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Monsieur Harry Rush Jr.

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Le FORUM



"AFIN D'ÊTRE EN PLEINE POSSESSION DE SES MOYENS"

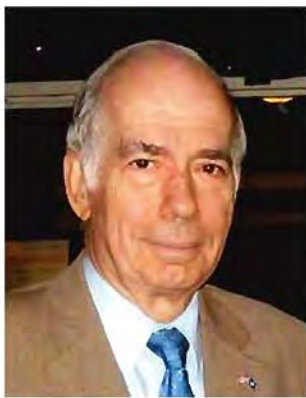
VOLUME 35, #3

AUTOMNE/AUTUMN 2011

Voyages parmi nous ressentis...

Deeply Felt Journeys...

(This issue of Le Forum is dedicated to these three men for their many contributions on behalf of the Franco-American population.)



Robert L. Couturier

July 11, 1940-

June 5, 2011†

Lewiston, ME

(Voir pages 4, 14)



Jean Moisson

1929-2011†

France

(Voir pages 6, 43, 44)



Joel Morneault

June 4, 1931

- July 6, 2011†

Madawaska, ME

(Voir pages 46)



New Websites:

<http://www.francolib.francoamerican.org/>

francoamericanarchives.org

other pertinent websites to check out -

Franco-American Women's Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>

The French Connection:

<http://home.gwi.net/~frenchgen>

\$6.00 US



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

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

Le Forum et son staff — Universitaires, gens de la communauté, les étudiants — FAROG.



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Merci!



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Le FORUM

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Le FORUM



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November 3, 2011

To: Le Forum Subscribers/Contributors
From: Lisa Desjardins Michaud & Yvon Labbé
Re: Publications

Dear Subscribers/Contributors;

We are writing to you regarding our journal, *Le Forum* and our web sites (Oral History & FA Library, see URLS below). As you may know, and with your support, the Franco-American Centre which was started by students in the early 70's has produced *Le Forum* — mostly in lean years, currently in a very lean year. Over the years *Le Forum* has provided, we believe, crucial advocacy and services to the Franco-American Community. Among those services has been the collecting and amplifying of the Franco voice.

The *Le Forum* format has changed throughout these 40 years from mimeographed sheets, to tabloid format, and currently to magazine style, not to mention a dozen or so editors over time. Printing costs have soared and the Centre has had to resort to printing in-house to keep costs down. The Franco-American Centre has also been faced with increasing budget cuts over the past several years. This is largely due to the state of the economy which is the case everywhere in the country.

During the past year, the Centre has taken another step in its evolution as we pursue our mission of changing the way the university works in relationship to our community. As of September 1, we have been moved into the academic area where the departments of History, Sociology, Political Science, Languages, and others are housed, and with which we will be close neighbors. It is our intent to have our work impact their work so that the Franco-American historical presence in the region will receive due attention — this being the generation and dissemination of a body of knowledge about us which will eventually flow into our communities and public schools as UMaine graduates leave this institution.

We are hoping you will be able to help us secure funding to publish our journal and our web sites. I say "our" because *Le Forum* and the website resources belongs to you and me, to all of us. It is our voices, history, and identity that are shared within each and every issue as well as on our web sites. Help us keep "our" publications alive, well, and growing. Given recent cuts, our move to the academic area has taken place with a crippled operating budget.

We do not have the capacity, nor the human resources to seek advertisements to help support our journal and our websites. We rely on the generosity of our readership for donations and subscriptions. I must also add that we are a tax deductible non-profit organization. We further believe that, over the years, *Le Forum* has earned the support of the Franco-American community by enhancing that community's visibility, and by making its identity and experience valued and known. And our web sites are beginning to make a body of Franco-American knowledge accessible everywhere.

Please help us with a donation to enable our publications to continue their efforts in bridging the Franco-American community with the University of Maine as it works to fulfill its mission as a Land Grant University, a mission which historically had ignored Franco-Americans.

Please make your support payable to: University of Maine Foundation, *Le Forum* Fund. We thank you in advance for your continued and very important support.

Sincerely,

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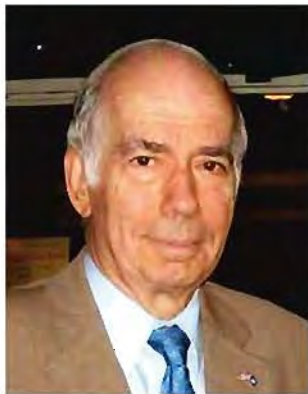


Oral History Archives: <www.francoamericanarchives.org>
Franco American Library: <www.francolib.francoamerican.org>
MAINE'S LAND GRANT AND SEA GRANT UNIVERSITY
Membre du Système Universitaire

Robert L.Couturier July 11, 1940-June 5, 2011†



Robert L.Couturier



LEWISTON — Attorney and Androscoggin County Judge of Probate Robert L.Couturier, 70, of Lewiston passed away peacefully with his family at his side Sunday, June 5, after a short illness.

He was born in Lewiston, July 11, 1940, the eldest of six children of Lorenzo R. Couturier and Germaine Theriault. Attorney Couturier attended St. Peter's Grammar School, St. Dominic High School, where he wrote a weekly French column entitled "L'Étudiant" for the local French newspaper "Le Messenger" and earned a bachelor of arts degree majoring in government from Bates College in 1963. In 1970, he was awarded a "Juris Doctor" degree from the University of Maine School of Law.

In 1966, he married Rose I. Bélanger, who passed away in 1995. He later married Monique Y. St. Hilaire.

After graduating from Bates College, he taught for four years at St. Peter's Grammar School and during that same time period, he took a great interest in local politics. He was elected Alderman of Ward Five in Lewiston in 1964, and went on to become Lewiston's and the Nation's youngest Mayor in 1965 to 1966. In addition, he was elected to the State Senate in 1967. He also served as Lewiston Police Commissioner for more than a decade.

Since 1970, he has been a member of the bar and practicing attorney in Lewiston and was serving his third term as Androscoggin County Judge of Probate.

In 1984, La Survivance Française paid tribute to its only honorary member, Robert, for designing the Franco-American flag which had been officially adopted in 1983 to represent all Franco-Americans of New England and New York. For many years, he served as General Counsel for "L'Association Canado-Américaine" in Manchester, N.H. In 1988, he was elected its Secretary General. Attorney Couturier was a member of "Le Conseil de la Vie française en Amérique" of Québec City for a quarter century and served on its board. He was awarded the "Ordre des Francophones d'Amérique" by the Québec Government on July 3, 1989, for his exceptional contribution to the French language and culture in North America.

In addition, he was recognized by the Government of France by being named "Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres" on May 25, 2000. Moreover, he enjoyed being a guest columnist for the local French language newspaper "L'Unité Franco-Américaine." For 15 years, Robert conducted a weekly French language musical program called "Festival" on radio stations WCOU and WPNO. He started a business with his close friend, Robert Langlais, selling French records at Blanche Turcotte Jacques Candyland. He also ventured into tape recordings and called his company "Radio Transcription." He even produced a 33 1/3 record of "Les Petits Chanteurs de Lewiston" with the assistance of Robert Langlais and Gérard Lachapelle. He loved to travel to New York City with his wife, Monique to attend Broadway musicals and plays.

Attorney Couturier had a great love for the French language. He was very generous and, most of all, extremely helpful to the Franco-Americans and especially the elderly. He will be sadly missed.

Robert is survived by his loving wife, Monique; father-in-law, Fernand and wife, Lorraine St. Hilaire; her sister, Anita and husband, John Stone; stepson, Gerald Touchette and wife, Kristi, daughter and special granddaughter, Avie; stepson, Denis; his devoted sister, Janine and husband, Donald Kenney and children, Francine, Angélique, and Chantal; brother, Ronald and wife, Alette; brother, Roger and wife, Lucille and children Jean, André and Marc; brother, Mario and wife, Bibianne and children, Gisèle and Paul; brother, Daniel and wife, Tammy; brother-in-law, Marcel and wife, Lucille Bélanger and children, Susan, Marc, Diane, Thérèse, Denise, Sandra and Jean; the late brother-in-law, Renald's children, Richard, Paul and Elaine; sister-in-law, Sylvia and husband, Robert Langlais and children, Rachel and Louise; sister-in-law, Monita and husband, Roland Cote and daughter, Amy.

A heartfelt thank-you to Dr. Darleen Miller for her love and dedication during Robert's illness. She made him feel comfortable and cared for. Doctors like her are one in a million!

A most appreciative thank-you to Ron Ouellette of Ouellette's Adult Foster Home for his professionalism, great care and compassion during his daily visits; he gave Robert a sense of peace and calmness. His friendship is greatly appreciated.

A special thank-you to Roger Martel for his daily "care" visits. Robert looked forward not only to the excellent care given, but also to conversations and reminiscings. He always made him feel at ease.

Thank-you to Kathleen of Androscoggin Home Care and Hospice for her expertise, and especially for her great smile and reassurance.

Condolences and a photo tribute may be accessed online at www.albert-burpee.com.

(N.D.L.R. See page 14 for Franco-American Flag description)

(N.D.L.R. The following article appeared in *Echoes*, No. 92)

Obsessed with

Dahlias

Text & photos
by Ron Sirois
Holden, ME

If you travel Eastern Avenue in Brewer, about two miles from State Street, you may see Roland Berube, 'the extreme gardener' as the locals call him, working in his gardens. Roland, or Rollie, as he prefers to be called is a fanatical dahlia grower. As a matter of fact, his favorite saying is 'there are flowers and then there are dahlias'.

When folks drive past his home they will often slow down just to look at the striking display of dahlias. Some honk and wave, and many stop in to buy his flowers and vegetables. That's how I met Rollie. I discovered that in addition to a great sense of humor, he will talk passionately about dahlias at great length. When asked if his wife helps him with all the work his reply was 'no, she doesn't help, she thinks I'm crazy, and you know, she's right, I am crazy'.

I'm not sure how Rollie got hooked on dahlias, but having observed his gardens over the years it's obvious that Rollie can't get enough dahlias. He started out with a few rows of dahlias, less than fifty, then one hundred, then more than three hundred. As each season arrives, his gardens expand. This year he will grow at least four hundred dahlias, three hundred tomato plants, fifty green pepper plants, fifty cucumber plants, and several varieties of squash.

He sells his dahlias, tomatoes, cucumbers, green peppers and squash at his roadside stand and uses an 'honor system' for payment since he finds that his customers are basically honest and they leave the correct payment most of the time. He does have some amusing stories about the 'honor system'. Occasionally, someone will not put money in the box and take the flowers. A few days later, the money will appear in the money box. On one occasion, someone left about half the payment in dollar bills. Several days later, the other half appeared in the money box. His dahlia flowers are in demand for weddings since they make such beautiful arrangements. On Saturdays he sets up a table at the Brewer Farmer's Mar-



ket with bouquets of fresh cut dahlia flowers. Rollie has so many dahlia flowers that he even trades dahlia flowers and tubers for services. When he sells his tubers, they are all pre-started in six inch pots and are at least four to six inches tall and ready to plant.

Rollie does all the work himself, with the help of a wheel-barrow, a Troy Built tiller, and basic garden tools. He doesn't claim to be an expert, and is learning more and more every year. Last year, he had an early frost. Leaving the frost stricken plants in the ground for a full two weeks to mature produced nicer tubers with eyes that are more developed. This requires patience, since 'you look out there, and all you see is how much work needs to be done, before the cold weather sets in.' The next stage is digging up and cleaning the tubers and drying them out for winter storage. For storage, Rollie has two beverage coolers in his basement which he crams full of tubers. Dahlia tubers have to be stored at an optimum temperature of 40-45 degrees. Even with this system, he says that he has a success rate of around 80%.

In early spring, he spends several weeks dividing and planting the tubers in six inch pots. Many of his neighbors lend him their utility trailers, and he repays them with dahlia flowers all season long. The trailers, loaded with potted dahlias, are rolled outside on warm days so the plants can get good sun exposure. In the evening, the trailers are rolled back into his heated garage. When the plants are at least four to six inches tall, they are ready to sell. Whatever he can't sell, he will grow in his gardens. If he doesn't have enough space, out comes the tiller, and more ground is cultivated and planted.

In May, when warmer weather arrives, the real work begins. Rollie is out at

the crack of dawn preparing his gardens for the new season. Large evenly spaced holes are dug, then a large shovel-full of compost mix is added, and the plants are set into the ground and dressed. He then mulches all the garden areas with hemlock mulch. The mulch controls weeds, and helps the plants retain moisture. The final step is to drive a wooden stake next to each dahlia to act as a support when the dahlia gets tall.

He uses large wooden flats filled with several inches of potting soil to start tomatoes. The seeds are tossed in, covered with a thin layer of potting soil, and set on tables next to the glassed doors in his heated basement garage. He has good southern exposure so the plants thrive. The method he uses for planting tomatoes in the garden is identical to his dahlias. This year his tomatoes were over a foot high when he planted them. For staking, he uses wire mesh cages held in place with a wooden stake.

He had been watering his plants by hand using garden hoses, and it was taking him four hours to water everything. This year, he decided to invest in a drip irrigation system. He laid out a series of plastic irrigation feed lines. Smaller drip lines are punched into the feed lines with a shutoff adaptor. The drip lines have drip holes spaced a foot apart. Using this system, he can water all his plants automatically in about the same four hours. The cost of the irrigation kit was relatively inexpensive considering the time and labor it saves him.

He doesn't prune or snip buds on the dahlias to force the plants to produce larger flowers. The majority of his dahlias are the standard size. He likes the large dinner plate varieties, but says that people

(Continued on page 6)

Le Forum

(Obsessed with Dahlias continued from page 5)

won't buy them because they are more difficult to display in vases and arrangements.

One big task he is working on is to develop a system for labeling and identifying his forty plus varieties of dahlias. Digital photos are taken of the flowers when they are fully blossomed. The photos are then printed and put in binders labeled with various information and custom identification code numbers. Keeping all the plants isolated by type and color throughout the storage, dividing, and growing process involves considerable effort.

This year he expects to use 24 cubic feet of potting soil, 15 yards of hemlock mulch, 7 yards of compost-topsoil mix, several containers of Miracle Grow, over a thousand planting pots, several varieties of tomato seeds, squash, green peppers, several hundred wire tomato cages, and several hundred wooden stakes.

Although he sells many dahlias, and tomatoes, Rollie says that it doesn't begin to cover the cost of the materials he uses, much less, the time and labor needed to grow so many plants. It's definitely a labor of love, or maybe even an obsession.

About Ron

Ron Sirois grew up on a farm in Caribou, graduated from Caribou High School and served in the U.S. Army. He now lives in Holden. Before retiring, he was a computer programmer and Computer Systems Engineer for a computer company in Bangor. He is a Penobscot County Master Gardener, and enjoys woodworking, photography, and gardening.

His website is:

www.thevillagegeek.com

His email address is:

ronsir@villagegeek.com



Dahlia rows

The beautiful Dahlias



"There are flowers, and then there are dahlias."

Lower garden



(Tiré FL/FA N°144 - Avril-Mai-Juin 2011)



Jean Moisson est décédé le 26 mai à 83 ans.

Le 26 mai 2011, le cœur de Jean Moisson a lâché. Cela faisait tant années qu'il se battait avec une énergie incroyable contre des ennuis de santé à répétition, que nous le pensions indestructible.

Né à Evreux en 1929, Jean avait rejoint notre association en novembre 1986 après une brillante carrière professionnelle. Il se prit d'affection pour les Franco-Américains et s'investit à fond pour promouvoir leur cause au sein de France-Louisiane Franco-Américaine. Il continua à entretenir une correspondance assidue avec ses nombreux amis Franco jusqu'à la fin de sa vie.

Photographe amateur, il réalisa une belle exposition.

Sa gentillesse, sa générosité ainsi que sa passion pour la franco-américanité étaient appréciées de tous.

Jean Moisson était chevalier dans l'ordre national du mérite et chevalier des palmes académiques.

Nous présentons nos condoléances attristées à Irène et toute sa famille.



MiE

(Voir page 43)



Maria Chapdelaine de Louis Hémon (Partie II)

Par Monsieur Harry Rush, Jr.
East Millinocket, ME



Louis Hémon

On va présenter une autre explication du roman classique, *Maria Chapdelaine* de Louis Hémon (1880-1913). Dans le premier article, nous avons vu les difficultés du climat au Québec. Hémon, ce maître de description, nous donne beaucoup d'exemples: "Edwige Légaré travaillait pour les Chapdelaine... pour un salaire de vingt piastres par mois...de quatre heures du matin à neuf heures du soir à toute besogne à faire." "Les souches sont dures, prononça enfin le père Chapdelaine..." "...les travaux de la terre et le soin du bétail." "Eutrope Gagnon: Mais quand on travaille seul comme moi, sans cheval pour traîner les grosses pièces.. on a de la misère." "Egide va revenir de la drave (log drive)...en temps pour les foins et la mois-

son." "Dans la grande industrie du bois... d'octobre à avril les haches travaillent sans répit..." "Edwige Légaré: je n'avais que seize ans, mais je bûchais avec le autres... et je suis resté quatorze mois sans voir une maison...du matin à la nuit c'était bûche, bûche, bûche, mangé par les mouches et rôti de soleil." "...la défense contre la faim." "...le travail dur de la terre, le dur travail nécessaire...la soumission aux lois de la nature..." "...vous êtes les serviteurs de vos animaux..." "Maria: Faire le ménage et l'ordinaire, tirer les vaches, nettoyer l'étable quand l'homme serait absent, travailler dans les champs..." "Et du matin au soir, c'était bûche, bûche, sans jamais revenir à la maison." Maria: "que le dessous de ses yeux était tout noir de fatigue...du travail dur et

de la misère pour elle." "Vivre toute sa vie en des lieux désolés...peiner de l'aube à la nuit...ne jamais voir autour de soi que la nature primitive, sauvage, le bois inhumain..."

Conclusion: la leçon pour nous est que nous devons admirer le courage et le tempérament de nos ancêtres québécois.

(Monsieur Harry Rush, Jr. est un ancien élève des Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski, Québec à l'école Saint-Martin-de-Tours à Millinocket, ME et un ancien professeur de français à Schenck High School, East Millinocket, ME (1968-2001).



Collages by Rhea

Maman Disait

<http://www.fawi.net/proverbes/MamanDisait.html>

Artist Statement

Maman Disait

Dedicated to

Rita L. St. Germain Côté
1919-1982

Writing on the proverbs as my raison d'être for doing the collages.

I don't necessarily want or need the "book" definition, intellectual experience of the proverbs as my primary focus... not yet anyway. The collages are the story of my experience of the proverbs, sayings, maxims that maman disait, had access to, from where I do not know, but without meaning to, passed onto me.

I have a memory of them being said both--French and English--heard culture, culture transference at the most-lived

level--as ordinary, not extra ordinary, in the course of the daily doings of a day. Cause and reaction--explanations by the hundreds of learned words, a mystery how or where she learned these, to explain, understand, express, observe, pronounce, sympathize, aggregate, observe the passing, daily world.

Toward foibles, the fancy formidable, and frank she would pronounce the proverbs at will--I am shocked to find how many of the proverbs she knew that I remember having heard as daily fare. Something would happen, she'd walk by and in rapid-fire French express a proverb in response. I

knew something special, something different had just been said. I would stop what I was doing, and demand an explanation, a translation, because even though I understood French completely--no need for translation for most things said-- but here was a language unfamiliar to me. Sometimes, she'd try to translate, or explain, mostly she'd say, "Oh, it's just one of those old sayings they always used to say" And here she was repeating it to me out of her memory.

Who used to say this? "Oh, les vieux." How old were the vieux et vieilles? I don't
(Continued on page 8)

(Collages by Rhea continued from page 7)

know. All I know is that the proverbs lived in her, came to me, and I recognize them by sounds once spoken to me, and they prompted the visuals to match my own interpretation of them in the collages.

A proverb, or saying, pronounces a final word or explanation--understanding, giving insight, to the situations of the world. A way of ordering life--holding authority, or sway, over the uncontrollable--so that it becomes controllable. Proverbs as pagan spiritual praying--in co-existence with the creator.

I wanted to see these proverbs in print--in a frame--as home graffiti--kitchen art--or to experience the French in places one has seen in English. To render the French on the wall as a way of marking the spaces as chez-nous pour nous. To simply have French on the wall.

About the Frames and their place in the home. Frames, historically being inconsequential--when a thumb tack or nail often sufficed as the way to hang a picture, calendars--the prime source of art in a home--alongside the religious artifacts of statues, rosary beads, holy fonts, etc. Frames are a luxury. Not always indulged in when hanging things on the wall.

French proverbs as art now. I want to know how she "knew" the proverbs, sayings, as told to her by the old folks. The actual knowing of something to have it be your own. The instance of transmission of the so-called "folk knowledge"... and for the time being, I want to resist a textbook explanation of the meaning of such a transference. Because the textbook knowledge, explanation is an intellectual exercise, whereas, for me to come to understand the role of the proverbs, I believe the door to pass through has more to do with emotions--plus home-grown knowledge--to arrive at a shared knowledge. Something different than formal knowledge which is helpful to explain the other kinds of knowing perhaps.

Not that maman was unique, but just the opposite. The proverbs, sayings, were ubiquitous--everywhere--and understood by many. The point of exchange is unself-conscious understood culture transference.

Where have the proverbs gone from our lives? They played a part in the daily fare of maman's life and they have been replaced. I'm interested to know why I do not know these proverbs/sayings at the same level as what my maman knew them. Except for a few, but I don't say them on a daily basis as she did. I recognize them

when I see them, but I don't hear them as I once did. Where do these artifacts of the cultures go when they become rare?

She knew as many proverbs in English as she did in French, but I wanted to focus on the French proverbs because I wanted to see the French language in a "frame" hung on the wall--private/public displays of art which rewrites the view of defining the landscape of chez-nous, home. To be surrounded by visuals that address the question of French language existence through artistic, problem solving. To have things which maman disait à moé toutes les journées.

This show is not simply an exercise in nostalgia, but how I choose to reclaim for myself, the proverbs, and to give meaning to them as I see them--part of the everyday magic of life.

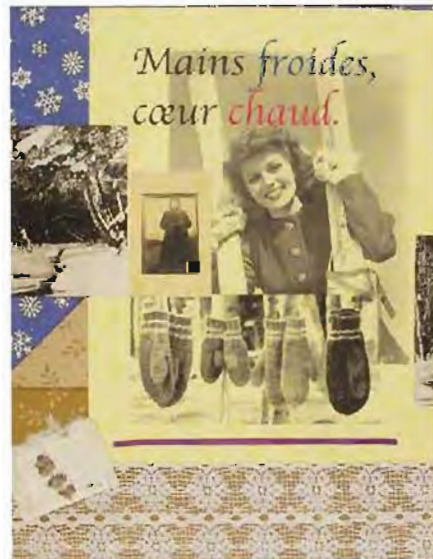
Rhea Côté Robbins, Brewer, Maine
daughter of Rita St. Germain Côté
Waterville, Maine

daughter of
Victoire Gagnon St. Germain Daigle
Wallagrass, Maine



On ne fait pas d'omelette
sans casser d'oeufs

Mains froides,
coeur chaud



Il n'est pire sourd que
celui qui ne veut pas entendre

(Continued on page 9)

(N.D.L.R. This article first appeared in "Echoes No. 92", page 9)

HISTORIC HOMESTEAD

Morrow house was Van Buren's first hospital

by Nancy Morrow

From a homemade baseball diamond in the backyard to the bowling alley in the cellar, to the pool room on the third floor and ping pong in the kitchen on the first floor, memories of the Morrow family homestead in Van Buren are still vivid in my mind.

I remember card games in the dining room, football and croquet in the front yard, roller skating, jump rope and a swing on the front porch. These precious moments in time intensified when the home that had been in my family more than 50 years was destroyed by fire June 2, 2009.

My mom and dad [Alice (Laplante) and Albert J. Morrow] raised a family of six in this house (Carl, Wayne, Nancy, Diane, Anna and Joseph) and also successfully ran the family-owned business known as Morrow's TV. For over 15 years, my brother Wayne Morrow continued the business and was the sole proprietor of the Morrow homestead at the time of this tragic fire.

Located in the center of town on Maine Street, the house was first owned by Levite and Alma (Pelletier) Thibodeau in the 1800's. When Levite passed away in 1938, his sister, Azelie Thibodeau, inherited the house and offered it to the Religieuses Hospitalières of St-Joseph from Saint-Basile, New Brunswick, to serve as Van Buren's first hospital. Some of the sisters involved were Marie Albert, Emma Plourde, Brigitte Légère, Beatrice Kearney and Brisette (Nadeau).

The first doctors were H.H. Hammond, Louis Noe Albert, Armand Albert, Georges Cloutier (of St. Leonard) and O.B. Labbé.

According to a historical record, the 18-20-bed Hotel Dieu Hospital "hummed with activity, catering to more than 700 patients a year, not counting several hun-



dred out-patients." But after 15 years, the Sisters found they were over-extended



An early photo of the homestead when it was a two-story structure

and had to reduce the number of hospitals they maintained. "Since they were a Canadian order, it was natural that the

American facility by closed down first."

The hospital closed its doors August 22, 1954, and the old Thibodeau mansion was sold to Albert J. and Alice (Laplante) Morrow Jan. 23, 1956.

My eldest brother was born there on July 25, 1951, when it was a hospital. One of the bedrooms he occupied for many years was the room where he was delivered. Wayne was born in Edmundston, New Brunswick, Feb. 11, 1953, because the Hotel Dieu Hospital was full.

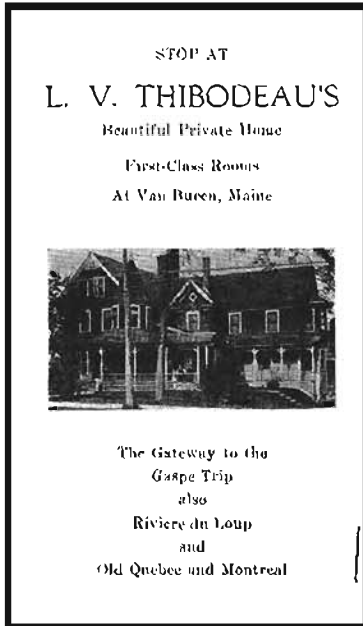
"I was born March 12, 1955, at home on our farm in Hamlin, Maine, because Hotel Dieu Hospital had closed its doors and there was no town hospital. Mom did not want to go to Canada. Therefore, Diane on Jan. 25, 1959, and Anna on Dec. 31, 1960, were both born at home in the well known Hotel Dieu Hospital, which now was the residence of the growing Morrow family. The Van Buren Community Hospital built in 1961 was ready for the birth of Joseph on Aug. 8, 1965.

A lot of fond memories – a real sense of community – were shared with so many in this home. My family also had great interest in and respect for the history of this home. We often talked about and sometimes sensed the spirits of those who once lived, worked, were born and peacefully passed away there.

This historic landmark served Van Buren very well. Its loss left the community with a sense of emptiness, but its original 1800 foundation remained solid and is being used as the Morrow homestead is reconstructed. Much of the reconstruction has been accomplished by my brothers Carl and Wayne. Wayne works daily and diligently on the now one-story structure, while also rebuilding his business. The strong foundation that once supported a magnificent historical landmark is being brought to life again. For me, it truly brings back a sense of belonging.

(Continued on page 10)

(Historic Homestead continued from page 9)



The house was also used by Thibodeau as a tourist home.

The pamphlet reads: Tourists from Boston, Portland, and Bangor going to Van Buren, will go through the most beauti-

ful farming section of Aroostook County, known as the "Empire State of the North," noted for its great potato industry, and also known as the "Garden Spot of Maine."

They will see very large fields of potatoes, sometimes comprising as many as 100 acres in one patch. When the same are in bloom, ordinarily from July 10th to August 15th, the traveler will marvel at the beautiful sight.

Aroostook County is also noted as a paradise for Sportsmen. The Fish River Chain of Lakes and Streams, which are of a certain altitude, and fed by springs, with the result that waters are cool, even in hot weather, offer good fishing all through the summer.

The Tourists will find plenty of good camp accommodations at a reasonable price. Home-made cedar canoes are all that anyone can desire.

City folks desiring to spend a summer in a cool climate would enjoy fishing and bathing in these lakes. No better place can be found to spend a summer than around these lakes, where one can breathe the cool invigorating air, perfumed by the flowers and trees of the beautiful forest bordering the lakes, noted to be devoid of flies.

During the fall hunting season,

the sportsmen will find an abundance of big game; such as bears, wildcats, and deer, which are very numerous.

Tourists that are desirous of making a tour around the Gaspé Peninsula, and at the same time wish to visit Old Quebec and Montreal, will find it convenient to cross on the International Bridge at Van Buren, Maine, to St. Leonard, N.B., and proceed on a good gravel road across New Brunswick to Campbellton, N.B., then cross on the ferry between Campbellton and Cross Point, P.Q., and follow the northerly side of the Baie des Chaleurs (Chaleur Bay). They will be traveling on the good graveled or hard-surface road, and enjoy the wonderful scenery all along the coast, especially at Perce, a place where all tourists will be delighted with the scenery; then on to Gaspé and around the northern coast of the Peninsula, bounded by the southerly side of the great St. Lawrence River; and on to Rivière du Loup, Old Quebec, and Montreal, and down by the Lake Champlain to Boston.

Tourists wishing to make only the Gaspé trip may come back from Rivière du Loup to Edmundston, N.B., back to Van Buren, a distance of 104 miles.



The Morrow family gathered in 1990 to celebrate the 40th wedding anniversary of Alice (LaPlante) and Albert J. Morrow. Back row, from left: Wayne J. Morrow, Nancy M. Morrow, Diane Morrow Cyr and Carl J. Morrow. Front row: Anna Morrow Blow, Alice and Albert Morrow and Joseph R. Morrow.



A view of the back of the Morrow homestead in 1990 shows the supply of wood for the wood furnace that was the sole source of heat for the house. Dad and the boys worked on weekly rotation to get up at 2 a.m. to feed the fire.

Nancy Morrow has lived in Kingwood, Texas, near Houston, for more than 25 years. A native of Van Buren, she returns to the homestead on average twice a year. She is proud of and touched by the work her brother Wayn has put into preserving the family home. This story began with a letter to the St. John Valley Times titled "Loss" that appeared in Vol. 53 No. 15, June 23, 2009.

Photos and history of the homestead may be viewed at the web site and archives of the Religieuse Hospitalières in Saint-Basil, N.B.



Maine State Representative Peter Johnson presents a legislative sentiment document honoring WWII veteran Lionel Breau in his home in April. The document was originally read before the Maine Legislature during Franco-American Day at the Maine State House in Augusta in March, 2011. (Yvon Labbé photo)

to take a 30 day leave, and then went to Camp San Luis Obispo and Camp Callan in California for amphibious assault training in preparation for an invasion of Japan. When allied troops sustained heavy losses in the Battle of the Bulge, the Blackhawks were ordered to Europe as replacement forces. The 86th was sent back East to Camp Myles Standish near Boston for disembarkation and deployment to the European Theater of Operations (ETO) on February 19, 1945.

