

Spring 2012

Le FORUM, Vol. 35 No. 4

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Recommended Citation

Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice, Lisa; King, Annette Paradis; Blesso, Jacqueline Chamberland; Duval, Raymond A.; Eno, Don; Rush, Monsieur Harry Jr.; Chabot, Greg; Héroux, Ronald Gérard; Labore, Henry J. Jr.; Kegley, Alice; Sherman, Louise; Ouellet, Jeannine; Sand, Virginie; (DeRaps) Muzeroll, Marie Bernadette; LeTendre, Géri; LaCor, Tex; Gélinas, Alice; Marceau, Albert J.; Emond, Charles John; and DeRaps, Ernest G., "Le FORUM, Vol. 35 No. 4" (2012). *Le FORUM Journal*. 33.
https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum/33

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Le FORUM



VOLUME 35, #4

SPRING/SUMMER 2012
PRINTEMPS/ÉTÉ 2012



*Photo submitted by Annette Paradis King
Gouldsboro, ME*

New Websites:

**<http://www.francolib.francoamerican.org/>
[francoamericanarchives.org](http://www.francoamericanarchives.org)**

other pertinent websites to check out -

**Les Français d'Amérique / French In America
Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002**

http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html

Franco-American Women's Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>

The French Connection:

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





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Volume 35, Numéro 4
SPRING/PRINTEMPS
2012
Éditeur/Publisher
Yvon A. Labbé

Rédactrice/Gérante/Managing Editor
Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Mise en page/Layout
Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Composition/Typesetting
Lisa Desjardins Michaud

Aide Technique
Lisa Desjardins Michaud
Yvon Labbé

Tirage/Circulation/4,500

Imprimé chez/Printed by

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, Maine

Publié 4 fois l'an par le Centre Franco-Américain.

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

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

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

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

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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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Organisation/Organizations — Bibliothèque/Library: \$40

Le FORUM

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719



To Ye editor, From Guy Dubay

The Saint John Valley is different - or was different. I learn that from reading Robert Rumilly's "Histoire des Franco-Américains".

Sure like the Franco-American cities, the Saint John Valley had French speaking priests and nuns, just like the French parishes of St. Pierre et Saint Paul of Lewiston, Saint François de Sales of Waterville, Saint André and St. Joseph of Biddeford, Saint Jean-Baptiste de Brunswick.

But these were "national" parishes.

From le "Guide Officiel Franco-Américain" I learn of four French National Churches in Chicago, a city with dozens and dozens of Catholic parish. I learn of St. Joseph and Ste Anne parish founded in 1889; Saint Jean-Baptiste in 1892, Saint-Louis-de France in 1886 and Notre-Dame in 1887. These parishes had no strict boundaries - a "National church is either, French, or Polish, or Italian or Irish etc.

The difference there is that they were all established as "National" parishes without parish boundaries., but in the Saint John Valley our parishes were "territorial - There are boundaries set up between them. People of various neighborhoods go to the church of their nationality even if it is in

another part of the city. They go there to hear sermons preached in their language.

In Franco-American Maine, at one point the Bishop of Portland began to assign Irish-English speaking priests to the French National parishes.. At one point he even threatened to shut down the French built convent in Biddeford..

Under Maine law in which the Bishop of Portland is " A Corporation Sole" (corporation comprised of one person only) all church property technically belongs to the bishop. By this law the bishop has power to shut down a French convent and after the French sisters leave he can re-open it with Irish nuns. This was the spark that raised issues in Biddeford.

There is a record at the registry of deeds in Fort Kent where the Archbishop of Quebec deeds all his church property in the St. John Valley to the Bishop of Portland. (St. Luce and St. Bruno had once been deeded by the Church Wardens of those parishes to the Bishop of Boston when after the Treaty of Washington, these parishes had become part of American territory.

But the Saint John Valley, while being served all the time by French speaking priests educated in Quebec seminaries never took part in the Franco-American church struggles of the "Corporation Sole Affair" in Maine or "L'Affaire de La Sentinelle in Rhode Island.

But then, why should we? We had all we wanted, priests who preached in French, nuns who taught us our catechism in French, in the daily half hour before the public school hours began. The State of Maine even contributed to the maintenance of St. Mary's college under the title of Van Buren College, and Governor Percival Bax-

ter had a high regard for the Daughters of Wisdom in Ste. Agathe. Why then should we follow the path of controversy led by the Doctors, the lawyers and journalists of Lewiston, Biddeford and Waterville?

The fact is "we never did - and the Irish Bishop of Portland, the Rt. Rev. Louis S. Walsh left us alone. He didn't have enough Irish priests to cover the entire diocese any way, though he did assign Irish pastors at the catholic parishes in Presque Isle, Fort Fairfield and Houlton which had a spill-over French population from the St. John Valley.

I remember in the early days of the Madawaska Historical Society, Msgr Albert Long, pastor of St. Thomas as an active member of that society (in fact its treasurer). But Msgr. Albert Long, a Fort Kent Native had his priestly education at Le Grand Seminaire de Montréal. Father Bernard Nicknair, and Eagle Lake native was pastor of St. David. Both parishes were territorial not national - but we had the benefit of French services and after the Acadian festival masses, out doors on the church steps, we'd all recite "The Angelus" in French while the church bell rang overhead.. Msgr Long died before we initiated the Acadian Festival but I remember Msgr Gilman Chaloult following suit.

Ask any Acadian of the St. John Valley -"What was the Corporation Sole Affair?", and what was "L'Affaire de La Sentinelle?" --and you will get a blank stare and a shrug of the shoulders because, in fact, our history -yes, our French history is quite different. Vive la difference!

*Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine
728-7849*

Dear Le Forum;

Thanks for continuing to mail me the Le Forum. After reading it, I mail it to my brother in Grand Isle, ME. For the library in the Historical Society Building. In this way, it is shared with many.

Keep up the good work!

*J. Kenneth Soucy
A Franco from Grand Isle*

Enclosed is a check for past and future editions.

Dear Le Forum;

I became acquainted with your publication through a cousin of Fall River, MA.

I am a former teacher of French, very interested in my French-Canadian ancestry, and currently very involved in the genealogy of my ancestors in "New France". Your publication interests me, in particular, your effort to collect oral histories. In the future, I hope to contribute to that endeavor.

*Sincerely,
Rochelle Olivier Gibney
New Bern, NC*

Dear Le Forum;

Bonjour,

Ci-inclus est mon chèque pour mon abonnement. Il y a quelques dollars en plus pour vous aider avec votre mission.

J'apprécie beaucoup vos efforts de nous faire souvenir de now racines. Merci mille fois!

*Amicalement,
Xavier de la Prade
Petaluma, CA*

Plus de lettres...



Chère Le Forum;

Il y a plusieurs années que je reçois le journal, **Le Forum**, mais vous ne m'avez jamais demandé de paiement à partir de la première année!

Prière d'accepter, ci-inclus, un chèque pour montrer mon appréciation pour vos efforts de faire connaître/continuer l'identité française/canadienne aux Etats-Unis.

À l'âge de 60 ans, j'enseigne le français dans un lycée au Massachusetts, et je me reconnais comme quatrième génération canadienne aux E.U. qui a eu la bonne chance d'avoir deux parents qui nous ont appris la langue française à la maison depuis notre naissance (c'est à dire, à mon frère et moi.)

Je partage régulièrement des pages de votre journal avec mes collègues et mes étudiants!

**Bien à vous,
Louise M. Zajac
(Née Daigle)
Sturbridge, MA**

Chère Le Forum;

Je viens de lire votre appel dans **Le FORUM** et je vous prie d'accepter mon chèque comme contribution à votre institut ou comme continuation de mon abonnement au **FORUM**, selon le cas.

En 1996 j'avais eu le plaisir de faire la connaissance de votre soeur Lilianne qui donna un concert avec Don Hinkley à Ocean County College, New Jersey, où j'étais le professeur de français à cette époque (entre-temps je suis en retraite depuis six ans).

Je vous prie aussie d'accepter mon expression d'admiration de votre programme et je vous souhaite une longue continuation de votre travail important.

Meilleurs vœux et bonne année,

**Gert Niers
Point Pleasant, NJ**

Chère Le Forum;

J'ai reçu la publication d'automne du Forum et je veux dire merci pour publier mon essai, **De Peur Que Nous N'Oubliions**.

Il y a quelque temps passé lorsque Jacques Chirac était le président de la France et qui a également été reconnu coupable de corruption au sujet des Américains voyageant en France et ont été traités avec insolence, parce qu'ils sont Américains. Aussi, c'étaitmle comportement du gouvernement français en ces temps stressants qui a bouleversé les vétérans américains en particulier ceux du Franco-Américain d'ascendance. Cela m'a profondément affligé et m'a inspiré de lui écrire cet essai. Cependant il n'a jamais répondu et je ne le blâme pas parce qu'il doit lui avoir fait honte si c'était possible.

J'ai écrit cet essai comme un Franco-Américain parlant au peuple de la France et j'ai consacré cet essai à tous les hommes et les femmes qui ont servi dans le militaire.

J'ai inclus un petit don pour aider à soutenir la Fondation de l'Université du Maine et pour supporter **Le Forum**.

Dear Le Forum;

I happen to be part Acadian (French) descent with ancestors from New Brunswick.

I wonder if there is a genealogical resource department located at the University's Centre Franco Américain. I wonder also about the journal "Le forum", such as is it available for subscription and would I be able to receive a sample issue, please.

**Thank you very much!
Very Sincerely,**

**James Saulnier
Danbury, CT**

Dear Le Forum;

Good Luck! Le Forum is excellent!

K. Dupuis

Dear Le Forum;

Thought you might like to know that I am Albert Michaud's sister. He so often spoke of you.

**Sincerely,
Gloria Thornton
Milford, ME**

J'ai également joint pour votre bibliothèque d'un CD audio que j'ai enregistré quand j'étais un bénévole d'Hospice il y a quelques années. J'ai servi pour 17 ans et c'était tellement gratifiant d'être en mesure de faire une contribution personnelle pour la société. En ce moment-là je jouais du piano et j'ai décidé de produire un album musical qui pourrait apaiser peut-être la détresse aux membres de famille de la personne qui est à la fin de vie. L'Hospice a compté sur moi pour servir les clients Francophones. J'ai composé les paroles de deux chansons, 1 et 12 et je joue toute la musique dans cet album, à part celle de numéro 6, intitulé ENVOL. Cette chanson est composée par un ami qui est Amérindien nommé Phil Whitehawk. J'ai aussi une version anglaise de cet album.

Donnez mes sincères amitiés à Yvon et Jacob.

**Bien à vous,
Trefflé Lessard
Winslow, ME**

Dear Le Forum;

Thanks, really is heartfelt. I've been perusing the newspapers and journals, hungry for my Frenchness, to which your generosity has tended to in my receipt of Le Forum.

The best surprise of all was almost immediately in my quick thumbing through when I stopped at the article on the popular prénoms for the newborn of the pioneer families in the 1600 & 1700's of early Quebec. Among the girls names was Barbe (Barbara). I've also seen Babée written in a very old article; I love it; I've been told that Barbara is not a French name, and so this is the third article, verifying that indeed my Franco famille used and liked the name Barbe, Babée.

I've done a haphazard translation for my French cultural group, we meet every tuesday at the Acushnet Mass Senior Center from 9:30-10:30, we're just completing two years. Our format which I designed is simplistic, purposely, so that we have much sharing, laughter and love. We (do) speak in English - then French translation -- and get assistance only if one asks. Aidez-moi s'il vous plait.

We're at different levels in our French language proficiency but we are all descendants of French Canadians. We meet in the

(Continued on page 9)

LA PIE BAVARDE

In the last issue of Le Forum we started publishing Marie-Anne Gauvin's short essays written under the pen name *La Pie bavarde* for *Le Fanal*, the bulletin of the St. John Valley's *Le Club français*, which has now changed its name to l'*Association française de la Vallée Saint-Jean* (AFVS).

Marie-Anne was an ornithologist and loved nature, probably because she was lucky enough to have a father who felt that fishing and frogs should be familiar fare for young females. She celebrates them all in this writing. Enjoy!

We will return with another of her gems in the next issue. *À la prochaine...*

Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso
Jline59@earthlink.net

A tous et à chacun:

Mais voyons, le printemps est arrivé et si vous ne le saviez pas déjà c'est le temps de la pêche. J'adore aller pêcher. C'est la faute de mon père. J'avais peut-être 14 ou 15 ans quand j'ai commencé à le suivre au ruisseau pour pêcher. Quand il avait un jour de congé et que j'étais à la maison il me disait: "On va-tu pêcher?" Je répondais toujours: "Okay". Je finissais par courir derrière lui à travers les champs et les broussailles parce que ses grandes jambes avaient hâte d'être rendu au ruisseau ou à la rivière. Mais je ne me domptais jamais, toujours j'étais prête à y retourner. Quels beaux jours nous avons passés à l'aventure le long des ruisseaux et des rivières.



En parlant de pêche, voici une histoire de pêcheur comme vous n'avez jamais entendu. Un jour, après avoir pêché sur un petit lac, mon père est rentré avec ses quelques truites en nous disant: "J'ai entendu les grenouilles parler!" Ricanement incrédule de la famille. "Maudit oui! Ça parle des grenouilles!" Ricanement encore. "Ben, oui! 'Y avait une grenouille à un bout du lac qui disait: -T'as ma froc!- (Rime avec truck en anglais. Une froc était un vêtement chaud que les hommes de cette génération portaient par dessus leur vêtements ordinaires. C'était une espèce de gros veston.) Puis, 'y avait une autre grenouille de l'autre côté qui disait: -J'ai pas ta froc!- Une troisième à l'autre bout du lac disait: -Tu t'trompes! Tu t'trompes!- " Là, c'était à son tour de rire. Nous riions ensemble parce qu'il nous en avait collé une bonne.

Je suis sûre qu'il n'avait aucune idée que son petit jeu s'appelait anthropomorphisme. C'est un grand mot à faire peur qui veut dire attribuer aux animaux des motivations et des comportements humains.

