that day.



Rita Nadeau checking her baked beans.

www.umaine.edu/francoamericanstudies

POÉSIE/ POETRY

Les souffles des vents d'Hiver

Symphonie des vents d'hiver et des frimas,
Qui courbe et craque dans nos bois
Entends tu le souffle frais et divin
De tous nos gens perdus restés au loin
Chanson lugubre, belle triste étrange
Ce souffle c'est celui de tous nos anges
Qui viennent par dizaines en rangées ailées

Nous dire ô combien, les nôtres sont fatigués.

N'entends tu pas leurs cœurs éplorés,

Qui veulent du pays le souffle retrouver

Dans ses beautés cachées, venir se ressourcer

Et qu'enfin le pays, leur offre une destinée

De Lamèque à Miscou, jusqu'à Petit Rocher

De Shediac, à Bouctouche jusqu'à Cap pelé

Ils arrivent ils sont là, nos enfants égarés

Venez danser chanter, c'est vous qu'on attendait.

M.LACAUX JANVIER 2008

Les printemps d'Acadie

Hymne au Retour en prose libre

Quand arrive Mai en Acadie, il semble aux Acadiens qu'arrive le Paradis

En effet, il faut aller dans les prairies, dans les champs dans les bosquets
Sentir et s'enivrer des parfums variés, des fleurs des champs, et des buissons
Odorants.

Quand les bourdons ronronnent dans les doux pétales, et que le bruissement des ailes
Anime soudain les bouquets odorants et sauvages,
Alors dans ces moments où chante le vent printanier qui caresse les visages ouverts
Et joyeux des enfants, on sent la joie monter.

C'est une joie simple, ou la vraie richesse est là gratuite et abondante, et sincère
La richesse ou l'on sent l'air d'un pays, le caractère des gens, l'audace d'une nation
Les couleurs des fleurs, les douces visions d'un paysage serein, et reposé
C'est le temps des projets, des envies, des amours, et des mercis.

Oh toi mon pays d'Acadie, toi qui m'attend ici, toi qui me guide dans mes rêves
Je sais que ta beauté, et ta douceur, vont me ramener vers tes valeurs,
J'irais, je partirais, je reviendrais à toi, je franchirais les monts et je reviendrais
A l'aube de ce bel été qui m'attend de La Miramichi à Memramcook,
Je reviendrais chez moi, et là je resterai content et ravi d'être enfin dans ma maison

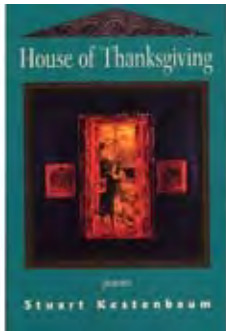
Je sais que tu m'attends, je fais partie de tes enfants, égarés, éparpillés aux quatre vents
Plus pour longtemps, on est au loin dans des pays perdus, sans nos racines et sans nos gens
On veut être avec vous, vous nos parents, vous nos aimants, vous nos bonnes gens
Vous qui nous avez donné la vie, l'espérance et la fierté, notre sang et notre identité
Attendez juste un peu, préparez moi ma place, c'est promis je reviens avec ceux de ma race.



Reading Stuart Kestenbaum

When first reading one of his poems
The talent to ring-up my past, overwhelmed.
Reading the *House of Thanksgiving*
where he focused on his post-office box
had me searching for a ballpoint and pad
to create a poem of my own.
His poem *Cider* brought back names of apples
we grew—Gravenstein, Northern Spy, and Red King,
and thoughts of going down cellar for a dozen for Mama's
winter pies. His was a poetic version, describing as simple
a moment as fetching the local newspaper.
We walked "...toward the green plastic tube early
mornings uncaring what the weather held...", too.

After the daily news arrived to my parent's house
I read the comics.
While my father said, "There's more to the paper than
funnies."



But I was a child—slow to turn the page—
My love for Webster's dictionary hadn't kicked in,
yet.
But his passion for words had I waged,
as the likes of attention in Border's
detained over coffee, a brownie and his book.
And nearly an hour later
through the doors
I went with it in a Border bag.