Two weeks later, the convoy of over 60 ships, which zigzagged its way across the Atlantic, was nearing its destination. Anxiety was high following three hours of depth charge detonation to chase away approaching enemy submarine wolf packs before the liner-turned-troop transport finally landed on March 3 at the ally-liberated French port of Le Havre, now a major landing and staging area for new troops arriving in the ETO. Lionel's Blackhawk unit was then transported to one of several tent camps in the Le Havre region of Normandy - each named for popular cigarettes of the day, with the 86th at Camp Old Gold.

On March 22, the 86th was assigned to the 15th Army (under the 12th army group) which was charged by Eisenhower to hold the Ruhr Pocket along the Rhine. Lionel and his Blackhawk Division were transported by train and cattle cars to the industrial Ruhr area. This area of fierce fighting was where Lionel saw his first action "Our first combat assignment was near Cologne (Köln in German), firing mortars over the Rhine River into the city (from the west bank to the German held east bank) The next morning we moved into the Ruhr Pocket. We fought by day and rested at night", relates Breau. His artillery unit moved quickly to areas where it was needed and was attached to different armies as military logistics dictated. (Continued on page 12)

Lionel Breau's Blackhawk Infantry Division - First to Serve in Both the European and Pacific Theaters of Operations in WWII

By Betty Doyon Ryder

(Greenville Veteran Lionel Breau recently was interviewed on April 10, 2011 by friend Pete Johnson of the Cecil R. Cole American Legion Post as part of the FAMLI (Franco-American Moosehead Lake Identity) oral history project. The history was facilitated by Betty Ryder and filmed by Yvon Labbé of the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine for later publication on the website <http://francoamericanarchives.org/> as part of the Franco-American Centre's oral history archive project; it will also be archived at the Moosehead Historical Society.)

It was early December, 1943 and a historic meeting of the "Big Three", Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill, had recently taken place in Teheran, Iran where they confirmed the decision to invade Western Europe in the Spring of '44, discussed plans for the invasion of Southern France, and secured a promise by Stalin to join in the war against Japan after Germany was defeated. This followed the nightmare of years of threats, oppression and disappearance of millions of European Jews and anti-axis patriots, and invasion of much of Europe and North Africa led by Hitler and Mussolini. Japan unleashed its aggression against the United States in an attack on our Pacific naval fleet at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, thus dragging the US into the war two years earlier.

On our home front, Japanese-Americans had been interned in relocation camps

for several months and a military draft was in effect to fulfill our military commitment to allied partners. American soldiers had been fighting in Europe and North Africa for nearly a year and our industry was in full gear producing needed equipment and supplies for this desperate war effort.

Lionel Breau, of Greenville, Maine answered his draft call to military service by reporting for basic training duty at Ft. Eustis, Virginia, followed by AIT artillery training at Camp Livingston, Louisiana, where he was assigned to the 86th Blackhawk Infantry Division as 3rd gunner of an 81mm mortar platoon. (The 3rd gunner's assignment is to carry when necessary the artillery piece's base plate weighing over 100 pounds, no small feat for someone weighing a mere 143 pounds.) After more weeks of training at Camp Cooke in California, he was able

(Lionel Breau's Blackhawk Infantry Division continued from page 11)

In early April, the Blackhawk Division went on the offensive and was involved in fierce fighting as part of the allied "pincher movement" planned to trap the German Wehrmacht (army) in the Ruhr Pocket, thus isolating it and choking off supplies and reinforcements. On the 11th while advancing, the 86th discovered and liberated at Attendorn a civilian forced-labor camp, housing about 1,000 people who provided labor for area factories. (In 1996, the 86th Infantry Division was recognized as a liberating unit by the US Army's Center of Military History and the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum.)

As the Blackhawks fought through Germany from late March to May, they forged seven major rivers, crossing in assault boats or pontoon bridges as most regular bridges had been destroyed. They often moved by land in cattle trucks. During one such move, the 86th and other units, including Lionel's brother George's 145th Armored Infantry Division, were on the Autobahn Highway near Ingolstadt, when they were shelled by German mortar. Many of these shells did not explode, but bounced, shattering the concrete pavement as they struck. "There were injuries from flying debris, but the bombs did not explode. We didn't know why, but we figured that Jews, working in ordinance plants had sabotaged them," said Breau.

Another time on a skirmish line, Lionel's unit was pinned down by enemy fire. US fighter planes came in support, but as the soldiers were in close proximity of the enemy, they were also in the line of strafing fire. Taking shelter behind a nearby mound of earth, they avoided friendly fire, only later to find out that the mound was actually a German ammo dump!

Still another dangerous event happened when some Germans dressed as Americans in a commandeered American jeep infiltrated an area where the 86th was quartered. The ruse worked, as they managed to blow up the first floor of an office building; luckily, the battalion com-

mand personnel were on the second floor at the time, resulting in no G.I. injuries.

With end of the battle for the Ruhr Pocket on April 16, 1945, the Blackhawks were immediately assigned the mission of assisting General Patton's famed 3rd Army in a rapid, sweeping drive into Southern Germany, where they took the cities of Ansbach, Ingolstadt, Freising, and Oberdorf. During this time in Bavaria, members of his unit briefly entered the grounds of Dachau, one of the first and primary concentration camps of the Nazi regime. Dachau, a forced labor and death camp, had been a training center for SS concentration camp guards and housed various political opponents of the

resources to help; they had to push on. The liberation was left to elements of the nearby 42nd and 45th infantries. Lionel's unit did not see any German guards or prisoner areas, nor did they know the atrocities that others would discover and experience upon the liberation of Dachau, including a trainload of starved, murdered and rotting corpses that were being transported to Dachau from other concentration camps – either to keep them from being liberated by allied forces or perhaps to eliminate as many internees as possible before losing the war to the allies.

On April 27, the Blackhawks were ordered to drive southward, crossing the Danube River (the first allied force to do so) and advancing into Austria. The next few days were active with several cities taken; the final mission was to take Salzburg and secure the left flank of the XV Corps when the war ended for the 86th on May 5, 1945.

The war ended in Europe with the suicide of Hitler on April 30 and capitulation of Germany on May 8, 1945. "When you come out of it (the war) and you're still alive, you're pretty proud of yourself, but it all had been scary," remarked Lionel.

During the very short time Lionel and the Blackhawks served in the



Nazi regime. Over time, other groups, such as Jehovah's Witnesses, Christian religious prisoners, gypsies, homosexuals, antisocials and repeat criminal offenders were interned. After *Kristallnacht* ("the night of broken glass"), a period of terrorism and oppression that marked the beginning of incarceration of Jews on a massive scale simply on the basis of their ethnicity), the number of Jewish prisoners increased at Dachau. It was also a site where German physicians performed medical experiments on prisoners, hundreds of which died or were permanently disabled as a result of these experiments. When elements of the 86th passed through the area, they encountered a representative of the camp who requested help from the US unit. Lionel's recollection was that there was apprehension concerning the nearby German civilians, but the Americans had orders for another mission and did not have the

ETO (34 days), the division was credited with capturing 53,354 German prisoners, liberating over 200,000 allied prisoners of war and securing 220 miles of German territory. It liberated one forced-labor camp, recovered (with eventual return of) the crown jewels of Hungary, and was the only division to serve in combat with four different American armies in Europe during the war. The 86th was transported back to Le Havre, France and shipped stateside for a much earned leave. Lionel's military obligation was not completed, however, as he and other members of the 86th were reassigned to the Pacific Theater. (Brother Henry returned shortly after Lionel; there had been three brothers serving in the ETO at the same time.)

After a 30 day furlough, the division regrouped in mid-July at camp Kruger, Oklahoma. By executive order of President Truman on August 6, the United States (Continued on page 13)

(Lionel Breau's Blackhawk Infantry*Division continued from page 12)*

dropped the first atomic bomb, "Little Boy", on Hiroshima. The Blackhawk Division was ordered to Camp Stoneman in California the very next day for final preparations, equipment, and deployment in the Pacific for the invasion of Japan. A second bomb, "Fat Man", was dropped on Nagasaki on August 9th, with Japan surrendering to the Allies six days later, thus officially ending the war in the Pacific. The 86th Blackhawks, now destined for occupation duty in the Philippines, embarked by troop ships from San Francisco August 23.

Things were changing fast in that part of the world and the Pacific command was not prepared for the arrival of the 86th Infantry. The troop ship that Lionel was on stopped at three ports, including the Caroline Islands, but could not be accommodated; they were ordered on to Batangas, south of Manila on the island of Luzon, the largest and most important of the Philippine Islands. Land for troop encampment was limited and Lionel's unit was designated to an area that turned out to be a dried up rice paddy, which soon flooded when the rainy season set-in with its frequent monsoons. Lionel remembers rising in the morning and stepping down from his cot into pools of water. It was in this setting that he turned 21.

Various elements of the 86th were assigned to different areas as occupation forces. After a short time at Batangas, members of the 38th division were sent stateside for demobilization and those who did not have enough points on a rating system remained for duty and were reassigned to the 86th, which was now charged to relieve the 38th. The 86th's major responsibility was to bring order to the area, serving mainly as military police and providing guard duty for various strategic locations. Responsibilities included overseeing POW's, setting up collection points for Japanese soldiers still at large, and controlling US troops, as well as Filipino civilians. Lionel's primary duty was as switchboard operator at an outpost set up to

process Filipino's being released from military duty. He remembers that it was a dangerous situation; of it he says, "In the morning, we sometimes would discover bodies hung from cross-bars and telephone poles." He did not know why the killings occurred.

While in the Philippines, Lionel met an American woman who had served as a spy for the US after her American husband had been killed. "She told me that her husband had been the commander of a US naval vessel and died when his ship was sunk by the Japanese in Subic Bay", said Lionel. Wanting to aid the US, she remained in the Philippines and worked with the guerilla underground as a spy for the US gather-



ing Japanese intelligence. Following the end of the war in the Pacific, she was sent to a "repo depo" (replacement center) for transportation stateside on a troop ship. Not long after, Lionel received his orders to ship out; he was sent to the "repo depo" and when on board the troop ship, they met unexpectedly. Many years later, he saw her one more time – as a featured honoree on the television show "This is Your Life."

Lionel returned to the states and was discharged from the US Army in April 1946. He returned to his hometown of Greenville, Maine settling into civilian life as quickly as he could. He married Theresa Dufour of Stockholm, Maine, November 10, 1947; together they raised three children: Darrell, Wayne and Debbie.

Of Lionel, Pete Johnson, who conducted the oral interview for FAMILI's Oral History Project, says, "To me, Lionel's story

kind of defines a generation. He is one of our heroes, and there are many, many people like Lionel – some living around here." To those of us in Greenville who know his story, he is truly one of the "Greatest Generation".

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Lettres!
Letters

Dear Editor;

Bonjour! I am reading, both in English and French, the many interesting facts in your Le Forum. One passage caught my attention on page 12 (top left) volume 35 #1 where parents of students in the St. John Valley were deemed not to admit their French background nor were they interested in meeting with you. This brought back memories of distrust for English strangers that my parents and grandparents voiced as I grew up. I could never understand where the distrust came from until I got interested in researching my own background and came across the many cruel details of what happened to my Acadian ancestors. However, unless it was passed on, that distrust should not have been what affected the outcome of your efforts in the St. John Valley.

I grew up in Madawaska when that area was 99.9% French speaking and my first contact with the English language was when I started school at the Evangeline School in Madawaska. By the way, we were punished if caught speaking French in School. As a teenager, I remember using both languages in conversation with friends. Whichever language was more descriptive is the language that was used. I spent one week in the St. John Valley this summer and spoke mostly French to everybody I met. What an enjoyable time I had.

Sincerely yours,
Clarence Ouellette
Pasadena, MD

(N.D.L.R.: To see article being referred to see. <http://francolib.francoamerican.org/items/show/1826>)

(Mon dernière courriel de Msr. Jean Moisson de la France. 30 mars, 2011.)

Bonjour!

J'ai trouvé, se matin, sur mon ordinateur "Le Forum" spring issue!!

Bravo pour ce numero avec beaucoup de textes en Français et d'excellentes photos en couleur et en noir et blanc.

J'ai commencé à lire "l'exilé" d'Alce Gélinas à qui j'ai envoyé une jolie carte d'anniversaire "en Français" avec l'espoir qu'elle lui plaira.

A vous, Lisa, toutes mes félicitations pour l'excellent travail que vous faites pour que Le Forum soit ce qu'il est maintenant.

Bien amicalement,
Jean



Chère Rédactrice,

Premièrement, j'ai été surtout content de recevoir "Le Forum" - printemps 2011. La photo de notre Gouverneur LePage sur la couverture est formidable. Je me rejoints de cette élection. Ensuite, la petite histoire de sa famille qui prend d'origine de l'Île d'Orléans en Amérique du Nord était instructif pour moi. Ma famille est heureuse avoir un gouverneur qui tiens tellement qualités comme travailler dur, et la moralité personnel. Pour nous c'est le plus important avoir un gouverneur qui connaît la classe ouvrière. Je crois que ça ...c'est avantageux pour les gens de l'État du Maine. Je n'ai pas peur de sa voix forte!

Quelle bonne surprise lire <<A Haitian Missionary's Vision>> par Juliana l'Heureux. Father Marc Boisvert a été notre Castine prêtre avant de faire son oeuvre en Haïti. Vraiment il amène l'aide et l'espoir aux enfants là dans un pays en desastre et pauvreté. Father Marc est un très bon prêtre et toujours beau en nos yeux.

Je vous en prie excuser mes erreurs en écrivant, parce que je n'ai pas l'origine française. Pourtant, j'ai la bonne amitié d'une Acadienne - et pour trente-cinq ans.

Merci pour une des meilleurs numéros de la revue.

Chaleureusement,
Anne Marie Leonard
Penobscot, ME

Àllo,

Ça fait longtemps qu'on s'est pas vu. J'espère que tout vas bien chez vous.

A propos de Paul LePage: Nous devons être très fier d'avoir un franco-américain pour gouverneur du Maine, mais c'est dommage qu'on a pas un représentant qui a plus du savoir-faire. Nous dison pas "Vas

(Robert Couturier continued from page 4)



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FLAG

The flag was officially adopted by the Northeast United States, on May 29, 1983, in Manchester, N.H., and by the assembly of the Franco-Americans on August 5 of that same year, in Makinac, Michigan.

ITS COLORS

The blue and white, are from the American flag, but they equally represent the flags of Franc, Québec and l'Acadie. The white star represents the United States and the fleur de lys in the center of the star symbolises the French culture and the Franco-Americans.

FLAG DESIGN

The flag was designed by Attoeny Rober Couturier of Lewiston, Maine. Robert was a co-founder of ActIFANE and he was also a founding member of l'Assemblée des Franco-Américains. He was the Secretary General for l'Association Canao-Américaine in Manchester, New Hampshire

DRAPEAU DES FRANCO-AMÉRICAINS

A été officiellement adopté par le Nord-Est des États-Unis, le 29 mai 1983, à Manchester, N.H., et par l'Assemblée des Franco-Américains, le 5 août de la même année, à Makinac, Michigan.

SES COULEURS

Le bleu et le blanc, sont tirées du drapeau américain, mais elles rappellent également les drapeaux de la France, du Québec et de l'Acadie. Son étoile blanche représente les États-Unis et la fleur de lys au centre de celle-ci symbolise la culture française et le Franco-Américains.

CONCEPTION DU DRAPEAU

Le drapeau a été conçu par l'Avocat Robert Couturier de Lewiston, Maine. Rober était co-Doundateur de ActIFANE et il était aussi co-fondateur de l'Assemblée des Franco-Américains. Il était aussi la Secrétaire Générale pour l'Association Canado-Américaine à Manchester, New Hampshire.

au diable", Baise mon derriere" ou "Idiot" a personne, surtout devant la presse. Du 'gutter-talk' comme ça montre un manque de classe qui refletent sur tous les franco-américains.

(Jean-) Paul Turcotte
Bangor, ME

A Time for Letting Go

*Annette Paradis King
Gouldsboro, ME*

Working to ignore what I know a while longer, I go about looking like it isn't so. I focus longer on the sun that comes up earlier revealing winter abating. The snow melts showing off blades of fresh grass, first signs of spring. The roof's being patched where the gutters leak, we have once more free access to the driveway and an old tightly woven nest, a winter-gale brought down, I've added to my ever-growing collection. The red breast robins are back and so is the blue jay with its knack of scrapping for space. I'm turning a new page, too, hoping to get a boost for my soul, and just, maybe, experience what is referred to as a peaceful transition.



Bobolink's Babbling Pitch

Mid-July, perched on one crab-tree branch
her flock memorizing mom's directions.
One, two, three minutes before each flew.
Their high notes accompanying our meals
Thank you, Bobolink

In spring we found
late winter winds and
two ice storms hadn't disturbed,
although poorly constructed,
the deserted nest once belonging to
Bobolink

Under a single spruce bough
between rock wall and old apple tree
it rests. Favoring their pitch
of unforgettable joy, their
home made of straw
went untouched

A new winter, snow covers
window-sills, fields and
our old abandoned sheep-pen.
It was a long bitter cold,
until early in May

So much to augment
day-dreams of summer sun
where Bobolink circled
above one hay scented August
broadcasting melodious sounds
in her comical amusing pitch.

*Annette Paradis King
Gouldsboro, ME*



Monsieur Bénévolat à Oxford: Wilbrod St-Amand

*Le 18 mars 2010 par Dean Louder
www.septentrion.qc.ca/deanlouder/*

En arrivant à Oxford, l'une des premières personnes que nous avons rencontrées à la bibliothèque généalogique était « Will » St-Amand. Évidemment, avec un nom pareil, celui qui passe tous ses après-midis à agir comme personne-ressource aux gens en quête de leurs aïeux ne pouvait qu'être Franco. En lui adressant la parole en français, son histoire s'est dévoilée.

Né en 1927 à French Island, au Maine, cette île en face de la petite ville de Old Town, à proximité de l'université du Maine, Wilbrod, fils de Wilbrod et Alice Michaud, connut une jeunesse franco-américaine exemplaire. Cours primaire bilingue sur l'île, sous la direction des religieuses. Cours secondaire à Old Town et premières fréquentations, pour ainsi dire, avec les Penobscot de l'île avoisinante (Indian Island), avec les



(suite page 36)

Healey Asylum

By
Raymond A Duval
Brunswick, ME

The two years (1942 and 1944) were spent in this boarding school and this is my recollection and experience during this period

1

How It Came About

In vogue back during the depression and war years (1931-1945) in our Franco-American Society was to send children to boarding schools. The theory was for better education in a more controlled environment. These institutions were a combination of an orphanages and boarding schools run by religious orders (Catholics, mostly) and fairly inexpensive. Places in Maine like Jackman, for girls, Biddeford Pool, for boys, l'Hospice Marcote in Lewiston for girls, and St Hyacinth, in Canada were among the more popular boarding school names that I was familiar with.

It was during the war years (1941-1945) when my brothers were in the service and dad worked at BIW for the defense and mother worked at Verney Mill that the subject of sending me to boarding school came up. I remember dad doing ironing in the evening while listening to Amos and Andy on the radio while mother was working on the second shift. Our household was busy producing for the war effort. I also remember a busy body we knew as "la Toto Belanger" (née Liliane Belanger), sprinster, ex-nun or ex-postulant, one who never took the final vows, who

had a fanatic devotion towards father Roy and taunted him by attending all his masses to the point of stalking the poor priest.

After one such church visit she dropped in to see mother and gossip relentlessly about father Roy. I don't know the history between mother and la Toto or maybe it was because we lived close by St. John's Church that these visits from her materialized. However, she would also talk about this wonderful boarding school in Lewiston with swings and seesaws and all kinds of amusements for the children. I happened to be listening, and all this talk about the amusements this school had for kid, I was certain this was the place for me.

This place in Lewiston was Healey Asylum, an orphanage and a boarding school for boys run by the grey nuns or the Sisters of Charity. The year was 1942 and that fall I was 9 years old and entering the fourth grade. It's not hard to forget the moment my folks left me with the nuns as they departed home to Brunswick when I was taken by the hand and led to the "galerie" or gallery, a large porch, which overlooked

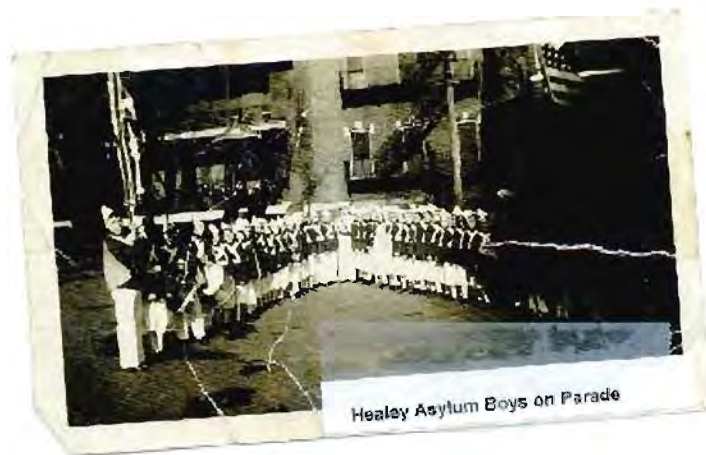
an asphalted play yard surrounded by buildings with agate to the street at the end where the laundry was located. To an adult, this would have looked like a prison. It was recess time and the kids were in the yard playing. I stood at the rail very close to tears as I surveyed the yard and my future home. "My name is Gilman" and that's how I eventually blended in with my schoolmates that day on the gallery when Gilman Labbe introduced himself originally from Keegan Maine and now his dad lived in Topsham.

2

A Home Away From Home

Population on our side (post kindergarten) was a little over 100 and we were all assigned a number, mine being 54. All my clothes had to be marked with this number and the dayroom had pigeon hole like boxes along one wall to carry our belongings which we called "les carreau". The grey nuns were mostly Canadians and the language was French, and all the students were of Franco-American origin. We were separated from the younger group (six and under) who had their own space in this four storied structure. (Continued on page 17)

Arial view of Healey Asylum on Bates St. side where the younger children resided



Group picture that appeared in the April 1943 Lewiston Sun Journal.

(Healey Asylum continued from page 16)

The institution was on Ash Street and occupied about half the block between Blake, Pine and Bates. From the gallery where I stood and next to the stairway leading to the playground and to its left there was a "baignoire" or a concrete swimming pool in use in the summer months only. The nuns referred to the pool as a "baignoire" and not "piscine", the French word for swimming pools. Next to the swimming pool and main building on the side of Blake Street were the heating plant and the laundry single brick storied structure with an access to the yard at the end via a gated two large paneled doors at least 10 to 12 feet high.



The backside of the yard towards Pine Street had a structure the nuns called "le préaux" (a commune) basically a long porch with a roof and back side closed in and steps in the front with a railing open front. This was a "no play zone" and we were not allowed to play on this canopied balcony. The other no play zone was the blind alley at the gate between the laundry and the "préaux"



On Bates Street we had an old wood frame two story house converted to classrooms where we went to school. A chain link fence from the school to the main building completed the boxed-in area of our "home" which most of us called "la prison".

3

Les Soeur de la Charité



Marguerite d'Youville, Founder
1701 - 1771

The Sisters of Charity were addressed as "mère" or mother and not "soeur" or sister. I don't know the reason why some orders of nuns are addressed as "sister" and others as "mother". I believe the favorite nun for most of us was Mère Saint Philippe. She was a day care nun and not a teacher. She had a very kind demeanor with us and the patience of an angel. A great story teller and her stories always began with "P'tit Jean pain sec" (translated, means little John the dry crust) and his adventures. She enjoyed singing and would have sing along some of the old traditional French songs, e.g. Frère et Jacque; Sur le Pont D'Avignon; Ou Claire de la Lune. One song we all like to sing went like this:

*Les voyageur sont arrivé
Les voyageur sont arrive
Dan les chantier
Bing sur la ring, bing sur la ramme
Pour coupé du bois carré
Bing sur la ring, bung, bung.*

And with several refrains that I have since forgotten we would sing on and on with Mère Saint Philippe.

Mère La Fortune was another day care nun and not a teacher who I recall with a demeanor quite opposite Mère Saint Philippe. Frustrated old maid would describe this poor nun and to those of us who remembered the Wizard of Oz, she looked and acted much like the Wicked Witch of the North. I'm certain she was a good soul and all, however, to a nine year old she represented holy terror with her looks alone. She was not blessed with a kind face, and along with her face framed by the nun's habit and her stern air, she had no disciplining problems with the boys.

One rainy day when confined to the dayroom at recess I must have been staring directly at her when she singled me out by saying, "Regardez don mon Duval avec ces yeux grand comme deux cinquante cent." (Look at my Duval with his eyes large like two fifty cent pieces). I never forgot being singled out like that from her. There was another time Mère La Fortune embarrassed me in front of the group as we had just returned from a two mile hike visit to a sister orphanage for girls in the area of St Mary's Hospital not far from Bates College. The

(Continued on page 20)

Albert et Émélia (A love story)

par **Bob Rivard**
Amherst, MA

C'est avec un peu d'hésitation que je vous raconte l'histoire d'Albert et d'Émélia. Après tout ce n'est pas l'histoire de Roméo en juillet ou en revanche de Roméo et Juliette. Ça c'est la matière du Moulin Rouge, du théâtre du fantôme, du spectacle sous l'arche proscenium. Les histoires d'amour entre les amoureux séparés pas la noblesse et le roturier ont fini définitivement avec Marie Antoinette sans tête dans le panier sans chagrin (Seize Octobre, 1793). Lors de l'État moderne aux États-Unis, le peuple est devenu souverain, le pêcheur et le pêcheur sont devenus égaux devant la barre et les parvenus ont attiré l'atout sur les autochtones.

En tant que tel, Albert n'était pas un parvenu. La famille Rivard est arrivée au Cap de la Madeleine vers 1650 et ma ligne avait monté de Batiscan à Sherbrooke vers 1750. Pendant la fuite au sud, quand on éprouvait la sécheresse au Canada, ils ont descendu l'escalier d'un Monsieur Dante pour travailler les fosses à purin de la révolution industrielle à Rhode Island. Pendant deux générations on gagnait nos vivres par la sueur de nos fronts, par nos moeurs et manières, et par la bonne chance de nos aïeux d'attraper des femmes fécondes. Dans les grandes familles Franco-Américaines il y avait toujours plusieurs enfants avec des cartes qu'ils pouvaient entrer en jeu, on ne supportait pas le chômage chez nous, pas du tout.

Albert était le quatrième de treize enfants, né le vingt-six septembre, dix-neuf cent cinq, et son père, plus probablement sa mère, l'avait consacré à le bon Dieu. Il entra l'Ordre des Frères Oblats de Marie Immaculée, et après ses études, se trouvait à l'Église St. Jean Baptiste à Lowell, la paroisse d'une certaine mademoiselle nommée Émélia Baron.

Émélia était la deuxième de la famille Baron-Pellenn né aux États-Unis. La tragédie a visité très tôt chez les Barons. Hector, l'aîné, mourrait à douze ans d'un appendice hernié, une horrible histoire de superstition et d'incapacité, et Émélia était presque écrasée à six ans par une voiture

Albert in Canada



Émélia's Wedding photo

jeune fils Robert Léon. Alors ça c'est une autre histoire, et je ne veux pas vous perdre, cher lecteur, avec des histoires auxiliaires.

Quoi qu'il en soit, les deux se sont promis qu'Albert n'empruntera pas de livres français de la librairie pour un délai de quinze jours et Émélia ne se montrera pas à la sacristie. On sait bien que les promesses sont faites pour être brisées. Enfin, l'attraction d'un amour pur a gagné et c'était absolument obligatoire de renvoyer Albert chez Rhode Island en vacances, pour leur donner un espace pour s'oublier. Carême, on se parle ici de la force qui a peuplé le monde entier, est-ce que cinquante mille réussira? Évidemment non! Je ne serais pas ici si l'affaire aurait défilé autrement.

Après beaucoup de larmes, les amoureux abattus reconnaissent le fait qu'Émélia avait une horloge biologique, et par suite qu'Albert était destiné de se faire papa. On s'installait au bureau à écrire une bonne lettre à le Monseigneur pour demander une dispense de ses vœux religieux.

Chose curieuse, on sentait les ondes dans la paroisse. J'aimerais bien vous faire parvenir une copie mais hélas le Monseigneur n'avait pas la coutume d'encadrer les lettres de démission. Il faut que vous me croyez, en tout cas, les noces sont documentées à Notre Dame de Lourdes le Premier

conduit par un chirurgien. L'accident a déchiré sa figure toute la longueur de son visage de la crête jusqu'au cou. C'était 1914, seulement les bien éduqués avaient les moyens d'acheter ou d'entretenir une voiture. Cet fait a probablement sauvé sa vie. A partir de ce moment là, mère coiffait sa jeune fille du droit au gauche en prenant un grand plaisir de la dire comment belle elle était. Malgré ses bonnes intentions, mère pouvait pas surmonter les difficultés d'arranger un mariage avec les jeunes du lieu et pour une dizaine d'années Émélia se trouvait dans le rez-de-chaussée de l'Église St. Jean Baptiste. Il y avait une bibliothèque à la porte sur le chemin bas appelé - La Librairie Baron - fondée par le Père Armand Baron, O.M.I. La paroisse St. Jean Baptiste était la première paroisse Franco-Américaine de l'Archidiocèse de Boston, et le bon Père a établi la librairie pour - La Bonne Lecture - avec plus que 3,000 livres en français.

Le Père Baron se trouvait avec six jeunes filles célibataires comme projet et maman ma toujours dit que les années après l'école pendant sa séjour à la librairie sont devenues les plus bonnes années de sa vie. Il faut comprendre qu'on parle ici des - Roaring Twenties - l'âge entre les guerres, un temps d'insouciance, six filles à la mode et un chaperon de moralité supérieur. Ça ne prend pas un savant pour réfléchir que l'entourage pouvait tourner des têtes.

Le frère Albert et la jolie Émélia se sont rencontrés souvent à la Sainte Église, et les rencontres ont fait remuer les sentiments du cœur en papa, avec une force qui était presque irrésistible. Maman se confessait à le Père Baron chaque semaine et sans doute discutait la culpabilité qu'elle sentait, d'attirer un homme de Dieu. Ça je le sais parce qu'elle ma dit souvent qu'elle voulait remplacer le frère Albert qu'elle avait volé de son Dieu avec leur



Lillianne Moisan, Mina Baron, Émélia Baron, Delia Thelline, Lucienne Bilodeau, Aurore Dion

(Continued on page 19)

(Albert and Emelia continued from page 18)

Mai, dis neuf cent trente sept. Ludger Baron et sa femme Emilienne étaient témoins, tous les Rivards sont venu à Lowell.