Si vous allez pêcher je vous souhaite le plus gros poisson du monde au bout de la ligne.

Votre pie bavarde,
 Marie-Anne



Growing-up in Brunswick in the 30's and 40's

Submitted by Raymond A Duval

*This article was published in the book co-authored by
Nelson Madore and Barry Rodrigue,
"Voyages", on Franco Americans*

The town that I was born in, Brunswick, Maine, consisted of a substantial population of Franco-Americans. I was part of this ethnic group and proud of it. Not much has been written about our generation who were born in the depression days and probably the last generation that was educated in both English and French, except for in parochial schools, today, in Aroostook County. The Catholic schools in the heavily French-Canadian towns taught French for half a day up until the 1950s. Economics and changes in the state scholastic requirement probably were the main reasons for dropping the half-day curriculum. With the lack of vocation from all the various societies of nuns, the catholic schools were forced to employ lay teachers which greatly increase costs and that also led to the demise of the French education in those schools.

I started school at St John's Parochial School in September of 1938. St John's at that time had two classes of each grades, from sub primary through the eight grades. A school population of approximately 600 students and before the May 6, 1943 fire, the school was three stories high. It amazes me to think back then most all of these kids spoke French, albeit a colloquial dialect, nevertheless, a language understood by the French community in Brunswick. The Franco-American community of Brunswick was chiefly within the borders of Mill St (including Cabot Street), Maine Street to the Railroad tracks to Stanwood and back towards Mill Street at Pleasant St. In addition, Water Street was included. In 1940, you could walk anywhere in this neighborhood and French was spoken.

Born on Dunning Street, my neighborhood was this area, approximately 99% French-Canadian. This was the language in use; and when I started school I barely spoke English because of the association with the local kids and my family who regularly communicated in French. I remember one day walking to school with Henry Berube, a neighborhood kid from Cushing Street, and

discussing in French, the definition of the English word "shower". My interpretation of the word was to take a bath and Henry argued it mean it was raining. Obviously we were both right, but at the time we were not that versed in the English language to know the double meaning. Coming from a bilingual group, the process of learning a second language was confusing. I'm sure for some of us learning the two languages taxed our ability to progress in our education at the same plane as our counterpart who were in the public school system.

Going to school in the 1940's, unlike today, most of us walked to get an education. Rural students were bused, but us town kids hoofed-it. It was a steady procession in all the neighborhood streets to see the kids head for St John's on Pleasant Street. From Dunning, we also saw them coming from Topsham Heights, another French-Canadian neighborhood, coming from the black railroad bridge and using the railroad tracks up to Pleasant Street for there trek to St John's. The parents used the same route on Sunday to go to church. It didn't matter what season of the year and even after a hefty snowstorm, the Topsham Heights people would blaze a trail to gain access to church and school on Pleasant Street using this same route. In lieu of the black bridge, some used the swinging bridge on Bridge Street in Topsham to Cushing Street in Brunswick. This bridge was originally built for the Cabot Mill (later the Verney Mill) workers. Its still in use today, however, the foot population has greatly diminished with most households owning at least one automobile. The school busing system, today, eliminated much of the student foot traffic of the 40's & 50's.

Walking to school meant passing the time by kicking rock/object, much like a soccer player does, and kick it ahead as far as the schoolyard, or during the winter, negotiate the snow banks between the sidewalks and the streets. No self-respecting kid would use the sidewalks to school when the challenging snow banks were part of your



trail. We would climb the first snow bank and follow this route to school. Kid after kid could be seen negotiating the peaks of all snow mounds along the route to St John's. Kids miss that today when they take the bus to school. After a snowstorm it also meant the schoolyard was pristine with a fresh coat of new snow. I remember when being one of the early arrivals, and we would start a great circle in the schoolyard freshly coated with snow for the tag game. The circle would be completed with an intersecting cross that would quarter the circle setting the boundaries for the tag game. The players would enter the outer rim of the circle and the "it" player was stationed in the center and the tag game began. We burnt a lot of energy this way before entering class.

When the school bell rang announcing the beginning of school or the end of recess, each class assemble at the outside entrance in a single lined for each class. The watchful eyes of the dedicated nuns kept the groups in silence and in orderly fashion; the lower classes would enter first and the other classes would follow. Boys and girls were segregated in the schoolyard. In class, boys on one side and the girls generally had the window side of the classroom. The French curriculum consisted mostly of "le catechism", "l'histoire sainte" bible history, "la grammaire" grammar, and "la lecture" reading. Most of these textbooks were imported from Canada and the majority of the nuns were also educated in Canada. At St John's, the Ursuline Nuns were assigned to our school, a teaching order of nuns originally from France who came to colonial Canada in Quebec as the French clergy was being establish in that province. The Ursulines and various other

(Continued on page 7)

*(Growing-up in Brunswick continued
from page 6)*

communities of teaching nuns followed the French Canadian migration to New England. We who benefited from these dedicated teachers owe them recognition and thanks.

The Ursuline Nuns were dedicated and were adequately educated, some more than others. I have no particular issues for the education these nuns gave us. They gave us all what they had without prejudice and without pay. The progress of my education can be measured by the effort in which I put into it, which wasn't much. I was not a good student, per se, because I found the outside of the academic arena too distracting to concentrate on my studies. The influence at home was not as it should have been and that may have been because the folks didn't fully understand the potential education had for our future. . My dad had three years of formal education and mother had eight years. Fortunately, they did believe enough in "schooling" to encourage us to continue our education. It was unfortunate and tragic to see some families urge their children to go to work and turn their pay in at the end of the week in lieu of continuing their education. We were not affluent, but we rich in family values. Met the day to day struggle and without complaining. Good and hard working ethics coupled with a strong pride most families met their financial obligations without welfare, which was non-existing back then.

The kids in my days (circa 1940) played baseball, football, hockey, but we played other games and did other things that this generation has abandon or found uninteresting. For instant, "kick la canne" very colloquial, meaning, kick the can, I have not witness since I was a kid, beside, it was played in the street and today that would be too dangerous. It's a hide-and-seek game whereby you placed an empty tin can on the ground with some weights inside, usually rocks, and have someone kick it as far as he (she) could, while the "it" player retrieved the can and bring it back to the original spot. Meanwhile all players would scatter to hide before the can was placed back "home". During the hunt for those in hiding, if a player had the opportunity to run back "home" and kick the can, the "it" player would have to abandon his search and retrieve the can back to home base. You became "it" if you were discovered and failed to return home to kick the can before the "it" player.

Played in the schoolyard and all around the neighborhood was a game we

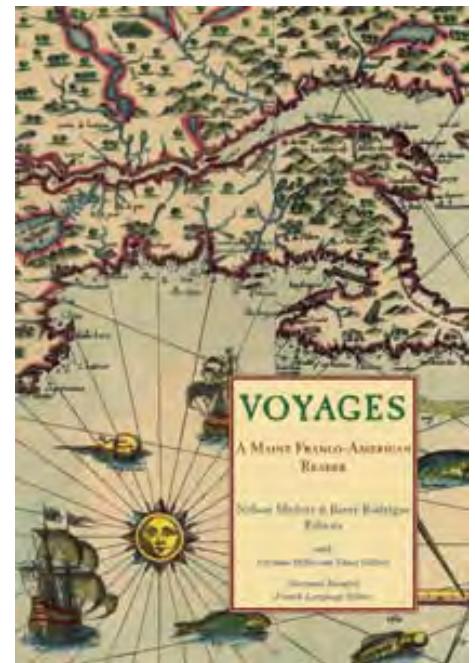
called "'tit bois", translated it means "little wood". It was popular here in Brunswick with our ethnic group, but I'm not sure of its origin or how popular this game was elsewhere. I have inquired with others from other communities with similar backgrounds and found most were not familiar with this game. It was played with approximately 16 inches of a cut-off broom handle, tapered at one end, and another short piece, three or four inches, from the same stock. You had fielders to catch the little end, which was batted with the longer stick, much like you would bat a ball at batting practice. The catcher would then become the batter, or flipped from the dugout end of the "home plate" which was in the form of a cross. If no one caught the "little wood" then the long end would be place on the "t" part of the cross. The fielder would attempt to hit the longer stick and if successful, would become the batter. For a complete description of the rules, Claude Bonang's "Memories in Verse", page 37, and has done an excellent job at explaining the game.

In those days automobile tires had inner tubes. These used inner tubes became plentiful so that we could fashion a favorite home "fusil a elastique" or rubber band gun made from cutting these rubber inner tubs into elastic bands. You fashioned such a weapon from a piece of wood much like the shape of a rifle using spring clothespins to hold fast the rubber band. You would "load" your gun by placing the rubber band at the tip-end of the rifle and stretch the band back to the clothespin. By releasing the tension on the clothespin, which was your trigger, the rubber band would set off like a projectile towards its mark. Not recommended for kids today, however, we had these available in different styles and varieties. A shot in the buttock usually gave you a sharp sting. You didn't want to hit anyone in the face with one of these because some of those rubber guns were petty stiff and packed a wallop. Most kids were careful in our days with these guns, but I wouldn't want our kids playing with them today.

How about recycling tin cans? With empty condensed milk cans (useful for this purpose because both ends were in tack), we would take two and sink our heels between the ends of the can until the can rapped around from side to side of the sole of the shoe. Walking on the cement sidewalk with such equipment made to your satisfaction the noise you intended to create, which irritated the whole neighborhood. Then

we made stilts out of large juice cans. The large juice cans were pieced at the top edge to allow rope to go through to make a loop long enough to use as a handle. You'd mount the large juice cans and hold on with to the rope handle and walk like you were on stilts. You could make your bike sound like a motorcycle by cutting two strips of stiff cardboard with two spring clothespins and fasten the strips to the frame so that the ends rub against the spokes. These are just a sample of the stuff we use to do to past the time away. Yes, we were noisy in the neighborhood and just being kids, but we were not "malfaisants". We didn't have TV then, our imagination ran without distractions. We could use some of that today.

My pre-teen era of the 30's and 40's were wonderful years for me, and I cherish the memories of back then as well as the friends and neighbors I grew up with. Important years for most of us, I'm sure, and wish everyone had such good memories.



Voyages: A Maine Franco-American Reader



Don's Desk: The Daigles of Dracut

By Don Eno

(N.D.L.R. Used with permission from the St. John Valley Times, Vol. 55, No. 48, February 1, 2012)



Don Eno

A lot of people around here are surprised to learn that my mother was a Daigle. Not a Daigle from Madawaska, Fort Kent or anywhere else in the Valley - not even from Maine.

She grew up, with her eight brothers and sisters in Dracut, Mass., which is the next town over from Lowell. If you've driven south to Connecticut, you probably passed right through Lowell driving on I-495. So, I have (or had, as each are now deceased) a Mémère and a Pépère Daigle, and that is what my sisters and I would call them. Although my grandparents spoke French, and my mother still does, my sisters and I did not grow up in a French-speaking home. As young kids the nuns at school tried to get us to learn, but it never stuck. And then we moved to southern California, where French was rarely called for anyway. ¿Habla Español?

My grandfather, Donat Toussaint Daigle, whose family came from Canada, was a carpenter by trade and helped build many of the churches around Lowell and the surrounding communities, as well as furniture for family and friends. He also had a huge garden in his backyard, and I remember many times rinsing off fresh carrots under the spigot, or shucking pea pods - such delicious fresh food. As a kid, I noticed his yard seemed nearly endless, and his wood shop was home to an array of fascinating (and to a kid, a bit scary) tools and machines.

Pep Daigle was also a Red Sox and Richard M. Nixon fan, and you did not want to bring up the Kennedy name around him

My mother's mother, Lydia (Desrosiers), was a quiet woman, and unfortunately my memories of her are not as vivid as they could be. It was plain however, that she took great pride in raising all of her children, and welcomed the crowds of grand children and great-grandchildren that would take over during family gatherings. She was also a great cook, with many recipes and secrets passed down to my mother (and a few to me). I can recall the basement shelves in my grandparents's



The family album shows Lydia Desrosier and Donat Daigle courting in 1932.

home in Pelham, N.H. where they eventually retired, being stocked with all sorts of canned vegetables, relishes, pickles, etc.

At the end of her life, my grandmother was cared for by both of my parents who had moved in to help my grandfather care for her after she had suffered a stroke. Among her favorite things then was listening to French folk songs my mother would play on a cassette player or my father would play on his keyboard.

A great many French families lived where I grew up in Massachusetts. Our neighborhood had French social and community clubs, such as *Le club richelieu* and *Le club Lafayette* (there were also Greek, Irish and Italian clubs), parochial schools run by French-speaking nuns, and bakeries offering traditional pork pies and pastries. There were (and still are) the Jeanne D'Arc Credit Union and the Ste. Jeanne D'Arc and Franco-American schools in Lowell. Until 1957 Lowell had its own French language paper, *L'étoile*.

My own daughters call their grandparents *Mémère* and *Pépère* just like I did.

Interestingly, the only person I have ever referred to as *ma tante* or any other French familiar was one of my mother's best



Lydia and Donat Daigle at their 50th anniversary celebration in 1989.

friends, Terry Gagnon, who isn't even related to us. My particular branch of Daigles is now spread to the St. John Valley and throughout New England, as well as North Carolina and Florida. When my Pépère visited the Valley years ago he was tickled to see his family name on stores, barns, and other businesses, and he got to talk French and ride a potato harvester with an old farmer in St. Agatha.

So, there seems to be nearly as many Daigles up in the Valley as there were at times in my grandparents' yard all those years ago.

About the author:

Don was born in Lowell, MA.

He attended the University of Maine at Fort Kent from 1987-1991. He graduated with a BS in Environmental studies.

He has been working at the St John Valley Times since April of 2011.

He loves the outdoors and as a child he spent a lot of time exploring the New Hampshire White Mountains.

He has two daughters, Olivia 11 and Mya 8. He lives in Wallagrass.