-Annette Paradis King

Aux confins oubliés de l'Amérique

Aux confins oubliés de l'histoire d'Amérique
Un peuple relevé, respire et cherche à voir
Que sont donc devenus ses enfants pathétiques
Ignorants la plupart de leurs aïeux la gloire.

Ils sont venus jadis, le cœur rempli d'audace
Ont conquis et fondé, un pays en Français
Ils ont inscrit leurs noms, symboles de leur race
Sans jamais renoncer mais trop éparpillés

Maintenant ils sont là, dans un clic tous ensemble
La communion se fait, les cœurs se réveillent
Dans des contrées perdues des autorités tremblent
Une masse en millions, se sort de son sommeil.

Je crie ton nom Français, qui a fait l'Amérique
Je veux te voir aux limbes, un matin souverain
J'irai donner mon souffle et mon sang et mon fric
Car une belle histoire, mérite une belle fin.

Maudit navire anglais

Chaque matin, blottie dans tes câlins, maman d'amour
Tu venais me donner tes apaisements pour le jour
Et ton corps et ton parfum, ils sont ici pour toujours
Qui me protègent et m'apaisent, ho mon amour.

Maman d'amour, ta présence est en moi vivante
Quel est donc ce chemin qui t'attire en avant
Ou vas-tu toi mon double, qui me manque pourtant
T'en vas pas reste encore, on te voudrait longtemps

Où est tu donc, toi qui me caressait au matin le visage
De cette douce caresse il me reste l'image
Si douce, et tendre et triste et cruelle que j'enrage
A crever de ces cris qui roulent jusqu'aux rivages

A Grandpré chaque jour, nous vivions notre amour
Rempli des riches heures, à peiner aux labours
Notre Acadie vivait au rythme lent et lourd
De l'ouvrage bien fait, par un peuple sans détours

Elle est partie, sans un mépris, et sans un cri,
Partie devant, dans le brouillard plein des débris
Des peines et des larmes, et des chagrins meurtris
Que son destin aveugle avait trop bien rempli

Elle est partie elle est partie Maman chérie. .
Les Anglais en bateau l'avait de loin choisie
Ils ont crié hurlé, avant de nous jeter
Au fonds de cette cale, où maman est tombée
Où son cœur fatigué, nous a soudain quitté.

Où nous emportes tu maudit navire anglais
Sais tu qu'un jour viendra, où des fantômes armés
Crierons justice enfin aux cœurs des fils damnés
Qui devront de leurs aïeux, le mal enfin payer
La mémoire est en nous, la flamme est animée
Nulle haine nul courroux, juste dire la vérité .

Michel Lacaux 2007

Un beau destin t'attend, je pense à tes enfants
Des jougs de la culture ils doivent rompre les chaînes
Ton âme est celle d'un maître, fonce droit en avant
Reprends les clefs chez toi, nulle quête n'est vaine

Et quand viendra le jour, d'existence affirmée,
De larges volés d'oiseaux, venus de toute la terre
D'Acadie, de Louisiane, de Terre Neuve et Gaspé
Et par Saint Boniface, chanteront en Français