Sur tous les tons c'était un mariage bien assorti, béni par Dieu et la Sainte Église, les cinq enfants remercie le Bon Dieu chaque jour de nous avoir donner la lumière de la vie, et une chance d'être ici au monde avec les gens de bonne volonté.

Albert et Émelia ont fait leur lune de miel au Canada, à la ferme familial. J'inclus des photos d'Albert déguiser comme Mao, et sa nouveau femme forte, en train de labourer la terre. On sait bien qu'Émelia ne soit pas prolétaire, il faut tirer la charrue!



Émelia en train de labourer la terre

Albert et Émelia
Leur dixième anniversaire 1 Mai, 1947



Albert et Émelia, Fort Hill Park, Lowell.
(1937 ou 1938)



Brother Albert

THE LITTLE STONE CATHEDRAL

by
CLIFF GRAVEL

It was *Le Temps Des Fêtes*, Christmastide in the village of St. Hilaire Du Lac, Vermont. But not a happy one for either George Gimpy or Père Donat. The portly Father felt of small use in a modern world. The diocese threatened to close the church of St. Genevieve L'Obstiné, St. Genevieve, the Persistent. Its rectory had been the disheartened priest's home since a few months after his ordination a half-century past. He was one of the many who scoured the countryside for boulders to build the tiny church and one room dwelling. The

many who, at first, crowded its pews and aisles. The many who abandoned Père Donat for the comfort of air-conditioning and padded kneelers at the grand St. Anthony's when it opened three years ago. The little stone cathedral, as the townsfolk called St. Genevieve's, was irretrievably in debt.

Ever since Gimpy was ten, he was altar boy for Père Donat. Every Sunday and holy day, thirty-some years of service, watching the once multitudinous congregation dwindle to a handful; the faithful flock of forty, as the beloved Père referred to them. The forty that tried, but could not support a church by themselves. The Friar Tuck-looking cleric had until the day after Christmas to clear up the large debt or lock the always unlatched age-darkened oak doors forever.

Gimpy walked into the rectory kitchen with arms full of net bags of lemons and cardboard cartons of eggs. It was Saturday, baking day. In the past, a day of fun, but not this time. Only two weeks

remained until Christmas, and Gimpy saw no way to save the little stone cathedral.

Père Donat quietly greeted his dependable helper, calling him Georgie, and not by Gimpy's family nickname, *Pet de Soeur*. Without more conversation, they settled down to baking lemon meringue pies, as they had for three decades. All his religious life, the devout Jesuit believed in the power of prayer and lemon meringue pie. "Being audited by the I.R.S.? Give the auditor a piece of lemon meringue pie and say a Hail Mary. It'll help. Having a wake? Serve lemon meringue pie and say an Our Father. It'll make the mourners remember good times with the deceased. Just had root canal? Take a bite of lemon meringue pie and recite the Apostles Creed. It'll make your mouth feel better." This was the simple, unswerving philosophy of the fervent curate.

While Gimpy trimmed excess dough from the pie tins, he searched his mind for
(Continued on page 34)

(Healey Asylum continued from page 17)

L'Hospice Marcotte for girls, now a nursing home, was owned and operated by the grey nuns and located next to St Mary's Hospital, also the property of the Sisters of Charity. My throat was parched from hiking that hot evening from Sabattus Street and I had a thirst like you wouldn't believe as I held my tin cup anxiously waiting for my turn at the faucet. Mère La Fortune was on duty and patrolling the waiting line at the sink as she looked at me at the tail end and said, "Regardez don mon souldon impatienté pour boire." (look at my drunkard impatiently waiting for a drink) That made another impression on me as I recall the incident so well. Maybe she didn't like my looks or something, but she and I never did bond.

I can only recall one more nun and she was part of the teaching staff. Teachers did not take turns to supervise the boys before and after school hours. Other than in the classrooms we didn't see much of them and perhaps why I can't remember their name except for one. Mère Sainte Agathe Cordeau was not outstanding or specifically notable except for her name and her "whip". The grey habits of those nuns had huge pockets capable of carrying large quantities of cargo. Mère Agathe Cordeau was known to carry a strap made from a Singer Sewing Machine's foot peddle driving belt in her habit pocket which she used for discipline.

Corporal punishment was allowed in those years, and I must say, although permitted, it was not abusive. The hands and buttock, mostly, were targeted when discipline was applied and Mère Agathe would dig into her deep pocket and return with the sewing machine belt "whip" driving the fear of God into the poor malfaisant. The whole class could feel the rubber cord twist like a snake around our fingers as she applied her corporal punishment. The hand would turn red but never would it bruise. Corporal punishment was not abusive or imposed frequently, and to my recollection it was used when discipline was called for and deserved. Perhaps I remember Mère Agathe more for her respect for discipline than for her method of teaching.

4

The Educational System

I cannot say the education I received at this boarding school was first class. Once we left the school building, book learning ceased. We never had homework, study periods, or after school tutoring at this

institution. The grading or ranking method was completely foreign to me. From time to time, which I believe was quarterly; we were herded into the "grande salle" for an assembly to be given our "grades" publicly in an oral fashion by the mother superior. Your name would be called and you stood up to be recognized and be orally given your grades. From memory, the grading was as follows:

1. Vingt-quatre très bien
Twenty-four very good
Best grade available
2. Douze bien
Twelve good
Next best grades
3. Trois petit bien
Three not so good
Passing
4. There was a failing grade and I don't recall the French expression used.

This was quite an experience for me who was used to a report card. My grades were always the same, "Douze bien". How you achieved the "Vingt-quatre" très bien I never knew and was never told and my interest in scholastics failed to improve. I'm relieved that this teaching method and grading system is no longer practiced. Its origin remains unknown to me, but I suspect it came from France and from the nineteenth century or earlier.

5

Conditions at this Institution

The home was spotless and very clean as I recall. The nuns were very particular about cleanliness, however, the hygienes practiced at this orphanage must have originated from the nineteenth century. The nuns took particular care that we washed our hand and brushed our teeth daily, but on the other hand, change of clothes and socks was but once per week. Come the end of the week on Friday evenings our socks were ripe enough to walk by themselves!

Friday evenings after supper was bath time. We were handed a dry skirt to wear while waiting our turn for a tub. I would volunteer to help the nuns supervise in the bathroom by drawing the water in the tub to about eight inches deep and use the water for ourselves for the first washing. You had to bathe with a skirt from the waist to the knees as you entered the tub. Good reason to be a helper and first to bathe, because, once the water was drawn, kid after kid used the same wet skirt and washed in

the same water. Believe or not! This was certainly an ineffective use of modesty and economics. How could these nuns be so totally ignorant to know it jeopardize and exposed every one of us to infectious diseases? Voila, the nineteenth century before the awareness of sterilization, etc.

Did we have "des pou" or lice at the school? Yes and my mother kept pawing over my hair on each visitation back home. Occasionally she would discover some and I got immediate treatment of kerosene following a good washing and rising. Yak. She even bought me a fine tooth comb to use at school to groom with. What do you expect a kid to do about grooming? Well, when school classes lost my interest, which unfortunately happened frequently, I would "groom" my hair and occasionally got lucky. The little critters would show up on the comb or fall on the desk and I would exterminate their existence between the desk and my finger nail. Yak. The way life was at the orphanage. Fortunately for us, I'm not aware the school had any "punaise" or bed bugs during my stay at the school.

6

The "Miracle"

In a close contact society as we were, the chances of contacting an infection were very real given how hygienic practices were poor. I had lined up to get treatment for a cold sore on the corner of the mouth and was treated with an ointment containing sulfur. Not aware of my allergy to sulfur, the sore became inflamed and expanded immediate around my mouth. The nuns took me to a local Doctor in Lewiston. The doctor examined my skin condition with his magnifying glass over the sore, and he diagnosed my case as "ces l'Impetigo". "Impetigo," he told the nun, "is a highly contagious bacterial skin infection common where youngsters play closely together." I was immediately quarantined to the "l'infirmerie", a room on the main floor with several beds which served as clinic or infirmary. The sore quickly grew from around my mouth and eventually spread the scaling to my right cheek just below my eye and next to my right ear. The scaling around the mouth got so severe the nurse had to use a straw to feed me since the scaling made opening my mouth difficult. I had great care from the nuns and they prayed for me constantly. As nuns, these women had a great devotion to the Canadian native American Blessed Catherine (kateri) Tekakwitha, a Mohawk
(Continued on page 21)

(Healey Asylum continued from page 20)
 tribe girl converted to Christianity and became known as the "Lily of the Mohawks". In addition to the prescribed medication and ointment issued by the doctor, the nuns had a relic in the infirmary of Blessed Catherine and they would rub it on my crusted facial sores. Who is to say if this had any value for faith has always been a form of treatment?

Finally, one morning as I sat in bed after awakening, "ces un miracle" the nun exclaimed (it's a miracle) as I stared at the nun at the foot of my bed. The seemed like whole congregation of nuns had gathered in the infirmary to see the "miracle" performed by blessed Catherine. One by one they passed in front of me which made me feel like a subject on exhibit in a zoo. The great commotion was caused by the clearance or lack of facial scabbing. These nuns were awed at seeing my condition had vastly improved, and filed one by one by my bed silently in prayers whispering gratitude's to the saint. What they didn't know and never told, I had picked at the scabs all night long which may have been the true reason for the "miracle".

7

Visitation

Saturday night was visitation time when parents came to visit their child/children and also pay for the boarding. I frequently volunteered to service the front door and be a courier to the dayroom down stairs to announce the parents' arrival and escort the son to the "parloir" or "la grande salle". It was a fun thing to do and get to see people from "outside".

It was war time and gasoline was rationed. It made traveling any distances by car counter to the war effort if it wasn't for defense. Brunswick being 20 miles away, a round trip nevertheless consumed gas. My folks planned the trips carefully to Lewiston and these visits were monthly. I believe the tuition was due monthly and that coincide perfectly with the visit.

During these visits my folks were permitted to take me out until curfew, a time long since forgotten but must have been between 8 and 9. On these excursions, the first stop was for a bag of freshly fried peanuts at the neighborhood corner store on Bates and Ash. We could smell the freshly cooked peanuts at the school so when let out on furlough it was only natural to lead the folks first thing to that corner store. These tips gave the folks the opportunity to do some shopping on Lisbon Street, the main business thoroughfare center in town,

which offered a greater selection for shopping than the modest area in Brunswick.

From time to time I was allowed to go home. To avoid the consumption of gas since it required two round trips, my mother had arraigned for me to take the bus home to Brunswick. Before I was permitted to "solo", mother made the first trip with me. The route to the bus station was fairly simple. It was a straight shot from the school on Bates Street to Main Street where the bus depot was located. On my trial run, a mealless Friday for Catholics, mother and I had lunch at the depot. It may not have been my first toasted cheese sandwich, but it certainly was the best I've ever had since the event is fondly remembered to this day.

For roaming around, I always had a good compass. Beside, conditions in those days didn't have the traffic or history of perverts as we do today. From that point on, I was permitted to leave the school on my own to take the bus home to Brunswick.

8

Life in the Convent

The nuns kept that "grande salle" spic and span as well as the corridor with our help. On Saturdays during the morning we were herded to the main floor and issued a pair of "woolen booties" and we would skate and slide up and down the hall ways and do the same with the parquet flooring of the "grande salle" which would give the floors a good sheen. That's how the nuns kept the floors and hallways so shiny. I remember getting zapped with static electricity while polishing in this fashion by touching the steel support columns of the large front room which we called "la grande salle" and from one another as we touched going by as we "skated" with our woolen booties. All this energy we boys had was being put to good use, and as I recall, we had fun doing it.

The "réfectoire" or dining room was next to the dayroom on the bottom level of the main building. At breakfast we general had plenty of milk, cold or hot cereals and bread for toasts. But I don't recall what we used for spread. It was wartime and mother had to relinquish my portion of ration stamps to the nuns for my quota of meat and butter. Our meals consisted mostly of spaghetti, macaroni with Hamburg or cheese, lots of different casseroles with meats or chicken, but pork chops or steaks, never. Table ware consisted of a tin plate, tin cup and regular inexpensive silverware. Have you ever experienced having dinner in a room full of people eating from tin plates? Let me inform

you the clanging and scraping of silverware against a tin plate makes noise. Multiply that by one hundred, it's noisy and loud. Each table was assigned a server who dished out the portions and was last to be served and eat with us at the table. Server assignments were not permanent but from memory it was rather more on a rotational basis. I always looked forward for my turn to come.

The dayroom didn't have TV or a radio, nor did it have toys and stuff to occupy and spend our energy. We generally fended for ourselves, and to be truthful, no one moped around or complained about what I am going to do now. In this environment, a rope or string, shoe box, sheets of paper, swats of fabrics were treasures and could become currency. With a common store sting tied together to make a loop of about twelve inches we learned from one another how to make a fence, parachute, and seesaw with a series of weaving the string with our fingers in a manner to produce the wanted result. Paper hats, airplanes, sail boats, mouth moving fish, paper clappers (whip motion would flop open the folded sheet to pop a noise). Think of the things we could have manufactured had the nun's supplies us with scissors and glue!

In a group such as ours, it was not always smooth sailing. There would be the usual disagreements, fights and temper flare-ups. Then there were those who hated the school. So much so that they would sneak into the no play zone next to the laundry, and remove stockade crosspiece from the double door and exit out to freedom. Runaways did occur from time to time, and were swiftly returned either by the parents or the truant officer.

The traditional school bell was place at the nun's station located strategically on the "galerie". From her station the nun had a panoramic view of the whole yard for the exception of the blind spot next to the laundry building at the outside gate. The nun would ring this hand held bell when we entered the no play zone or during a fight to warn us to shape-up or else. Indoors the nuns use a "clapper". The clapper is a device made of two pieces of hard wood connected by a hinge at one end which produced a "clap, clap" sound when utilized. The most hated sound at reveille time was when the clapper echoed so loudly in the dormitory. All nuns had a clapper, it seems, and this was the instrument use to command immediate obedience and always available via the storage area in the nun's habit. *(Continued on page 22)*

At recess but on special days only, the nuns would unlock the candy and fruit cupboard in the back of the day room. Those of us who were boarders our parents were permitted to open an account with the nuns for our use on rainy days such as the candy cupboard. I had such an account and would line up to get my rations of goodies. Mostly penny candy, no gum, fruits and your account was pulled up from the nun's deep pocket and updated with your current purchases in this book. The amounts spent was limited and governed as not to allow the "richer" kids to purge themselves. It was well regulated. Naturally, some of our purchases became currency to barter with if we wanted a store rope, toilet paper cardboard core, a shoe box or whatever in a trade.

9

Treats

Fall season was a good time for the boys. It was the time the local farmers would share their crops, and in their thoughtfulness, they would bring these surpluses to the orphanage. The nuns were good to share these at recess as we lined up for an apple, pear, orange and even raw onions. You have to witness the appreciation the kids had for these products. Apple cores were completely clean of fruits. Even the pulp on the orange peels was stripped off up to the bitter part of the peeling. Now, as for the raw onions, surprisingly, the boys ate them like an apple. I lined-up with the rest of them to get my onion, but those who know me and know how I despise onions, must wonder why I stood in line. The damn thing didn't even have currency value, but it was the need to get my share attitude that got me in line. "The core of the onion is nice and very sweet" I'm told by my companion sitting next to me. "Try it!" I did and failed to find the sweetness promised and gaged.

Corn on the cob was part of the wealth of produce given to the orphanage. The treat was served in the "préaux" area where the sisters had tables arranged for the meal. With our tin plates we were served "un épi de blé d'inde" or corn on the cob without the butter, naturally, but with access to the salt shaker. At home, mother and I had feasted on a dozen ears during one memorable luncheon as this vegetable was our favorite. As it was once said, "If God made a better vegetable, he kept it for Himself!" Told mother about the corn feast at school and how that corn was bland and tasteless. She speculated that the corn may have been

"pour les vache" or corn feed for cows.

10

Orphans

I've never found a group of people like the religious better at begging and recycling. They are the most professional in this venue than any other groups to my knowledge. For example, whenever an orphan needed clothing repaired or replaced, they had used material for patches or hand-me-down clothing to replace it with. They have a way of asking for donations or a way of asking for anything which makes it difficult for anyone to refuse. Hence, the orphanage had used clothing and patching materials.

Louis Lavoie, an orphan and one of the older boys, was walking around with a shoe whose sole was detached making a "click-ka-dee-clack" sound. It was time for Louie to get a new pair of shoes. However, the shoes were not quite new. Out came a cardboard box from one of the storage bins above our "carreaux" area in the day room with a large quantity of use shoes tied in pairs. These really looked used! I remember looking at some of those with the toe of the shoe curled up like a banana. You could see how the shoes had been coated with a black shiny tinting material. They even had a pair of red shoes, and how I wondered who would want to wear those ugly things. This was a new experience for me to witness. Louie received his "new" pair of shoe with appreciation.

Similarly, the orphans were issued used clothing given to the orphanage by the generous people of the local area, and occasional, new garments were obtained free from the local merchants. As a "boarder" student mixed in this environment witnessing the joy it gave to the recipient made us appreciate the value of sharing.

Since I'm on the recycling theme, one weekend Gilman and I were assigned to pick-up a load of shoe boxes, swats of cloths, and stuff from merchants on Lisbon Street. The school had a wagon for this kind of collection bigger by three or four times the size of a child's toy wagon. The wagon handle was big enough for the both of us to grab and go on our way to Lisbon Street. I often wondered how we appeared to the public as the two nine year olds tugged this big wagon with sideboards on Lisbon. We were rewarded with some of the loot and hence how strings, boxes, swats of cloths got into the population of the school yard.

Out on the asphalt playground we had the customary seesaws, swings and

monkey bars. In the winter months, they would flood an area for a skating rink. I don't recall seeing any male service help, therefore, I presume they were around to flood the rink, service the boiler and laundry equipment. In the spring, a bazar was initiated by the older boys. This was the time you took all your possessions and put them on display and made them available for bartering. Each participant had his station with all his goodies and the rest of us would go around and "shop". For currency, we had "stuff" also. Stuff could be in the form of shoe box, holy medal, rubber eraser, and ball of twine, rope etc. or anything of value to boys in our situation.

11

A First Experience

We were frequently reminded how lucky we were to have a clean bed with a mattress and blankets, three hot meals per day and shelter. Stories of the less fortunate would follow. It reminded me of St John School in Brunswick how each class had appeals for the missions. The Ursuline Nuns would keep track of the donations on the blackboard as we donated our pennies to the "les petit nègre". Once the pot reached a certain amount a black orphan would be "bought". If you gave enough, the orphan would be name after you. In reality, the money was for the missions and for the support of orphanages. A practice back then by most catholic parochial school.

The penny donations reminded me of the day the nuns led a black boy into our day room. Outside of pictures seen in missionary magazines, I had never seen a black person in real life. Judging from the rest of the student population it was clear to me they were experiencing the same thing. It must have been real hell for this poor boy. He didn't speak a word of French, he was of a different color, and everybody was staring at him. My neck wasn't long enough for me to stretch or my eyes big enough to see clearly the boy who sat up front with a different color than ours. He returned our gazes with his eyes opened wide and his nostrils flaring wildly. Seeing the boy's flaring nostrils made an impression I will never forget. We didn't have a chance to get acquainted, because, the very next day the black boy was gone. We were never told why, where, or what happened to the boy with the black skin and agile nostrils. Do you remember meeting or seeing your first black person? I do.

12

(Continued on page 23)

(Healey Asylum continued from page 22)

Child Labor

Traditionally, Monday at the orphanage was wash day just like it was at home. On Monday mornings before going to classes, the nuns ask for volunteers and select only those with good grades, a crew of boys to work in the laundry in lieu of going to school. The nuns never ceased to have enough volunteers as most of us would raise our hands. I was selected and happily joined the child labor force for the day. Totally illegal today, but this was permitted, apparently, in 1942.

We were not permitted to be in the washroom area where the laundry machines were and the chemical were stored such as bleach water. Our duties consisted of sorting out the washed socks and matching the pairs. We worked in pairs at the ironing roller machine. One nun on the insert side would feed the bed sheet to be ironed onto the steam heated roller and we would be on the other side to receive the ironed sheet coming out of the roller. At that age our tender fingers were very sensitive to the hot edges of the sheet as they come off the steam heated rollers. The two of us would proceed to fold the sheets in quarters, and then we would stack them on the work tables for later storage. In midafternoon the nuns would serve us milk and cookies. Not a bad day's pay. No union was ever formed; nevertheless, we continued to raise our hands on Monday mornings for more "cookies and milk".

13 Fate

In the spring the nuns had a volunteer come and train us how to march in step in preparation for the coming Memorial Day parade. The volunteer selected four boys as drummers and had us line up two by two behind the drummers and to the beat of the drums we practiced how to march in step up and down the yard. Now that we were properly trained as the day arrived, we were issued uniforms consisting of a pair of white pants, red jackets with white crisscross strips and a hat. Looking back this reminded me how we must have appeared like a juvenile regiment directly from Napoleon's French Army, minus the rifles.

The parade groups assemble at the Municipal Park, today known as the J. F. Kennedy Park, and we marched on to Lisbon

Street and took a left on Main Street towards Riverside Cemetery located on Riverside Street about a mile away. A good hike for our young legs and finally reaching the cemetery area, I got very thirsty. The parade was at ease during the memorial ceremony and we were practically the last unit of the parade groupings which left us standing on Riverside Street. We were standing next to a roped off lawn making the corner of Spring and Riverside. The owner was watering his lawn and that made my thirst even greater.

I asked if I could have a drink of water. It was the best drink of water this thirsty kid had from this man who, unknown then, became my future father-in-law. Incredible, but true. I asked Mr. Caron if, by chance, he remembered the incident. He acknowledged that he generally roped off his lawn to keep the spectators from



The parade area at Riverside Cemetery. The gabled house and the corner property across the cemetery was owned by my future father-in-law, George Caron.

He roped-off the corner lot to prevent the crown from crossing over his lawn.

stepping all over his pristine lawn, but for the water incident he had no recollection.

In fate, that was incident number one. The second was discovered after I had left the boarding school at the time Georgette and I registered to get married at St Peter and Paul. The register at St Peter's had Georgette and I Confirmed there on the same date. While at Healey Asylum I do remember that I had made my Confirmation at St Peter and Paul Church.

In addition to the above as I look at how small this world is and how connected we are, I also spent some time on Mount Davis which happens to be my wife's growing up area. I learned the actual name of this area later in life, because I always believe the area to be what the nuns called it "la Montaigne des Vice" *vice* pronounced *vis* and it translated as vice mountain. Think about it, these French speaking nuns the way they would pronounce "Davis". To my ears, that was "la Montaigne des vise". When I related we had a picnic on "la Montaigne

des vice" my father picked up on that and had a good laugh and curious to know more about its history. "Mount Davis" is that what it's called? Later on when Georgette talked about the good times she and her good friend, Layola, had on Mount Davis.

Epilog

My memories at Healey Asylum are factual events that occurred in my life in that time frame. The conditions that existed at the orphanage during my stay were factual, and my intent here is not to be critical of the Sisters of Charity. These devoted souls did their very best to make life at the orphanage a home for those without parents. And for us boarders, we were treated no differently and we all received equal love and devo-

tion. There are always some exceptions, like Mother La Fortune, which exists in all societies, and let's not have those exceptions derail the whole train of value brought in by these nuns. The experience has given me a great deal of respect for these women who have dedicated their lives to God and service to the orphans.

The conditions that existed in 1942 in orphanages for boys and girls would make today's news in all major newspapers and TV newscast. It was allowed then because the public chose to overlook by permitting the conditions to continue. Fortunately, society finally opened doors to air out these institutions and abolish those atrocious practices.

Thank you for listening, Ray Duval



LA PIE BAVARDE



Vous devez vous demander, "C'est quoi ça une pie bavarde?" Eh bien, c'est un oiseau noir et blanc avec une longue queue qui habite la côte ouest de notre pays. Il est reconnu comme un oiseau bruyant qui jacasse et jase beaucoup. Parce que je m'intéresse aux oiseaux qui volent et sautent facilement d'une branche à l'autre et que moi, je vais sauter d'un sujet à l'autre, j'ai pensé que je pourrais devenir la pie bavarde. Avec vos suggestions, j'aurai beaucoup de bavardage à faire.

Votre pie bavarde, Marie-Anne

This was Marie-Anne Gauvin's explanation, in one of her first writings, of how she chose her sobriquet. She composed some 100 funny, astute and erudite short essays under the pen name "La Pie bavarde" over a period of almost ten years for *Le Fanal*, the bulletin of the St. John Valley's *Le Club français*, which she helped to establish in 1993. In a later composition, she explained that a *pie bavarde* is a magpie. Secretary-Treasurer of the *Club d'ornithologie du Comté du Madawaska*, in Edmundston, NB, Marie-Anne (1929-2009) was an enthusiastic and dedicated bird watcher who spent many hours on her porch watching the many specimens alighting in her backyard.

Marie-Anne also liked nursery rhymes and children's games, and believed that they were important in teaching language. She explains a mnemonic device that most Franco-Americans use to teach

parts of the body to young children. I learned it as *mention fourchu*. Marie-Anne's version starts with *estomac de plomb*:



(Continued on page 25)



Je m'appelle, Étienne, (Stéphane) si vous désirez. Le village de Chambois, en Normandie, est mon lieu de naissance, l'année 1623 où j'ai été élevé. Ayant un désir ardent d'explorer le monde à l'âge de 22 ans, j'ai navigué à travers l'Océan Atlantique jusqu'à une terre appelée la Nouvelle France où je me suis installé et suis devenu prospère.

Le 17 janvier 1892, huit générations plus tard, un fils, un de mes descendants, est né aux États-Unis d'Amérique, de parents canadiens, qui avaient déménagé dans l'état du Maine à la recherche d'un travail. Après y avoir vécu pendant environ une année, ils décidèrent de retourner en Nouvelle France, aujourd'hui appelée le Québec, où cette jeune personne resta jusqu'à son âge adulte.

De peur que nous n'oublions, en 1914, la première guerre mondiale a été déclarée. C'est le 6 avril 1917 que les États-Unis ont pris part à cette guerre afin de libérer la France de ses adversaires

De Peur Que Nous N'Oublions par Trefflé Jacques Lessard Waterville, ME

jeune homme a joint les troupes américaines et a été posté en France avec d'autres soldats, dont beaucoup d'entre eux, *De peur que nous n'oublions*, étaient franco-américains de la Nouvelle-Angleterre, et aussi étaient descendants d'héritage français, pour défendre le lieu de naissance de leurs ancêtres.

Pendant la deuxième guerre mondiale, *De peur que nous n'oublions*, les troupes américaines se sacrifiaient encore une fois pour la libération de la France. Le 6 juin 1944, D-day, le jour d'invasion pour la supériorité,

l'Armée Première des États Unis, a choisi les plages sur la côte de Normandie. Vers la fin de juin, le Général Eisenhower avait à terre 850,000 troupes et 150,000 véhicules.

Il y a des milliers de soldats américains des deux guerres dont les âmes sont en paix parmi nous en France et sont enterrées dans (le Champ d'honneur) le Champ de la Flandre.

De peur que nous n'oublions, que ces soldats américains ont fait le sacrifice suprême afin que la liberté ne périsse pas en France.

Dans les Champs de la Flandre par Major John McCrae

Dans les Champs de la Flandre les coquelicots soufflent
Entre les croix, rangée sur rangée,
Qui marquent notre place ! Et dans le ciel
Les alouettes, toujours chantant bravement, volent
À peine entendue parmi les fusils ci-dessous
Que nous sommes les morts ! Il y a peu de jours
Nous avons vécu, avons senti l'aube, vu le rougeoyer au coucher du soleil,
Aimé, et étions aimé, et maintenant nous sommes couchés
Dans les Champs de la Flandre.
Prenons-nous notre querelle avec l'ennemi
À vous des mains échouant que nous lâchons
Le flambeau ; soyez à vous pour le tenir haut.
Si vous brisez la foi avec nous qui mourons
Nous ne dormirons pas, bien que les coquelicots se repoussent
Dans les Champs de la Flandre.

(Suite page 35)

(LA PIE BAVARDE continued from page 24)



A tous et à chacun:

Aujourd'hui je vais amuser les grands enfants et les petits enfants. Les grands enfants, c'est vous et moi. Tout en allant à une de nos réunions du club français cet hiver avec Ross et Judy Paradis je voyais dans le ciel une nouvelle lune. Sans préambule je me suis mise à réciter tout haut " Nouvelle lune, jolie lune

Fais-moi voir dans mon sommeil

Ce que j'aurai à mon réveil." une petite rime que ma mère nous avait appris quand nous étions jeunes. J'ai dû expliquer un peu ce que je faisais et c'est alors que Judy m'a dit que je devrais l'écrire dans notre bulletin. Pourquoi pas?

Jè vous en raconte une autre qui était très populaire chez nous. Celle-ci est vraiment un jeu pour les très petits qui commence à comprendre, peut-être trois ans en montant. La "grande personne" (comme on appelle souvent les adultes de par ici) se met devant l'enfant et touche les parties du corps de l'enfant qui se rapporte à la rime en disant "Estomac de plomb, faile de pigeon, menton fourchu, bouche d'argent, nez cancan, joue rôti, joue bouillie, p'tit oëil, gros oëil, sourcillon, sourcillette ". Après avoir déigné le dernier sourcil vous faites un poing avec la main puis en frappant légèrement trois fois le front de l'enfant en faisant semblant de frapper très fort vous dites "Pan! Pan! Pan! Baguette!" Les petits adorent ça et souvent ils vont dire, "Encore!". Vous savez que le jeu est réussi quand l'enfant en devenant plus âgé est capable de répéter la rime et de renverser les rôles. C'est alors que la grande personne reçoit à son tour le pan, pan, pan, baguette à la fin du jeu et elle doit parfois endurer un petit poing plus dur que le sien. Ça fait rire tout le monde.

Ce qui amuse les enfants comme ça leur apprend beaucoup de choses. Il est tout probable que déjà ils se rendent compte de l'existence de la lune. La petite rime sur la lune par exemple fait remarquer aux enfants une de ses phases et sous peu ils apprécieront que de temps à autre la lune est pleine, etc. Il y en a même qui vous poseront des questions au sujet de la lune. La deuxième rime enseigne quelques parties du corps avec du vocabulaire.

Pour nous, membres de club, ces rimes peuvent devenir un moyen d'enseigner du français aux petits de nos familles. Je suis certaine que vous devez en savoir d'autres rimes que je pourrais partager dans le bulletin.