(Lettres/Letters
continued from page 4)

**LA BIOGRAPHIE DE
SOEUR THÉRÈSE DECOURCY, R.S.R. (1910-
1996)**

(SOEUR MARIE DU VERBE DIVIN)

**PAR
MONSIEUR HARRY RUSH, JR.**

East Millinocket

Soeur Thérèse DeCourcy de la Congrégation des Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski, Québec a passé vingt ans à Millinocket, Maine entre 1945 et 1965 à l'école Saint-Martin-de-Tours. C'est la fille aînée de Jessica et Edward DeCourcy. Elle est née le 10 septembre 1910 à Millinocket. Après la mort de sa mère en 1924, Thérèse a servi comme mère pour la famille: George, Edward Jr., Vincent, Bernard, Margaret et Jesse.

Après la mort de son père, elle est allée au postulat des Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire à Rimouski en 1939 à l'âge de vingt-neuf ans. Elle ne parle pas français, mais elle a appris la langue française au noviciat. C'était une chose difficile pour elle. Son éducation: Elle a étudié à la maison mère et elle a reçu son baccalauréat de St. Joseph's College, Portland, Maine. Aussi par ses études universitaires, elle est devenue une bibliothécaire certifiée; études en musique; études à l'Université d'Ottawa.

Elle a enseigné à Douglstown, Gaspé, P.Q. (1942-45); l'école Saint-Martin-de-Tours à Millinocket (1945-65); bibliothécaire à la maison régionale de Portland (1970-76); bibliothécaire/archiviste à la chancellerie diocésaine de Portland (1976-83); des services divers à East Greenwich, Rhode Island (1987-89); des services communautés à Old Orchard Beach, ME (1989-90); à la maison mère à Rimouski (1990-96).



Soeur Thérèse est morte le 26 août 1996 à l'âge de quatre-vingt-cinq ans à l'infirmerie de la maison mère.

Ses élèves admiraient sa constance religieuse. Elle était intelligente, spirituelle, pleine d'esprit, courageuse, aimable, musicale, sympathique, et studieuse. Aussi, elle aimait sa vie religieuse. Elle a honoré la paroisse de Saint-Martin-de-Tours à Millinocket en nous donnant cette bonne religieuse. Puisse-t-elle reposer en paix!!

(Cet article par Monsieur Harry Rush, Jr., Millinocket Est, ME est un résumé de la biographie de Soeur Thérèse DeCourcy par les Soeurs de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire de Rimouski, Québec.)

library at the Center with a dozen or more people. We keep the topic(s) French related from recipes to families, books, songs, we close with Oh Canada (and others).

Sunday we joined in celebration of St. Jean Baptiste at the Century House Diner with Lucie Therrien and at my request for some Acadian music, she did some drumming and singing.

I saw the Bouchard Family Farm ad and decided to order ploye mix which I promptly received from Janice Bouchard. I made some for breakfast Sunday morning. I enjoyed them very much, topped with blueberries, maple syrup and cool whip.

And so Lisa, I wanted to share my happiness and gratitude for the receipt of my gifts I've received because of you and Le Forum.

Please keep my subscription coming and I'll keep up with the renewals and whatever I can do to do my part to help assist.

My thanks also go to Denise Larson for her article, "Favorite First Names", Vol. 33 #1.

I'll share the article on first names with my group tomorrow. I wanted to express my thought to you and the other dedicated staff members.

*Best Regards,
Warm Wishes,
Barbara Jaillet Sawyer
Acushnet, MA*

Our French Cultural Group!

Back Row: Simone Dalton, Jocelyn Poirier, Gilbert Pelletier, Conrad Bernier, Paul Guy, Theresa "Terry" Ociesca, Dianna Couto, Georgette Napere and Anita Bernier.

Front Row: Doreen Krommes, Maurice Samson, Rolande Roy, Diane Pigeon, Bertha Coucher and Group Leader Barbara Sawyer.



V'là du sort - Première partie

“Je me rappelle pas ...”



par
Greg Chabot
South Hampton, NH



Introduction

Là, j'va me lever encore une fois pi j'va revenir pi j'va être prêt à jeter c'te morceau de papier numérique-cit dans la poubelle numérique de l'ordinateur. Mais j'le ferai pas. J'devrais le faire. Ce que j'va mettre sur ces pages intéressera pas même les petits chiens numériques qui pourraient venir faire leurs affaires dessus. Comme ça, jeter ça tout de suite sauverait tedben un arbre numérique ou deux. Mais j'le ferai pas.

J'sais qu'il reste ainque trois ou quatre de nous autres qui ont perçu le Québec comme étant le sauveur des Francos aux années 70 et 80. Leur présent et leur vision de l'avenir pouvaient ben facilement devenir les nôtres, on proclamait. Après tout, on est cousins. On se ressemble. On partage la même histoire. On pense pas mal de la même façon. On pensait pas que tout ça pouvait ben indiquer que le contraire arriverait ... que leur avenir deviendrait tedben notre passé. Qui l'aurait cru? On le cré asteur.

On est ainque une petite gang qui a vécu ça, pi nos échecs intéressent personne. Mais y a toujours une petite lueur d'espoir que ce que j'écris pourrait peut-être un jour par hasard arriver à intéresser tedben quelqu'un.

Je me suis même fait un portrait de c't'a personne-là. C'est quelqu'un d'assez jeune mais d'un sérieux impressionnant. Il ou elle est à la recherche d'un sujet pour sa thèse de doctorat. Puisque le sujet doit être quelque chose d'original, il/elle a du chercher longtemps. Enfin, le sort lui/l'a mené au domaine franco-américain où il/elle a trouvé que rien n'avait été fait. (C'est pas entièrement vrai. Des douzaines de chercheurs ont lancé des études sur les Francos, mais la plupart sont morts d'ennui en chemin avant de les finir.) Elle/il se décide d'étudier ce qui s'est passé chez ce groupe pendant la deuxième moitié du 20e siècle.

Au début, le/la pauvre aura beaucoup de difficulté à comprendre. «Y étaient-ti tous fous,» elle ne pourra s'empêcher de s'écrier de temps à autre. Mais peu-à-peu, en lisant ceci, il/elle se rendra compte que si on accepte

l'idée de base, tout paraît très logique, intelligent même. Naturellement, y aurait pas un chat qui accepterait notre idée de base... mais SI elle se faisait accepter, on paraîtrait assez smarte que ça serait presque épeurant.

Y vont-ti se montrer un jour, ces chercheurs? Probablement pas, mais c'est le seul brin d'espoir qui me reste. C'est ma bouée de sauvetage dans une mer qui se montre de plus en plus menaçante, ça fait que va rester poigné dessus.

Mais si le nom «René Lévesque» ne vous dit pas grand-chose; si votre pays, c'est un pays et pas l'hiver; si vous savez pas qui c'est qui est responsable pour toutes nos troubles... faut dire qu'il y a des meilleurs façons de passer votre temps. La confesse, une neuvaine, une assiétée de ployes (faire ou manger)... tout ça vous servira mieux que la lecture des quelques paragraphes qui suivent.

Sachant tout ça, gare à vous si vous décidez de continuer.

«Je me rappelle pas»

J'ai écrit un p'tit bout de monologue que je répète à toute les fois que voué un char du Québec avec sa plaque et sa devise «Je me souviens.» C'est ben le fun, ça fait que j'va vous la présenter icit. C'est un vieux bonhomme (ben, quèqu'un de mon âge) qui essaie d'expliquer la devise.

«Ouais, c'est ben vrai que je me souviens. Ouais. Je me souviens cartain. Faut dire que là, là, je me rappelle pas trop de quoi c'est que chu supposé de me souvenir. Mais chu certain que j'me souviens de quèque chose. Euh, teminute, là. Euh, je me souviens que j'tais supposé d'acheter du pain pi du lait pi du beurre au magasin. Mais j'pense pas que c'tait ça. Non. Teminute, teminunte. Je me souviens de la date de la fête à ma femme... pi de notre anniversaire de mariage. C't'une bonne affaire, étou, parce que j'les avais oubliées y a une couple d'années pi a est venue proche de me tuer. Mais c'tait quèque chose de même plus important que ça, j'pas mal certain. Euh. Mais, woyons, ça se peut pas que me rappelle pas de quoi c'est que je me souviens. Ça pas d'allure

pantoutte, ça. C'est vrai que des affaires importantes comme ça, on devrait pas trop se presser pour s'en souvenir. C'est plus important que le souvenir soit juste qu'il ne soit rapide. Pi vous pouvez pas arriver comme ça pi demander à quèqu'un... ben, dites moué de quoi c'est que vous vous souvenez, pi vous attendre que la personne va savoir. On est pas des ordinateurs, des machines nous autres. Ça fait que disons que j'y pense un peu à soir... pour moué, ça va me revenir la minute que vous partez d'icit... pi mèque vous revenez demain, je me rappellerai ben de quoi c'est que je me souviens, pi j'pourrai vous le dire tout de suite.»

J'trouve ça ben drôle. J'ris assez que j'ai les larmes aux yeux. Si je me le racontais pas, ce monologue-là, j'aurais toujours les larmes aux yeux, mais ça serait pas pour la même raison.

Faut ben faire quèque chose pour empêcher de penser à la réalité que pour nous autres, une des choses qu'on a pas c'est un avenir. Surtout l'été quand les chars pi les plaques pi les devises sont partout. Le reste de l'année, on peut faire accraire qu'on est ben beau pi ben smarte pi qu'on a certainement un avenir. «Regarde le p'tit bonhomme en deuxième année qui a écrit un poème à son pépère avec des mots français dedans. Pi sais-ti qui avait au moins un vingtaine de personnes au lever du drapeau à la capitale pour la fête francophone. Ben au commencement, y en avait une vingtaine. En a quatre-cinq qui sont morts pendant la cérémonie. Mais c'est pas ça qui compte. Y sont venus. Y voulaient venir. Pi y étaient là. Au commencement. Ouais. Ça pourrait pas aller mieux pour nous autres.»

Mais l'été, faudrait être aveugle pour pas réaliser que la forme habillée en noir, faux en main, qui nous attend près de notre garage et qui nous fait signe de s'approcher, c'est pas monsieur le curé qui vient nous aider à faire les foins.

On regarde autour de nous et partout, on voit, «Je me souviens.» Mais la forme nous dit, «Pas pour longtemps.» (Suite page 36)

We are so screwed - Part 1

“A License to kill”

by
 Greg Chabot
 South Hampton, NH



Introduction

Not sure why I'm even writing this. Nobody cares any more. Except for the seven or eight of us who remember how much hope we placed in Québec in the midst of Quiet Revolutions and sovereignty referenda and “retours aux sources” and “...que je pourrais être aussi fier ... s.” Maybe I'm trying to work out in my own mind why we were so blind. The signs were there then as they are now. We should have seen that they were just like us.

Our misplaced hope was that our present would somehow become their present. We should have realized that, placed in a situation similar to ours, they would react just like we did. It wouldn't have taken too much digging to understand that their future could very easily become our past. Instead, we disregarded anything that conflicted with what we wanted to see and believe and forged ahead.

But I think the real reason I'm writing this is the hope is that someday, some doctoral student in search of a supremely obscure topic for a dissertation will pick the Franco-Americans of the late 20th Century. The poor student will be confused ... perplexed, even by what went on in Francoland during this period. “I just don't get it,” he or she will mutter over and over again in reference to the decisions we made. Then, the dazed researcher will come across this series of articles and exclaim “Aha!” or something just as dramatic and begin - maybe - to understand.

“Now I see. Yes, it's becoming clear. Their premise was all wrong,” he or she might state. “Completely off the rails. But if you accept the premise (which no sane person would do), then what they did from there on was completely logical. Delusional, but logical.”

Perhaps the idea of this doctoral student is a forlorn hope. But it's the only one I've got, so I'm sticking with it.

All this to say that unless the name “René Lévesque” brings a the hint of a smile to your face and perhaps a tear to your eye,

there's no need for you to read any of this. Today's cable line-up includes a great rerun of “Real Housewives of OC,” the preliminaries of the Pennsylvania arm-wrestling championship, and a fascinating documentary about why “A Flock of Seagulls” only scored one top-ten hit. Watching any of those would be a better use of your time.

If you choose to continue ... well ... you've been warned.

“A License to kill”

Won't be long now. They'll soon be coming down from North of the border in droves. And the signs of our future-less future will be everywhere.

In the winter, it's easy to delude ourselves into thinking that our latest success in expanding French language instruction somewhere or our participation in some flag-raising event in one of our state capitals while we all sing three national anthems mean that were making progress. “A mini ethnic awakening,” was the term I used once to describe one of these happenings. “A minor bout of ethnic indigestion,” corrected my good friend. He was right.

But in the summer, the Québec tourists and their cars with their license plates and their fatal three-word mottos are unavoidable and inescapable. They surround us on the road and take over the parking spots in town. There's no getting away from those words that so clearly spell out our doom: “Je me souviens.”

What were they thinking?

I still don't get why “La belle province” was so bad. But someone said that the motto was condescending. Fine. But what's the advantage in going from condescending to reactionary?

The official Québec government site provides this unsatisfactory explanation. It starts off by giving the history:

“The architect Eugene-Etienne Tache ordered the carving the motto “Je me souviens” below the Quebec's coat of arms above the main entrance door of the

Quebec Parliament. The true meaning of the motto has been debated ever since.”

It then goes on to state:

“His (Taché) contemporaries interpreted its meaning as a declaration of the French Canadian nation remembering its past: the glories, the misfortunes, and the lessons.

Nowadays, the most widespread understanding of the motto is as follows: francophone Quebeckers cherish their French roots. Still, there are many theories and legends around the interpretation of these three words.”

Whatever the outcome of the debates, it clearly orients the culture towards the past. Which is where we Francos come in.

All they had to do was ask. We could have told them that picking a past-oriented motto was self-defeating. Placing that motto on the license plate of every motor vehicle in the province was near-suicidal.

Francos pushed the past and its glories as hard as they possibly could for about a century. And the vast majority of Franco youth listened, yawned, and walked away, seeking someone who could talk to them about their real area of interest - the future. After a while, they stopped listening altogether.

By concentrating on the past and ignoring the future, we were able to convince Franco youth that Franco language and culture were totally inimical to their efforts to build a future. We offered them an either/or choice. Now, we're paying for it because they made the right (for them anyway) choice. Bye-bye, past. Hello, future.