Michel LACAUX
Décembre 2010

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

Franco-American Families



of Maine

**par Bob Chenard,
Waterville, Maine**

Les Familles Marquis

Welcome to my genealogy 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

103	Philomène	04 Apr	1891	Alphonse Jalbert	St. Agathe, Me.	
	Maxime	28 Nov	1893	Flavie Côté	St. Agathe, Me.	237
	Osithe	27 Aug	1894	Xavier Bouchard	St. Agathe, Me.	
	Flavie	08 Jul	1896	Gilbert Ouellette	St. Agathe, Me.	
	Ozithée 1m.	23 Jul	1900	Ubaldo Gagnon	St. Agathe, Me.	
	" 2m.	01 Aug	1912	Jules St-Pierre	Daigle	
	Alfred-Victor	27 Jun	1904	Annie/Anna Bouchard	St. Agathe, Me.	238
	" 2m.	02 Jul	1912	Agnès Guérette	Daigle	239
	Annie	18 Oct	1904	Charles Bouchard	St. Agathe, Me.	
	Fortunat	16 Apr	1906	Osithe Bouchard	St. Agathe, Me.	240
	Vital*	02 Jul	1906	Flavie St-Pierre	St. Agathe, Me.	241
	*(died 20 Jul 1920 Stockholm ; accid. fell into tub of scalding water)					
104	Emélie	08 Nov	1897	Éloi Albert	Eagle Lake	
	Salomon	30 May	1901	Olive Michaud	Eagle Lake	242
	Alice	02 Jul	1903	Jean-Bte. Bouchard	Eagle Lake	
	Laura	27 Jul	1904	Harry Roy	Eagle Lake	
	Thomas	04 Jul	1904	Flavie Gagnon	Eagle Lake	
	François	25 Aug	1908	Philomène Michaud	Wallagrass	
105	Jean-Baptiste	21 Aug	1894	Albertine Morin	Isle-Verte	
118	Paul	01 Jul	1906	Lina Martin	St. Agathe, Me.	
121	Frédéric	06 Nov	1898	Malvina Bouchard	Benedicta	
	Marie	21 May	1911	James-R. Johnson	St. Francis, Me.	
122	Julie	03 Oct	1882	Auguste Daigle	Ft. Kent	
	William 1m.	09 Jun	1891	M.-Anne Turgeon	Ft. Kent	
	" 2m.	20 May	1899	Rose Cyr	St. Francis, Me.	265
	Emma/Anna	07 Sep	1896	Joseph Archambault	Ft. Kent	
	Olivier	20 Apr	1899	Olive Corbin	Ft. Kent	266
	Joseph	30 Jun	1902	Céline Marquis	Ft. Kent	267
	Arthur	09 Oct	1905	Malvina Boutot	Ft. Kent	268
130	M.-Anne	24 Jul	1899	Baptiste Morin	kSt. Agathe, Me.	
	Malvina	10 Aug	1903	Joseph Paradis	Frenchville	
	M.-Anne-Léona	29 Apr	1906	Cyprien Roy-Voisine	Frenchville	
	Alexandre	16 Jul	1906	Eugélie/Julie Roy	Frenchville	273
	Orise	11 Jan	1915	Maxime Bouchard	St. Agathe, Me.	
	Agnès	06 May	1916	William Bouchard	Eagle Lake (St. Mary)	
	Denis	31 Dec	1917	Anastasie Soucy	St. Hilaire, NB	274
131	William	31 Mar	1902	Alice Fortin(e)	Winn (SH)	
	Lottie 1m.	15 Apr	1912	Arthur Langdoe	Frenchville	
	" 2m.	13 Jul	1920	Béloni Michaud	Frenchville	
	" 3m.	10 May	1941	Henri-V. Cyr	Madawaska	
	Francis	12 Apr	1915	Léonie King (Roy)	Kingman (St. James)	