Ces petits jeux sont importants aux enfants. En leur portant attention ils comprennent que vous les aimez. Ils apprennent sans s'en apercevoir et les deux, enfant et adulte, commence à se connaître et se forment des liens de famille permanents. Moi, j'ai un beau souvenir d'avoir appris à jouer un jeu de cartes avec un de mes grands-pères. Le jeu s'appelait "La bataille" un jeu très simple qui nous faisait comprendre la valeur des chiffres.

Puisque ce sont les jeunes que nous voulons influencer les rimes et les jeux ne sont pas temps perdu. Bon, assez de bavardage pour aujourd'hui.

Votre pie bavarde,

Marie-Anne

We will bring you many more of Marie-Anne Gauvin's essays in subsequent issues of "Le Forum" à la prochaine...

Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso
jline59@earthlink.net

(N.D.L.R. Ceci est le sixième 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

Nous retournions à la campagne pour nous promener chez nos oncles et tantes. Je me souviens de chez mon oncle Alcide. Il tranchait le pain au bout de la table. Je ne peux pas le dissocier de la chanson qu'il fredonnait: **Tout doucement.** Je l'ai apprise par coeur.

Je revois chez eux une petite fille qui pleurait. Tante Adrienne a dit que c'était parce qu'elle avait perdu son chat.

Tous les deux, mon oncle et ma tante étaient des gens fiers et ils passaient pour du monde à l'aise. C'était une famille tranquille. Ils ne riaient pas comme nous.

Voisin d'eux, il y avait mon oncle Borromée. Après le souper, il fallait réciter la prière et le chapelet. Un soir, on a ri à se rouler par terre: mon oncle était penché, selon son habitude, sur le dossier de sa chaise, et il y avait un petit trou dans ses "overall". Quand on a aperçus un morceau de fesse rose tout renflé, on s'est fait signe en pointant le derrière de mon oncle. Il y avait Médérisse, Maurice, Rosa et moi. Nous sommes partis à rire d'un rire incontrôlable, et le chapelet fut terminé. Leur Alice riait avec nous. C'était avant qu'elle entre au couvent. Elle était comme toute jeune fille et elle aurait aimé sortir avec un Chainé. Elle faisait attention pour ne jamais blesser personne et on pouvait rire avec elle.

C'est vrai qu'on ne nous en prenait pas gros pour rire. Le motif? De voir notre oncle si pieux, la fesse à l'air en récitant sa prière. Tout était prétexte à rire. On était comme cela.

Tante Laura et aussi tante Angéline nous disaient: "Des filles, ça ne fait pas de farces, et si quelqu'un raconte des histoires, on ne rit pas". Un jour, nous étions chez tante Angéline, dans leur balançoire à deux bancs, face à face, et on se balançait à toute volée. Roger et Raymond chantaient: "J'aime les filles à gros jarret qui ont les fesses dures". Tante Angéline les a surpris. On était pas fâché qu'elle s'aperçoive que ses gars n'étaient pas des anges non plus.

Roger et Raymond avaient une "ronne" de lait, ils livraient le lait à

Shawinigan. On profitait de l'occasion pour embarquer dans leur voiture et aller faire un tour au Grand-Quatre.

À Shawinigan, nous avions l'électricité et une chambre de bain à l'intérieur. Un jour, papa gronda Armand. Papa se rasait en s'étirant la face d'un côté puis de l'autre. Armand, en passant près de lui, se mit à rire en faisant une grimace. Papa lui a dit de ne jamais recommencer ça et que même s'il devenait un homme, ce n'était pas une raison pour manquer de respect à son père. Il disait cela sérieusement, mais en dedans, on savait qu'il se retenait pour ne pas rire.

Parfois, Émile ou Armand le rencontrait au même moment dans la même porte. Ça donnait lieu chaque fois à du tiraillement. Ni l'un, ni l'autre ne laissait une chance à l'autre de passer. Papa était bien bâti, large d'épaules, et c'est lui qui gagnait. Alors il disait: "C'est encore moi le père!!"

Nous allions à St-Mathieu de temps en temps. Comme c'était plaisant d'aller les voir. Et les couleurs à l'automne, dans ce coin là, c'était pas battable.

Chez tante Exina, on dansait les danses cancéennes, le fox trot, la valse. De belles danses lentes qui nous donnaient la chance d'être collée sur notre ami, sans se faire disputer.

La mode avait changé. La taille était à sa place, les brassières avaient une forme, et la longueur était au genou. Nous étions heureuses, et on avait jamais peur.

**Le plus beau refrain de la vie
C'est celui qu'on chante à vingt ans
Celui que jamais l'on oublie
car la vie n'a qu'un seul printemps.**

Des neveux à ma tante, les Champagnes, disaient qu'il y avait un anglais international et que celui que je parlais, n'était pas le même qu'eux. Moi, j'ai toujours fait mon chemin, avec ce que les Soeurs de l'école Ste-Anne m'avaient enseigné.

Il y avait un garçon, Adem Champagne, qui était marié à une japonaise, et elle ne parlait pas le français. Quelle surprise pour eux de voir que l'on se comprenait très bien, elle et moi. Dans la soirée, chacun a changé. La petite japonaise a chanté une petite mélodie en anglais. Mon tour arriva, j'ai dit O.K. Je leur en frise une belle, en anglais: "**Every day of my life, I will be in love with you**".

J'ai pensé: Voilà, avec notre anglais international! Passez vous ça entre les dents.

Chez nous aussi, on aimait tous la musique. Rosa, sa guitare hawaïenne sur les genoux jouait des airs si jolies:



Lola, c'est pour toi que je viens chanter ce soir

Chanter avec tout mon coeur ces refrains d'espoir...

Une Paloma, belle Colombe blanche...

Armand Jouait aussi des airs sur sa musique à bouche:

Montagnes bleues, les vagues d'argent

Les amoureux s'aimaient tendrement, et ce refrain des jours perdus...

Émile s'accordait sur sa guitare:

Quand le soleil dit bonjour aux montagnes.

Chez nous, il y avait du bruit.

Chez tante Angéline, ça ne dansait pas. Donc, en guise de divertissement, c'était les veillées de jeux. Origène, notre cousin, était le maître de cérémonie. On jouait aux cartes et à des jeux de société. Ensuite, tout le monde chantait ensemble, puis, chacun son tour. J'ai souvent chanté "**Je ris pour cacher mes pleurs**" et "**Fais semblant de m'aimer**".

Tante Angéline aimait beaucoup le chant, et mine de rien, elle influençait la tournure de la soirée.

Une fois, elle demanda à Origène de chanter: "**Mais les yeux de ceux qui n'aiment plus ont le regret de l'amour perdu...**"

Origène chantait bien. La soirée se poursuivait. Origène demandait à un jeune homme, s'il voulait faire un bout de veillée avec une fille. Des couples formaient, pour changer de partenaire au bout d'une demi-heure environ. Par exemple, il venait chercher celui qui était avec moi pour le reconduire à une autre, et il m'en amenait un autre. Ainsi, tout le monde avait la chance de se connaître, et de se parler.

Armand était tombé en amour avec Laurette Tremblay.

C'est dans l'église paroissiale du Christ-Roi à Shawinigan qu'ils ont échangé leurs promesses. Ils ont été les premiers à

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(Waterbury L'exilé suite de page 26)

se marier à l'ouverture de cette paroisse. C'était le 28 Mai 1938.

Armand avait les cheveux ondulés comme papa et Émile. C'était le temps de la mode de "Rudolph Valentino", un acteur très romantique, avec les cheveux plates, lissés et reluisant de brillantine. Il fut le seul de la famille à avoir hérité des yeux bleus de maman, et comme elle, il avait un regard très doux et lumineux.

Les cloches ont résonné, mais cette fois, c'était joyeux.

Cependant, ils ne sont pas restés longtemps au Canada. Ils ont décidé d'émigrer.

Philibert Racine est mort à vingt-neuf ans. Il travaillait comme bûcheron dans la forêt. Un de ses compagnons, ayant trop bu, le poignarda à plusieurs reprises. Ce gars-là, à chaque fois qu'il prenait un coup de trop, se pensait à la guerre.

J'étais si désolée pour Phil. Le premier à partir de notre petite "gang". "My first boy friend".

C'était ce qu'on appelle du vrai malheur. Combien de temps, le coeur de sa mère a dû signer! Je l'ai vue brailler, la maman Racine. Je l'aimais.

Papa portait sur ses épaules une charge bien lourde.

Nous avons chacun notre caractère, et une personnalité différente LA FAMILLE!

Comme il était dévoué et bon. Il essayait d'être juste pour tout le monde.

Rosa a toujours aimé les petits animaux. À Pâques, elle achetait un petit poulet, tour à tour, on le prenait dans nos mains. Apprivoiser, il allait se nicher dans les cheveux de papa pour dormir. Un soir, attablés tous ensemble, le poulet s'ébroua en battant des ailes et il laissa échapper une petite crotte sur ses cheveux. Ce qui fit rire toute la tablée, y compris papa.

Elle travaillait à la Wabasso avec Émile. Ils ont connu là le soldat Lebrun. Elle était le poivre et le sel de la famille. Ses farces étaient vite pensées, et elle en avait pour tout le monde et pour toutes les circonstances. Il fallait voir son expression. Elle nous regardait les yeux bien ronds, et on riait de ses remarques et de ses folies.

Elle revenait du "cotton" en disant: "J'en ai une nouvelle". Les gens les plus sérieux partaient à rire, même si parfois elles étaient plus ou moins grivoises:

"Un jour, un petit groupe de la ville arrive à la campagne pour se divertir un peu. L'un d'eux, entre dans un magasin et il demande du parfum Fleur de Lys au

bord de la mer. Le commis lui répond: "C'est ben de valeur, mais il ne me reste que du Bouse de vache au bord du lac".

Le lendemain, elle arrivait avec une autre qu'elle racontait à papa et aux gens autour:



Armand et Laurette Tremblay

"Une gang se présenta au magasin pour acheter du ruban: Blanc Téton, mais le vendeur dit: "Je n'ai rien que du rose pissette et brun trou de cul".

Tante Laura nous disputait. Papa a dû s'en mêler.

Il a demandé à Rosa: "Pourquoi aimes-tu tant conter des histoires?" Elle lui répond: "J'aime ça quand les gens rient".

Ouais! Je le revoie, tel qu'il était, se frottant la tête en jonglant, afin de trouver quelque chose pour faire comprendre à Rosa qu'elle arrête ses folies. C'était tout un problème pour lui, car elle avait appris ça de lui. Papa racontait des histoires assez crues, et tout le monde le savait. Que faire? Finalement, il a trouvé la solution. Il lui dit: "Raconte tes histoires ici, et n'en conte plus devant la tante Laura ni aucune autre tante".

Pendant qu'on faisait nos folies de jeunesse et que des mariages se célébraient, notre cousine Alice, chez mon oncle Borromée, est allée s'enfermer dans un couvent. J'ai eu bien de la peine car je l'aimais et pour moi, le couvent, c'était une prison.

Rosa et moi, nous étions là, quand elle s'est couchée par terre pour renoncer à toutes les joies de la vie, comme si elle était morte pour nous autres.

Après son départ, nous allions chez mon oncle Borromée quand même. Il était toujours de bonne humeur, jamais marabout. Il avait une belle façon.

Ses deux plus vieux, Maurice et Laurent ont travaillé très jeune et très durement.

À quatre heures du matin, ils étaient déjà sur la route pour aller livrer le lait à Shawinigan. Monter et descendre les escaliers à la course. L'hiver c'était pas drôle dans leur voiture-cabane. On embarquait avec eux, aussi, pour nos promenades au Grand-Quatre. Pour eux, ce n'était jamais fini. Il y avait le train, le bois à aller chercher dans la montagne, etc. De la grosse misère!!

Ce n'était pas drôle pour personne. Papa avait été dans les chantiers, du temps qu'Armand était au Canada. Il partait avec ses deux gars et les Racine. Ils allaient bûcher en Haute-Mauricie. En revenant, il y en avait qui s'arrêtaient à La Tuque. C'était le "spot". Ceux qui y laissaient leur "ronne", s'en retournaient cassés comme des clous...

Nos joies folles comme nos peines les plus profondes, nous ont peut-être fait vieillir plus vite, mais en certains domaines, nous étions d'une naïveté rare. Tant qu'on était pas mariée, on ne savait pas au juste ce qui se passait.

Par une nuit très chaude, tout le monde était couché, sauf nous, les filles. On étouffait de chaleur, et on était sur notre balcon, au quatrième, prenant un peu de fraîche.

La fenêtre de nos voisins de palier était ouverte et on entendait des plaintes. Ce voisin brassait sa femme parfois, alors, inquiètes, nous sommes allées réveiller papa en lui disant: "Ti-Phonse est après étouffé sa femme". Il s'est levé et est venu sur le balcon avec nous...Il a tendu l'oreille et il dit sur un ton qui n'admettait pas de réplique "Marchez tous vous coucher! On reparlera de ça demain".

Émile roulait ses cigarettes comme un homme. Une fois, nous étions sur la galerie et Irène s'est écriée: "Aie! Regardez le niais dans la char, comment il conduit". Lorsque l'auto passa devant la maison, c'était Émile! Il avait appris à conduire sans dire à personne.

On s'en réchappait mieux qu'avant. L'Alcan avait été bâti. Monsieur Forbes était une tête de Block, mais papa commençait à admettre qu'ils n'étaient pas tous pareils. Il y en avait des bons parmi eux.

Papa était l'aîné de la famille, tante Laura, la plus jeune. C'était comme une autre génération.

Après avoir soigné grand-mère, elle a travaillé chez sa soeur Adrienne. Elle faisait toutes sortes de besognes. Elle nous disait qu'elle était bien payée et qu'elle se sentait chez elle avec Alcide et

(Suite page 28)

(Waterbury L'exilé suite de page 27)

Adrienne. Celle-ci ne lui en demandait pas plus qu'elle pouvait en faire. En plus, tous les enfants étaient comme ses enfants tellement elle était attachée à eux.

Puis, elle est entrée chez les Soeurs de la Providence.

Grand-mère Annie s'était donnée à oncle Jacques pour commencer, et ça n'a pas marché du tout. C'est mon oncle Albert qui s'en est chargé, après avoir promis les héritages aux trois plus jeunes.

Dans son testament, grand-père donnait cinq cents piastres à mon oncle Jacques, Tipitte et Laura.

Oncle Tipitte était sour-muet, à cause de la méningite qu'il avait contracté, très jeune.

Lorsque mon oncle Jacques demanda son héritage, mon oncle Albert a hypothéqué sa terre. Dans ce temps-là, cinq cents piastres, c'était bien dur à gagner. Ceux qui héritaient du "vieux bien", s'en allaient tout droit dans le chemin.

Un jour, sans que papa le sache, tante Laura a amené avec elle, à l'hospice: grand-mère et Tipitte.

Oncle Albert et tante Imelda ont vécu une grande perte. Nous sommes allés les voir, et c'était comme si la mort était passée.

Papa est allé voir grand-mère à l'hospice, et elle ne parlait que des enfants de chez mon oncle Albert. Elle ne possédait qu'un lit, une petite table et une chaise. Papa a dit: "on ne déracine pas un vieil arbre! Ma mère, elle ne fera pas long".

Malgré toute la propreté qui l'entourait, ça ne remplaçait pas sa marche dans le jardin, l'étable et le poulailler, le grand air, et surtout la famille.

"C'est curieux", disait papa: "Quand elle n'a pas eu de pension de vieillesse (très petite), personne ne se couciait d'Albert et d'Imelda, et même s'ils pensaient l'avoir bien traitée, d'après les autres, elle avait été à plaindre chez lui: Les mouches la mangeaient, tandis qu'à l'hospice, c'était plus propre".

Les maisons étaient bâties assez près des bâtiments, et cela attirait les mouches, même si on faisait tout son possible pour les chasser. Des microbes, on en parlait pas et elle avait vécu sa vie, sur cette ferme. Pour laver, c'était le savon du pays.

Personne n'était contre la propreté, papa non plus, mais le fait qu'elle était religieuse, ça lui donnait une influence sur la famille, que papa était loin d'approuver.

Ses différents points de vue ne nous

ont jamais empêché de l'aimer, et elle aussi nous aimait.

Moi, je ne l'écoutais plus, mais il s'en trouvait pour penser qu'elle ne pouvait se tromper.

Dans le fond, elle était de la même race que papa: têtue, rebelle, marabout, mais sans rancune. Elle a toujours fait pour bien faire. Elle a laissé sa marque dans nos coeurs.

Nous avions des amies de filles: Simone Isabelle et Simone Pagé. En-

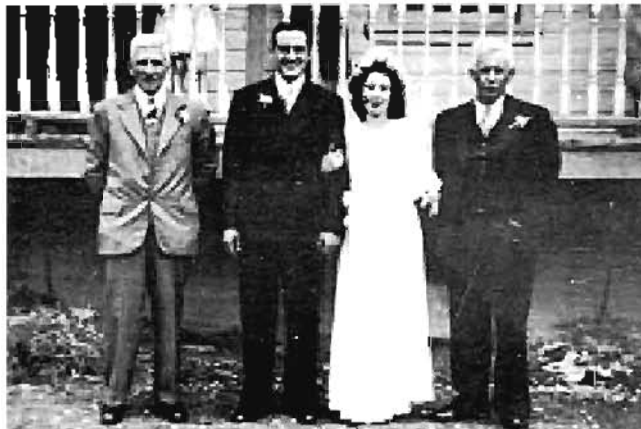


Photo de mariage de Rosa et Alexandre
29 août 1942
célébré à l'Église St-Bernard de Shawinigan

semble, on prenait de longues marches sur la cinquième rue, et sur le boulevard le long de la rivière St-Maurice.

Nous faisons attention aux chanteurs de pommes, on se gardait pour celui qui nous épouserait. Personne n'avait rien à dire des filles de Lisée, et si quelqu'un se serait avisé de le faire, les gars nous auraient défendues. Il y avait une question d'honneur et de valeur aussi.

Aujourd'hui, ce n'est plus important, mais dans ce temps-là, une fille se mariait avec sa "cerise".

Il y en avait qui se vantait d'avoir tapé la femme de leur meilleur ami! C'était pour nous quelque chose de malhonnête.

Chez nous, on ne recevait pas les garçons, seul au salon avec lui. On restait toute la famille ensemble. Tout était franc et ouvert. Bien sûr, on avait nos petites cachettes pour échanger baisers et caresses. Quelques endroits discrets, au parc...

Rosa rencontra l'homme de sa vie: Alexandre Langevin. Ils se sont mariés le 29 Août 1942, en la paroisse St-Bernard de Shawinigan.

Je la revoie au bras de papa, drapée de sa robe en crêpe de satin blanc. Elle était taillée sur le biais, elle suivait

la taille et retombait toute godée. Elle avait les manches longues, elle était garnie avec des pierres de cristal autour de l'encolure et aux bords des manches.

Rosa était superbe! La "Petite noire" à papa, la plus fine de la famille, la plus drôle, s'avancait dans l'église pour dire le "oui".

C'est moi qui lui avait cousu sa robe de mariée. J'en étais bien fière. Le voisin m'avait prêté sa machine à coudre, et j'étais allée coudre chez lui. Je lui avais fait aussi un

beau déshabillé d'un beau bleu, en crêpe de satin. Il était long, serré à la taille et godé. Je lui avais cousu également plusieurs brassières en satin, de différentes couleurs, avec une fleur brodée au milieu.

Je me souviens du printemps 1943. Je tenais dans mes bras une petite fille. C'était au temps, où l'hôpital de la Miséricorde débordait de filles mères.

Émile et Gertrude avaient eu un bébé, et elle était allée accoucher à Montréal.

Nous l'avons appris, et là, on a parlé à Émile. Il voulait son petit bébé. Alors, je suis allée avec lui à Montréal pour les chercher. Émile payait les frais qui s'élevaient à 74\$ et nous sommes revenus avec les deux, la mère et l'enfant.

Sur le chemin de retour vers Trois-Rivières, je la tenais dans mes bras. Nous sommes arrêtés à l'hospice St-Joseph, où nous avons laissé le bébé en pension, jusqu'à ce qu'ils se marient à l'automne.

Émile et moi, nous avons signé les papiers nécessaires pour que les Soeurs le gardent, puis, lorsque tout nous sembla en règle, l'une d'elle est venue la prendre. Nous pleurons tous, ainsi que le bébé. Nous restions sur place, et finalement quand on a plus entendu les pleurs, nous sommes partis.

Émile payait un mois de pension, et pendant sept mois, nous allions avec lui, Rosa et moi, voir la petite Léa était le nom que les religieuses lui avaient donné à la crèche. Elle était toute menue, et la dernière fois que nous l'avons vue, elle souriait à l'infirmière qui l'avait dans les bras.

Gertrude n'a jamais voulu signer les papiers.

À cette époque, l'opinion publique réagissait très mal si un enfant naissait avant le mariage. La preuve est cette jeune fille qui est morte en accouchant d'un bébé, et elle n'était pas mariée. Elle fut exposée chez elle, mais les gens se sont tenus loin.

(Suite page 34)

Review of “A Wise Man Once Told Me”... Eugene A. Lemieux,

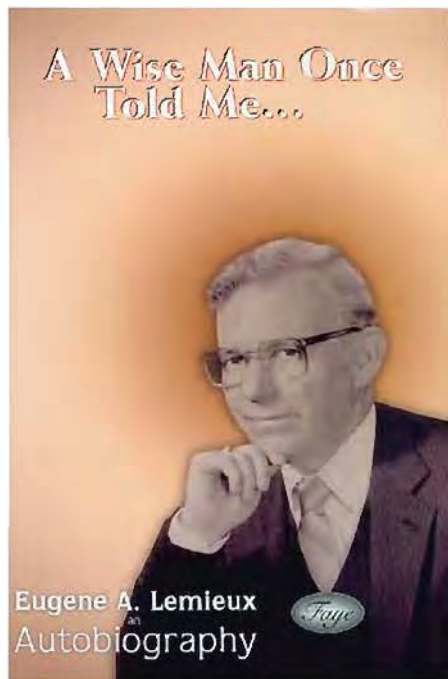
An Autobiography by Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

In the Spring of 2010, I learned from Michel Michaud of Lynn, Mass., that Eugene Lemieux wrote an autobiography entitled *A Wise Man Once Told Me... Eugene A. Lemieux, An Autobiography*. He found a copy on the shelves in the family histories section in the library of the American-Canadian Genealogical Society in Manchester, N.H. It is published by Faye Editions of Moncton, New Brunswick, and it is copyrighted to Eugene A. Lemieux, 2004.

Louise Loveland wrote the foreword that is found on pages five through seven, and as one can read on page 108, she is the second daughter of Eugene Lemieux who married James Loveland. She noted in her foreword that Eugene Lemieux began his autobiography while taking a college-level creative writing class, where he: “would submit essays about his personal experiences as homework assignments. These assignments evolved into a loose compilation of sorts that would eventually coalesce into a book.” She also wrote that it was not until the end of Summer 2003 when her father was diagnosed with a metastasized cancer that he became serious in the completion of his autobiography. She wrote that on her computer is a folder with the title “Dad’s Book,” and within it are at least 20 documents, each with the words “Final Draft” in the title. She closed her foreword with a statement addressed to her father, that his father, Antonio Lemieux, would have been proud of his autobiography, just as she is proud of it.

Eugene Lemieux wrote the Dedication Page on page nine, and in the two paragraphs, he dedicated his book to his wife, Pierrette, who helped him to remember various aspects of his life. He also dedicated it to his children, his grandchildren, and to his great-grandson. He noted that he wished his own father, Antonio Lemieux, wrote a memoir, or at least, told him more about his early life. Eugene Lemieux thanked his son Pierre for providing him with a writing-program for the computer, called “Memories,” that he found useful when writing his book.

After the Foreword and before the Dedication Page is a list of ten quotations on page eight. Three quotations are from “Author Unknown,” two are from the American philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), one is from the American novelist and humorist Mark Twain (1835-1910), one is from the contemporary American actor Danny DeVito, one from the contemporary American Evangelical Christian author and psychologist Dr. James Dobson, and one from an AIG commercial. Readers may remember that AIG is the American Inter-



national Group, the insurance corporation that defaulted in September 2008 which effectively created the national financial crisis of today. The quotations celebrate individuality, decision-making, and the taking of risks, which reveal how Eugene Lemieux saw himself, as he noted in chapter 23, which is entitled “My Way,” after the signature song of Frank Sinatra (1915-1998). None of the quotations are in reference to the title of the book – “a wise man once

told me” – and Lemieux does not inform the reader as to why he chose to title his book with a phrase that could be the opening for a profound saying or an ironic joke.

The autobiography is divided into four parts – Part One, The Family Tree (chapters one to eight), Part Two, Growing Up (chapters nine to fifteen), Part Three, Family Matters (chapters 16 to 28), and Part Four, My Second Career (chapters 29-38). The book has a table of contents on pages eleven and twelve, listed in French: “Table des matières.” The table of contents lists all 38 chapters with their titles, but it does not list the page numbers for the chapters. The book has a total of 275 pages, with 16 pages of color photographs on pages 141-156. The book has an additional 27 photos in black and white, on pages 16, 24, 26, 28, 30, 38, 42, 46, 48, 58, 60, 68, 70, 74, 79, 90, 95, 102, 104, 132, 191, 198, 201, 207, 232, 241, and 242. The book does not have an index.

The prose style of Eugene Lemieux is simple and direct, with a conversational tone. It is clear that Faye Editions of Moncton, New Brunswick simply published his manuscript and did not edit it, for a good editor could have clarified parts of his book and truly perfected the text. For example, on page 56, Lemieux wrote: “I spent of the summer of 1945 at the Franco-American Orphanage in Lowell, Mass. I still [can] recall when it was announced that the United States had dropped an atomic bomb on Japan.” Since Eugene Lemieux was nearly eleven years old when the U.S. bombed Hiroshima and Nagasaki, (for on page 27 he noted that he turned three years on Sept. 13, 1937, the day his mother died), and he was able to remember the event while writing his memoir, a good editor would have asked him to elaborate on his statement. For how did he hear the announcement, from a nun who spoke over a loudspeaker at the orphanage, or did he hear it on the radio, or since the orphanage is near a busy intersection in Lowell, did he hear it from newsboys selling a special-edition of the local newspaper in the street? Was the announcement in English or in French? Were people happy in the street about the announcement? How did the Grey Nuns and the children at the orphanage react to the news? Did the nuns make the children say the rosary in thanksgiving for the news? A good editor would have asked these or other questions, and Lemieux could have elaborated on his initial statement, and made his book more detailed.

(Continued on page 30)

(Review of "A Wise Man Once Told Me" continued from page 29)

Another example of the lack of an editor is overall structure of the book, which should have been divided into five parts, for Part Four, My Second Career could have been chapters 29 to 36, and part five could have been chapters 37 and 38, and maybe entitled the same as chapter 37, "Retirement and Cancer." Also, the last two pages of chapter 38 could have been an afterword, for they are a recollection of his then immediate past. The last two pages of the book begin on Columbus Day Weekend, Oct. 11-13, 2003, when his family, which included his children, grandchildren and great-grandson, gathered for the last time before his death, and the final paragraph is a dedication to his wife Pierrette, who: "is the one person that makes the day-to-day challenge of fighting cancer manageable. She has taken the vows of 'for better or worse' seriously." If the last two pages were published as an afterword, then the book would have had a more conclusive ending, and it would have been framed with a foreword and an afterword.

The best aspect of his autobiography is that Eugene Lemieux wrote clear descriptions how life and society has changed over the decades. For example, he made it clear in chapters two, three and four of how his father, Antonio Lemieux, struggled to provide for a home for his nine children. Today, it is rare to know a father of nine children, and families of three children are considered large because of the sexual revolution of the 1960s which ushered the common practice of artificial birth control. In chapters eleven and twelve, pages 57-68, Eugene Lemieux wrote about his middle school and high school years at two institutions that would have been less unusual for a Franco-American of his time, for he spent three years at St. Joseph's College in Bertherville, Quebec (1945-47), and three years at the La Salette Seminary High School in Enfield, N.H. (1948-50). One can note that his experience has a curious reversal of language instruction between the two schools, for he noted on page 66 that he was taught Latin grammar in English while in Bertherville, Quebec, while at the junior seminary in Enfield, N.H., Latin grammar was taught in French. He honestly portrayed how the role of Catholic priests were significant in the lives of the Catholic laity. On page 30, he wrote how the Pastor of Sacred Heart Parish in New Bedford, Mass., Fr. Valois, advised Emelie Gregoire to accept a marriage proposal from

Antonio Lemieux, because: "maybe God was calling her to a vocation of caring for Antonio's orphaned children." (The same parish is an example of the current implosion of parishes due to declining attendance, for in 1999, Sacred Heart Parish merged with Holy Name Parish in New Bedford, Mass., and they became the combined parish of the Holy Name of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.) On page 89, Eugene Lemieux wrote about his courting of his future wife in the early 1950s, Pierrette, who lived in the Province of Quebec, and he noted that his future father-in-law told him that the pastor in the town has more influence than the mayor. On the same page, Lemieux wrote that some pastors in Quebec expected the laity to tithe, and payments were accepted not only in money, but in produce from the farms. Today, approximately five percent of the population in the Province of Quebec attends the Mass on a weekly basis, and since the vast majority of the parishes cannot afford the maintenance of the buildings, the provincial government gives stipends to parishes that have church buildings greater than one hundred years old, in order to preserve the architectural heritage of Quebec. Lemieux gave a humorous example of the influence of the Catholic priesthood on the laity on page 48, where he wrote that he and his sister Claire would: "play Mass," for he would act as the priest, and his sister would act as the altar boy. When Eugene and Claire Lemieux were children, the Roman Rite of the Mass was in Latin, the priest faced the altar, the altar was inside a sanctuary at one end of the church which was demarked by a small fence known as an altar-rail, and only men and boys could enter the sanctuary. Furthermore, the altar boys, also known as acolytes, gave the responses to the priest in Latin on behalf of the laity. Hence, the Roman Rite of the Mass before the Second Vatican Council (1962-1965) was highly ritualized and had an aura of mystery that could intrigue children into play-acting the Mass. Today, after the Second Vatican Council, the Novus Ordo Rite is in modern languages, the priest faces the congregation throughout the Mass, the altar-rails have been removed from churches, lay men and women are in the sanctuary as lectors and Extra-Ordinary Eucharistic Ministers, there has been a simplified Novus Ordo Mass for Children since 1974, and since June 1994, altar girls have been serving at the Novus Ordo Mass, and the term "altar boy" has been replaced with the gender-neutral term of "altar server."