But it's only a motto, you might say. And I say, when the damn thing is everywhere, it's bound to have an impact on how you perceive yourself. It can't help but color your world view. Besides, it's not just the past orientation that bothers me. In French, “se souvenir” is a reflexive verb, which indicates a turning in on oneself. By no stretch of the imagination is this an activity you share with someone else. After years of past-oriented Franco imagery, I hear “je me souviens” and I see

(Continued on page 36)

Church Builders - Joseph and Georges-Félix Héroux Their Achievements in New England



by

Ronald Gérard Héroux, Middletown, RI

February 2012

Two French-Canadian brothers, Joseph (1831-1901) and Georges-Félix (1833-1901) HÉROUX, have been credited with building over 100 churches, along with some church rectories and a few notable homes between 1880 and 1901. Most of the construction took place in the Province of Québec, but a few churches were built in the United States, primarily in New England where so many French Canadians had migrated. According to the Héroux Family Association (www.associationheroux.ca), the Héroux brothers were often only subcontractors in the construction of these churches.

construction workers, supervisors, administrators, and accountants. Saintonge's book indicates that at least four of Georges-Félix Héroux's sons participated in the family construction business and continued building churches until 1910. (Following is a web site containing a collection of photos of churches, rectories, and other buildings constructed by the Héroux brothers-- <http://www.flickr.com/photos/aheroux/sets/> .)

The Héroux Family Association, based in the Province of Québec, informed me that at least four churches were built by Joseph and Georges-Félix Héroux in



Born in Yamachiche, Québec, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, about 65 miles east of Montréal, the Héroux brothers established their construction company in this city which their ancestors helped found. They became well known throughout Canada as "Les Bâisseurs d'églises" (The Builders of Churches). They completed their architectural apprenticeship in Yamachiche under Alexis Milette (who was the father-in-law of Georges-Félix) and in Rome, Italy, where they studied the techniques of hemispheric dome construction using a circular base. Georges-Félix Héroux also served as the first mayor of the town of Yamachiche from 1887 to 1899.

According to a history of the Heroux family in the book *Nos Ancêtres* (Our Ancestors) by Jacques Saintonge (1983) and a publication on the history of Yamachiche by André Desaulniers (Number 4, February 2011), at one time, the Héroux brothers employed over thirty workmen including a team of carpenters and masons. For the most part, it was a family enterprise composed of architects, sculptors, gilders, draftsmen,

various, predominantly Franco-American communities in New England —1) Pawtucket, Rhode Island, 2) Webster, Massachusetts, 3) Spencer, Massachusetts, and 4) New Bedford, Massachusetts. However, this Association did not have any records identifying the names of these Catholic churches, only the cities in which the churches were supposedly constructed. Because of an upcoming Héroux Family As-

sociation booklet detailing the accomplishments of the Héroux brothers, I wanted to try to identify these New England churches, provide some photos and document the fact that Joseph and Georges-Félix Héroux (who are part of my lineage) did in fact build these churches and possibly even designed them.

Pawtucket, Rhode Island – St. John's (Saint-Jean-Baptiste)

Being a native of Central Falls, Rhode Island, the city adjoining Pawtucket, I began my research with this Rhode Island community, one of many mill towns/cities established throughout New England in the late 1800s and early 1900s and site of the Slater Mill that marked the start of the Industrial Revolution. After examining historical information on the Franco-American Catholic churches in Pawtucket and speaking with contacts in the Franco-American community, I discovered the church built by the Héroux brothers of Yamachiche, Québec. It was called *Saint-Jean-Baptiste*, the patron saint of the French Canadians. The name of the church has been anglicized to St. John's Church.



(Photo of Saint-Jean-Baptiste Church from an old postcard.)

In the book on the history of the parish entitled *St. John's Parish, Pawtucket, RI -- 1884-1978* written by Reverend Edward G. St-Godard, Father Joseph Gustave Garcin is listed as the second pastor of *Saint-Jean-Baptiste* parish. In 1895, Rev. Garcin ob-

(Continued on page 14)

Bâisseurs d'Églises - Joseph et Georges-Félix Héroux

Leurs réalisations en Nouvelle-Angleterre

par Ronald Gérard Héroux, Middletown, RI
Février 2012

Entre 1870 et 1901, deux frères canadiens-français, Joseph (1831-1901) et Georges-Félix (1833-1901) HÉROUX bâtirent plus de cent églises ainsi que quelques presbytères et demeures de prestige. La majeure partie de leurs travaux fut exécutée au Canada, principalement dans la province de Québec, mais quelques églises furent aussi construites aux États-Unis. D'après l'Association des Familles Héroux (www.associationheroux.ca), les frères Héroux agissaient le plus souvent en tant que sous-traitants lors de la construction de ces églises.



Originaires d'Yamachiche, Québec sur la rive nord du fleuve St-Laurent à un peu plus de 100 kilomètres (65 miles) à l'est de Montréal, les frères Héroux établirent leur entreprise dans leur village natal, lequel avait été fondé avec l'aide de leurs ancêtres. Les frères Héroux devinrent connus à travers le Canada comme « Les bâtisseurs d'églises ». Ils firent leur apprentissage en architecture à Yamachiche sous la tutelle d'Alexis Milette, le beau-père de Georges-Félix, ainsi qu'un stage de formation à Rome en Italie, où ils apprirent les techniques de construction de dômes hémisphériques à base circulaire. Soit dit en passant, Georges-Félix Héroux fut le premier maire du village d'Yamachiche de 1887 à 1899.

Selon quelques récits concernant la famille Héroux dans le livre *Nos Ancêtres* par Jacques Saintonge (1983) et dans une publication sur l'histoire d'Yamachiche par André Desaulniers (Numéro 4, février 2011), les frères Héroux employaient parfois plus de trente ouvriers, y compris des menuisiers et des maçons. Il s'agissait principalement d'une entreprise familiale composée d'architectes, de sculpteurs, de doreurs, de dessinateurs, d'ouvriers en construction,

de superviseurs, d'administrateurs et de comptables. Dans le livre de Saintonge, on mentionne qu'au moins quatre fils de Georges-Félix Héroux faisaient partie de l'entreprise familiale et qu'ils continuèrent à bâtir des églises jusqu'en 1910. (Voici un lien web d'une collection de photos des églises, des presbytères, et des maisons bâtis par les frères Héroux.— <http://www.flickr.com/photos/aheroux/sets/>.)

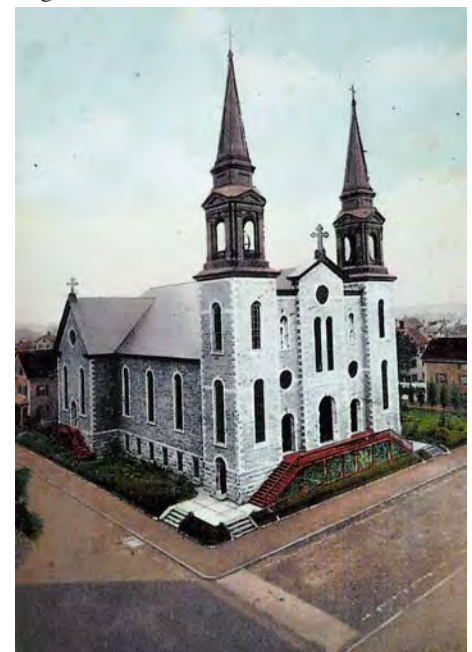
D'après l'Association des Familles Héroux, basée à Québec, les frères Héroux construisirent au moins quatre églises dans

diverses villes composées de quartiers à prédominance franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre: **1) Pawtucket, Rhode Island, 2) Webster, Massachusetts, 3) Spencer, Massachusetts, et 4) New Bedford, Massachusetts.** Mais, l'Association n'identifia pas de façon précise le nom de ces églises. Or, en vue d'un prochain livret sur les réalisations des frères Héroux, je voulais tenter d'identifier les églises de la Nouvelle-Angleterre qu'ils auraient construites, four-

nir quelques photos, ainsi que documenter le fait que Joseph et Georges-Félix Héroux (mes ascendants) avaient effectivement construit, et possiblement même conçu, ces églises. Voici, le résultat de mes recherches.

Pawtucket, Rhode Island – Saint-Jean-Baptiste (St. John's)

Originaire de Central Falls, Rhode Island, avoisinant la ville de Pawtucket, j'ai commencé mes recherches dans cette communauté d'usines de filature du Rhode Island, ville parmi tant d'autres à travers la Nouvelle-Angleterre peuplée en très grand nombre par des immigrants du Québec à la fin des années 1800 et au début des années 1900. Après avoir consulté des documents historiques sur les trois églises catholiques franco-américaines de Pawtucket et parlé avec quelques gens de ses paroisses, j'ai découvert l'église construite par les frères Héroux. Elle s'appelait Saint-Jean-Baptiste en souvenir du saint patron des Canadiens français. Récemment, le nom de l'église fut anglicisée sous le nom de *St. John's Church*.



(Cette photo de l'église Saint-Jean Baptiste provient d'une vieille carte postale.)

Dans l'historique de *St. John's Parish, Pawtucket, Rhode Island -- 1884-1978*, rédigé par le révérend Edward G. St-Godard, il est écrit que le révérend Joseph Gustave Garcin, le deuxième curé de la paroisse Saint-Jean-Baptiste, obtint un prêt de 45 000\$ en 1895 pour construire une église.

(Suite page 15)

(Church Builders - Joseph and Georges-Félix Héroux continued from page 12)

tained a loan of \$45,000 to build a new and spacious church needed to accommodate the growing number of French-Canadian Catholics coming to live and work in the textile mills in and around Pawtucket primarily. **The church “was built by Joseph Héroux Bros., Inc. of Québec”** (p. 17). Construction began in 1896 using Deschambault stone (granite) from Québec. The cornerstone was blessed on April 12, 1897 and the church was dedicated on May 31, 1897. (Unfortunately, I was unable to verify whether the parish rectory was also built by the Héroux brothers.)

Rev. St-Godard’s book not only includes a detailed history of St. John’s parish, but it also contains a good synopsis of the history of the Franco-Americans in New England with particular attention to the Blackstone River Valley area of Rhode Island, namely the Franco-American communities of Woonsocket, Central Falls, Manville, and Pawtucket. Rev. St-Godard is presently pastor of Holy Family Parish in Woonsocket.

According to this parish history book (p. 17), the new *Saint-Jean-Baptiste* Church had a seating capacity of 700, and was “flanked by twin (bell) towers surmounted by spires....It had a high studded interior and three central entrances approached by a portico...And the windows were long and slender with the front wall containing two niches high over the portals for life-sized statues.”

There is an interesting anecdote in Rev. St-Godard’s book (pp. 17-18) concerning money owed to Mr. Joseph Héroux by the pastor of *Saint-Jean-Baptiste*. (In the anecdote below, the phrase within parentheses was translated by me, RGH.)

It seems that on May 29, 1897, the day before the dedication, Father Garcin wrote to Mr. Héroux to tell him that the work had been done satisfactorily. On June 1, the pastor sent a \$1,000 check, which bounced. Understandably upset, the builder requested his Chancery of the Trois Rivières Diocese to contact Bishop Harkins of the Providence Diocese with the request that he look into the matter. The letter of September 16 pleads in behalf of this “*pauvre architecte qui a besoin de son argent pour régler ses comptes.*” (poor architect who needs his money to settle his accounts).

Asked to explain, Father Garcin wrote to the Bishop on September 22 to say that due to urgent repairs, he could not at that time make good on the note, but he would pay the interest. Mr. Héroux, however, demanded his money. And so Father Garcin was forced to borrow the \$1,000 from a friend. Before sending the money, however, the pastor made three demands:

- 1) Mr. Héroux must remit the original note, plus interest paid.
- 2) He must repair the roof which was leaking into the sacristy.
- 3) He must redo the gold work on the altar....

Mr. Héroux said he would comply upon the receipt of the check. How the case was resolved is not indicated in the Diocesan Record.

Unfortunately, on October 17, 1918 at 1:30 PM a major fire started in the sacristy and the sanctuary. At 3:30 PM the towers collapsed and the roof caved in. According to Rev. St-Godard, “...by 5 PM the beautiful temple...was destroyed – only its unsafe, blackened walls remaining (p. 28).”

In 1927, a new *Saint-Jean-Baptiste* Church was built. Since the Héroux brothers had died a few months apart in 1901, the new architect chosen was Ernest Cormier from Montréal, and the building contractor selected was Damien Boileau Limited also from Montréal. So continued the tradition of selecting church builders from the native land of most of the *Saint-Jean-Baptiste* parishioners or their immediate ancestors—the Province of Québec.

It is interesting to note that an invited guest to the dedication of the new *Saint-Jean-Baptiste* Church in 1927 was the Governor of Rhode Island, Aram J. Pothier, the first Franco-American elected as a governor in the United States. Coincidentally, his family was also from Yamachiche, Québec where the Héroux brothers were born and had established their company.

Webster, Massachusetts – Sacred Heart of Jesus (*Sacré-Coeur-de-Jésus*)

Whereas there were three Franco-American churches built in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, there was only one Catholic parish in Webster, Massachusetts in the late

1800s serving a large Irish and French-speaking population, the latter mainly immigrants from the Province of Québec. The parish is Sacred Heart of Jesus, probably named “*Sacré-Coeur-de-Jésus*” by the French-speaking parishioners who came to work in the Slater Textile mill complex of Webster, originally part of Dudley, Massachusetts.

According to the *History of Sacred Heart of Jesus Parish 1870–1970*, prepared in large part by parish historian J. Edward St. Pierre, c.1970, Rev. Joseph Agapit Legris was the pastor when the parishioners of Sacred Heart of Jesus held meetings in November of 1894 to plan the erection of a new and larger church to better serve the influx of French-Canadian workers into the area. (Father Legris was born in Rivière-du-Loup, Québec on 21 May 1845. He was ordained priest in Nicolet, Québec in 1866, and came to head the parish in Webster in 1887 where he died on 16 February 1909.)