132	Agnès	11 Jul	1921	Patrick Dionne	Frenchville	
	Patrick	14 Jul	1927	Catherine Chamberland	St.Agathe, Me.	275
133	Lena	03 Aug	1903	William Roy	Frenchville	
	Élise	13 Jul	1904	Aimé Thibeau	Frenchville	
	Marie	25 Jun	1906	François Guérette	Frenchville	
	Willie-J.	28 Jun	1909	Gracieuse Morin	Frenchville	
	Hedwidge	02 Aug	1909	Alcime Boulay	Frenchville	
	Honoré 1m.	20 Apr	1914	Délia Dumais	Caribou(SC)	275a
	“ 2m.	26 May	1925	Anne Bourgoïn	Caribou(SC)	
	Hector	29 Jun	1914	Aurôre Guérette	Frenchville	276
134	Ligouri	20 Jun	1910	Annie Chassé	St.Agathe, Me.	277
	Ubald	18 Apr	1918	Lizzie Boutot	Sheridan	
	Elvine	05 Nov	1918	Patrice Bourgoïn	St.Agathe, Me.	
		Jane	28 Oct 1919	Donat Chassé	St.Agathe, Me.	
	Catherine	27 Nov	1929	Guillaume Guérette	St.Agathe, Me.	
134a	Georges 1m.	06 Feb	1884	Mary Mainville	Presque Isle(JOP)	
	Georges 2m.	08 Nov	1902	Dora Stairs	Presque Isle(JOP)	
137	Ligouri 28	Dec	1927	Aline-Germaine Dubé	Daigle	282
141	Arthémise 1m.	05 Feb	1866	Marcel Guy	St.Alexandre, Kam.	
	“ 2m.	25 Apr	1881	Joseph Paradis	St.Alexandre	
	“ 3m.	07 Mar	1889	David Pelletier	Lewiston(SPP)	
144	George-J.	11 Feb	1879	Henriette Côté	ND-du-Lac	286
	William	22 Feb	1886	Philomène St-Pierre	Brunswick(SJB)	287
	Mary-Jane	26 Nov	1894	John McCarthy	Brunswick(SJB)	
	Henriette	08 Jul	1901	Félix-Elzéar Piuze	Brunswick(SJB)	
153	Emma	20 Jul	1895	Cyrille Dubé	Van Buren	
	Ernest	18 Nov	1902	Laura Violette	Van Buren	297
	Alcide	27 Aug	1906	Anna Violette	Van Buren	298
	Léda	17 Apr	1907	Onésime Dubé	Van Buren	
	Joseph	25 Oct	1910	Albertine Bouchard	Cabano, PQ	
158	Anita-Alma	05 Sep	1910	Aimé-François Croteau	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Octave-Alcide	24 Feb	1919	M.-Laura Beauchesne	Lewiston(SPP)	311
	Anne-Majella	16 Apr	1928	Aimé-Léopold Jutras	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Albert “Pat”	30 Jun	1934	M.-Jeanne Jutras	Lewiston(SPP)	312
	Dora	02 Sep	1935	Aurèle Dubé	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Jeanne-Alb.	15 Jun	1936	Philéas-André Hamann	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Blanche-Yvn.	05 Sep	1938	Luc-J. Mailhot	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
159	M.-Yolande	12 Feb	1923	Arthur Rousseau	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Jean-Marie	29 Jun	1927	Blanche Benoît	Lewiston(SPP)	313
	Théodica	17 Sep	1930	Charles Ouellette	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Albert-Y.	29 Nov	1934	Viola Samson	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Octave-Adélard	18 Jul	1936	M.-Alice Caron	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
	Paul-E.	08 Sep	1941	Sylvia Rodrigue	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Candide	06 May	1950	Alton Marin	Lewiston(SPP)	
160	Jean-Bte.-Théo.	14 Aug	1928	M.-Mélanie Boutin	Lewiston(SPP)	314
164	Marcel-R.	30 Jan	1942	Laura-W. Martin	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Bertrand-A.	02 Oct	1943	Bernadine-A. Conley	Lewiston(St.Pat.)	
168	Agnès	10 May	1901	Joseph Michaud	Frenchville	
	Céline	30 Jun	1902	Joseph Marquis	Ft.Kent	
	Denis	25 Sep	1911	Catherine Michaud	Sheridan	
	Dénise	25 Nov	1912	Abraham Fongémie	Frenchville	
	Joséphine	05 Jan	1914	Lévite Collin	Ft.Kent	
169	Delphine	13 Jan	1896	David Boudreau	Lewiston(SPP)	
	Vital	27 Feb	1897	Geneviève “Jane” Corbin	Newport(RC)	321a
170	Adélard 1m.	04 Jun	1900	Emilia St-Onge	Edmundston, NB	322
	“ 2m.	11 Sep	1911	Marie-F. Rancourt	Waterville(ND)	323
	Bénoni	24 Aug	1908	Annie Thibodeau	Van Buren	324
	Alfred 1m.	21 Apr	1914	Élise Violette	Van Buren	
	“ 2m.	27 Apr	1925	Antoinette Beaudry	Lewiston	325

(Continued in the next issue)



Université du Maine
Le FORUM
Centre Franco-Américain
Orono, ME 04469-5719
États-Unis

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Orono, Maine
Permit No. 8

Change Service Requested



**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