Eugene Lemieux wrote about the almost merger that nearly occurred in 1991 between the two largest Franco-American insurance fraternal organizations – the Association Canada-Américaine of Manchester, N.H., and the Union St-Jean-Baptiste of Woonsocket, R.I. – in chapter 31, pages 215-223, entitled "The Union St. Jean Baptiste Fiasco." He wrote the chapter from his perspective as President of the ACA, and he wrote with open criticism as to how some officers at USJB were sometimes ambiguous to merge with the ACA, while conducting negotiations with the Catholic Order of Foresters. He also was critical of how Bishop Gelineau, who was then the Ordinary of the Diocese of Providence, R.I., and the Spiritual Director at USJB, steered the merger away from the ACA and towards Catholic Family Life Insurance (CFLI) of Milwaukee, Wisconsin at the special congress of USJB held at Boxborough, Mass., on Aug. 24, 1991, for he wrote on page 223: "Immediately before the vote, Bishop Gelineau spoke to the delegates telling them that it was their duty to vote in favor of a merger with CFLI." What Lemieux wrote is true, but it is somewhat of an understatement, for the membership of USJB was already told by Bishop Gelineau to vote for the merger with CFLI in his letter to the membership in the Summer 1991 issue of *L'Union*, where one can read: "I am convinced the proposed merger between USJB and CFLI merits the strong support of all delegates to the Convention." In the same issue of *L'Union*, National President Mailloux wrote to the membership of his support of the merger with CFLI because of its financial strength. (This facet of Franco-American history is analyzed in two pieces that I wrote in *Le Forum*, in the Feb. 2000 issue, "A Franco-American Bishop Is Not An Answer to Our Problem," and in Aug./Sept. 2000 issue, "The Centennial Celebration of Union St-Jean-Baptiste.") Lemieux ended his chapter ambiguously on page 223, which reveals his mixed emotions of the whole situation. On one hand, he effectively reversed his previous criticism of Bishop Gelineau, for he wrote: "CFLI's membership absorbed a \$5,000,000 deficit, not the \$2,000,000 they had been told by USJB. In the end, the good Lord protected ACA since we would have had difficulty absorbing such a large deficit." On the other hand, he wished that the merger would have happened, as he wrote in the last sentence of the chapter: "The failure of the merger (Continued on page 31)

(Review of "A Wise Man Once Told Me" continued from page 30)

between ACA and USJB was a sad episode during my tenure as President General, and I regret that, although we worked so hard, we failed to unite ACA and USJB members."

Eugene Lemieux did not write just a series of criticisms about the near merger in chapter 31, but he did give the reader some surprising facts on the relationship between the two fraternal. For example, he wrote on page 217 that there were three earlier attempts at a merger between the two fraternal, in the years 1969, 1978, and 1984, and the two major problems during the negotiations were who would be the president of the new fraternal, and where would be the home office of the new fraternal. Also, on page 219 under the entry for January 1991, Eugene Lemieux listed the surnames of the officers at both the ACA and USJB who were involved in the negotiations: "Mailloux's committee was comprised of Mailloux, Soltys, Sutherland, Boisvert, Brodeur, and Pilote. ACA's committee was Lemieux, Courturier, Provost, Beaudoin and Paré." Although Eugene Lemieux failed to give the reader the full names of the officers and their titles, which is another example of the lack of a good editor, his text does give the reader information about the near merger that has yet to be found in any other history about Franco-Americans. The titles of most of the officers from the USJB team can be found in *L'Union*, Summer/Été 1990, in the article, "30th National Congress: Society Celebrates Anniversary in Style," where one can read about National President A. Robert Mailloux, Corporate Secretary Louise Champigny-Soltys, Society Treasurer Charles E. Boisvert, Executive Committee Member R. Roger Brodeur, and Chairman of the Bylaws Committee Maurice Pilote. The article also revealed another reason Pilote was a member of the USJB team, for he was a member of the Council Gatineau, No. 91, of Manchester, N.H. Omer A. Sutherland is not mentioned in the article, but he is mentioned on page four of the Winter/Hiver 1987 issue of *L'Union* as "Legal Counsel Omer A. Sutherland, Esq. [member of the] Law Committee." R. Roger Brodeur did not live to see USJB merge with any fraternal, for he died of cancer on May 24, 1991, and his obituary on page 16 of the Summer/Été 1991 issue of *L'Union* reported that he was a member of Council St-Jean-Baptiste, No. 47, of Putnam, Conn., and that he was the National Director of District Six of USJB.

The titles of the officers of the ACA team can be found on page 30 of the été/summer 1991 issue of *Le Canado-Américain*, where one can read of Président-général Eugene-A. Lemieux of Manchester, N.H., Secrétaire-général et avocat-conseil Robert-L. Courturier of Lewiston, Maine, Trésorier général Alfred-J. Provost of Lincoln, R.I., and Directeur général Serge Beaudoin of Southington, Conn. Paul-M. Paré of Rochester, N.H. is not listed as an officer of the board of the ACA, but as one of four officers in charge of the "Fonds d'éducation ACA," along with Alfred J. Provost.

To go beyond Lemieux's text, the merger between USJB and CFLI became official on Oct. 1, 1991, and National President Mailloux wrote his last letter to the membership, dated Sept. 30, 1991, in the Fall/Automne 1991 issue of *L'Union*, where he wrote of the merger: "With your help our decision will be remembered as a prudent and fair one. When we reach our 'tomorrow' destination, each of us will look to August 24, 1991, and say, 'Je me souviens.'" On the front cover of the same issue is a photograph of President of CFLI David L. Springob and President of USJB Mailloux, with the caption: "As of October 1, USJB is now the New England division of CFLI..." In the Autumn/Automne 1992 issue of *L'Union*, Pres. Springob wrote in his letter to the membership that A. Robert Mailloux decided to return to private business, and so, he "is no longer vice president for New England, he will remain on the Board of Directors of [CFLI]." Hence, the president and headquarters of the parent company stayed the same, and the junior company became a division of the parent company.

I must note that A. Robert Mailloux died at the age of 57 at the New England Medical Center in Boston on Nov. 20, 2001, and for the previous year, he was the finance director for the Town of Cumberland, R.I., as reported in his obituary in the Woonsocket Call, Nov. 22, 2001, p. B2. Att. Omer A. Sutherland died on Oct. 24, 2007, and his obituary in the Woonsocket Call, Oct. 26, 2007, p. B3, reported that he: "was the principal legal advisor to USJB in its merger negotiations with Catholic Family Life Insurance, which merger was completed in 1991." In 2008, Paul M. Paré came out of the closet, and he published a novel loosely based on his own life, entitled *Singing the Vernacular*. In 2009, CFLI merged with another insurance fraternal, the Catholic Knights, and in 2010, they changed the

name to Catholic Financial Life. ("Catholic Family to merge with Catholic Knights," Woonsocket Call, Aug. 17, 2009. "Merger Anniversary Service Project," [http://www.catholicfinanciallife.org/] [http://www.catholicfinanciallife.org, June 15, 2011.) Louise Champigny-Boulanger is the Director of New England Fraternal Outreach at Catholic Financial Life in Woonsocket, R.I. Also in 2009, ACA Assurance merged with the Royal Arcanum of Boston. ([http://www.royalarcanum.com/] [http://www.royalarcanum.com, June 22, 2011.) Att. Robert L. Courturier died on June 5, 2011 in Lewiston, Maine, as reported in his obituary in the *Lewiston-Sun Journal*, June 8, 2011.

Eugene Lemieux wrote of his accomplishments as President of the ACA in chapter 34, pages 237-45, where he increased the value of the fraternal, that the fraternal offered travel and medical insurance, a travel program called ACA Bon Voyage, the ACA Summer Camp, and the ACA Educational Fund. Possibly the most accessible cultural benefit hosted by the ACA was the weekly television show called *Bonjour*, that was broadcast for ten years, and was viewed: "by over two million families throughout New England, New Brunswick and Ontario."

On July 2, 2002, Eugene Lemieux wrote a letter of thanks that is reproduced on page 199, to Richard Mark Lyness of Doret, Ohio for a copy of his master's thesis that he donated to the ACA Library, entitled *The Role of La Sentinelle (Woonsocket, R.I., 1924-29) in the Sentinelle Movement and Catholic Church Politics*, University of Missouri, 1997.

Eugene Lemieux died on April 8, 2004 at the Catholic Medical Center in Manchester, N.H., as reported in his obituary that was published on April 10, 2004 in the *New Hampshire Union-Leader* of Manchester, N.H., and on April 12, 2004 in the *Telegram and Gazette* of Worcester, Mass., and the *Lowell Sun* of Lowell, Mass. The obituary is far shorter than his autobiography, but it is curious that his obituary states that he was a: "Chevalier dans l'Orde National du Mérite for his work as an officer with the Société Historique Franco-Américaine," while he only mentioned that he was an officer in the Société Historique Franco-Américaine (SHFA) on page 266, and his invitation into the National Order of Merit is reproduced on page 242, where one can clearly read his title as President of the ACA. Eugene Lemieux is listed as a trustee of the SHFA for the years (Continued on page 32)

(Review of "A Wise Man Once Told Me" continued from page 30)

1994-95 on the inside back cover of the latest edition of *Le Bulletin de la SHFA, 1992-93*, along with Edgar J. Martel, (died Sept. 27, 2004), who was the President of the USJB before A. Robert Mailloux, and William E. Aubuchon, (died Nov. 26, 2007), who was the owner of Aubuchon Hardware. After reading how what Martel said to Lemieux about a merger in 1984 in chapter 31, I can only wonder what the two of them said to each other at a meeting of the SHFA.

On the evening of June 14, 2011, I interviewed Eugene Lemieux's first daughter, Pauline, who is mentioned on pages 105-7 and on page 228 of his book, and I asked her if her father saw his book in print before his death on April 8, 2004, because it is dated as published in the first quarter of 2004. She said that he did not see his book in print, and the family received the

shipment of the books from the publisher about a week after his death. She said that while her father was dying of pneumonia in the hospital in the last weeks and days of his life, he would sometimes talk about the book, and he sometimes even spoke of having a book-signing after the book was published. She said that he mentioned Assumption College in Worcester, Mass., as the location that he would have liked to have had a book-signing. I asked her if the book were advertised in *Le Canado-Américain*, and she said that it was, and that some people purchased it. I told her how I learned of the book, and I told her that anyone interested in the history of Franco-Americans in New England should read the book, because a past President of the ACA wrote it. I told that it was not the first autobiography written by a President of the ACA, for Adolphe Robert published his autobiography in 1965, entitled *Portraits et Souvenirs*, about one year before his own death in May 1966.

We then spoke about how people can buy copies of her father's book, and she said that she held about three boxes of them.

If you are interested in purchasing a copy of *A Wise Man Once Told Me... Eugene A. Lemieux, An Autobiography*, write the check to "ACA Scholarship Trust" for \$30.00, which includes the shipping and handling, and note in the memo line: "E. Lemieux Scholarship Fund." The address is: ACA Scholarship Trust, P.O. Box 117, Assonet, MA 02702. The ACA Scholarship Trust is separate from the Royal Arcanum, and one can read about the trust at <http://acascholarshiptrust.org/>. If you have questions, you can contact Pauline Lally directly, at her home phone, (508)-947-1291, her business phone, (508)-544-2221, ext. 16, or by e-mail at pauline.lally@gmail.com.

Lacerte Juggernaut Wins SHFA Again in 2011

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

Roger Lacerte Ph.D. of Lowell, Mass., won another two-year term to the Presidency of La Société Historique Franco-Américaine at the election held on the second floor of the Cobblestones Restaurant in Lowell, Mass., on Sun. May 22, 2011. He and fifteen other officers were elected by 23 mail-in ballots which were affirmed by a majority of the 21 members of the SHFA who were present for the luncheon, business meeting and uncontested election.

Pres. Lacerte began his campaign juggernaut on Good Friday, April 22, 2011, when he conducted a board and Nominations Committee meeting that he called to the other officers of the board with less than 72-hours of notice. The result of the meeting was the slate of officers for the mail-in ballot that the Nominations Committee mailed to the membership on April 25 and 26, 2011. The officers of the board who were in office until the day of the election never received copies of the meeting minutes from the Good Friday meeting, so they do not know exactly who attended the meeting, but they and rest of the membership received the mail-in ballot which stated: "Pour l'élection qui aura lieu le dimanche 22 mai 2011, le Conseil d'Administration recommande aux membres de voter les personnes dont les noms suivent/The Board of Directors solicits this proxy for use at the Annual Meeting on Sunday, May 22, 2011." So as to insure

each ballot was valid, the instructions on the ballot told the individual members to sign and date the ballot, and then mail it to Gérard Villemure of Manchester, N.H. who is head of the Nominations Committee. An envelope addressed to Gérard Villemure's residence was provided with the mail-in ballot. Another option was to bring the ballot in person to the election of officers at the Cobblestones Restaurant in Lowell, Mass. The return address on the envelope for the newsletter, which included the mail-in ballot, is the current mailing address of the SHFA at 18 Orange Street in Manchester, N.H., which is also the business address for Pres. Lacerte's bookstore, La Librairie Populaire.

On Fri. May 13, 2011, I responded to Pres. Lacerte's mail-in ballot with its fixed slate of candidates, as well as his newsletter, by mailing my own five-page memo to all of the members of the SHFA, along with a copy of the bylaws of the SHFA from 1985. The list that I had of the membership included 95 members, 58 of whom have e-mail addresses. As for the 37 members who do not have e-mail addresses, I sent copies of my memo and the bylaws of 1985 at my own expense. The three topics of my memo are: "Three Errors of the 'Declaration de Procuracy/Proxy' When Compared against the Bylaws of the SHFA, dated April 20, 1985," "Is the 'Declaration de Procuracy/Proxy' A Product of the Majority of the Board of

Directors?" and "A Critique of the Newsletter," which is dated Hiver-Printemps 2011.

The luncheon was scheduled for one o'clock at the Cobblestones Restaurant in Lowell, on Sun. May 22, 2011, which was followed by the business meeting of the SHFA that included reports from Pres. Lacerte and Treas. Chaput. Nearly 40 minutes was spent on the election of officers by the 21 members present at the restaurant by affirming the candidacies and the majority of ballots for each of the candidates. Gérard Villemure of the Nominations Committee read through the 25 mail-in ballots, and found two ballots that did not support the slate, those of the former directors Ron Héroux and Paul Papineau. Despite the majority of 23 ballots versus 21 members present at the election, Pres. Lacerte felt it necessary for all present to affirm the candidacies and each candidate. Also, despite the apparent two-vote plurality, the true plurality was likely closer to sixteen, because twelve of the fourteen candidates on the slate were present at the affirmation process, and the wives of Réal Gilbert and Richard Charpentier were present at the election, and they surely voted for their husbands. Roger Brunelle and Michel Michaud were the only two candidates not present at the meeting. I, however, did not return a ballot, nor did I raise my hand in support of any candidate on the slate. No-one present in the room openly supported my memo of May 13, 2011, and so, I could not mount an opposi-

(Continued on page 33)

(Lacerte Juggernaut Wins SHFA Again in 2011 continued from page 32)

tion and beat the Lacerte Juggernaut. Alas, I felt like the Judge Samson after a haircut.

Two candidates from the slate contested their own candidacies during the affirmation process – Yolande Lessard and June Turcotte – which may indicate that the Nominations Committee simply assigned members to various offices. Yolande Lessard spoke in French and she clearly stated that she was already a secretary for two other Franco-American organizations in Lowell, and that she was not sure if she would be able to have time as a secretary for SHFA. Since Sec. Trudy Lamoureux was not on the ballot, she stated that she resigned and that she was not interested in running for the office. (I must confess that since I sat next to Trudy, I tried to raise her right arm for her, but she resisted my nomination for her as a candidate.) June Turcotte spoke in English and she said that she did not want to run for the office of director, but she was persuaded by Treas. Chaput to stay on as a candidate, and then to resign sometime in the future when the board could replace her.

The officers whose names were on the slate and who therefore won the uncontested election are as follows. The new executive board consists of the incumbent Pres. Roger Lacerte Ph.D. of Lowell, Mass., Vice-Pres. Georges-André Lussier, M.D. of Salisbury, Mass., Sec. Yolande Lessard of Dracut, Mass., and the incumbent Treas. Donald Chaput of Manchester, N.H. The directors for the years 2009 to 2012 are the incumbent Roger Brunelle M.A. of Lowell, Mass., the incumbent Marie-Jeanne Chaput of Manchester, N.H., and the incumbent D. Michel Michaud of Lynn, Mass. The directors for the years 2011-2013 are June Turcotte of Northampton, Mass., James Morin of Merrimack, N.H., and Raymond Gagnon of Claremont, N.H. The directors for the years 2011-2014 are Ruby Duhamel Cook of Lowell, Mass., and Gérard Villemure and Edmond Girard, both of Manchester, N.H. The incumbent President of the Board of Trustees was re-elected, Réal Gilbert, FLMII of Manchester, N.H., while Richard Charpentier CPA of Manchester, N.H. and Attorney Normand Patenaude of Portsmouth, N.H. were newly elected as trustees. Richard Charpentier previously was a trustee of the SHFA for the two-year term of 1992-1993, as published on the inside front-cover of *Le Bulletin de la SHFA 1992-1993*. It must be noted that the entire

board of the SHFA under Pres. Arthur L. Eno Jr. served for the same two-year term.

There is a Board of Honorary Officers of the SHFA, which is implied in the bylaws of 1959 (*BSHFA 1959*, Titre III, Art. 9, page 238), and the bylaws of 1985 (Titre III, Art. 8c), where one can read: "Les officiers honoraires sont élus à vie." The two honorary officers are listed in the inside front and back covers of the *BSHFA 1992*, and they are Marthe Biron-Péloquin and Arthur L. Eno Jr., both of Westford, Mass. The honorary officers were not mentioned at all during the affirmation of the election on May 22, 2011, nor any other meeting of the SHFA after the controversial election of Sun. Feb. 15, 2009.

The reader should notice that the majority of the members of the new board are concentrated into two cities, for six officers are from Manchester, N.H., and three officers are from Lowell, Mass. The new arrangement will make it easier for Pres. Lacerte to call board meetings in the future. Pres. Lacerte began the habit of springing meetings on the board with short notice since the so-called "emergency meeting" that he called for Wed. March 31, 2010, that was held at 6PM in the hall of the former building of the Association Canado-Américaine on 52 Concord Street in Manchester, N.H. Not only did Pres. Lacerte call the board meeting with less than a week's notice, but he called it during the Wednesday of Holy Week, and he ignored the reality of serious floods of some parts of New England. The result was that the three officers who reside in Rhode Island – Sec. Lamoureux, Dir. Papineau and Dir. Héroux – could not attend the board meeting due to the floods, while Dir. Michaud could not attend the board meeting because he is the organist at St. Joseph's Church in Lynn, Mass. More than a year later, Pres. Lacerte sprang a board meeting on short notice when he sent an e-message on Tues. April 19, 2011 at 9:44PM to the officers, for a board meeting that he scheduled for Fri. April 22, 2011 at 6PM in the basement of the American Canadian Genealogical Society (ACGS) on 4 Elm Street in Manchester, N.H. He wrote the e-message in French, and he implied that he understood some officers would not attend the meeting since it fell on Good Friday, but he excused his inconvenient choice of dates with a light-hearted remark that he was Catholic too, for he wrote: "Oui, je sais, c'est Vendredi Saint, je suis catholique autant que vous mais que voulez-vous?" The previous board meeting was held on Fri. Feb. 11,

2011 in the basement of the ACGS, where the board decided to hold the next general membership meeting on Sun. May 22, 2011, but the board did not decide on a date for the next board meeting. For unknown reasons, Pres. Lacerte waited more than two months to call for the board meeting that was held on Good Friday, April 22, 2011. Nevertheless, since nine-sixteenths of the new board live in two cities that are about 30 miles from one another, they should be glad that they live in close proximity to either city where Pres. Lacerte has his business (Manchester, N.H.) or where he has his residence (Lowell, Mass.), for when he will give them less than a 72-hour notice for a board meeting in the future.

The astute reader should notice a few curiosities in the terms of office for the new board, especially those who remember my two articles in *Le Forum*, "La SHFA a un nouveau bureau des directeurs," (Printemps/Spring 2009) and "14 Months of the New Board of the SHFA," (Printemps/Spring 2010). Both the new executive board and the new board of trustees do not have terms of office, while one set of three directors were retroactively elected for the term of 2009-2012, while another set of three directors were elected for two years, 2011-2013, and a third set of three directors were elected for three years, 2011-2014. According to the bylaws of 1959, which Pres. Lacerte and the Nominations Committee clearly used for the slate, the executive board is elected for a one-year term of office without term limits, while the nine directors are elected for a three-year term of office on an annually rotating basis, so at the annual election, one set of three directors are elected each year. Unlike the executive board, the directors are confined to a one-term limit, as stated in the bylaws published in *Le Bulletin de la SHFA 1959*, page 238, Titre III, Art. 9. The reader should note that Pres. Lacerte was previously elected on Sun. Feb. 15, 2009, so he clearly ignored the one-year term clause for the President in the bylaws of 1959, as well as the rest of the executive board and the three directors whose terms ended in 2010, a total of seven officers. The three trustees on the board of trustees are elected like the directors, for each director is elected for a three-year term of office with a one-term limit, as published in *BSHFA 1959*, page 239, Titre VIII, Art. 16, paragraph 1. Therefore, in order to be consistent with the bylaws of 1959, and if one were to ignore the fact that there was no

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(The Little Stone Cathedral continued from page 19)

a solution. "If only we had several giant ovens, maybe we could bake enough pies to save our little stone cathedral," he whispered. He pressed the extra dough flat, coated it with butter, brown sugar and a light sprinkling of cinnamon. Carefully, he rolled the confection into a tube shape, crimped the ends, and placed it in the oven. Gimpy repeated this ritual with each pie crust.

Eventually, one of the two had to break the tense silence.

Gimpy removed the baked pastry tubes from the oven and cut them crosswise into circles. "Père, for years I've made these sweet wheels and you smiled when I called them that. Why?"

"When I was a child in the Carmelite orphanage," the flour-cloaked Father explained, "the Sisters taught me to cook. The first thing I learned to make were these round treats. Only they were called *Pet de Soeur*, an old French-Canadian name translating to 'sour air of a sister'."

Gimpy reacted with shock. "*Pet de Soeur* is what my family calls me. You mean they think I'm sour?"

Père Donat chuckled "Not exactly. Separately, the words mean one thing. Together they mean 'a nun's fart'."

Gimpy turned red in the face. "My brothers and sisters think I'm a nun's fart? That I smell?"

Père Donat could see Gimpy was about to explode. Quickly, he handed Gimpy a fork and a slice of lemon meringue pie. "Here, this'll help. Say a Hail Mary while you eat it."

Gimpy stuffed his mouth and sputtered, "Nun's fart. I'm a nun's fart." With each utterance, chunks of crust and meringue spurted out. Père Donat laughed louder and louder as he ducked the tasty missiles.

Gimpy could not maintain anger in the face of his life-long mentor's hilarity. Within a minute, Gimpy was laughing uproariously. They laughed so hard and long they couldn't breathe. The good Father plopped down on a stool so heavily it nearly broke. He wheezed, "Thank you, Georgie. If ever I needed a laugh, it's now."

Monday, Gimpy quit his job at his sister Mari-Eve's maple sugar emporium. Mari-Eve was furious with him. Gimpy was used to that, but he wanted freedom to carry out a plan; a desperate plan that required lots of envelopes. He hopped on his bicycle and headed for his other sister's floral and gift shop. All Mari-Dit could give him were one thousand small Kelly green envelopes left over from a St. Patrick's Day sale. Gimpy crammed them into his worn backpack, straddled his jammed-gear mountain bike, and aimed for the rough road that wound through the Vermont hills toward the Canadian border.

On Poor Farm Road, Gimpy stopped at the Caravan of Culture to chat with Terom Baba, the Palmist. Her new Airstream trailer

glinted blindingly in the morning sun. She was the first of many Roma he hoped to petition in the few days remaining before Christmas. Gimpy prompted the *galbi* coin-bedecked soothsayer to remember the childhood car accident that killed her parents, and put her in the hospital for several months.

Without further prodding, she recalled, "How I hated the hospital food. I refused to eat it. Every day Père Donat brought me a tomato sandwich on hobo toast, along with a wedge of lemon meringue pie. He kept me going until I regained my strength and will to live." Gimpy gave Terom the first of the green envelopes. She promised to send money to Père Donat as soon as she could.

Terom's commitment gave Gimpy courage to tackle the foreboding climb to the next village. Along the way he stopped at every roadside mailbox, leaving an envelope with a handwritten reminder of the pies and prayers of the venerable ecclesiastic.

At Goose Point, Gimpy pinned a note and envelopes on the bulletin board of every store and business. As he passed snow-quilted highlands and meadows on the long, lonely stretch to Knight Point, Gimpy spoke to St. George, beseeching him to intercede with God to grant Gimpy "the legs to get me where I need to go, the voice to say what needs to be said, and the wisdom to know when to shut up and move on."

Later, on Isle Le Motte, Gimpy and Marko Cascarot walked between rows (Continued on page 35)

On connaissait le père du bébé. Malgré leur folie, il avait pris soin de la mère de son enfant. Il était aux funérailles et il a payé toutes les dépenses.

Pour le monde, c'était un scandale, mais pour nous, c'était une véritable tragédie.

Cette année-là, papa et Rosélia étaient retournés à Waterbury, rejoindre Armand et Laurette. Émile eut un accident à l'usine, et il a dû aller à l'hôpital. Obliger de prendre du temps pour se remettre, il passa par dessus la pension pendant quelques mois. Aussitôt qu'il a pu, il a recommencé à travailler, et nous sommes retournés à l'hospice et la petite Léa n'y était plus. Les Soeurs l'avaient donnée en adoption, et elles ont refusé de nous dire où elle était.

Il n'y avait plus rien à faire. Pour elles, le cas était fermé, car elles avaient pensé que son père l'avait abandonnée.

Émile et Gertrude se sont mariés en Août 1943. Ils ont eu une autre fille qu'ils ont nommé LISE.



Rosa, Rosélia, Émile, Irène et Alice. En médaillon, Elizée.
1974

(Voir la prochaine édition de Le Forum pour plus.)

(*The Little Stone Cathedral continued from page 34*)

of grape vines of the Champlain Mountain Winery. The gangly old vintner relived the great drought twenty years before. "The precious vintage vines brought over by my Basque ancestors were in danger of dying. I didn't have money to haul in fresh water. The Padre arrived with a lemon meringue pie and five gallons of holy water. He anointed each withering vine and prayed they would survive until rain came. Next day we had a downpour." Marko took an envelope and promised a donation as soon as he could afford it.

Day after plodding day, Gimpy struggled his way along the roads and trails of Alburg Tongue, a wide peninsula that juts down from Canada into the Vermont side of Lake Champlain. Day after fading day, he trekked. Along Blue Rock lane, over Sucker Brook, down to the end of No End Road on North Hero Island, stopping at every hamlet and farm. So it went, mile after weary mile of pedaling, hundreds of visits, dozens of repeated stories about Père Donat's generosity and pies; an uncounted number of appeals that resulted in an uncounted number of promises.

On the day before Christmas Eve, Gimpy finished distributing the last of the envelopes and raced back to check the mail at the little stone cathedral. All of Gimpy's back-breaking effort resulted in a meager ninety-three dollars of donations.

Recovering from exhaustion, Gimpy slept through the daylight hours of Christmas Eve. In the middle of the evening, he put on his Navy pea jacket and knitted *tuque* cap, mounted his trusty cycle, and directed it toward the village of St. Hilaire Du Lac. While he passed the town square, his eyes told him the twinkling lights in the leafless trees on the plaza were beautiful in the falling snow. His ears told him the carols on the

loudspeakers in the steeple of St. Anthony's were delightful. His heart did not agree.

Gimpy arrived at St. Genevieve's earlier than usual, to help Père Donat prepare for midnight Mass. They didn't talk much. Both were afraid of losing their composure in a maudlin way. This was the last Mass they would share in the little stone cathedral. They carefully adjusted each other's vestments, then, with heads bowed, stepped through the vestry portal onto the altar.

When they looked up, the first thing their eyes rested on was the Communion rail. From one side of the little stone cathedral to the other, it was piled high with hundreds of pie tins; each holding a bulging Kelly green envelope. Beyond the banister of salvation, every space in every pew and along the walls was filled once again.

"*Ita missa est*", Père Donat cheerfully closed the mass.

"*Grâce à Dieu*", responded a multitude of voices in the jaoul French traditional to the little stone cathedral.

When the repatriated parishioners retired to family *Le Réveillon* gatherings, Gimpy and the rest of the faithful flock of forty followed the happy man of the cloth into the rectory kitchen for their own night-long Christmas celebration. Beginning with several toasts to Gimpy, with caribou, a hearty drink of half wine, half whiskey, they continued on to traditional exchanging of oranges, followed by exuberant choruses of JOYEUX NOEL and ALOUETTE, then bounteous consumption of *ragoût* and *frites*, ending with lots of lemon meringue pie and *Pet de Soeur*.

In the wee hours of the morning, Gimpy pedaled home over an ermine carpet beneath a star-dusty heaven, and he rejoiced, "Not bad for a nun's fart."

THE END



(*De Peur Que Nous N'Oublions suite de page 24*)

Docteur John McCrae est né des parents écossais qui ont émigré au Canada. Sa carrière médicale a été interrompue quand il a joint les troupes canadiennes en tant que docteur. Ainsi, avant septembre 1914, il a été posté en France afin de s'occuper des soldats blessés, et lui aussi a fait le sacrifice suprême pour la libération de la France.

Une Histoire brève de la Statue de la Liberté

Le 28 octobre 1986, la Statue de la Liberté, le Monument National, a célébré officiellement son 100^{ème} anniversaire. De peur que nous n'oublions, le peuple de la France a donné cette statue au peuple des États-Unis il y a plus de cent ans en reconnaissance de l'amitié établie pendant la Révolution américaine. Au cours des années, le symbole de la Statue de la Liberté s'est étendu afin de symboliser la liberté et la démocratie aussi bien que l'amitié internationale. Debout à l'entrée du port de New York, on peut voir cette femme qui tient un livre dans sa main gauche et un flambeau dans sa main droite s'étendant vers le ciel symbolisant « la Liberté éclairant le Monde. » Du soubassement de son piédestal au flambeau, elle est tendue 306 pieds et 1 pouce d hauteur. Ce cadeau de la France est le monument national le plus prisé en Amérique.

Est-ce que vous demandez qui je suis? Je suis l'âme d'Étienne, (Stéphane) si vous désirez, né dans le village de Chambois, en Normandie, l'année 1623, conseillant la France de rallumer son amitié avec les Américains afin que notre liberté ne périsse jamais. Si ce n'avait pas été grâce aux troupes américaines, la France promettrait son allégeance au pays de ses adversaires.

De peur que nous n'oublions...