(Photo of Sacred Heart of Jesus Church taken by the author in 2011.)

The parish history book states (p. 13) that a church announcement in February of 1895 alerted the parishioners that a new church and rectory would be constructed. In March of 1895 it was announced that “**Mr. G.F. Héroux of Yamachiche, Québec, Canada had been selected as the architect and contractor**”.

(p. 13) It was estimated that the cost of the new church would be around \$50,000. The parish history goes on to indi-

(Continued on page 16)

(*Bâtisseurs d'Églises - Joseph et Georges-Félix Héroux suite de page 13*)

Selon cette histoire de la paroisse « **l'église fut bâtie par Joseph Héroux Brothers, Inc.** » (p. 17) Étant donné que le style architectural de l'église Saint-Jean-Baptiste ressemble beaucoup au style souvent utilisé par les frères Héroux, il est tout probable qu'ils étaient les architectes aussi bien que les entrepreneurs de cette église, mais je n'ai pas pu vérifier ce fait dans mes recherches.

Le livre du Rev. St-Godard comprend non seulement une histoire détaillée de cette paroisse, mais aussi une très bonne synopsis de l'histoire des Franco-Américains, surtout dans la région *Blackstone River Valley* qui comprend, parmi d'autres, les villes franco-américaines de Woonsocket, Central Falls, Pawtucket et Manville dans l'état du Rhode Island. Le Rev. St-Godard est présentement le curé de la paroisse *Holy Family* (Sainte-Famille) à Woonsocket.

En lisant l'histoire de cette paroisse (p. 17), il paraît qu'une église plus vaste était requise pour accommoder le nombre croissant de Canadiens français catholiques venant s'établir à Pawtucket et dans les alentours, pour travailler principalement dans les usines textiles. La construction de l'église débuta en 1896, utilisant des pierres (granite) en provenance de Deschambault, Québec. La première pierre fut bénie le 12 avril 1897; et l'église fut consacrée le 31 mai 1897. (Malheureusement, je n'ai pas pu vérifier si le presbytère fut aussi construit par les frères Héroux.)

Selon la page 17 de ce même livre de l'histoire de la paroisse, l'église Saint-Jean-Baptiste, pouvant contenir 700 personnes, « ...était surmontée de clochers doubles terminés par des flèches. L'intérieur était construit de montants élevés... la façade comportait trois entrées centrales sous un portique.... nombreuses verrières de la façade étaient hautes et minces...et le mur avant contenait deux niches haut placées au-dessus des portails pour abriter des statues grandeur nature. »

Ce qui suit est une anecdote intéressante insérée dans son livre par le révérend St.-Godard (pp. 17-18) concernant un montant d'argent dû à M. Héroux de la part du curé de l'église Saint-Jean-Baptiste.

Il paraît que le 29 mai 1897, le jour précédant la consécration de l'église, le révérend Garcin écrivit à M. Héroux pour lui dire que les travaux avaient été exécutés avec satisfaction.

Le 1^{er} juin, le curé envoya un chèque au montant de 1 000 \$ mais...sans provision. Or, M. Héroux, vexé à juste titre, fit une requête auprès de la chancellerie de son diocèse de Trois-Rivières de contacter Monseigneur l'évêque Harkins du diocèse de Providence afin de se renseigner à ce sujet. Sa lettre du 16 septembre plaide en faveur de ce « pauvre architecte qui a besoin de son argent pour régler ses comptes. »

Dans une lettre explicative en date du 22 septembre, le Rév. Garcin répondit à l'évêque que des réparations urgentes l'empêchaient, pour le moment, de payer la facture, mais qu'il paierait les intérêts. Or, puisque M. Héroux exigeait de recevoir son argent, le Rév. Garcin se vit dans l'obligation d'emprunter 1 000 \$ à un ami. Cependant, avant d'envoyer le paiement, le curé fit trois demandes:

- 1) M. Héroux doit restituer le chèque d'origine, plus les intérêts payés.
- 2) Il doit réparer le toit, lequel coulait dans la sacristie.
- 3) Il doit refaire la dorure de l'autel....

M. Héroux accepta de se conformer à ces demandes sur réception du nouveau chèque. Comment le cas fut-il résolu? Les registres du diocèse n'en font pas mention.

Malheureusement, le 17 octobre 1918 à 13h30, la sacristie et le sanctuaire prirent feu. À 15h30, les tours s'écroulèrent et le toit céda. D'après le révérend St-Godard, « à 17h00 le magnifique temple était en ruines – seuls restaient ses murs noirs et en danger de s'écrouler » (p. 28).

Une nouvelle église Saint-Jean-Baptiste fut construite en 1927. Les frères Héroux étant décédés en 1901 (à quelques mois d'intervalle), un nouvel architecte avait été choisi en la personne d'Ernest Cormier de Montréal, tandis que l'entrepreneur en bâtiment était Damien Boileau *Limited*, également de Montréal. Étant donné que la terre natale de la plupart des paroissiens, ou de leurs ancêtres ayant immigrés aux États-Unis était la province de Québec, il était de mise de maintenir la tradition de choisir des bâtisseurs d'églises du Canada français, comme on disait autrefois.

Il est intéressant de noter qu'en 1927, lors de la consécration de la nouvelle église

Saint-Jean-Baptiste, un des invités présents était le gouverneur du Rhode Island, Aram J. Pothier, le premier Franco-américain à être élu gouverneur aux États-Unis. Sa famille aussi était originaire d'Yamachiche, la ville natale des frères Héroux.

Webster, Massachusetts – Sacré-Coeur-de-Jésus (*Sacred Heart of Jesus*)

Vers la fin des années 1800, tandis qu'il y avait trois églises franco-américaines bâties à Pawtucket, Rhode Island, une seule paroisse catholique existait à Webster, Massachusetts pour desservir une population francophone considérable regroupant principalement des immigrants de la province de Québec, aussi bien qu'un grand nombre d'Irlandais catholiques. Les paroissiens francophones venus travailler dans le complexe des usines de filature de Slater à Webster appelaient sûrement la paroisse *Sacred Heart of Jesus* de son nom français, **Sacré-Cœur-de-Jésus**.



(Photo de l'église Sacré-Coeur-de-Jésus prise en 2011.)

D'après le livre intitulé *History of Sacred Heart of Jesus Parish 1870 – 1970* (c.1970, rédigé en grande partie par J. Edward St-Pierre, un historien de la paroisse), en novembre 1894, le curé, révérend Joseph Agapit Legris, présidait des réunions de paroissiens du Sacré-Cœur-de-Jésus dans le but de planifier l'érection d'une nouvelle et plus grande église afin de mieux servir l'affluence de travailleurs francophones dans cette région. (En passant, le révérend Legris, né le 21 mai 1845 à Rivière-du-Loup, Québec, fut

(Suite page 17)

(Church Builders - Joseph and Georges-Félix Héroux continued from page 14)

cate (p. 13) that on April 3, 1895, the first Canadian granite stone (most likely from Deschambault, Québec) was laid, and the cornerstone was added on May 26, 1895. Before the church was completed in July of 1896, the parish history reports (p. 13) that a tragic accident occurred. "The stone wall on the Gospel side of the church had recently been built and an unexpected heavy frost during the night had frozen the concrete. The next day as temperatures rose the unset cement softened and the entire wall crumbled...a young man, nine years of age, by the name of Oswald Plasse, became the victim of a deluge of heavy stones."

The first mass was said in the new church on July 19, 1896. The church was officially dedicated and blessed on Labor Day, September 7, 1896 with huge crowds lining the streets to see the many religious and political dignitaries enter the church for a special Pontifical High Mass. According to the history of Sacred Heart Church (p.14), a long dedicatory sermon (in French) was given by Bishop L.F. Lafèche of Three Rivers (*Trois Rivières*), Québec; and in attendance at a large banquet that evening was G.F. Héroux, the architect of the church, and his construction foreman H.D. Bellemare, along with many Franco-American and French-Canadian dignitaries.

A description of the church is in order since, as far as I know, **this is the only remaining church constructed and designed by the Héroux Brothers still standing and in active use in the United States.** The red brick parish rectory was also built by the Héroux brothers and remains in use today. However, the bricks have since been covered by a type of vinyl siding; and removed from the rectory over the years were a beautifully designed second floor balcony covering the

main entrance along with a porch surrounding the front and the right side of the rectory.

The following description is a transcript from *The Webster TIMES* as reprinted in the *History of Sacred Heart of Jesus Parish* (pp. 15-16). (No references were provided as to the exact date of the newspaper article, but it was likely published around September 1896.)

The size of the church is 145x65 feet, while the steeple is 165 feet from the ground. There are transepts on each side, 6x65 feet. The stone used in the construction is Canadian granite, procured from a quarry owned by the contractor located near the city of Quebec. The trimmings are of marble and lighter stone, making an agreeable contrast from the dark body of work. At the rear of the main edifice is a large ell, 50x36 feet, which will be used as a chapel and for holding business meetings, etc. The highest point of the main roof to the ground is 100 feet. The base of the steeple is 24 feet square. The church is lighted by six large mullioned windows on each side, with two on the front which furnish good light for the organist and choir, the latter being located in a spacious gallery above the main entrance. From the belfry tower on a clear day a magnificent view can be obtained. Entrance to the belfry is made from the chapel, an entrance way being left under the roof above the gallery. In front of the church are three niches in which are placed three statues: (1) in the center, Sacred Heart of Jesus, (2) on the right, St. John, (3) on the left, St. Raphael...These add to the imposing front of the Church.

...the interior...is perfectly handsome, going far ahead of many city churches. On each side are five large pillars extending from the floor to the roof, exquisitely finished in imitation marble. In fact, but for their largeness, one would take them for marble, so well has the work upon them been executed. They are about two feet in diameter. These pillars support the gallery, which extends all around the main building, except where the altar and sanctuary are located. The walls are plastered and finished in imitation marble. The ceiling is very tastefully finished in white and gold, the outlay for gold leaf alone on the interior decorations being said to exceed \$4,000. Various religious emblems, such as the cross, dove, crown of thorns, etc., are artistically brought out. The wood work used on the interior is of hand-carved Canadian Pine.

The altar and its accessories is where the decorator has shown the skill of a true artist. The wood work is all carved by hand and, with the lavish use of gold leaf, looks almost like a solid mass of gold, making a very rich appearance. Two pillars extend upward on each side...Outside the altar rail is a handsomely finished moveable pulpit, 10 feet high...The seating capacity is about 1,200. The pews are of pine with black walnut trimming. The credit of the beautiful decorations belong to Cleophas Martel and Hubert Mottot, who are exceptionally good workmen....

A substantial stone wall has been built in front of the church, entrance to the grounds is by three stone stairways, in the center and on each side. The entrance to the church is made by a flight of steps, with marble front risers which extend the full width of the edifice.

East of the church is the rectory, which is a very substantial brick building, containing twenty-four rooms, with a French roof.

In the financial report related to the expenses of the church outlined in the history of the parish (pp. 16-17), the contractor and architect, "Héroux Bros.,

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(Sacred Heart of Jesus rectory before the porch and second floor balcony were removed.)

(Bâtisseurs d'Églises - Joseph et Georges-Félix Héroux suite de page 15)

ordonné prêtre en 1866 à Nicolet, Québec, et vint s'établir à Webster, Massachusetts où il fut nommé curé de la paroisse en 1887. Il mourut le 16 février 1909 à Webster.)

L'histoire de la paroisse (p. 13) fait aussi état qu'en février 1895, on annonça aux paroissiens qu'une nouvelle église et un nouveau presbytère seraient construits et que « **M. G.F. Héroux de Yamachiche, Québec Canada avait été choisi comme architecte et entrepreneur.** ». Il est intéressant de noter qu'à la page 17 c'est J. Héroux qui est désigné comme l'architecte tandis qu'à la page 13 il est plutôt écrit que l'architecte est G. F. Héroux. Je présume donc qu'il y avait une proche collaboration entre les deux frères Héroux sur ce projet. En mars 1895, on précisait que les coûts de cette nouvelle église étaient estimés à environ 50 000 \$.

L'histoire de la paroisse révèle aussi (p. 13) que le 3 avril 1895, le premier bloc de granite canadien – très probablement en provenance de Deschambault, Québec – fut mis en place et que la pierre angulaire fut ajoutée le 16 mai 1895. Avant que l'église ne soit achevée en juillet 1896, ce même récit (p. 13) rapporte qu'un accident tragique survint. « Suite à un gros gel inattendu durant la nuit, le béton récemment appliqué au mur du côté de la chaire avait gelé. Le lendemain, lorsque la température remonta, le ciment se ramollit et tout le mur s'écroula. Un garçon de neuf ans, nommé Oswald Plasse, perdit la vie sous une chute de pierres lourdes.»

Le 19 juillet 1896, la première messe fut dite dans la nouvelle église. Le 7 septembre de la même année, lors de la Fête du Travail, l'église fut officiellement consacrée et bénie. Une foule nombreuse s'était amassée le long des rues afin de voir les nombreux dignitaires, ecclésiastiques

et hommes politiques entrer dans l'église pour assister à une grand-messe pontificale. Toujours d'après l'histoire de l'église du Sacré-Cœur (p. 14), un long sermon inaugural fut prononcé en français par l'évêque L.F. Laffèche de Trois-Rivières, Québec. Ce soir-là, lors d'un grand banquet, monsieur G.F. Héroux, l'architecte de l'église, ainsi que plusieurs dignitaires franco-américains et canadiens-français étaient présents.

Une description de cette église en vaut la peine puisqu'à ma connaissance elle est la seule conçue et construite par les frères Héroux qui reste intacte aux États-Unis tout en desservant encore les paroissiens du lieu. Le presbytère de briques rouges fut aussi construit par eux et continue également d'être habité. Par contre, les briques sont maintenant revêtues d'un parement du genre vinyle.

La description qui suit est extraite d'un article paru dans le journal *The Webster TIMES*, tel que réimprimé dans l'histoire de la paroisse (pp. 15-16). La date exacte de la parution de cet article dans le journal n'est pas mentionnée, mais c'était très probablement vers septembre 1896.