Le Forum

(Monsieur Bénévolat à Oxford:
Wilbrod St-Amand suite de page 15)

Irlandais... et bien sûr avec les Yankees. Au fur et à mesure que ses études avançaient, moins il y avait de français. En 1948, il termina son baccalauréat à l'université du Maine. Sa curiosité envers la biologie l'a emmené aux années 50 à l'université du Tennessee où il obtint un doctorat en génétique. Un début de carrière comme chercheur aux laboratoires atomiques d'Oak Ridge, au Tennessee où il faisait des analyses des effets de la radiation sur des souris, avant d'accepter un poste de professeur chercheur à l'université du Mississippi en 1958.

C'est au Tennessee qu'il a rencontré une fille de la Caroline du Sud, Jo Ann

O'Quin, qu'il épouserait et qui le suivrait à Oxford comme professeure, elle aussi. Wilbrod dit aujourd'hui, sourire en coin, « Ensemble, nous avons connu une carrière de 50 ans ici! » Une crise cardiaque massive en 2006 lui enleva sa Jo Ann, déjà victime de la maladie d'Alzheimer, tout comme sa belle-mère et sa sœur au Maine. En 2009, « Will » fut récipiendaire du prix Dorris octroyé par le Mississippi Department of Mental Health en reconnaissance de son engagement envers les victimes de cette terrible maladie.

Sa vie en est une de service. On s'en rend compte tous les jours à la bibliothèque. Sauf que son engagement ne s'arrête pas là! Il s'occupe hebdomadairement de la popote roulante, apportant des repas chauds à la population confinée à la

maison Parmi les membres fondateurs en 1965 du club Kiwanis à Oxford, il y poursuit encore son engagement avec ardeur.

En 2000, mes amis de la région d'Orono, largement descendus des habitants de French Island, ont lancé, avec fierté, un livre, Nos histoires de l'île, consacré à l'histoire orale des leurs. Aujourd'hui, Will m'a révélé humblement y avoir contribué deux ou trois textes. Il ignorait cependant l'existence du site internet contenant plus de 1 000 photos des résidents de l'île (www.old-town.me.us/nos/home.htm), y compris celles du petit Wilbrod, de son frère de neuf ans plus jeune, Vernon, résident de la région de Détroit, de ses grandes sœurs décédées et de ses parents. Les découvrir à la vue de la planète entière l'a bien épaté!



Photo de mariage, Wilbrod St-Amand et Alice Michaud



Photo de famille, circa 1942



Wilbrod dans les bras de sa soeur, circa 1931



The Five Unrelated Branches of Martins in the Upper Saint John River Valley

George L. Findlen, Ph.D., CGSM

The text below lists the progenitors of the five unrelated branches of Martins in the Upper Saint John Valley (Grand Falls to Allagash, including the Fish River system of lakes starting at Sainte Agathe and ending at Fort Kent). The list was created to help researchers separate unrelated Martins from each other when doing Martin research in the Upper Saint John Valley. The branches are listed in order of their arrival in the valley.

The author thanks Ronald Martin of Shediac, NB, and Allen Voisine of Caribou, ME, for checking the following for accuracy. The author will gladly receive corrections at findleng@ids.net.

Barnabé Martin and Jeanne Pelletret

Barnabé's origins in France are unknown. However, an archivist at the Archives Départementale Charente-Maritime says the first name is definitely a Protestant name. That means his parents were French Calvinists, and that means he was likely born within a 100 kilometer circle of La Rochelle in the ancient province of Aunis, Poitou, Saintonge, or Angoumois. He arrived in Acadie by 1666 when he married the daughter of a fellow immigrant. He and his children lived in the Port Royal area until the Grand Dérangement of 1755. His descendants distinguish themselves from other Martins with the Barnabé dit name. The first of the immigrant's descendants to settle in the Upper Saint John Valley are all three children of the immigrant's grandson, Jean-Baptiste Martin and Marie Brun, who escaped deportation with their entire family in 1755. The children who settled in the valley are François Martin and Euphrosine Guérette, and Félicité Martin and Jean-Baptiste Fournier, both arriving in the late summer of 1785. They were followed eight years later in the summer of 1793 by Simon Martin and Geneviève Bourgoïn. Note that all three siblings had Bas Saint Laurent spouses. All three settled in the area of Saint Basile. Much later, around 1812 and possibly as late as 1833, a great-grandson of Jean-Baptiste and Marie Brun, Jean-Baptiste Martin and Marie-Anne Cyr, moved to the valley, settling in the area of Lille. These Acadian Martins are the most numerous of the Martins in the Valley and can be found on both sides of the border over the entire length of the valley. Their largest concentration in the year 2011 is in Sainte Anne de Madawaska.

Patrick Martin and Mary Brennan

Patrick and Mary married in County Longford, Ireland and came to Canada in 1822, settling by 1830 at what is called Martin Siding in Saint Léonard. For several years, this Irish Martin family lived within two miles of Acadian Martin descendants living at Martin Brook in Hamlin just across the river. Descendants still live in the Saint Léonard area as of 2011.

Joachim Martin and Anne Petit

Joachim comes from the village of Aytré, today hardly more than a suburb of La Rochelle on the western coast of France. He arrived in Canada in 1656. His first wife, whom he married in Québec in 1662, died. All his descendants come through his second wife, Anne-Charlotte Petit. His sons moved from Île d'Orléans to the Kamouraska area where many of them live to this day. Many of their descendants emigrated to the Upper Saint John Valley.

* The first of their descendants to settle in the Upper Saint John Valley appears to be Louis Martin who arrived in the Frenchville area by 1849 when he married Délima Michaud there.

* Edouard Martin and Anastasie Ouellette married at l'Isle Verte in 1846 and came to the Frenchville area around 1855.

* Octave Martin and Martine Levasseur married at Cacouna, Québec, in 1853, and settled in Saint Jacques around 1868.

* Magloire Martin and Monique Michaud married at Rivière-du-Loup, Québec, in 1872, and settled in the Grand Falls area about 1873.

* A very numerous (in terms of descendants) group descends from François Martin, who arrived in the Valley before 1879, when he married Julie Gagnon. After she died, he married Osithée Freeman in 1897. His descendants from both wives are most numerous in the Eagle Lake area, and some of them have intermarried with Acadian Martins. These Québécois Martins are the second most numerous group of the Martins in the Valley. Their largest concentration as of 2011 are in the Eagle Lake area followed by the Van Buren, Saint Léonard, and Grand Falls areas.

* The children of Pascal Martin and Marie-Louise Robichaud, arrived in the valley by 1881 and settled in the Van Buren, Saint Léonard, Grand Falls area. Their descendants are there today.

(Continued on page 38)

Five of the six above males descend from Joseph Martin and Rosalie Pelletier of Saint Roch, les Aulnaies, Islet County, Québec.

Jean Martin and Geneviève Michaud

Jean came from the village of Saint-Laurent-de-Terregatté, east of Mont-Saint-Michel and south of Avranches in Normandy. He emigrated to Canada 1750, and married in Kamouraska in 1753. Two of his descendants have emigrated to the Upper Saint John Valley. The first is Alonzo Martin who arrived by 1925, since that is the year he married Evelyne Savage at Saint François-Xavier. His grandson Jean married Jacqueline Martin at l'Assomption in Grand Falls in 1971 and the family may still be in the valley today as of 2011. The second, a distant cousin, is Benoît Martin, who arrived by 1935, the year he married Thérèse Dionne at Notre-Dame-de-Mont-Carmel in 1935. Benoit and Therese did not remain in the Valley for long, however, relocating to the Baie de Chaleurs. I have not located any living male descendantss of Benoit and Therese in the valley as of 2011.

Pierre Martin and Catherine Vigneau

Pierre is one of the earliest settlers of Port Royal, Acadie, arriving with his wife and son in 1635. After the 1755 deportation, we find most of this couple's descendants on Prince Edward Island, where the largest concentration of them live in 2011. However, one of them, Edgar Martin, relocated to the Edmundston area around 2005, since he married Isabelle Cyr at Saint Joseph in 2005. As long as this family remains in the area, there will be two unrelated Acadian Martin families in the Upper Saint John Valley.

CG (Certified Genealogist) is a service mark of the Board for Certification of Genealogists, used under license by Board-certified associates after periodic competency evaluations.

George Findlen is an academic administrator who became a genealogist in retirement. He researches and publishes articles on Acadian and French-Canadian families in Eastern Canada, the Canadian Maritimes, and New England. In addition, he gives talks and leads groups through skill-development exercises for the Wisconsin Historical Society Library and Archives.

The novel "Hearth and Home" is based on the true story of the tumultuous life of Mathieu Rouillard, the ancestor of Ovila Pronovost, immortalized in Arlette Cousture's work "Les Filles de Caleb," as well as that of his wife Jeanne Guillet.

The whole life of the hero of this story and of his family takes place in the context of the events in New France in the period between 1660 and 1702.

We learn about the earthquake of 1663, the incessant wars between the Iroquois and the inhabitants of the colony, the invasion of the colony by Phipps' soldiers and the foundation of a new French colony in Louisiana.




The novel tells us of the daily life of a *coureur de bois* with its highs and lows, and of his contacts with the native peoples and the fur merchants of Québec to whom he becomes desperately indebted. It tells us about the fur trade, without which the colony would not have survived very long, in the face of American expansionism that was already well under way. It also talks about the Church that exercised a preponderant influence on society at that time; but it also shows the rebellious nature of the first inhabitants of what was to become the Québec and the Canada of today.

We also learn about a remarkable woman who raised alone her seven children during her husband's prolonged absences.


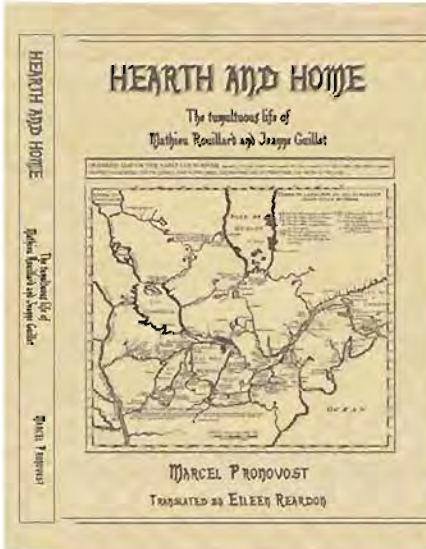
The novel takes a sometimes humorous look at the daily lives of our ancestors.

The majority of the details related are true, stemming from many years of research in the archives of Québec and the United States.

The current state of the research seems to indicate that Mathieu Rouillard was the first known white man to be buried in what is now the State of Louisiana, about twenty years before the founding of New Orleans.



BOOKS/LIVRES...



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BOOKS/LIVRES...



The Acadian Tragedy is arguably Canada's greatest piece of history. In 1755, Charles Lawrence, the acting British governor of Nova Scotia, ordered the arrest and depor-

tation of over 7,000 French residents of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. The deportation was a secretive, poorly planned and, in the end, botched and hastily executed affair. As a result, many French family members and lifelong friends were separated as they were indiscriminately shipped to the various American colonies all along the Atlantic Seaboard. For Charles Lawrence and the British, it was a triumph. For the French residents, it was a ruthless act of ethnic cleansing. For historians, the cruel expulsion ranks alongside the Chinese Opium War as one of the most unscrupulous events in British imperial history. Today, 260 years later, the grievous wound still festers among the three million descendants of those French exiles. The story isn't over. It goes on and on and on. Here, for the first time, is the complete



ΑΙΛΑΗ ΣΥΝ ΤΗ ΕΣΘΗΤΙΚΗ ΒΟΜΒΗ ΟΥ ΜΗΔΙ ΤΟΛΕΡ
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***Simplicity in the Life of the Gospels -
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Fulfilling and soul-stirring, *Simplicity in the Life of the Gospels* brings to Christian spirituality a literary perspective cultivated through thirty years of teaching. Written by a literary person, neither a theologian nor an exegete, *Simplicity* brings to all the results of many years' reading and research into the life of the Gospels

through the concept of simplicity, an idea much respected by Christ the Teacher. Simplicity becomes a foil to the entanglements of those who wish to obstruct or deny the "good news." The theme of simplicity strikes at the very core of the gospels, and resonates well with the entire message that Christ wishes to convey, belief in Him as the Son of God and trust in the love he models. The good news of Jesus Christ is for all ages and for all peoples whose trust in God is couched in simplicity.

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About the Author: Norman Beaupré was born in Southern Maine and grew up speaking French in Biddeford, Maine. He did his undergraduate studies at St. Francis College in Biddeford Pool and then moved on to Brown University for graduate work and received his Ph.D. in French literature in 1974.

In 2000, he became Professor Emeritus after 30 years of teaching Francophone and World Literature at the University of New England. Traveling extensively, he spent two sabbaticals in Europe where he got the inspiration for several of his books.

BOOKS/LIVRES...



(N.D.L.R. The following information was brought to our attention by Rochelle Olivier Gibney of New Bern, NC.)

Natalie Savage Carlson

Natalie Savage Carlson was born on October 3, 1906 in Kernstown, Virginia, but spent much of her childhood on a farm on the Potomac River in Maryland. She showed literary promise from a very young age; for example, her first story was published on the children's page of the Baltimore Sunday Sun when she was only eight years old. At age four, she was sent to a convent boarding school along with her three older sisters, remaining there for three years before she returned home to be tutored by a family friend. When she was eleven, her family moved to Long Beach, California, where she completed her high school education in parochial schools.

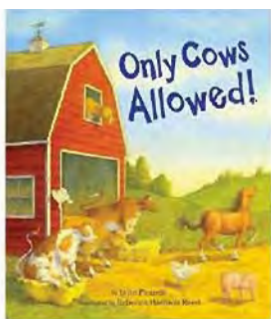
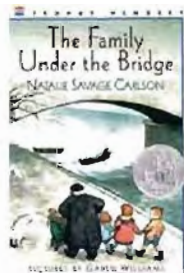
During 1927 to 1929, she worked as a writer for the Long Beach Morning Sun,

when she met and married Daniel Carlson, a naval officer. After her marriage, she moved around a great deal, since the Carlsons were subsequently stationed in Hawaii, Mexico, Canada, and France, where they lived for many years in Paris. They also traveled widely in western Europe. As a result of her extensive travels, Carlson's stories describe the lives of children in such diverse locations as an orphanage near Paris, the Arab quarter of Marseilles and the slums of Rome, and she emphasizes local customs and celebrations in her books.

Her first book, *The Talking Cat and Other Stories of French Canada*, was set in the region where her mother was born, and was published in 1952. Carlson was awarded the New York Herald Tribune Children's



Spring Book Festival Award in 1952 for *The Talking Cat* and in 1954 for *Alphonse, That Bearded One*. One of her best-loved books is *The Family Under the Bridge*; first published in 1958, it became a Newbery Honor winner in 1959. Many readers will remember her series of *Happy Orpheline* books about a group of French orphans and their carefree lives. In 1966, Ms. Carlson was the U. S. nominee for the Hans Christian Andersen International Children's Book Award. Materials for fifteen of her novels are held at the Children's Literature Research Collection at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Ms. Carlson passed away on September 23, 1997 in Middletown, Rhode Island.



Only Cows Allowed

by Lynn Plourde, Rebecca Harrison Reed

Once upon a new New England farm, the cows refuse to let the other farm animals mooove into the barn. ONLY COWS ALLOWED! But the hens, horses, pigs, sheep, goats, and geese aren't about to let those bossy cows get their way. The first-time

farmer doesn't side with the cows either. Animal after animal after animal moves into the barn. But when the farmer throws an all-night barn party to celebrate his new farm, the cows leave without uttering a word. Where will they finally find some peace and quiet?

<http://www.amazon.com/Only-Cows-Allowed-Lynn-Plourde/dp/089272790X>



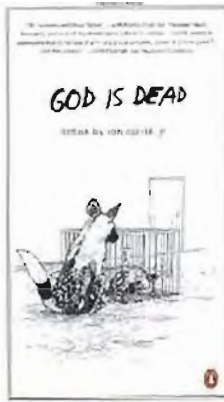
Everything Matters!

Ron Currie Jr.

In this novel rich in character, Junior Thibodeau grows up in rural Maine in a time of Atari, baseball cards, pop Catholicism, and cocaine. He also knows something no one else knows-neither his exalted parents, nor his baseball-savant brother, nor the love of his life (she doesn't believe him anyway): The world will end when he is thirty-six.

While Junior searches for meaning in a doomed world, his loved ones tell an all-American family saga of fathers and sons, blinding romance, lost love, and reconciliation-culminating in one final triumph that reconfigures the universe. A tour de force of storytelling, *Everything Matters!* is a genre-bending potpourri of alternative history, sci-fi, and the great American tale in the tradition of John Irving and Margaret Atwood.

(More by Ron Currie Jr. on page 41)



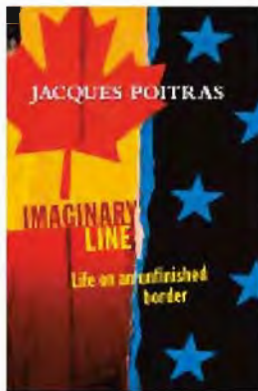
God Is Dead by Ron Currie, Jr.

Ron Currie's gutsy, funny book is instantly gripping: If God takes human form and dies, what would become of life as we know it? Effortlessly combining outlandish humor with big questions about mortality, ethics, and human weakness, Ron Currie, Jr., holds a funhouse mirror to our present-day world. God has inhabited the mortal body of a young Dinka woman in

Ron's books may be purchased at: [Amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com)

the Sudan. When she is killed in the Darfur desert, he dies along with her, and word of his death soon begins to spread. Faced with the hard proof that there is no supreme being in charge, the world is irrevocably transformed, yet remains oddly recognizable.

http://www.amazon.com/s/ref=ntt_athr_dp_sr_1?encoding=UTF8&sort=relevancerank&search-alias=books&field-author=Ron%20Currie



Once, a single francophone settlement shared both sides of the Saint John River, until a political trade-off between countries split it down the middle. From that inauspicious start, the Maine-New Brunswick border, the first boundary to be drawn between the two nations, has served as a microcosm for Canada-U.S. relations. For centuries, friends, lovers, schemers and smugglers have reached across the line. Now, post-9/11, mounting political paranoia has led to a sharp divide, disrupting the lives and welfare of nearby residents. An elderly Canadian couple's driveway touches the border, leading to a Kafkaesque overreaction by Homeland Security. The Tea Party political movement advocates complete border shutdown. Once friendly neighbors have become increasingly isolated from each other. In this timely exploration, Jacques Poitras travels the length of the border, from Madawaska and Aroostook counties through Passamaquoddy Bay to a tiny island still in dispute to uncover the arbitrarily drawn line that shouldn't be there, almost wasn't there, and can be difficult to find even when it is there. The stakes are high as New Brunswick and Maine re-imagine their relationship for the 21st century and communities strive to stay together despite the best efforts of parochial politicians, protectionists, and overzealous border officials.

Imaginary Line: Life on an Unfinished Border by Jacques Poitras

JACQUES'S BOOK

This is not a history book. It's a journalist's work which makes much use of history to provide an in-depth report on a situation which we deal with daily.

The subject of An Imaginary Line: Life on an unfinished border is current and contemporary with our times and history here becomes a tool use for greater understanding.

The use of history here is genteel rather than confrontational. It seems to be informational rather than argumentative as a product of excellent journalism.

I've learned much from this book. When a person ages one begins to take developments on a hit or miss basis. One gets increasingly selective about the news he choses to focus.

As a borderland resident of Northern Maine, I had seen LNG-related articles in the daily press but hardly gave the issue much thought, being that it seemed as a coastal issue to leave with folk from that area. Yet this book informed me of this subject as one of the borderlands issues of current life - and such a writing, of course is a function of good journalism.

This book greatly helped a person like me with a twentieth century historical cast of mind to peer through new eyes into the new century -And Poitras provides us with quite an humanitarian outlook on current issues facing us, such as how human and even personal our bi-national lives have been and can yet be managed.

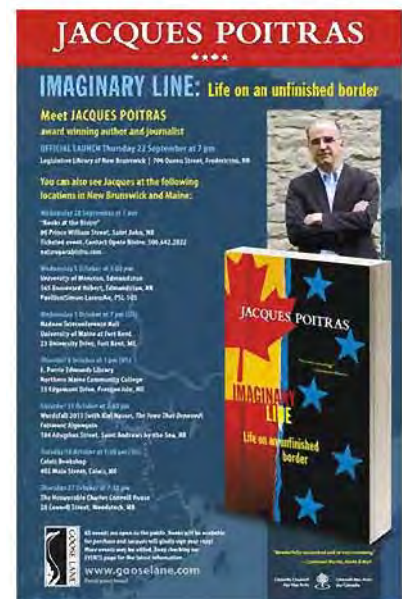
Now I can deal with news development on the international border issues

all the way from the Madawaska port of entry to the Passamaquoddy Bay and on through the arctic circle as "Le Plan Nord" of Quebec confronts Native-American and environmental issues now facing us.

I'm grateful for this young man's look into the past to help us assess the present need for an Imaginary Line on an Unfinished Border.

Thank you Jacques for the gentle manner with which you have opened the door for me into your own life and times.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine
728-7849



<http://www.amazon.com/Imaginary-Line-ebook/dp/B005T50F08>

(Lacerte Juggernaut Wins SHFA Again in 2011 continued from page 33)

election of officers in the Spring of 2010, four officers are still in office until 2012. At the controversial election of Sun. Feb. 15, 2009, three directors were elected for three years – Armand Chartier of Achusnet, Mass., Charles Martel of Manchester, N.H. and Ronald Héroux of Middletown, R.I. Chartier never attended a board meeting, and Martel resigned in September 2009, and they were replaced at the board meeting of Sun. Jan. 31, 2010 by Roger Brunelle and Mary Chaput. On April 21, 2011, Ronald Héroux sent a notice by e-mail that he would resign his office effective on May 22, 2011. So, of the three directorships, two were already filled before the Nominations Committee made the ballot, and the choice of Michel Michaud effectively was an appointment made by the Nominations Committee. As for the fourth officer whose term ends in 2012, it is one of the trustees, but it is not clear which trustee, because in the last half-hour of the controversial election of Feb. 15, 2009, three trustees were elected from the floor – Louise Champigny-Boulanger, Jean-Louis Clapin and Réal Gilbert – but they were elected without any determination as to the length of their offices. Réal Gilbert was the only one of the three who was present during the controversial election, and at the board meeting of March 15, 2009, he proposed to the board that he be made Chairman of the Board of Trustees, a motion that passed, despite the fact that his motion is at odds with the bylaws of 1959, Titre VIII, Art. 16, paragraph one, page 239: "Each of the said trustees forthwith after the election, shall meet with his co-trustees and organize by selection of a chairman, a secretary and a treasurer." On March 29, 2010, Louise Champigny-Boulanger sent a notice of resignation by e-mail to the board, and at the board meeting of March 31, 2010, Don Chaput replaced her as a trustee. Jean-Louis Clapin never resigned, and the Nominations Committee did not put his name on the ballot. Since there are two new trustees as of the uncontested election of May 22, 2011, and Réal Gilbert has been in office as a trustee since Feb. 15, 2009, one would logically and rightly assume that he would advocate that his term of office will end in the Spring of 2012, while the board would determine for the two new trustees, whose term will end in 2013, and whose in 2014.

However, the bylaws of May 20, 1959 are not the latest set of bylaws of the SHFA.

The latest bylaws of the SHFA were passed on April 20, 1985 under Pres. Oda Beaulieu and Sec. Louise Champigny-Soltys. The significant difference concerning the terms of office between the two sets of bylaws is that in the bylaws of 1985, all officers are elected for a two-year term, without term limits, except the board of trustees, who are elected for a three-year term of office with a one-term limit, as described earlier. The bylaws of 1985 are a revision of the bylaws of 1959, except the sections on the Endowment Fund, which are written in somewhat obtuse, bureaucratic English, and they were taken directly from the bylaws of 1959 as published in the *BSHFA 1959*, pages 237-243. Unfortunately, the board under Pres. Beaulieu did not carefully examine the internal history of the SHFA, for the bylaws that are published in the *BSHFA 1959* are an early draft of the bylaws that were mistakenly published in the journal, and the correct edition of the bylaws of 1959 are published in the *BSHFA 1961*, pages 23-31, with an explanation of the errors on pages 31-35. The correct bylaws of 1959 in the *BSHFA 1961* renamed the section for the Endowment Fund to "Trust Fund," and the text is written more clearly in English than in the draft version. Curiously, the administrations after the passage of the bylaws on April 20, 1985 did not read the text about the terms of office in the section about the Endowment Fund, because the three-person board of trustees were continuously elected for a two-year office. The error can be found in the publications of the SHFA itself. In 1988, the SHFA published the pamphlet *L'Esprit des Lois et la Constitution Américaine*, and on the inside front cover, one can read that all of the officers, including the trustees, have the term of 1987 to 1989, when Marthe Biron-Péloquin was President. In September 1991, the SHFA published *Le Cahier de la SHFA 1990*, and on the back-cover, one can read that all of the officers, including the board of trustees, have the same term of office, 1989-1991, also when Marthe Biron-Péloquin was President. In October 1994, the SHFA published in *BSHFA 1992-1993*, and one can read two lists of officers for two sets of terms, one on the inside front cover for the term of 1992-1993 under Pres. Arthur L. Eno Jr., and the other on the inside back-cover, under Pres. Paul Chassé for the term of 1994-1995.

The bylaws of 1985 were effectively forgotten by the board of the SHFA some-time after the mid-1990s. In August 2008,

I telephoned the former Vice-President and Secretary, Robert Fournier, for two requests. The first was to persuade him to call an election of officers for the SHFA because Pres. Chassé died on March 26, 2008, and the second was to ask him when the SHFA passed the latest set of bylaws. On the first request, he did not want to hear anything I said, and he emphatically told me that he resigned all of his offices in the SHFA months earlier. Moreover, he told me that he never wanted to have the offices of Vice-President and Secretary of the SHFA. When I asked him why he was the vice-president of an organization that he seemed not to care much about, he responded because his friend, Paul Chassé, asked him to be in it. As for the second request, as to when the latest set of bylaws were passed, and he simply laughed at me on the phone, for he did not know. Rather, I told him that latest bylaws that I found are published in the *BSHFA 1959*, information that he did not know. Therefore, I assumed that the bylaws of 1959, as published in *BSHFA 1959* were the latest set of bylaws of the SHFA, and so, I made 50 photocopies of the 1959 bylaws for the election of Sun. Feb. 15, 2009. As the emotions during the election became more heated, and during a cacophony of shouts from approximately 30 people about the election, while copies of the 1959 bylaws were circulating among those present, I heard one woman yelling in English: "These are not the bylaws! These are not the bylaws!" On Sun. Mar. 15, 2009, in the office of Vice-Pres. Marcel Raymond on 5 Sever Street in Worcester, Mass., while the rest of the city was reveling in St. Patrick's Day, the newly elected board of the SHFA held its first meeting, and Sec. Trudy Lamoureux revealed that she had a copy of the latest bylaws of the SHFA, passed on April 20, 1985. All of the officers were surprised, and I asked Trudy if she were the woman that was shouting: "These are not the bylaws," during the controversial election, and she said: "Yes." The board then passed a motion for the SHFA to abide by the latest set of bylaws, those of 1985. Hence, when Pres. Lacerte did not call for the election of officers in the Spring of 2010, no-one on the board complained, because everyone thought that the officers who were elected for one-year, such as myself and Michel Michaud, assumed that the terms were lengthened to two years.

So, one of the first acts of the new board should be to decide whether to follow
(Continued on page 43)

(Lacerte Juggeraut Wins SHFA Again in 2011 continued from page 42)

low the bylaws of 1959, or those of 1985. If the new board should decide to abide by the bylaws of 1985, it must address whether or not to lengthen the terms of office of the newly elected executive board, three directors and one trustee whose terms will end in the Spring of 2012.

Since the topics of the two reports from Pres. Lacerte and from Treas. Chaput, are too controversial, and since I do not have a copy of the minutes from former Sec. Lamoureux, I must omit these matters in my report to you, readers of *Le Forum*. Also, since there was no speaker scheduled after the meeting, it adjourned at the close of the affirmation of the election, at 3:37PM.

A couple hours after the uncontested election, I spoke to Fr. Lucien Sawyer, omi, in the kitchen of St. Eugene House in Lowell, while he ate his dinner. He offered me some food, and I accepted. While we ate, we spoke about the day's meeting and election of the SHFA. Fr. Sawyer posed a good

question to me, which is, why did we not hear about any future plans for the SHFA? I told him that he must ask Pres. Lacerte the question, since I am not the President of the SHFA, and because I am no longer a director on the board. (I guess the Nominations Committee simply forgot to put my name on the ballot.) I did remark to Fr. Sawyer that there was a long silence when Pres. Lacerte came to "New Business" in the day's agenda, because he put the question to the floor and he asked if anyone had any new business for the SHFA. Pres. Lacerte did not include an agenda for the general membership meeting with the newsletter and the mail-in ballot that he sent on April 25 and 26, 2011 to the members. Rather, he conducted the meeting by following the "Ordre du Jour" that are in the bylaws of 1959 and 1985. I remarked to Fr. Sawyer that the initiative for new business for the SHFA should come from the officers, and not the officers depending on the members. Fr. Sawyer then asked me what the SHFA is doing, that is not already being done in *Le*

Forum? I was surprised by the truth of his rhetorical question, because *Le Forum* has been published regularly since 1974, while the latest journal of the SHFA was published 17 years ago with *BSHFA 1992-1993*.

In the end, the current officers and members of the SHFA must decide for themselves if they want to have the SHFA as a dynamic organization that could follow the goals of the SHFA as stated in the bylaws of 1985, Titre I, Art. 2b: "...the Society ... publishes a journal and authorizes the publication of works under its patronage; it promotes lectures and gatherings on our history... it lends its assistance to other historical societies." Or, do the current officers and members of the SHFA want a society of titles and empty promises, and high-stakes petty squabbles based on vindictive jealousies. In short, the members of the SHFA must decide if they want an historical society that could fulfill its goals as stated in the bylaws, or do they want something that may be nothing more than a false idol.

Samedi 30 juillet 2011

Jean Moisson (1929-2011) n'a jamais douté de la survivance de la langue française aux États-Unis

J'ai appris, hier, le décès de Jean Moisson, survenu le 26 mai dernier. Croyez bien, chères lectrices et chers lecteurs, que si j'avais eu connaissance plus tôt de cette bien triste nouvelle, j'aurais tout de suite écrit l'article que vous êtes en train de lire. Mais comme mieux vaut tard que jamais, je me devais de placer cet hommage à la une et ne pas, même après deux mois, le reléguer dans une quelconque page intérieure. Jean Moisson, ce nom ne vous dit peut-être rien, et pourtant il fut, au sein de l'association France-Louisiane-Franco-Américanie (1) l'un des champions les plus vaillants pour faire entendre ce que francophonie aux États-Unis veut dire.

J'ai fait la connaissance de Jean Moisson en 1986, lorsque nouvel adhérent de l'association France-Louisiane, tel était son nom à l'époque, il pose aussitôt sa candidature au conseil d'administration. C'est le temps où une nouvelle vague déferle sur cette association créée neuf ans plus tôt, avec Jean Moisson, bien sûr, mais aussi avec Hélène Durand (voir notre article du 26 juillet 2011) et Michel Texier. 423 voix se portent sur son nom sur 513 votants. Il prend immédiatement ses marques dans ce conseil renouvelé lors de l'Assemblée générale du

15 novembre 1986, en devenant membre de la commission "audiovisuel" - photographe amateur mais passionné, il a créé de nombreux diaporamas, avec ses deniers personnels, pour illustrer les conférences données par l'association -, et de celle des "Franco-Américains", présidée par Louise Péloquin, et dont il deviendra vite le co-président. Attaché à la francophonie aux États-Unis, il effectue de nombreux voyages en Nouvelle Angleterre et dans le Middle West (Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Illinois), c'est-à-dire dans les États où survivent encore des communautés francophones. Au retour de ses voyages, il demande à ce que le nom de l'association soit modifié, les communautés francophones du nord des États-Unis ne se reconnaissant pas dans l'appellation France-Louisiane. "Très vite, cependant, écrit-il le 21 septembre 1988, il est apparu que cette très importante communauté francophone, concentrée surtout dans les six États de Nouvelle Angleterre, mais comptant également de nombreux membres dans d'autres États, bien que très intéressée par les liens que France-Louisiane souhaitait tisser avec elle, ne se reconnaissait pas dans le nom de France-Louisiane conservé par notre association malgré la décision d'extension de



ses activités à l'ensemble de la francophonie américaine. Les principaux dirigeants des sociétés ou associations Franco-Américaines exprimèrent alors le vœu que le titre de notre association, tout en conservant le nom de Louisiane qui fut à l'origine de sa création, comportât celui de "Franco-Américanie" dans lequel tous les citoyens francophones des États-Unis doivent retrouver leur identité." Il demande à ce qu'une assemblée générale extraordinaire soit convoquée ; ce sera chose faite et, le 10 octobre 1989, un avis du Conseil d'État donne son autorisation pour que France-Louisiane s'appelle désormais France-Louisiane-Franco-Américanie. Jean Moisson voyage beaucoup et en rapporte de nombreux articles pour la gazette de l'association (2). Il devient vice-président de l'association à la fin des années nonante. Même affaibli par des ennuis de santé à répétition, et choqué par la disparition, en décembre 2007, de son cher ami, "presque un frère", François Hautdu-
(Suite page 44)

Jean Moisson nous parle de ces communautés francophones oubliées aux Etats-Unis (2ème partie)

Jean Moisson, au cours de ses nombreux voyages dans le nord des Etats-Unis, est allé à la rencontre des communautés francophones et des communautés de descendants de Français de France et du Québec qui vivent dans des villes et des villages aux noms qui ne nous sont pas inconnus comme Cadet, Fertile, Bellefontaine, etc. Cet article est la suite de celui commencé le 31 juillet, quand Jean Moisson (1929-2011), qui fut vice-président de l'association France-Louisiane-Franco-Américanie, retrace le parcours d'un certain Philippe François Renault qui a quitté la France en 1720 pour exploiter des sites miniers dans l'actuel Etat de l'Illinois :

“ S'arrêtant à Saint-Domingue, alors colonie française, il y acheta une centaine d'exclaves pour augmenter sa capacité de production et remonta, en bateau, le Mississippi jusqu'au Fort de Chartres, sur la rive est du fleuve, où il arriva en 1721. Il y resta jusqu'en 1723, terminant ses préparatifs d'exploitation et, ayant obtenu une concession sur les terres situées à l'ouest

du fleuve, commence réellement à les exploiter en 1723.

Ses deux plus grands fours furent établis à La Vieille-Mine et à La Mine-La-Motte mais les voyageurs de cette région, dans les

toutes premières années du 19ème siècle, s'accordent tous à dire qu'il avait exploité de si nombreux sites que toute la région était couverte par ses mines de plomb.

Transporté à dos de cheval jusqu'au Mississippi, le plomb gagnait La Nouvelle-Orléans en bateau.

Jusqu'en 1735, il n'y eut aucune ville sur la rive ouest, d'où le plomb était embarqué, et l'on fonda Sainte-Geneviève, cette année-là, pour servir de port d'embarquement.

Cependant, en dépit du courage et des efforts de Renault, son entreprise s'avéra déficitaire en raison des coûts élevés du transport fluvial et, en 1742, la Compagnie Saint-Philippe qui le commandait s'effondra et Renault, ruiné, regagna la France.



Photo, “transporté à dos de cheval jusqu'au Mississippi, le plomb gagnait La Nouvelle-Orléans en bateau”.

Il est aujourd'hui établi que certains compagnons de Renault restèrent dans la région, exploitant les mines à temps partiel tout en pratiquant cultures et exploitation forestière.

Après la cession, aux Anglais, des territoires à l'est du Mississippi de nombreux Français de Kaskaskia et de Fort de Chartres émigrèrent sur la rive ouest alors sous contrôle espagnol - ce que la plupart ignoraient -.

Entre 1760 et 1800, les Espagnols encouragèrent les migrations des catholiques et nombre de Français gagnèrent cette région où ils représentèrent la majorité des habitants.”

**Pascal Yvernault
Perpignan, France**

(Jean Moisson suite de page 43)

coeur, responsable au sein de FL-FA de la commission Retrouvailles (recherche de cousinages franco-américains), il reste un membre actif et signe encore des articles pour la gazette, dont celle datée de septembre 2010, où il parle de la chanteuse franco-américaine Josée Vachon. La dernière fois que j'ai vu Jean Moisson, c'était lors de l'Assemblée générale de l'association à Paris, le 21 novembre 2009. J'ai honte de dire que je ne l'ai pas reconnu tout de suite, tant il était amaigri, devant se déplacer difficilement avec une canne. Jean Moisson a bien mérité de la francophonie américaine et pour ses excellents et loyaux services, il avait été fait Chevalier dans l'Ordre national du Mérite en 2007, et était Chevalier des Palmes académiques. Nous ne pouvons que louer son action au sein de l'association France-Louisiane-Franco-Américanie et les Francos se souviendront longtemps de lui.

**Pascal Yvernault
Perpignan, France**

White Dove's Wabanaki Pottery. White Dove, also known as “Virginia SAND” to Le FORUM readers, is a Wabanaki woman with French heritage, who has been writing bilingual articles and poems for Le FORUM during the past several years. Through the Arts, WhiteDove has been striving to keep the French and Wabanaki Cultures alive for the future generations. Recently, WhiteDove has been working hard at bringing back Wabanaki Pottery. Some 500 years ago, when colonization and assimilation took hold of the Wabanaki Confederacy Nations (Penobscot, Passamaquoddy, Micmac, Maliseet, & Abenaki), the indigenous peoples of the Northeast managed to keep their traditional basket-making going, but eventually let go of their pottery-making. However, if you visit the archeological section of the Abbe Museum in Bar Harbor, Maine, you will see pottery shards that are actually used to classify the different eras of Wabanaki existence. There is a differently designed pottery representing each era. Consequently, Whitedove is bringing Wabanaki Pottery into the 21st Century,

using today's technologies, in keeping with the evolutionary process. “My Wabanaki Pottery links our Wabanaki ancestors to the generations of the future,” states WhiteDove.

Currently, White Dove is creating Wabanaki Smudge Bowls and Prayer-Stone Necklaces which exhibit the symbols representing each of the five Wabanaki Nations, and/or the symbol for the Wabanaki Confederacy itself. The Prayer-Stones are double-sided, in that the symbol is displayed on one side, and the Wabanaki Nation that it represents is written on the opposite side. The necklace cords are adjustable. The Smudge Bowls and Prayer-Stones are all individually turned on the wheel and/or carved by WhiteDove's hands. No two are exactly the same.



(Soumis par Pascal Yvernault, Perpignan, France)

A Troyes en février 1989

France-Louisiane

Pour la défense et développement de la francophonie américaine

La délégation auboise présidée par M^{me} Hélène Durand de l'association France-Louisiane a célébré hier la nouvelle année 89 en organisant une soirée franco-américaine à l'hôtel Conforti-Louisiane de la Chapelle-Saint-Luc.

Invitée d'honneur : M^{me} Louise Poloquin, docteur en linguistique appliquée, chercheur à l'école normale supérieure de Saint-Cloud, native de Nouvelle Angleterre et d'origine québécoise. Elle a présenté de façon amusante une conférence intitulée « Des Américains qui parlent français - portant tant sur l'histoire de l'immigration des Québécois vers le Nord des USA de 1850 à 1930 que sur le dynamisme francophone de cet état, qui compte 900 000 familiers de la langue française sur 12 millions d'habitants.

Aujourd'hui, en Nouvelle Angleterre, on compte six publications, 20 émissions de radio en langue française, la TV par câble du Québec et prochainement, l'état pourra recevoir la télévision francophone d'Europe par le satellite TV5.

Louise Poloquin ajoute que 800 organismes, associations, ou clubs défendent la francophonie en Nouvelle Angleterre.

C'est Jean Moisson, responsable de la commission audiovisuelle de l'association France-Louisiane à Paris, qui a parlé, en images-dispositives, de la Louisiane. D'après lui, entre 450 000 et 500 000 Louisianais parlent français et la religion a beaucoup contribué à ce fait. « Il y a 100 ans, un dicton disait : qui perd sa langue perd sa foi ».

La délégation auboise de France-Louisiane ne compte actuellement qu'une quinzaine de membres. Il serait bon que de nouveaux adhérents se joignent aux premiers ne serait-ce que pour organiser plus facilement un voyage d'Aubois en 1990.

L'association tend à développer les échanges de jeunes, les voyages, le dialogue avec des professeurs de langue, les contacts intellectuels par le biais de conférences et le tourisme.

Contact aubois :
M^{me} Hélène Durand
36, rue des Cordeliers
10700 Arcis-sur-Aube
Tél. : 25.37.94.55
Tél. : 25.37.82.14

De gauche à droite : M. Pascal Yvernault, accompagnateur parisien de jeunes en Louisiane ; M. Jean Moisson, responsable de la commission audiovisuelle de l'association ; M^{me} Hélène Durand, présidente de la délégation auboise et M^{me} Louise Poloquin, docteur en linguistique appliquée, franco-américaine née en Nouvelle Angleterre

Une vingtaine de personnes ont suivi la conférence et le diaporama



Journal l'Est-Eclair 1997

8^e fête de la Francophonie

L'Aube pétillante de projets et d'échanges

Elle a débuté à la gare de Troyes vendredi soir, a fait une halte culturelle à l'hôtel Jean-de-Mauray hier, péchera et dansera aujourd'hui dimanche à la pisciculture de Voué : c'est la 8^e fête de la Francophonie.

L'organisatrice de ces journées, l'association France Louisiane Franco Américaine Champagne, tenait samedi son assemblée générale.

« C'est à la fois un exemple et un cocher, un cocher qui fouette » saluait Jean Cayol, vice-président de l'association nationale France Louisiane. Parce qu'elle a des idées, des initiatives, et qu'elle sait les mettre en œuvre, Hélène Durand et l'association France Louisiane Franco Américaine Champagne (FLFA) qu'elle préside sont parmi les plus dynamiques de France.

En ligne de mire de FLFA, « l'héritage culturel de nos voisins cajuns, acadiens, franco-américains ». Et pour préserver la francophonie, rien ne vaut les échanges.

Les jeunes Aubois aussi. C'est pourquoi une vingtaine d'étudiants louisianais et leurs pro-

fesseurs sillonnent aujourd'hui la campagne auboise avec les jeunes du mouvement rural de jeunesse chrétienne. L'année prochaine, ce sera une première en France, les jeunes Aubois partiront en Louisiane pour travailler dans les camps d'immersion du CODOPIL, Conseil pour le développement du français en Louisiane.

Ajoutez à cela les voyages organisés à la suite des échanges de la foire de Champagne, la venue d'une troupe folklorique « Renaissance canadienne » à Reims, la soirée au lycée Edouard Herriot ou celle de Thomas et Rita Robicheaux à Troyes, les conférences... On comprend bien que les Aubois pèlent de projets et n'aspirent

qu'au développement de leurs activités.

Un congrès à Troyes en 1990

Lors de son rapport moral, la présidente Hélène Durand, également coordinatrice nationale du congrès des villes jumelées, annonça des projets tout à l'honneur de la ville de Troyes.

Précédant le tricentenaire de la colonisation de la Louisiane qui sera fêté en 1999, un congrès des villes jumelées se déroulera en France à la fin du mois de juin l'année prochaine.

Ce congrès fera étape à Troyes du 26 au 28 juin. 200 à 400 Louisianais seront attendus !



Hélène Durand et Jean Cayol

Vu le retentissement de cette étape opportune, M^{me} Durand a proposé officiellement à la mairie, un jumelage entre Troyes et Alexandria, une ville au sommet du triangle de la Francophonie, en Louisiane.

Motte-Tilly et policiers

Mais l'association ne compte pas s'arrêter là. Elle tente également de jumeler le château de La Motte-Tilly avec Laura Plantation, et de lier des relations entre la future Maison de la Couture et le département textile de l'université L.S.U. de Baton Rouge (2 500 étudiants).

Sans négliger son désir d'organiser des voyages de pêche de policiers et pompiers en Louisiane.

Cet hiver est également prévu une soirée promotionnelle sur le tourisme américain.

Et le négoce ?

C'est fini ? Que nenni ? Car la FLFA Champagne a vu une baisse importante des subventions qui lui étaient allouées.

« Mais il faut rebondir, on ne va pas se laisser abattre ! », encourageait la présidente en levant la tête.

« Nous allons essayer de vendre des drapeaux, des autocollants, faire une loterie. Tout ce

petit négoce est indispensable pour que notre association continue à être présente et efficace dans la région ».

Présente et efficace ? Elle l'est en attendant les félicitations des adhérents et Jean Moisson, administrateur national de l'association, samedi à l'hôtel Jean-Mauray.

Aujourd'hui encore : vive la francophonie

A partir de 10 h, aujourd'hui dimanche, venez pêcher avec les Louisianais et les jeunes du MRJC à la pisciculture naturelle de Voué (nationale 77).

A midi : cérémonie officielle suivie d'un barbecue géant, animé par l'orchestre Cajun Express.

Musique et danse cajun l'après-midi.

La délégation américaine a été reçue hier par M. Serge Lardin, conseiller général d'Arcis, avant de dîner avec les Français et de grignoter les propos du conférencier Patrick Griolet. Nous y reviendrons plus longuement dans notre édition de lundi.



Il faisait beau, les Louisianais gambadaient dans la ville avec les jeunes Français : il y avait peu de monde de l'assemblée générale.



Joel Morneauult
June 4, 1931 - July 6, 2011 †

BANGOR and ST. JOHN VALLEY - Joel Morneauult, 80, husband of Lise (Levesque) Morneauult, died July 6, 2011, at his residence in Bangor. He was born June 4, 1931, in Madawaska, the oldest child of Abel D. Morneauult and Nelida (Martin) Morneauult. In addition to his wife of 53 years, Lise, he is survived by three children, Denise and husband, William Gehman, of Orrington, Mark and wife, Lisa (Pelletier), of Fort Kent and Lynn and husband, Steven Goulas Jr., of Windham, N.H.; and grandchildren, Michelle Davis and her husband, JT, Kelly Gehman, Kurtis and Kate Morneauult, and Steven III, Alexa and Dylan Goulas. Also surviving is a brother, Martin Morneauult of St David, a sister, Cecilia and her husband, Jim Plourde, of Mada-

waska; a sister-in-law, Rejeanne Momeault of Auburn; many nephews and nieces. He was predeceased by his parents, Abel and Nelida Morneauult; a brother, Elmer Morneauult of Auburn; and a sister-in-law, Doris Morneauult of St. David. Joel Morneauult's early studies were in the St. John Valley. In Madawaska he attended Evangeline and St. Thomas schools, in St. Basile, New Brunswick, he attended Academie St. Joseph; and in St. Agatha he attended Notre Dame de la Sagesse. He then attended Sacred Heart University, Bathurst, New Brunswick. This was followed by Boston Conservatory of Music, where he graduated with a bachelor's degree in music education and certificate in piano. This was followed by postgraduate studies at Boston University. His teaching career, for 31 years, was in the public schools as a band and choral director. He taught in Bucksport, Edmundston, New Brunswick, and Falmouth, and his last 18 years were in Fort Kent. Throughout these years, he also served as church organist and choir director. He had an honorary life membership with the Knights of Columbus and Joel was a third degree member of Council No. 1934 of Fort Kent. He was also a member of Maine State Retired Teachers Association, AGO-American Guild of Organists and Maine Music Educators Association. He played for dances for 35 years, banquets and weddings, including more than 600 receptions. He was

a composer of various works for piano, organ, choirs, Masses, and vocal solos. With their three children now on their own, he and his wife, Lise, now retired, resided in Bangor, where he worked for a few years at Coastal Music Store. In his retirement, Joel, as an ecumenical organist, served 35 different churches in the Bangor area with 12 different denominations. He had researched and completed genealogy on his family tree back to his first ancestor who arrived from France 300 years ago. He then wrote and published four volumes of biographical family histories: I-Morneault, II-Martin, III-Autobiography and IV-Levesque and Soucy. Being fluent in the French language he had served as a bilingual medium doing readings in French or English. He had done Mediumship Reading at various galleries and circles and also private. There will be no visiting hours. Funeral services will be held 11 a.m. Friday, July 15, at St. Louis Catholic Church, Fort Kent. There will be a reception after the service. Placement of the cremains will be in the columbarium at Mount Hope Cemetery, Bangor. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to Eastern Maine HomeCare, care of Healthcare Charities, P.O. Box 931, Bangor, ME 04402-0931. Those who wish may email written condolences to markm@pmd-cpa.com. <http://francoamericanarchives.org/?s=Joel+Morneault>

« *Le Vrai Crépuscule du Soir* »
par **Virginie SAND**

Le crépuscule est comme « a jewel » en anglais,
Un tellement jolie mot en français.
Le crépuscule vient entre le jour et la nuit,
Les lampes dans les rues commencent à s'allumer,
La Lumière dans les fenêtres se montre petit à petit,
La frontière entre « bonjour » et « bonne nuit, »
Le crépuscule est une Prière à l'Univers.
Le crépuscule est le temps de Magie,
Particulièrement pour les tribus de « Wabanaki, »
Quand le Voile entre les deux mondes devient léger,
Et puis on peut bien communiquer avec des fées,
Dès qu'on voit les derniers rayons du soleil,
Dès qu'on aperçoit les premiers rayons des étoiles,
Au delà le Voile.
Le crépuscule, mon mot favori du vocabulaire,
Moi, je ne suis pas d'accord avec Baudelaire,
Le crépuscule du soir est plus qu'un complice du criminel,
Il est le grand spectacle, la transformation du Ciel.
Le crépuscule du soir,
« It shows all that you are. »
Le crépuscule du soir réveille les animaux de nuit,
Comme les hiboux, les mouches à feu, et les chauves-souris,
Et le crépuscule du soir est la Porte de l'Esprit
Où tout le monde « can be free. »

« *The True Twilight* »
by **Virginia SAND**

Twilight is like "un bijou" in French,
A very pretty word in English.
Twilight comes between day and night,
The lamps in the streets begin to light up,
The Light in the windows appears little by little,
The border between "good day" and "good night,"
Twilight is a Prayer to the Universe.
Twilight is the time of Magic,
Especially for the Wabanaki tribes,
When the Veil between the two worlds becomes transparent,
And then we can well communicate with fairies,
As soon as we see the last rays of the sun,
As soon as we glimpse the first rays of the stars,
Beyond the Veil.
Twilight, my favorite vocabulary word,
Me, I do not agree with Baudelaire,
Twilight is more than an accomplice for the criminal,
It is the grand performance, the transformation of the Sky.
Twilight,
"Il montre toutes les choses que vous êtes"
Twilight awakes the animals of the night,
Like the owls, fireflies, and bats,
And twilight is the Door of the Spirit
Where everyone "peut être libre"

**POÉSIE/
POETRY**

Nouvelle association pour défendre et promouvoir la véracité historique sur l'histoire acadienne

Au début, le 31 mars 2009, sept historiens et mordus d'histoire acadienne issus de milieux bien différents en Acadie, au Québec et en Nouvelle-Angleterre, ont fondé une association pour défendre la véracité historique sur l'histoire acadienne sous tous ces aspects en particulier mais non exclusivement sur la période de la Déportation.

Ils se sont munis d'un conseil de direction et ont adopté comme nom, le 12 avril 2010, celui de la Société internationale Ventas Acadie (SIVA). Cette Société projette de recruter ses premiers adhérents lors de la publication prochaine du premier numéro de sa revue VERITAS ACADIE. Ceux qui voudraient se procurer ce premier numéro ou éventuellement s'y abonner, seront avisés dans des périodiques partout en Amérique du Nord et dans l'Europe francophone. Tous autres renseignements sur cette nouvelle société et sa revue y compris un site d'hébergement et une adresse contact électronique, figureront dans ledit tout premier numéro prévu pour le printemps 2012. Lors de sa toute dernière rencontre à Caraquet le 16 août 2011, la Société a aussi décidé d'entamer le processus d'un premier symposium sur l'histoire acadienne qui, le cas échéant, aurait lieu en 2014 à l'occasion de l'année du prochain Congrès Mondial Acadien. Ce qui suit constitue la mission et les objectifs de la Société internationale Veritas Acadie.

MISSION DE LA SOCIÉTÉ INTERNATIONALE VERITAS ACADIE

La Société internationale Veritas Acadie a pour mission de défendre et de promouvoir la véracité de la riche histoire acadienne à l'aide d'une solide documentation et plus particulièrement celle entourant la Déportation.

OBJECTIFS DE LA SOCIÉTÉ INTERNATIONALE VERITAS ACADIE

1. Défendre la véracité historique sur tous ses aspects de l'histoire acadienne pour encourager un regard bien documenté en particulier sur la Déportation
 - a) en divulguant tout ce qui touche à l'historiographie;
 - b) en corrigeant les erreurs factuelles et, le cas échéant, en offrant de nouvelles interprétations,
 - c) en faisant une critique de nouvelles parutions en histoire acadienne;
 - d) en examinant attentivement les motivations des révisionnistes et des détracteurs pour apporter un certain éclairage sur leur façon de vivre un événement que l'on voudrait qu'il ne soit jamais arrivé;
2. Encourager la publication de nouvelles pistes de recherche sur l'histoire acadienne de la Déportation en particulier eu égard aux archives qui n'ont jamais été consultées ou consultées à peine et qui pourraient jeter de nouvelles lumières sur l'histoire détaillée;
3. Faire connaître l'épopée glorieuse trop peu connue du peuple acadien en particulier mais non exclusivement celle racontée par les membres de la diaspora acadienne issue de la Déportation;
4. Faire reconnaître l'ancienne toponymie acadienne par les autorités compétentes ce qui pourrait constituer une réparation morale importante pour le rétablissement de la mémoire des victimes de la Déportation;
5. Organiser des symposiums et des commémorations particulières eu égard à l'histoire acadienne.

Avant-propos

Jugement historique qui donne enfin le mot juste

- Le meilleur guide qui puisse exister pour juger de la légalité de la Déportation des Acadiens -

La pratique de soumettre des questions aux juges des cours de common law pour connaître l'état du droit est aussi ancienne que la common law elle-même. Dès ses débuts, la doctrine portant sur la common law était annonciatrice de l'émergence de cette notion universelle de la *suprématie de la loi* où le roi devait être soumis à la fois à Dieu et à la loi. Cette prééminence doctrinale au pouvoir de la loi faisait en sorte qu'il fallait parfois requérir des opinions extrajudiciaires de juges des plus hautes instances pour reconnaître des limites à la prérogative royale. Ce procédé s'appelle un « renvoi judiciaire ».

Dans son renvoi du 28 juillet 1755, à Halifax, l'hon. Jonathan Belcher, juge en chef de la Nouvelle-Écosse, soumet, à la demande du lieutenant-gouverneur Charles Lawrence, des propos alléguant la légalité de déporter des Acadiens mais n'apporte aucune justification légale. L'on connaît les conséquences historiques de ce renvoi judiciaire signé par l'hon. Jonathan Belcher qui sont les déportations et le

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quasi-génocide de deux tiers du peuple acadien. Sollicité pour rendre une opinion extrajudiciaire, le juge Belcher ne devait que considérer des questions de droit à résoudre. Or, il paraîtrait qu'on lui aurait transmis une réponse donnant satisfaction au lieutenant-gouverneur, représentant en Nouvelle-Écosse de Sa Majesté George II, plutôt qu'à l'état du droit existant. Il s'avère qu'un juge dont l'opinion extrajudiciaire est non conforme à l'état du droit existant pouvait à l'époque être reconnu coupable d'une accusation portée contre lui et condamné à mort.

Dix-sept ans suivant ce renvoi fatidique du juge Belcher, un vigneron et sujet britannique des îles Baléares, du nom de Antonio Fabrigas, est arrêté, incarcéré et expulsé en Espagne sans procès par le gouverneur du lieu, Mostyn. Il s'ensuit une poursuite civile des plus intéressantes analysée par Maître Christian Néron, membre du Barreau, à la demande de la Société internationale Veritas Acadie, société qui veut, pour encourager un regard bien documenté, défendre la véracité historique sur tous les aspects de l'histoire acadienne, en particulier l'histoire de la Déportation. Selon Maître Néron, l'arrêt Fabrigas constitue au premier chef, le meilleur guide qui puisse exister en jurisprudence britannique et canadienne pour juger de la légalité de la Déportation des Acadiens. En tout cas, les motifs de Lord Mansfield constituent une décision de la plus haute importance pour rendre plus compréhensible ce qui advint au peuple acadien lors des événements fatidiques de 1755.

La *Société internationale Veritas Acadie* est heureux de vous présente ci-dessous une analyse introductive sur l'arrêt Fabrigas par Maître Christian Néron, du barreau du Québec.

Analyse introductive :

MAÎTRE CHRISTIAN NÉRON
L.L., LL.B., D.E.S., M.A.
Membre du Barreau du Québec

L'arrêt Fabrigas : le plus haut tribunal de l'Empire confirme le caractère criminel de l'exil et la déportation d'Antonio Fabrigas

Nulle décision de justice, de l'époque coloniale, ne peut mieux éclairer, sous l'angle strictement légal, les événements de 1755 survenus en Acadie, que la poursuite judiciaire, pour *False Imprisonment* et *Banishment*, entreprise par Antonio Fabrigas en 1772. La décision ayant été originellement publiée en 1814 dans la collection *State Trials*, elle peut aujourd'hui être consultée en ligne sur le site 1755.ca. (1) Chacun peut donc maintenant prendre connaissance d'une partie du procès, analyser les arguments justificatifs avancés par les quatre avocats du gouverneur Mostyn, ainsi que le jugement bien motivé et éclairant rendu par le Banc du roi (2) à Westminster Hall, confirmant le bien-fondé des réparations civiles octroyées à Fabrigas et rejetant unanimement tous les arguments du gouverneur Mostyn.

En plus d'être l'une des décisions les plus importantes jamais rendues en matière coloniale, ce jugement a ceci d'intéressant que la situation légale et constitutionnelle du demandeur Fabrigas était à peu près identique à celles des Acadiens. Antonio Fabrigas, vigneron habitant l'île de Minorque, était lui aussi sujet de Sa Majesté britannique. Au moment du traité d'Utrecht, en 1713, Minorque avait été cédée à l'Angleterre par le roi d'Espagne, comme l'Acadie l'avait été au même moment par le roi de France. L'île était administrée par un gouverneur en vertu d'une commission émanant du Grand Sceau de Sa Majesté. À l'été 1771, mécontent des démarches un peu houleuses entreprises par Fabrigas pour obtenir l'autorisation de vendre son vin, Mostyn a envoyé chez lui, le 1^e septembre au matin, une garde armée pour l'arrêter et le conduire en prison. Il a été gardé ainsi pendant six jours, puis expulsé en Espagne pour une période de douze mois. Le tout, sans aucune forme de procès.

Ayant trouvé moyen de se rendre à Londres pour réclamer justice, ses avocats entament une poursuite civile de 10,000 £ sterling contre Mostyn personnellement. Après un procès de plusieurs jours, un jury accueille sa réclamation et lui accorde des réparations de 3,000 £ et 90 £ de dépens. La somme est colossale. À l'époque, un ouvrier spécialisé pouvait s'estimer chanceux de toucher 50 £ par année. Mostyn se porte immédiatement en appel pour réclamer un nouveau procès, ce qui lui est refusé à l'unanimité. Il persiste et demande l'émission d'un bref d'erreur de droit (3) devant le Banc du roi. Ça lui est refusé. Ce sont les motifs de ce refus, rédigés par Lord Mansfield, (4) qui sont particulièrement intéressants, en ce sens qu'ils posent clairement les limites légales à la compétence de tout officier de Sa Majesté exerçant la fonction de gouverneur dans une dépendance ou une colonie.

Cette décision ne crée pas de principes nouveaux, mais elle est particulièrement importante du fait que le plus haut tribunal de l'Empire confirme l'état du droit relativement aux pouvoirs d'un gouverneur dans une dépendance ou une colonie. Donc, quelles limites le droit anglais de cette époque impose-t-il aux actes posés par un gouverneur ?

Premièrement, on constate que tout gouverneur n'est qu'un officier de Sa Majesté, et non pas un vice-roi. En tant qu'officier, ses compétences ne sont que celles qui lui sont octroyées dans sa commission. Il n'existe aucun principe de délégation générale des prérogatives du roi. Lord Mansfield écrit : quelle monstrueuse idée qu'un gouverneur pourrait, en vertu de ses lettres patentes, agir à son entière discrétion; ne rendre compte de ses actes qu'à Dieu ou à sa seule conscience; se comporter en monarque absolu; endommager, ravager, porter atteinte à l'intégrité corporelle et à la liberté d'autrui, et n'avoir aucun compte à rendre; bref, poser des gestes que Sa Majesté elle-même ne pourrait aucunement justifier en vertu de la loi ou de ses prérogatives. Rien de cela n'existe.

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Deuxièmement, un gouverneur n'a même pas compétence légale de poser un acte qui serait explicitement autorisé par ses lettres patentes si Sa Majesté, par méprise ou par erreur, avait elle-même excédé ses propres limites légales. En ce cas, un gouverneur sera pleinement responsable de tout dommage qui pourrait résulter d'un tel acte. Une autorisation explicite de Sa Majesté ne pourra donc jamais justifier la commission d'un acte illégal. S'il y a mort d'homme suite à un acte regrettable, un gouverneur ne pourra pas non plus présenter ses lettres patentes pour éviter de répondre de ses actes sur l'échafaud.