Les dimensions de l'église sont de 145x65 pieds tandis que le clocher mesure 165 pieds de haut à partir du sol. De chaque côté on y retrouve des transepts de 6x65 pieds. La pierre utilisée pour la construction est du granite canadien provenant d'une carrière située près de Québec et appartenant à l'entrepreneur. Les parements sont faits de marbre et d'autres pierres d'une teinte plus pâle, créant ainsi un contraste fort agréable avec le foncé de la majeure partie de la structure. À l'arrière de l'édifice, il y a une grande aile mesurant 50x36 pieds qui servira de chapelle ainsi que pour la tenue de

réunions, etc. Le plus haut point, du toit au sol, fait 100 pieds de hauteur. La base du clocher mesure 24 pieds carrés. L'église est éclairée de chaque côté par six fenêtres à meneau, dont deux placées à l'avant procurant une belle luminosité pour l'organiste et la chorale situés dans une tribune spacieuse au-dessus de l'entrée principale. Par une belle journée, on a une vue magnifique à partir du beffroi auquel on accède par la chapelle. Son entrée se trouve sous le toit, au-dessus de la tribune. Sur le devant de l'église, il y a trois niches dans lesquelles trois statues sont placées.

(1) Au centre, le Sacré Cœur de Jésus, (2) à droite, St-Jean-Baptiste et 3) à gauche St-Raphaël.

... l'intérieur est d'une grande beauté, plus élégant même que plusieurs églises urbaines. Cinq grosses colonnes s'élèvent de chaque côté, du plancher au toit. Leur revêtement de faux marbre est exquis. En effet, mise à part leur grande taille, on jurerait qu'il s'agit de vrai marbre tant le travail fut bien exécuté. Ces colonnes font environ deux pieds de diamètre et supportent la tribune, laquelle se prolonge tout autour de l'édifice principal, sauf où se trouvent l'autel et le sanctuaire. Les murs sont faits de plâtre et finis pour imiter le marbre. Le plafond est travaillé avec goût, tout en blanc et or. On dit que le coût, uniquement pour le travail à la feuille d'or des décorations intérieures, excédait 4 000 \$. Une variété de symboles religieux, telles la croix, la colombe, la couronne d'épines, etc., sont rendus avec art. Les boiseries de pin canadien sont sculptées à la main.

C'est avec l'autel et ses accessoires que la véritable compétence artistique du décorateur se révèle le mieux. Les boiseries sont toutes sculptées à la main et abondamment recouvertes de feuilles d'or, ce qui donne l'illusion d'une imposante forme en or massif et leur confère une apparence somptueuse. Deux colonnes s'élèvent de chaque côté. À l'extérieur de la balustrade, on retrouve une magnifique chaire mobile de 10 pieds de haut d'une très belle finition. Le nombre de places est d'environ 1 200. Les bancs sont



(Vieille photo du presbytère)

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(Church Builders - Joseph and Georges-Félix Héroux continued from page 16)

of Yamachiche, P.Q., Canada”, were paid \$71,571, and the total cost of the rectory was \$7,800. (It is interesting to note that on p. 17, the architect is listed as J. Héroux whereas his brother G. F. Héroux is mentioned on p. 13 as being the architect. I can only assume that it was a collaborative effort on the part of the Héroux brothers.)



(Compare this old photo of Sacred Heart of Jesus Church, c.1896, with the 2011 photo on page 14 to see the changes to the façade.)

The two church spires on each side of the main belfry tower were damaged during the violent hurricane of 1938 and were replaced by two cupolas. In 1965, the statues located in the three niches at the front of the church were replaced by stained glass windows. This was likely done because of wear and tear on the statues due to the weather along with the hurricane of 1938.

A visit to this church would be a worthwhile endeavor for anyone interested in seeing the magnificent work of the two Héroux brothers, Joseph and Georges-Félix. And I am sure that Ronald George Héroux, a distant cousin of the author and a parishioner of this church as well as a proud member of the Héroux Family Association, would be happy to give you a tour of this beautiful church located about 20 miles south of Worcester, Massachusetts, off Interstate 395. (His email address is heroux.ron@gmail.com)

It is interesting to note that in the parish history book of Sacred Heart Church

is a listing of “The Parish Elders” (p. 28) who were 80 or more years old when this book was published (c.1970); and the name Mattie Héroux is listed. According to historical records obtained by Ronald George Héroux of Webster, Mattie Héroux was born Martha Cyr on 13 February 1886 in Madawaska, Maine, married Cléophas Héroux in Fall River, Massachusetts on 28 August 1911, died 4 October 1978, and was buried in Sacred Heart Cemetery in Webster.

Spencer, Massachusetts - St. Mary's (Sainte-Marie)

According to the 100th anniversary book of St. Mary's parish, Bishop Patrick T. O'Reilly of Springfield, Massachusetts announced in 1886 the formation of the second Catholic parish in Spencer, Massachusetts, to serve the rapidly growing number of French Canadians emigrating from the Province of Québec. *Sainte-Marie* (later anglicized to St. Mary's) was the name given to the new parish and church. The Reverend Antoine A.



Lamy, born in 1884 in Yamachiche, Québec (the same city that the Héroux brothers were from), was appointed pastor in 1889; and he was responsible for the establishment of St. Mary's Church (photo on left). However, it was a very long and arduous struggle for Father Lamy and the parishioners to come up with the needed funds to build this church.

Based on information obtained in the *History of Spencer Massachusetts 1875-1975* by Jeffrey H. Fiske, published by the Spencer Historical Commission in 1990, “only a small section of the foundation had been put in place” in 1891, and “financial problems seem to have caused the halt in construction.” (p. 266). In 1892 construc-

tion “resumed on the foundation,” but again “work was halted.” (p. 266) In 1893 work started again and continued through the fall of 1895. “Finally in the spring of 1900,” according to Fiske, “work was again pushed forward...and the **contract for the construction was awarded to a Canadian contractor, Joseph Héroux**. Changes to the design of the church required rebuilding of portions of the foundation. The architect was J. H. Besserick of Boston.” (p. 267)

Laying of the cornerstone was celebrated in January 1901 along with a celebration of Father Lamy's 25th anniversary of ordination. Father Lamy died at the age of seventy-one December 28, 1915 in Fiskdale, Massachusetts, and was later buried in his hometown of Yamachiche, Québec. At the time of the dedication of St. Mary's Church, November 22, 1903, the church was still not completely finished. According to Fiske, “The frescoing of the interior and the installation of the stained glass windows were yet to be completed.” (p. 268). Over the years, stained glass windows were added in various sections of the church along with the Stations of the Cross.

During 1980-81 St. Mary's Church underwent major renovations to its twin towers. They were no longer able to support the weight of the upper sections which had to be removed. Thus, the towers were shortened rather than eliminated to retain the architectural beauty and integrity of the church.

In 2006, St. Mary's Church was determined to be structurally unsound after part of the façade's south tower fell off the building. The church was then closed; and in June of 2008, the Franco-American parishioners bid adieu to their beloved church that they called *Sainte-Marie*. The Diocesan Bishop in Worcester, Massachusetts, ordered the demolition of this 118-year-old church while leaving the older, neighboring “Irish” church, Mary Queen of the Rosary, as the only Catholic church in Spencer.

NOTE: I was unable to substantiate any work done by the Héroux brothers in the city of **New Bedford, Massachusetts**, although there were three Franco-American Catholic churches built in this city prior to or around 1900. Since some of the architects and builders of these New Bedford churches were French Canadians, I can only assume that the Héroux brothers **may** have been subcontractors. Also, **St. Anne's Church in Three Rivers (Palmer), Massachusetts,**

(Continued on page 20)

(Bâtisseurs d'Églises - Joseph et Georges-Félix Héroux suite de page 17)

en bois de pin garnis de noyer noir. C'est à des artisans d'exception, Cleophas Martel et Hubert Mottot, que l'on doit les magnifiques décorations.

Un imposant mur de pierre fut érigé devant l'église, l'accès au terrain se faisant par l'entremise de trois escaliers de pierre, un au centre et un de chaque côté. On accède à l'entrée de l'église par un escalier, avec des contremarches en marbre se prolongeant sur toute la largeur de l'édifice. À l'est de l'église se trouve le presbytère, une imposante bâtisse en briques avec un toit français contenant vingt-quatre pièces.

(FIN DE L'EXTRAIT)

Selon le rapport financier de l'église tel que détaillé dans l'histoire de la paroisse, (pp. 16-17) on cite que l'architecte et l'entrepreneur, « Héroux Bros., de Yamachiche, P.Q., Canada » furent payés la somme de 71 571 \$ et que le coût total du presbytère s'élevait à 7 800 \$.

Suite au passage d'un ouragan destructeur en 1938, les deux clochers de chaque côté du beffroi endommagés par la tempête furent remplacés par deux coupes. En 1965, les statues dans les trois niches sur le devant de l'église furent enlevées pour installer des vitraux.



(Comparez cette photo, c.1896, avec celle plus récente sur page 15 pour examiner les changements sur la façade.)

Une visite de cette église en vaut la peine pour quiconque s'intéresse aux superbes travaux des deux frères Héroux – Joseph and Georges-Félix. Je suis certain que Ronald George Héroux, un cousin éloigné de l'auteur, qui est un paroissien et un fier membre de l'Association des Familles Héroux, serait heureux de vous faire faire le tour de cette magnifique église située à un peu plus de 30 kilomètres (20 miles) au sud de Worcester, Massachusetts (sortie de l'autoroute 395). Son courriel est heroux.ron@gmail.com.

Dans le livre racontant l'histoire de la paroisse du Sacré-Cœur (p. 28), il est intéressant de noter la liste « d'anciens paroissiens » âgés de 80 ans ou plus au moment de la publication (c. 1970) du livre. Le nom de **Mattie Héroux** figure sur la liste. Selon des documents examinés par Ronald George Héroux de Webster, Mattie Héroux est née Martha Cyr le 13 février 1886 à Madawaska, Maine. Elle a épousé Cléophas Héroux à Fall River, Massachusetts le 28 août 1911, est décédée le 4 octobre 1978 et est enterrée dans le cimetière de la paroisse du Sacré-Coeur-de- Jésus à Webster.

Spencer, Massachusetts – Sainte-Marie (St. Mary's)

D'après le livre du 100e anniversaire de l'église St. Mary's, l'évêque Patrick T. O'Reilly de Springfield, Massachusetts, annonçait en 1886 la fondation d'une deuxième paroisse catholique à Spencer, Massachusetts afin d'accommoder le nombre



croissant de Canadiens français catholiques en provenance de la Province de Québec.

On nomma cette nouvelle paroisse ainsi que l'église à y être bâtie Sainte-Marie (*photo à gauche*), anglicisée ultérieurement en St. Mary's. Le révérend Antoine A. Lamy, né en 1844 à Yamachiche, Québec (la même municipalité d'origine que les frères Héroux), fut nommé curé de la paroisse en 1889 et devint alors responsable de l'établissement de cette église. Cependant, prélever les fonds requis pour la construction de l'église s'avéra une entreprise longue et ardue pour monsieur le curé Lamy et les paroissiens.

Selon l'information obtenue dans *History of Spencer Massachusetts 1875-1975* de Jeffrey H. Fiske, publié par la Commission Historique de Spencer (1990), « une petite partie seulement de la fondation fut mise en place en 1891 » et « des problèmes financiers semblent avoir causé l'arrêt de la construction » (p. 266). En 1892, la construction de la fondation « reprit » mais, encore une fois, « les travaux furent arrêtés » (p. 266). En 1893, les travaux reprirent et continuèrent jusqu'à la fin de l'automne 1895. Selon Fiske, « Finalement, au printemps 1900, les travaux recommencèrent à nouveau et le **contrat de construction fut accordé à un entrepreneur canadien nommé Joseph Héroux**. Des changements apportés à la conception de l'église nécessitèrent la reconstruction de certaines parties de la fondation. J. H. Beseरिक de Boston en était l'architecte. » (p. 267)

En janvier 1901, on célébra la pose de la pierre angulaire ainsi que le 25^e anniversaire de l'ordination du curé Lamy. Ce dernier décéda le 28 décembre 1915 à Fiskdale, Massachusetts, à l'âge de soixante et onze ans et fut enterré dans sa ville natale d'Yamachiche, Québec. Lors de la dédicace de l'église Sainte-Marie, le 22 novembre 1903, celle-ci n'était pas complètement achevée. D'après Fiske, « la peinture des fresques intérieures ainsi que l'installation des vitraux restaient à compléter » (p. 268). Au cours du temps, d'autres vitraux furent ajoutés à différents endroits dans l'église ainsi qu'un Chemin de la croix.

En 1980-81, plusieurs rénovations majeures sur les tours jumelles de l'église furent effectuées. Étant donné que ces tours ne pouvaient plus supporter le poids des parties supérieures qui devaient être enlevées, on décida d'abaisser les tours, au lieu de les enlever complètement, afin de conserver la beauté architecturale et l'intégrité de l'église.

En 2006, suite à la chute d'une partie de la façade de la tour sud, la structure de

(Suite page 20)

(Church Builders - Joseph and Georges-Félix Héroux continued from page 18)

constructed in 1884 and burned down December 17, 1922, may have been built by the Héroux brothers as well. I make this assumption because Rev. Antoine Lamy, who called on the Héroux brothers to build St. Mary's Church in nearby Spencer in 1900, was also responsible for the establishment of this 1884 St. Anne's Church. However, thus far in my research, I have been unable to identify the architect or the contractor of this Three Rivers church, which Reverend Lamy named *Sainte-Anne* after his hometown parish in Yamachiche, Québec.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: I want to acknowledge and thank the following individuals for their assistance in the preparation of this article: "cousin" **Ronald George Héroux** of Webster, Massachusetts, who is a parishioner of the only standing New England church constructed and designed by the Héroux Brothers, namely Sacred Heart of Jesus, in Webster, for his encouragement and research assistance; **Marsha Hafferty**, who works in the rectory of Sacred Heart Parish, for supplying me with a copy of the history of the church; **Roger Marcoux** of Pawtucket, Rhode Island and **Rev. Gerald Harbour** current pastor of St. John's Church for providing me with historical information and photos of *Saint-Jean-Baptiste* Church; **Philippe DeLongchamp** and his mother **Germaine** from Spencer, Massachusetts for providing me the key information needed to verify that the church in Spencer was indeed built by the Héroux brothers; **Suzanne Royer** and **Robert Houle**, dear friends from Québec City, for translating most of this article into French; and **Dr. Claire Quintal**, a dear friend and founder of the French Institute of Assumption College, in Worcester, Massachusetts, for her review and suggestions of both the English and French versions of this document.