Troisièmement, lorsqu'un acte est en soi légal, mais non autorisé par ses lettres patentes, le gouverneur engagera quand même sa responsabilité civile si un justiciable en subit des dommages.

Quatrièmement, tout gouverneur peut être envoyé devant les assises criminelles en Angleterre pour la perpétration d'un acte de trahison ou d'un meurtre dans n'importe quelle dépendance ou colonie de Sa Majesté. Pour un cas de trahison, il peut même s'agir d'un acte posé n'importe où dans le monde.

Donc, *Fabrigas v. Mostyn* constitue une décision de la plus haute importance, d'abord parce qu'elle confirme l'état du droit relatif aux compétences des gouverneurs, et en second lieu parce qu'il s'agit du meilleur guide qui puisse exister pour juger de la validité du Renvoi judiciaire rédigé par le juge en chef Jonathan Belcher (5) le 28 juillet 1755 et de la légalité des décisions prises par la suite par le gouvernement de la Nouvelle-Écosse. La décision rendu dans l'arrêt *Fabrigas* peut être consultée en ligne sur le site 1755.ca.

Notes infrapaginales :

1. 1755.ca est le site d'hébergement de la Société internationale Veritas Acadie fondée le 31 mars 2009.

2. À l'époque, le « Banc du roi » était la cour suprême de la Grande-Bretagne.

3. Un « bref d'erreur de droit » était un appel sur une question de droit.

4. Lord Mansfield, d'origine écossaise, était le plus réputé juriste du 18e siècle et l'un des plus grands de toute l'histoire juridique de l'Angleterre. Il devint juge en chef du royaume le 8 novembre 1756.

Revised Footnote 5 for French Version

5. Certains avancent que Jonathan Belcher n'aurait pas été l'auteur véritable du « renvoi » pour la défense de l'honneur de la Couronne et du Parlement britanniques. Bien que le gouvernement de la Nouvelle-Écosse ait été tout premier, dans notre histoire constitutionnelle, à faire appel à la procédure de renvoi pour solliciter l'opinion judiciaire d'un juge de common law, il est vraisemblable que les opinions exprimées dans ce premier renvoi aient été rédigées par l'enon-juriste Charles Morris, qui n'avait jamais mis les pieds dans une école de droit mais qui était quand même juge de paix et juge attributaire de common plea. Le juge en chef Jonathan Belcher n'aurait apposé qu'une signature de complaisance par laquelle il a indirectement autorisé le gouvernement de la Nouvelle-Écosse à déporter les Acadiens. Bien étrange que le gouvernement canadien ait arrêté son choix sur le 28 juillet comme « Journée de commémoration du Grand Dérapement » puisque la date du « renvoi » du juge en chef de la Nouvelle-Écosse tombait justement le 28 juillet 1755.

NEW ASSOCIATION TO DEFEND AND PROMOTE HISTORICAL TRUTH IN ACADIAN HISTORY

At the outset, on March 31st, 2009 seven historians and Acadian history buffs from various backgrounds in Acadie, Quebec and New England, founded an association to defend historical truth in Acadian history in all its aspects, in particular, but not exclusively, in regard to the period of the Deportation. Together they formed an Executive Board and adopted on April 12th, 2010 the name SOCIÉTÉ INTERNATIONALE VERITAS ACADIE (SIVA). The Société plans to recruit its first members at the time of the forthcoming publication of the first issue of its journal *VERITAS ACADIE*.

Those who would like to get a copy of this first issue or eventually subscribe, will be notified in periodicals throughout Francophone North America and Europe. All other information about this new Société and its publication including contact information, will be announced in the said first issue slated for the Spring of 2012. At its latest meeting in Caraquet on August 16th, 2011, the Société also began the process of a first symposium on Acadian history which, should the need arise, take place in 2014 on the occasion of the next World Acadian Congress. What follows are the mission and objectives of the *Société internationale Veritas Acadie*:

MISSION OF LA SOCIÉTÉ INTERNATIONALE VERITAS ACADIE

The mission of the *Société internationale Veritas Acadie* is to defend and promote the truth in regard to the rich Acadian history with the help of substantial documentation particularly as to the Deportation.

OBJECTIVES OF LA SOCIÉTÉ INTERNATIONALE VERITAS ACADIE

1. To defend the historical truth in all aspects of Acadian history in order to encourage a well-documented appraisal especially in regard to the Deportation:

a) By disclosing everything that relates to historiography;

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- b) By correcting factual errors and, if the need arises, by offering new interpretations
 - c) By a critique of new publications in Acadian history;
 - d) By closely examining the motives of revisionists and detractors in order to provide some insight into their way of interpreting an event which we would like never to have happened,
2. To encourage the publication of new research approaches as to the history of the Acadian Deportation in particular with regard to the archives that have never been consulted or barely consulted and which could shed new light on detailed history;
 3. To further the popularity of the glorious epic too little known of the Acadian people in particular but not exclusively the one shared by members of the Acadian diaspora, the product of the Deportation,
 4. To ensure recognition by relevant authorities of the old Acadian geographical names, a process which could constitute an important moral redress, so that the memory of the victims of the Deportation may be restored, and
 5. To organize symposiums and specific commemorations in regard to the history of the Acadians,

FOREWORD

Landmark ruling that finally has relevancy

- The best guide that can exist to judge the legality of the Deportation of Acadians -

The practice of submitting questions to common-law judges in order to establish the state of the law is as old as common law itself. From its inception, the doctrine of the common law was a harbinger of the emergence of this universal notion called *the rule of law* when the king had to submit to both God and the law. This doctrinal supremacy accorded to the power of the law made it sometimes necessary to request extra-judicial opinions of judges of the highest courts in order to recognize limits to the royal prerogative. This process is called a procedure of judicial reference.

In his judicial reference of July 28th, 1755 in Halifax, Hon. Jonathan Belcher, Chief Justice of the Nova Scotia, at the request of Lieutenant-Governor Charles Lawrence, alleged the legality of deporting the Acadians but provided no legal justification. The known and historical consequences of this judicial reference, signed by the Hon. Jonathan Belcher, are the ensuing deportations of the Acadians and the quasi-genocide of two-thirds of the Acadian people. Solicited to give an extra-judicial opinion, Justice Belcher had but to resolve points of law. However, it would seem that he was forwarded an already made-up response satisfactory to the Lieutenant-Governor as representative of His Majesty George II in Nova Scotia, rather than confirming the state of the law in existence. It so happens that a judge whose extra-judicial opinion does not conform to the state of the law could at the time be convicted of a charge against him and be sentenced to death.

Seventeen years after that fateful judicial reference of Chief Justice Belcher, a wine-producer and British subject of the Balearic Islands, named Antonio Fabrigas, was arrested, imprisoned and deported to Spain without trial by the local Governor, Mostyn. A most interesting civil suit ensued analysed below by Maître Christian Neron, a member of the Quebec Bar, at the request of the *Société internationale Veritas Acadie*, a society that wants, in order to encourage a well-documented appraisal, to defend the historical truth in all aspects of Acadian history, especially the history of Acadian Deportation. According to Maître Neron, the Fabrigas Ruling is first and foremost the best guide that can exist in British and Canadian case law to judge the legality of the deportation of the Acadians. In any case, the reasons for judgment given by Lord Mansfield constitute a decision of the utmost importance to render more meaningful what happened to the Acadian people during the tragic events of 1755.

The Société internationale Veritas Acadie is pleased to lay before you the « Introductory analysis » of the Fabrigas Ruling by Maître Christian Neron of the Quebec Bar.

Introductory Analysis:

**Maître Christian Neron
LL., LL.B, D.E.S., M.A.
Member of the Quebec Bar**

The Fabrigas Ruling: the highest court of the Empire confirms the criminal nature of the exile and deportation of Antonio Fabrigas.

No court ruling from the colonial period can better inform, strictly in legal terms, the events of 1755 that occurred in Acadie, than the legal action taken in 1772 by Antonio Fabrigas for false imprisonment and banishment. The decision that was originally published in 1814 in the collection of « State Trials » can nowadays be consulted on line at 1755 ca (1). Anyone can now take into consideration the pertinent part of the trial, analyze the supporting arguments put forward by the four lawyers of

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Governor Mostyn, as well as the justifiable and insightful ruling rendered by the King's Bench (2) at Westminster Hall. This ruling confirmed the validity of compensations awarded to Fabrigas and unanimously threw out the arguments of Governor Mostyn.

In addition to being one of the most important rulings ever handed down in colonial matters, this decision is interesting in that the legal and constitutional situation of the plaintiff Fabrigas was about identical to that of the Acadians. Antonio Fabrigas, wine-producer lived on Minorca in the Balearic Islands when it was subject of Her Britannic Majesty Queen Anne. At the time of Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Minorca was ceded to England by the King of Spain. By the same treaty Acadie was also ceded to England by the King of France. The island was administered by a governor in accordance with a commission issued under the Great Seal of the British monarch. In the summer of 1771, dissatisfied with the stormy steps undertaken by Fabrigas to get approval to sell his wine, Mostyn sent an armed guard at the home of Fabrigas on the morning of September 1st, to arrest and incarcerate him. He was held in custody for 6 days then deported to Spain for a period of twelve months, without due process whatsoever.

Having found a way to go to London to claim justice, his lawyers began a civil suit for 10,000 pounds sterling against Mostyn personally. Subsequent to a trial of several days, a jury agreed with the claimant and granted him 3,000 pounds sterling for damages and 90 pounds sterling for costs. The sum was enormous. For example, at that time a skilled worker could count himself lucky to get 50 pounds a year. Mostyn immediately appealed for a new trial which was unanimously denied. He persisted and requested the issuance of a writ of error in law (3) before the King's Bench. It was denied. What is most interesting are the reasons given for the refusal written by Lord Mansfield (4) in that they set down clear legal limits to the jurisdiction of any officer of His Majesty exercising the function of governor in a dependency or a colony.

This decision does not create any new principle, but it is particularly important that the highest court of the Empire confirms the law relating the powers of a governor in a colony or dependency. Therefore at this period of history what limits does English law impose on the actions of a governor?

First of all, we note that a governor is an officer of the Crown and not a viceroy. As an officer, his jurisdiction is only that which is granted by his commission. There is no general principle of delegation of the royal prerogative. Lord Mansfield wrote: What a monstrous idea that a governor could by virtue of his letters patent have acted in his sole discretion, accountable for his acts only to God or to his sole conscience; to behave as an absolute monarch; to harm, to ravage, to destroy, to undermine the corporal integrity and the freedom of others and have no accountability whatsoever, to wit, to do things that even His Majesty himself could not justify under any law or prerogative. None of this exists.

Second, a governor does not even have jurisdiction to commit an act which would be explicitly authorized by his letters patent if His Majesty, by mistake or by error, had himself exceeded his own legal limits. In this case, a governor will be fully responsible for any damage that may result from such an act. Explicit permission from His Majesty can never justify the commission of an unlawful act. If there is loss of life as in the case of the unfortunate result of an act, a governor cannot present his letters patent at the scaffold to avoid answering for his actions.

Third, when an act is in itself legal, but not authorized by letters patent, the governor still incurs civil liability if a defendant sustains damages.

Fourth, any governor can be sent before the criminal court in England for the perpetration of an act of treason or murder in any dependency or colony of His Majesty. For a case of treason it could even be an act committed anywhere in the world.

So Fabrigas v. Mostyn constitutes a decision of paramount importance, first because it confirms the law relative to the jurisdiction of governors, and secondly because it is the best guide that can exist to judge the validity of the judicial reference handed down by Chief Justice Jonathan Belcher on July 28th, 1755 (5) and to judge the legality of decisions taken subsequently by the government of Nova Scotia. The decision rendered in the Fabrigas Ruling can be found on line at the website 1755.ca

FOOTNOTES:

1) 1755.ca is the website of the Société internationale Veritas Acadie which was founded on March 31st, 2009.

2) At the time, the King's Bench was the supreme court in Great Britain.

3) A writ of error in law, was an appeal on a question of law.

4) Lord Mansfield, of Scottish origin, was the most famous jurist in the 18th century and one of the most able in the entire legal history of England. He became Chief Justice of the Kingdom on November 8th, 1756.

5) Some argue that Jonathan Belcher would not have been the true author of the judicial reference for defending the honor of the British Crown and Parliament. Though the government of Nova Scotia was the very first in our constitutional history to carry out a judicial reference procedure in order to seek an extra-judicial opinion from a common-law judge, it seems convincing that the opinions expressed in this first judicial reference were meticulously written by the non-jurist Charles Morris who never set foot in a law school but who still was justice of the peace and judge at the court of common plea. Chief Justice Jonathan Belcher would have appended but his signature of convenience which indirectly authorized the Government of Nova Scotia to deport the Acadians. Very strange that the Canadian Government has settled on July 28th, as the « day of commemoration of the Grand Dérangement » because the « judicial reference » of the Chief Justice of Nova Scotia fell exactly on July 28th, 1755.





Les coutumes de la Messe de Minuit la Veille de Noël et du Réveillon qui suivait, ou on fêtait et ouvrait les présents que le Père Noël nous avait laissés sont choses du passé. Santa Claus a pris la place, avec son matérialisme qui avance à grands pas sur nombreux fronts.

De mes 7 frères et six sœurs encore vivants, je regrette de croire que la très grande majorité, et leurs familles, ne vont même pas à la messe, même s'ils sont tous et toutes de braves et bonnes gens.

En fait d'activités hivernales de Noël et Jour de l'AN, Yvonne et moi, bien qu'à la retraite, seront passablement actifs à encourager divers groupes avec lesquels on est impliqué depuis plusieurs années par notre présence et plusieurs contributions.

Yvonne a décoré l'intérieur de la maison pour Noël, modérément à cause du chien Cody, pour limiter les dégâts. Je m'attends à poser les lumières extérieures de Noël, dans le fer forgé du perron avant, aujourd'hui ou demain.

Le 12 novembre, on a visionné à la télé la parade du Père Noël qui se déroulait à Winnipeg (notre petite fille Katrina de 24 ans en faisait partie), et le 20 novembre (2011) on visionna la parade du Père Noël provenant de Toronto, la meilleure au Monde, qu'on dit.

Le 14 novembre (2011), on déposa 3 manteaux d'hiver à la paroisse de la Cathédrale de Saint-Boniface, et un chèque envers des projets missionnaires destiné au Laos. Les pratiques de la chorale de la Cathédrale pour les messes de Noël et du Jour de l'an ont déjà commencé le mercredi. On se joindra aux pratiques tantôt, quand notre présence sera des plus utiles. Yvonne et notre fils René, le «papa» du chien Cody qu'on héberge chez nous, suivent des sessions d'entraînement avec Cody les mercredi soirs jusqu'à la mi-décembre.

Le 5 décembre, on ira à une fête de Noël



Gilbert et Yvonne Laberge

au Archwood Community Centre avec le groupe d'ainé(e)s anglophone Archwood 55 Plus. Lafête se déroulera autour d'un dîner à midi servi par des pourvoyeurs, permettant aux bénévoles un petit repos bien mérité. J'ai l'habitude de prêtermain forte après ces rencontres avec les tables et les chaises.

Le 13 décembre, on ira à une autre fête de Noël au même Centre Archwood, avec le groupe aîné Seine River Seniors cette fois-ci. On m'a demandé récemment de jouer le rôle de Santa Claus après de dîner de midi, et d'animer les convives avec du chant de la saison (dans les deux langues officielles de notre pays); et j'ai l'intention d'y mettre une petite tournure religieusement historique.

Le 17 décembre, mon frère Léo, son épouse Sylvia et leurs deux enfants adultes, vont de nouveau recevoir une dizaine de ma parenté (frères, sœurs, époux, épouses) chez eux à Selkirk East (55 kilomètres au nord de Winnipeg) pour une soirée genre réveillon avec gentillesse, mets partagés, breuvages, chocolats, petits jouets, suivi de jeux et de cadeaux échangés. La soirée commencera à 16h00, le souper à 18h00, et le tout se terminera vers les 22h00.

Le 18 décembre, nous irons souper au Club Éclipse pour 17h30, un club aîné de 74 francophones. Le pourvoyeur est le mari de la présidente du club. La salle est toujours comble à 100 personnes pour cette activité annuelle. Le repas sera suivi de chants de la saison en français, et peut-être en latin.

Le 24 décembre au soir, on s'en dimanche de nos plus beaux atouts. Je sors

ma meilleure habit du garde-robe entrepôt. On chante dans la chorale, de nos plus belles voix, pour une demi-heure dès 23h30, puis on entonne le Minuit Chrétien et la Messe de Minuit avec une Foi à faire lever les bardeaux. La Cathédrale de Saint-Boniface va être pleine à craquer, et les convives vont participer à plein cœur. J'ai hâte de goûter à ce refiet de Foi Vécue. Après la Messe de Minuit, tous et chacun seront encouragés de continuer la fête à leurs façons individuelles.

Le 25 décembre à 16 heures, notre famille immédiate se rencontre cette année chez notre plus vieux garçon André, à quelques kilomètres au nord des limites de la ville de Winnipeg, à environ 30 minutes de chez nous, pour un souper partagé à la dinde. Il y aura patates pilées, farce, sauce canneberges, légumes, sauce à la dinde, salades, petits pains à blé entier, breuvages, vin, café, et desserts. On sera environ une douzaine autour de la table. Le souper sera suivi d'échanges de nouvelles et de mises à jour sur divers projets en cours.

Le 1er janvier 2012, la pratique de la chorale à 10h15 sera suivie de la messe de 11h00 avec les chants du Jour de l'An. La bénédiction du Nouvel An en Famille n'est malheureusement plus recherchée, ni voulue. Alors on ne pourra pas partir la nouvelle année sur le meilleur pied.

Celles-ci seront nos principales activités de la saison.

À la prochaine, et Joyeux Noël.



*Gilbert et Yvonne Laberge
Winnipeg, Manitoba*

NOËL

Le jour de Thanksgiving (journée d'action de grâce, le quatrième jeudi de novembre) marque le début de la saison de Noël. C'est le jour que Père Noël (Santa Claus) arrive aux magasins, bien que les marchands anticipent souvent la saison. On voit, de plus en plus, les décorations apparaître avant Thanksgiving.

C'est aussi le jour que le sanctuaire de Notre Dame de LaSalette à Attleboro (au sud-est du Massachusetts) allume les lumières. Chaque année, ils décorent le sanctuaire selon un thème avec des milliers d'ampoules et de bougies (environ 8 à 10 milles). C'est un véritable festin de couleurs et de musique (cantiques de Noël). Ça attire des gens de partout. C'est un endroit favori pour les familles avec des jeunes.

Barbara et moi, nous servons comme huissiers au théâtre Trinity Repertory Company à Providence, Rhode Island depuis 26 ans. Chaque année, ils interprètent Christmas Carol de Charles Dickens. Bien que c'est la même pièce chaque année, c'est intéressant de voir comment c'est rédigée et interprétée chaque année. Ce n'est jamais exactement le même. Nous irons vendredi, le 2 décembre.

Il y a deux corps de ballet à Providence. Un interprète Casse Noisette de Tchaikovsky en décembre et l'autre interprète Coppélia de Delibes. L'année passée, on a assisté à Coppélia. La fille d'une amie était une des danseuses principales.

Comme j'interprète la guerre révolutionnaire américaine, les services de mon régiment sont en demande pendant cette saison. Samedi, le 3, nous participerons à l'illumination de l'arbre de Noël à Providence. Les Daughters of the American Revolution nous invitent toujours à leurs aider à la maison Daggett, une maison historique à Pawtucket, Rhode Island. Elles ouvrent la maison pour les visiteurs pendant le festival de Noël dans le parc voisin les samedis et dimanches de décembre. Je par-

ticiperai aussi à interpréter le Boston Tea Party qui aura lieu le 11. C'est toujours une soirée agréable et le public participe vivement.

C'est aussi la saison pour les festins. Mon club Richelieu aura son dîner le 8 et le 10, nous irons visiter des amis qui invitent tous leurs amis chez eux. Ils ont une maison pleine de gens. Le 17, c'est le bal de Noël où nous allons danser d'habitude. Et le lendemain, les organisateurs du bal nous invitent chez eux pour la soirée. C'est une occasion pour rencontrer et parler avec des gens qu'on voit assez souvent mais qu'on n'a pas occasion pour s'entretenir pour longtemps. C'est toujours une belle fête.

Je suis l'ainé de huit dont deux habitent en Californie. Les autres sont dispersés dans la Nouvelle Angleterre. On se réunit la veille de Noël pour célébrer en famille. Le jour de Noël même, on célèbre avec notre propre famille ou on va visiter les beaux parents. Quand on a commencé cette tradition de célébrer la veille, on a décidé de prendre chacun notre tour, commençant avec l'ainé. Cette année, on se réunit chez ma sœur à Manchester, New Hampshire.

On commence tôt l'après-midi pour donner l'occasion à ceux qui ont des jeunes ou qui voyagent plus loin pour retourner chez-eux sans s'étourdir. L'hôte prépare l'entrée et nous amenons tous soit la salade, les légumes, le dessert, etc. On échange des cadeaux et comme on a plusieurs fêtes de naissance autour de Noël, on échange aussi des cadeaux de fête de naissance.

Des fois, nous allons à la messe de la vigile de Noël avant le repas. Quand j'étais jeune, nous allions à la messe de minuit. Mais on n'a plus de messe de minuit. On dit la messe de minuit à 22:00h. à présent. Tout



*Norman et Barbara Desmarais et Lucas leur petit fils
Lucas né 21 novembre, 2011.*

de même, nous allons à la messe le jour de Noël. Comme nous ne sommes que nous deux à la maison, on n'a plus de jeunes excités pour nous éveiller avant l'aube. Notre plus jeune vient d'avoir son bébé alors il est trop jeune pour s'apercevoir ce qui se passe. Noël prochain sera tout à fait différent!

Le jour de Noël, les nouveaux parents viendront fêter Noël chez nous. Quand j'étais jeune, un Noël blanc était l'idéal mais il devient de plus en plus rare. Autour de Noël, nous voyageons aux alentours pour regarder les décorations.

La veille du jour de l'an, on avait l'habitude d'aller au bal mais il n'y en a pas cette année à notre endroit préféré. Probablement, nous passerons la veille à la maison avec quelques amis.

La Ligue des Franco-Américains a commencé à célébrer la Fête des Rois à New Bedford (Massachusetts) il y a deux ans. Nous irons le 8 janvier. On sert la soupe aux pois et la tourtière ou du poulet. Le groupe musical s'appelle Fleur de Lis et ils joueront la musique franco-canadienne y compris des quadrilles. On a eu un beau temps l'an dernier. On attend pareil.

***Norman Desmarais
Professor Emeritus
Providence College***



*Une maison historique dans ma ville
avec des décorations de Noël.*

FOR RENT

All year long in France, Northern Bretagne, Granit Rose Coast, Plestin Les Grèves, 50 km east of St Brieuc, a nice 2 room apartment (1 bedroom, bed for two adults) one living room, including a sofa that makes a bed for 2 people; including an American kitchen fully equipped (oven, vitro-ceramic cooking plaques, microwave, coffeemaker, vacuum cleaner, washer and dryer, and a beautiful bathroom and shower, very cozy.

The area is one of the most beautiful along the French coast, due to the fact that nature has been fully preserved, and the white sand beaches, and rocky coasts are never crowded.

The apartment is located 5 minutes on foot from down town, and the beaches are 5 minutes by car (3km). The central village, has banks, pharmacies, one market, doctors, restaurants, one cinema, and is close to any place in Bretagne, like the Tregor with its magnifiscent cathedral (35 km)

The Villages of Breton are built with pink granite stones, and the orthensias flowers are smiling all season long The region is a festival of flowers of many kinds.

Daily flights from Paris to St Brieuc or to Lannion or an easy train ride from Paris.

Many activities from nautical, to hiking on the Sentier des douaniers, fishing, swimming, jogging, surfing, kite-surfing, and so many concerts with local choirs.

Summer: June July August 450 Euros per week including 45 for *Le Forum*

Spring and fall. 350 Euros per week including 35 for *Le Forum*

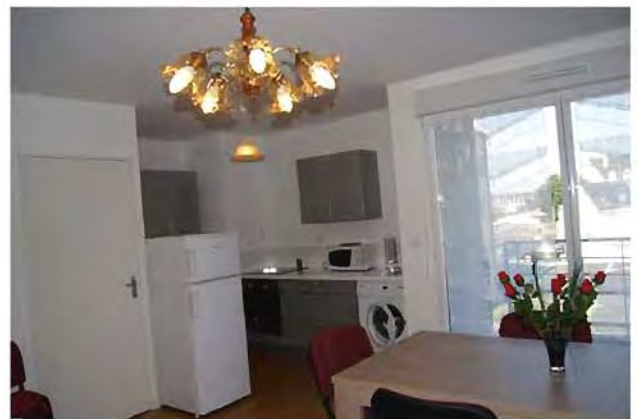
For Information or to make your reservation, contact:

Michel Lacaux

Lothiers-gare 36350 La Pérouille

France 02 54 25 89 97

Lacaux47@gmail.com



Nos Histoires de l'Île Scholarship Recipients Chosen for 2011

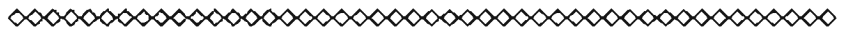


*Angeline Renée Laliberté & FAROG
student Advisor Lisa Desjardins Michaud*

Spring 2011 Recipient:

Angeline Renée Laliberté

Angeline is originally from Jackson Maine and is currently enrolled in the Nursing program. She aspires in getting her RN degree and then her Masters. She enjoys horseback riding, music, singing and playing the piano.



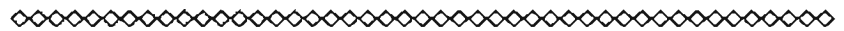
Fall 2011 Recipients:

Sarah Gagnon



Sarah M Gagnon

Sarah Gagnon is from Durham, Maine. She attended Brunswick High School. She's worked at the Gap Factory Store in Freeport, Maine for four years. She transferred here from Lasell college in Massachusetts after her first year there. Sarah is now a junior Marketing major here at UMaine. Sarah spends many hours doing community service and she loves art.



Joachim Parent



Joachim Parent

Joachim Parent is from Hamlin, Maine. He graduated salutatorian of the class of 2009 from Van Buren District School with a GPA of 4.0. He was a member of the National Honor Society, Van Buren Chess Team and Pep Band. He also participated in several speech competitions, including the VFW's Voice of Democracy program, which he won in his district and was the state runner-up. He also participated in the "Concours Oratoire", a regional French speech competition in which he placed second.

He is currently studying mechanical engineering at the University of Maine in Orono. After obtaining his Engineering degree he wishes to pursue a master's degree in business administration. He works as a tutor for physics and calculus.

He is Captain of his Intramural Volleyball team.

The FAROG (Franco-American Resource Opportunity Group) in collaboration with Nos Histoires de l'Île offer scholarships to Franco-American students attending the University of Maine in Orono.

If you would like to make a donation towards our Franco-American Scholarship Fund please contact the groups advisor, Lisa Michaud at 110 Crossland Hall, Orono, ME 04469 or via email at: Lisa_Michaud@umit.maine.edu



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THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

The University of Maine Office of Franco American Affairs was founded in 1972 by Franco American students and community volunteers. It subsequently became the Franco American Centre.

From the onset, its purpose has been to introduce and integrate the Maine and Regional Franco American Fact in post-secondary academe and in particular the University of Maine.

Given the quasi total absence of a base of knowledge within the University about this nearly one-half of the population of the State of Maine, this effort has sought to develop ways and means of making this population, its identity, its contributions and its history visible on and off campus through seminars, workshops, conferences and media efforts — print and electronic.

The results sought have been the redressing of historical neglect and ignorance by returning to Franco Americans their history, their language and access to full and healthy self realizations. Further, changes within the University's working, in its structure and curriculum are sought in order that those who follow may experience cultural equity, have access to a culturally authentic base of knowledge dealing with French American identity and the contribution of this ethnic group to this society.

MISSION

- To be an advocate of the Franco-American Fact at the University of Maine, in the State of Maine and in the region, and
- To provide vehicles for the effective and cognitive expression of a collective, authentic, diversified and effective voice for Franco-Americans, and
- To stimulate the development of academic and non-academic program offerings at the University of Maine and in the state relevant to the history and life experience of this ethnic group and
- To assist and support Franco-Americans in the actualization of their language and culture in the advancement of careers, personal growth and their creative contribution to society, and
- To assist and provide support in the creation and implementation of a concept of pluralism which values, validates and reflects affectively and cognitively the Multicultural Fact in Maine and elsewhere in North America, and
- To assist in the generation and dissemination of knowledge about a major Maine resource — the rich cultural and language diversity of its people.

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

Le Bureau des Affaires franco-américaines de l'Université du Maine fut fondé en 1972 par des étudiants et des bénévoles de la communauté franco-américaine. Cela devint par conséquent le Centre Franco-Américain.

Dès le départ, son but fut d'introduire et d'intégrer le Fait Franco-Américain du Maine et de la Région dans la formation académique post-secondaire et en particulier à l'Université du Maine.

Étant donné l'absence presque totale d'une base de connaissance à l'intérieur même de l'Université, le Centre Franco-Américain s'efforce d'essayer de développer des moyens pour rendre cette population, son identité, ses contributions et son histoire visible sur et en-dehors du campus à travers des séminaires, des ateliers, des conférences et des efforts médiatiques — imprimé et électronique.

Le résultat espéré est le redressement de la négligence et de l'ignorance historique en retournant aux Franco-Américains leur histoire, leur langue et l'accès à un accomplissement personnel sain et complet. De plus, des changements à l'intérieur de l'académie, dans sa structure et son curriculum sont nécessaires afin que ceux qui nous suivent puisse vivre l'expérience d'une justice culturelle, avoir accès à une base de connaissances culturellement authentique qui miroite l'identité et la contribution de ce groupe ethnique à la société.

OBJECTIFS: 1 – D'être l'avocat du Fait Franco-Américain à l'Université du Maine, dans l'État du Maine et dans la région.

2 – D'offrir des véhicules d'expression affective et cognitive d'une voix franco-américaine effective, collective, authentique et diversifiée.

3 – De stimuler le développement des offres de programmes académiques et non-académiques à l'Université du Maine et dans l'État du Maine, relatant l'histoire et l'expérience de la vie de ce groupe ethnique.

4 – D'assister et de supporter les Franco-Américains dans l'actualisation de leur langue et de leur culture dans l'avancement de leurs carrières, de l'accomplissement de leur personne et de leur contribution créative à la société.

5 – D'assister et d'offrir du support dans la création et l'implémentation d'un concept de pluralisme qui value, valide et reflète effectivement et cognitivement le fait dans le Maine et ailleurs en Amérique du Nord

6 – D'assister dans la création et la publication de la connaissance à propos d'une ressource importante du Maine — la riche diversité