(The author, Ronald Gérard Héroux, a native of Central Falls, Rhode Island, currently lives in Middletown, Rhode Island and can be contacted by phone at 401-849-2156, or by email: frannie542@aol.com.)

(Bâtisseurs d'Églises - Joseph et Georges-Félix Héroux suite de page 17)

l'église fut déclarée dangereuse. C'est ainsi que l'église, vieille de 118 ans, fut alors fermée. En juin 2008, les paroissiens franco-américains dirent adieu à leur église (qu'ils appelaient toujours Sainte-Marie) puisque l'évêque du diocèse de Worcester, Massachusetts, en ordonna la démolition. *Mary Queen of the Rosary*, une église catholique « irlandaise » voisine de Sainte-Marie, devint alors la seule église catholique à Spencer.

NOTE: Même si trois églises catholiques franco-américaines furent bâties à **New Bedford, Massachusetts**, avant ou vers 1900, je n'ai pas pu vérifier si des travaux y furent exécutés par les frères Héroux. Étant donné que certains architectes et bâtisseurs de ces églises de New Bedford étaient canadiens-français, je ne peux que présumer que les frères Héroux **en ont peut-être été** les sous-traitants. Aussi, il se peut qu'une autre église, **Sainte-Anne de Three Rivers (Palmer), Massachusetts**, ait été bâtie par les frères Héroux. Cette église, construite en 1884 et détruite par un incendie le 17 décembre 1922, avait comme curé durant le temps de sa construction le révérend Antoine Lamy, qui avait choisi les frères Héroux en 1900 pour bâtir l'église Sainte-Marie à Spencer. Au cours de mes recherches concernant l'église Sainte-Anne, je n'ai pas pu identifier le nom de l'architecte ou de l'entrepreneur de cette église, nommé Sainte-Anne par le révérend Lamy en souvenir du nom de sa paroisse natale à Yamachiche, Québec.

REMERCIEMENTS : Je tiens à remercier les personnes suivantes pour leur aide précieuse. Mon "cousin" **Ronald George Héroux**, de Webster, Massachusetts pour son encouragement et son assistance avec mes recherches, comme paroissien de la seule église en Nouvelle-Angleterre (Sacré-Cœur-de-Jésus) encore intacte, conçue et construite par les frères Héroux. **Marsha Hafferty**, travaillant au presbytère de la paroisse Sacré-Cœur, m'a fourni une copie de l'histoire de cette église. **Roger Marcoux** de Pawtucket, Rhode Island et le **révérend Gerald Harbour**, curé actuel de l'église *St. John's* à Pawtucket, pour l'information historique et les photos de l'église *Saint-Jean-Baptiste*. **Philippe DeLongchamp** et sa mère **Germaine** de Spencer, Massachusetts pour une information clé qui m'a permis d'identifier l'église Sainte-Marie de Spencer construite par les frères Héroux.

Suzanne Royer et **Robert Houle**, mes bons amis de Québec, pour la traduction française de cet article. Et Claire Quintal, une bonne amie et fondatrice de l'Institut français, Assumption College, à Worcester, Massachusetts, pour sa révision et ses suggestions au sujet du texte et de la traduction française.

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A "wonderful memory" HENRY J. LABORE, JR.

Seventy (70) years ago today. Clara and I got married at Blessed Sacrament Catholic church on White Bear Ave. St Paul, MN. It was a beautiful day, sun was shining and the church was full of family and friends. I will never forget that day as we became one. She was my one and only girl friend and I was her one and only boy friend. The ceremony was performed by Fr Hughes. That was the beginning a commitment that lasted 66 years. Clara died July 5, 2008. We had 7 children. They are all living as I write this and they have produced 51 grand and great grandchildren.

After the wedding ceremony we all congregated at my parents home at 1117 Sims St in St Paul. Much visiting and many kisses of congratulations later we all walked to 1078 Sims where Clara's mother



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Alphonsine and Frank

By Alice Kegley
West Bend, WI

Alphonsine Honorine Larivière and Frank Moffet were descendents of French colonists of Québec dating back to the French Regime. These two French Canadians met at a train station in Chicago in 1881 when Alphonsine and her mother and brothers were traveling to the Black Hills to join the head of the family, Charles Larivière, who had taken a job in Rapid City. Frank, whose real name appears to have been Francis, and Alphonsine kept in touch by mail for the following three years until 1884 when Alphonsine went to Chicago and they took their wedding vows at Notre Dame de Chicago.

One wonders what life was like for a young couple speaking French as a first language living in a large English-speaking city in the middle of the United States. Stories and tidbits of information handed down through the generations provide a

glimpse into their lives and the lives of their children, one of whom was my grandmother. My mother often spoke of her grandparents and had several photographs of her grandmother and of the children but only one of her grandfather. As a child, mother recalled them as being a much in love couple who enjoyed music. One photo in her collection shows Alphonsine at the piano and Frank and the couple's many young and adult children at one of their Sunday night parties. Mother went to these when she was a little girl and thought they were lots of fun! Alphonsine played the piano, everyone sang,

the adults drank beer, and when the kids got tired they were put to bed. The party always ended with Frank singing "La Marseillaise."

For a few years Frank worked as a silver plater, an actor in local Chicago theaters, a fancy ice skater, and a tight-rope walker. After he and Alphonsine got married, he gave up these part-time jobs and became a "bell-hiker" pushing his cart through the city streets fixing doorbells and other gadgets. After the arrival of a few babies, he realized he had to make more money than what he earned fixing doorbells and gadgets, so he started a house painting business. His finances improved after a few years; however, money remained tight and the family continued to live in small, cold-water flats. During the family's toughest

as White Sox Park. Unfortunately, Frank didn't live to see his business prosper to the extent that the younger generations did.

My mother was ten years old when her grandfather, Frank, died. She said she was allowed to see him at the wake held at his apartment the night before the funeral, but she was not allowed to go to the funeral the next day. As it turned out, she was at recess when the funeral procession passed the school, so she saw the stately horses with black plumes bobbing on their heads pulling the hearse to Mount Carmel Cemetery.

Both Frank and Alphonsine have been noted as being fun loving, especially Alphonsine, and in spite of financial worries and family heartaches maintained a happy family. Sadly, two of their eleven children died

before age five and one died after Alphonsine became a widow. While celebrating his twenty-first birthday at a swimming party, Ernest made a shallow dive into Diamond Lake and broke his neck and infection set in. With fevers sometimes soaring to 109 degrees, he remained alert enough to ask his brother to park his car in the hospital parking lot so he could get one more look at it. He managed to get to the window for that last look, returned to his bed, and with his family gathered around him sang, "Til We Meet Again," then took his last breath.

The same year that Frank died, 1919, their son Frank became a widower with three little boys. With grandmotherly love, Alphonsine filled the void in her grandsons' lives. For many years she cared for them in their home, always looking after their best interests with wisdom and humor. Her daughter Marie died several years later leaving a young son and daughter. Again, Alphonsine's gift of nurturing saw the children through their sorrow, keeping her own in check so she could comfort them.

During the years following Frank's death, Alphonsine made two trips to Montré-
(Continued on page 22)



Photo of Alphonsine Honorine "Larivière" Moffet at the piano and her husband, Franck Moffet, back row (mustache). On his left is my grandfather, Goeorge Buchanan, and sitting in front of him, my grandmother, Alice, and thier little boy. All others are Alphonsine and Frank's kids.

financial times, my grandmother dropped out of the fourth grade to take a job in a hat factory. She remained at that job until she became a bride at age seventeen. Her older brother also dropped out of school at that time, or before, so he could add to the family income. Their younger brothers and sisters were able to complete their grade school educations. After a few years of working alone, two of Frank's sons and a son-in law and eventually two grandsons joined the business. As the business grew, the size of their contracts grew including an annual paint job of Comiskey Park, now known

MY SPLIT PERSONALITY

by Louise Sherman
Larkspur, CO

My whole family is from Canada. Based on my maiden name, most people presume I am French Canadian, but that's not entirely the case. I am a first-generation American, and the result of mixing an English Canadian mother with a French Canadian father, which I guess makes me a Franco/Anglo-American mongrel. It is an important distinction, since to this day, I struggle with my heritage. Some days, I embody my English side and come off as a bit standoffish, prim and rather proper. The clothes in my closet scream conservative. Other days, my French *joie de vivre* takes over, especially in the kitchen. I'm not happy unless my floors, counters, dog and cats are covered in flour. Using every pot, pan, bowl, plate and measuring spoon I can find sends me into culinary rapture. *Dieu bénit mon lave-vaisselle*—God bless my dishwasher. My French Catholic upbringing tells me I will see nev-

er-ending stacks of dishes to hand-wash in hell for paying homage to a kitchen appliance. Even the voices in my head switch languages, depending on my mood. It's a wonder I'm not in the loony bin.

My parents met up outside of Sherbrooke at a dance. My father was a handsome man—black wavy hair, piercing blue eyes, great smile, a snappy dresser and dancer—who managed to sweep my auburn-haired mother off her feet. My father spoke only broken English at best, while my mother's French was not much better. They overcame the language barrier, and my father proposed. This was a big deal for both families. Neither family had crossed their bloodlines up to this point. English married English, and French married French. My Memere Hébert, the family matriarch, refused to give her consent to their marriage until my mother converted to Catholicism. My mother agreed, and

my parents had a French-Canadian Catholic wedding. Not to be outdone, my mother's Buck family and friends hosted five different bridal showers for her. In proper English tradition, she had a teacup shower, in which she was given a bone china teacup and saucer from each of her guests. I still have some of those set displayed at my house.

For my first five years, I spoke mostly French with some English thrown in for good measure. My father insisted that French be spoken when he was around, so my mother's French quickly improved, but she wisely taught my sister and me English as well. I didn't realize that I had that much of an accent until it was pointed out to me repeatedly by my school mates. I also learned that I was a "French Frog!". It wasn't easy being one of the newer kids, and green to boot. The irony was that the kids that were calling me frog were more French than I was. I managed, through much practice, to eventually mask my French accent.

Until I was about eight, I thought we were Canadian, but lived in the United States. We spent all of the major and minor holidays in Canada, and equally celebrated American holidays in Canada as well. As a child, I was dismayed at not being Canadian like the rest of my family. I felt like a second-class citizen in my own country. Watching last year's Stanley Cup finals had me singing both the American and Canadian national anthems. While I celebrated the Boston Bruins winning the *La Coupe Stanley*, I also kept an eye on the riots in Vancouver, hoping not to see any of my cousins. Oh Canada.

Even my annual summer visits to both my English and French grandparents left me confused. My Grandmother Buck was a wonderful, well-mannered English lady, who tried to pass along her wisdom to me. She made sure that all of her charges learned
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Memere Hebert and me—my First Communion. Memere is dressed on the conservative side since we were going to church.

(Alphonsine and Frank continued from page 21)

al to visit her brothers Frédéric and Roméo. While in Montréal, she visited other relatives, enjoying much deserved vacations!

Alphonsine lived her widowed years with some of her children and one year in the country with a granddaughter before entering a nursing home where she died in 1942.

Family members and census records tell us that Alphonsine and Frank Moffet lived all of their married life in the French community near Notre Dame de Chicago. Immigrants from France and French Canada settled in this area and continued speaking French in their homes and reading newspapers printed in French. Of course, these French-speaking immigrants became bilingual and could converse with their English-speaking neighbors and co-workers. As the Moffet children used more and more English, and less and less French, they became less fluent in their parent's native language. The only French word I recall my grandmother using was *jupe* when she presented me with a skirt she had bought for me on a shopping trip to Waukegan.

I didn't personally know my great-grandparents, yet I know them in my mind and heart because of the colorful stories and many pictures handed down to me by my mother and grandmother and other relatives.

French Canadian Ancestry of Alphonsine and Frank:

Pierre Clement Larivière immigrated to New France in 1702 and married Marie Catherine Prezot, born in Québec in 1679. Marie Catherine's parents died at the Lachine Massacre in 1689. Alphonsine was a direct descendent of Pierre and Marie Catherine.

Pierre Maufay (Moffet) immigrated to New France in 1653 and married Marie Duval in 1654. Frank was a direct descendent of Pierre and Marie.



Memere Hebert cutting a cake she made. She is wearing one of her house dresses and an apron. This may be the only time I ever remember her actually wearing an apron!

(My split Personality ontinued from page 22)

how to serve a proper Afternoon Tea, complete with white gloves and finger sandwiches. For those of you who believe you can make a proper cup of tea by heating the water in the microwave, you are sadly mistaken. The difference is like eating a finely cooked well-seasoned steak vs. a greasy burger. They are both beef, but there is a world of difference in the taste and experience.

In addition to proper tea techniques, my English grandmother also passed along her extremely prim sense of fashion. I learned the importance of coordinating outfits with my jewelry, shoes and pocketbook. Even today, my earrings always coordinate with whatever else I am wearing. I can stop any time I want, but I don't want to. I have to say that the best piece of advice my grandmother gave me was about red shoes.

We were out on a weekly shopping trip, strolling up and down the nicer streets of Sherbrooke, and passed a shoe store. I pointed out a pair of what I thought were lovely patent leather red pumps. My grandmother stopped to look briefly, and then gasped in horror. She snatched my hand and dragged me away from that window display, vowing that she would never shop for shoes there again. I knew better than to ask then why she was so upset, so I waited until we got home and she had poured afternoon tea. While I don't remember the exact conversation, it went along these lines:

"Grandmother, why were you mad about the shoes?"

"Shoes? Oh, you mean those horrid red shoes we saw at the shoe store, dear?"

"Yes. I thought they were pretty."

She shook her head. "Proper young ladies must never wear red shoes."

"Why not, Grandmother?"

She looked around and leaned closer to whisper to me. "If a lady wears red shoes out in public, it means that she is not wearing any underwear and is of loose morals."

She was perfectly serious. I had no idea at the time what loose morals were, but I certainly knew that I didn't want them. To this day, I cannot bring myself to buy a pair of red shoes. I've seen some that I really like, but that's about as far as I'll go. I covet them, but I won't buy them. I share this story with some of my red shoe wearing friends. I laugh when they come in to show off their shoes, and tell me that they are indeed wearing underwear. They don't mention their morals, though.

Not to be outdone, my Memere Hébert also insisted I be brought to Sherbrooke for weekly visits, since my English grandparents lived only about fifteen minutes away. We would arrive at my Memere Hébert's



Grandmother Buck, dressed in one of her many well-matched suits.



Memere Hebert (middle), me (left), and my sister, Brenda (right). The crocheted red and white knit outfits were made by my Tante Jean, Memere's sister. This picture was taken at Memere's house, and the fact that we were all dressed up probably means that we were there to celebrate an event or holiday - I believe it may have been Easter.

yellow clapboard apartment building just shortly after lunch. Memere Hébert would be hovering kitchen, waiting for me while fussing over something on the stove. My grandfather would bend down and kiss my cheek, telling me that he would be back at three o'clock, and not to keep him waiting. To this day, I am not sure why I wasn't

allowed to stay more than a few hours, but I suspect that my grandmother managed to convince my mother that Memere Hébert was not a proper influence and most likely had loose morals and red shoes.

My Memere Hébert would give me a big hug, and the conversation switched immediately to French. She was a wonderful cook, and always had something sweet just out of the oven, along with a pot of soup or stew gently simmering on the stove. We rarely left the apartment during our visits. Instead, I would watch her cook. She never used a recipe or cookbook, and she certainly did not carefully measure her ingredients the way I learned to later in my two years of culinary classes. I was tasked with finding flour, sugar, salt, baking powder, chocolate, eggs, milk, butter or whatever else she used and later, washing the dishes. She also showed me how to make *touritière*, a French-Canadian meat pie usually served during the holidays, as well as *poutine*, a classic comfort food made of crispy fries topped with fresh squeaky cheddar cheese curds and a brown (usually chicken) sauce. My husband was skeptical at first, but now devours both dishes. I do give props to Memere for showing me the magic of cooking and baking. She wasn't able to spend much time with me, but she certainly did make those few hours a week count.

Memere Hébert could have cared less if her outfit matched her pocketbook or shoes. She always seemed to have a disheveled look about her. While my Grandmother Buck wore dresses, stockings and heels at home, Memere Hébert would be dressed in a frumpy loose dress, with a stained apron tied around her waist. Most of the time, she was barefoot. I never saw her wearing heels unless she was dressed for church. When she decided to dress up, she certainly gave my Grandmother Buck a run for her money. They were both about the same height, but my Memere Hébert was blessed in the chest, and had no qualms about showing it off with low-cut, brightly coloured blouses. I remember her telling me that she kept *le sein* firm by drinking the juice from cans of corn. I didn't share this with my Grandmother Buck, since among other reasons, she was not as well endowed nor did she like canned corn.

I have often wondered what my Grandmothers would think of me writing about our families. My English Grand-

(Continued on page 36)

N.D.L.R.: Publié dans le magazine Histoire Québec, volume 17, numéro 2, 2011. Histoire Québec est un magazine national de vulgarisation historique que produit trois fois par année la Fédération Histoire Québec en partenariat avec les Éditions Histoire Québec, pour mieux faire connaître notamment l'histoire locale, régionale et même nationale, mais aussi pour expliquer d'autres enjeux majeurs comme le patrimoine sous toutes ses formes. D'autres informations sont accessibles sur le site Internet : [<http://www.histoirequebec.qc.ca/>] www.histoirequebec.qc.ca.

Calendrier historique « Les Français d'Amérique »

par Jeannine Ouellet,
première vice-présidente, Fédération Histoire Québec,
avec la précieuse collaboration de Marie-Reine Mikesell

Jeannine Ouellet détient un baccalauréat en pédagogie, un baccalauréat en éducation préscolaire et en enseignement primaire et des certificats en français, en histoire et en psychologie. Très tôt, elle s'est passionnée pour l'histoire et la généalogie. De 1982 à 1991, elle a travaillé à l'écriture de trois ouvrages historiques et généalogiques portant sur Saint-André de Kamouraska; en 2007, elle faisait paraître un ouvrage sur la présence écossaise dans la région bas-laurentienne. Auteure de nombreux articles parus dans divers journaux, bulletins et revues, elle a animé et réalisé des émissions de télévision et de radio, publié des chroniques dans les hebdomadaires régionaux et prononcé des conférences au Québec et en France, en Écosse et aux États-Unis. Depuis août 2005, elle est rédactrice en chef du magazine Histoire Québec de la Fédération des Sociétés d'histoire du Québec. Après avoir assumé la présidence de la Société d'histoire et de généalogie de Rivière-du-Loup, puis celle de la Fédération québécoise des sociétés de généalogie, elle est devenue deuxième vice-présidente de la Fédération Histoire Québec en 1998, puis première-vice présidente en 2005 et vice-présidente des Éditions Histoire Québec depuis 2007. Au cours de sa carrière, Jeannine Ouellet a reçu de nombreux prix et distinctions, dont le prix Honorius-Provost, la médaille de la Ville de Ciboure, en Pyrénées-Atlantique, le grade de Milady du 78^e régiment historique des Fraser Highlanders. En 2007, elle faisait partie des 1000 femmes qui ont bâti le Québec, une exposition de portraits par le photographe français Pierre Maraval présentée à la galerie SAS à Montréal, intitulée Mille femmes. En septembre 2010, le Conseil supérieur de la langue française lui remettait les insignes de l'Ordre des francophones d'Amérique.



Voici la petite histoire du calendrier historique connu dans le monde entier, « Les Français d'Amérique », réalisé grâce à l'intervention de quelques Américains. L'idée lancée dans le cadre d'un congrès tenu en 1983 est devenue réalité au cours des

vingt années suivantes, puis a reçu un nouveau souffle de vie en devenant accessible grâce à Internet. Trois noms actifs sont attachés à ce calendrier, trois noms qui lui ont permis de naître, de vivre jusqu'à l'âge adulte, puis de voyager à travers le monde.

Le 6^e Congrès national franco-américain au Michigan, à l'île de Mackinac et au fort Michilimackinac, à Mackinaw City

Voyons d'abord brièvement l'histoire des lieux. Toutefois, pour bien comprendre l'histoire, il faut connaître la géographie. L'État du Michigan a la forme d'une moufle (gant de la main gauche sans doigts avec seulement le pouce). Pour des questions politiques, il y a aussi un Upper Michigan – partie rattachée géographiquement au Wis-

consin – complètement séparé de la « moufle » par un bras d'eau (le détroit de Mackinac), à la rencontre des lac Huron et Michigan. De chaque côté de ce passage, se situent deux villes : au nord, la ville de Saint-Ignace où se trouvent la mission et la tombe du père Marquette, et au sud, la ville de Mackinaw City où est construit le fort Michilimackinac (fort français).

En 1671, sur la péninsule sise au nord du détroit de Mackinac, là où se rencontrent les lacs Michigan et Huron, le père jésuite Jacques Marquette fonde la mission Saint-Ignace en l'honneur de saint Ignace de Loyola; c'est là que sa dépouille sera inhumée en 1677². En 1683, les Français y établissent un poste de traite et une garnison de 30 soldats sous le commandement de Dulhut. Ce premier fort, et le

(Suite de page 24)

plus important situé à l'ouest de Montréal, avait pour mission de surveiller la route des fourrures et de protéger la mission Saint-Ignace. Puis, en 1689, Louis La Porte de Louvigny, commandant de forts dans l'Ouest, érige à cet endroit le fort Buade, nom donné pour honorer le gouverneur de la Nouvelle-France, Louis de Buade, comte de Frontenac. Arrive en 1694, le nouveau commandant, Antoine Laumet dit Lamothe Cadillac, au moment où le marché des pelleteries s'étant effondré en France, les comptoirs des Pays-d'en-Haut et du pays des Illinois avaient cessé leurs activités. Le 24 juillet 1701, Antoine de Lamothe Cadillac trouve un lieu plus stratégique, l'emplacement actuel de la ville de Détroit, où il débarque avec 50 soldats, un nombre égal de voyageurs et d'habitants et environ une centaine d'Indiens. Il bâtit une palissade et érige le fort Pontchartrain destiné à protéger et à encourager le commerce des fourrures avec les autochtones. Cadillac ferme l'ancien poste et, y laissant les Jésuites, ramène avec lui la garnison militaire au fort Pontchartrain du Détroit qu'il vient d'ériger.³

En 1715, sur la pointe sud du détroit de Mackinac, des Français fondent un nouveau poste de traite, le fort Michilimackinac, là où se trouve actuellement Mackinaw City. Fort Michilimackinac accueillera quelques familles de colons canadiens établies autour des remparts. Durant les dernières années du Régime français, ce comptoir demeurera une plaque tournante du commerce des pelleteries dans les Pays-d'en-Haut.

Sur le lac Huron, au large de Saint-Ignace, se trouve l'île de Mackinac (nommée Michilimackinac par les Français au XVII^e siècle), où se situe le fort Mackinac construit vers 1780 par les Britanniques afin de contrôler le détroit de Mackinac et le commerce de la fourrure. En 1670, le père Claude Dablon, missionnaire jésuite, avait passé l'hiver sur l'île qui était déjà un lieu de rencontre pour la traite des fourrures. Cet emplacement est maintenant un musée faisant partie du Mackinac Island State Park. Durant la saison estivale, l'île est occupée par des Américains fortunés qui habitent des villas sur sa côte, alors que l'intérieur est occupé par des villages de Métis français-indiens dont les noms de famille sont bien canadiens.

Au xx^e siècle, les sites ont fait l'objet d'une fouille archéologique permettant la restauration des établissements à Mackinaw City et sur l'île de Mackinac, dans les eaux du lac Huron.



Carte montrant le détroit de Mackinac traversé par l'autoroute 75; au nord du détroit (Upper Michigan), la mission Saint-Ignace, au sud du détroit (Lower Michigan), la ville de Mackinaw où est construit le fort Michilimackinac et l'île de Mackinac qui se trouve au large de Saint-Ignace. Tous ces lieux, le détroit, la péninsule nord et la péninsule sud ainsi que l'île, se nommaient Michilimackinac à l'époque française.

(Source : http://www.google.ca/search?sourceid=navclient&aq=0&oq=fort+Michilimackinac&ie=UTF-8&rlz=1T4SUNA_enCA293CA293&q=fort+Michilimackinac [page consultée en octobre 2011]).



Fort Mackinac, Michigan, by Seth Eastman, Oil on canvas, 1872 (Source : http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/File:Fort_mackinac_painting.jpg [page consultée en octobre 2011]).



Fort Michilimackinac, fort militaire construit à Michilimackinac (en français) ou Mackinaw City (anglais), sur la rive sud du détroit de Mackinac, au Michigan, et inscrit monument historique le 24 juin 1920. (Source : http://fr.wiki/Fort_Michilimackinac [page consultée en octobre 2011]).



Marie-Reine Mikesell et Ralph Naveaux, en 1983. (Photo : Jim Wuepper, photographe professionnel de Negaunee, Michigan)

C'est dans l'île de Mackinac (du 3 au 6 août) et au fort de Michilimackinac à Mackinaw City (le 7 août) que se tient, en 1983, le 6^e Congrès national franco-américain. À cette occasion, naît la merveilleuse aventure d'éditer le calendrier « Les Français d'Amérique ». Cette année-là, Marie-Reine Mikesell, de Chicago en Illinois, est chargée de l'organisation et du bon déroulement de l'événement dans l'île de Mackinac, alors que Ralph Naveaux sera responsable d'organiser et de superviser la journée de clôture au fort Michilimackinac. Cette fête demeurera longtemps dans la mémoire des participants avec la pagenterie des milices du Michigan, le corps de fifres et de tambours de la Franche Marine venu de l'Indiana, l'expédition La Salle-II de l'Illinois et les danseurs de M^{me} Cadillac de Détroit, Michigan.

Pour la première fois, des représentants des Franco-Nord-Américains de toute l'Amérique du Nord et des représentants des Métis du Nord-Ouest, amenés au

Congrès par Virgil Benoit de Red Lake Falls, au Minnesota, participent au Congrès national franco-américain. Virgil Benoit fait la proposition de trouver un moyen pour enseigner l'histoire. Ce sera le point de départ et l'inspiration pour la création du calendrier.

Ayant appris que des Franco-Américains allaient se réunir dans l'île, Jim Wuepper, photographe du Michigan (Upper Peninsula), a décidé de se joindre aux participants, révélant être lui-même 1/16^e Français d'Amérique et que seul ce 16^e l'intéressait. Grâce à son appareil photo, quelques moments de cet important rassemblement ont été immortalisés.

Le calendrier historique « Les Français d'Amérique »

À la suite de la proposition de Virgil Benoit et au nom de l'Alliance franco-américaine du Midwest (AFAM), du Conseil pour le développement du français en Louisiane (CODOFIL) et de la Société historique franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre (SHFA), Marie-Reine Mikesell a consacré vingt années



Participants, lors de la dernière journée du rassemblement (à l'exception des Québécois qui ont quitté avant la journée terminale) au 6^e Congrès national des Français d'Amérique, fort Michilimackinac, le 7 août 1983. À l'arrière, milices, hommes et femmes en vêtements d'époque, qui ont servi un repas d'antan aux personnes présentes John Fisher-Poissant, concepteur du site Internet, a ajouté les noms de quelques-uns d'entre eux. (Source : <http://www.johnfishersr.net/images/1983%20at%20Fort%20Michilimackinac%20closeup%20text.jpg> [page consultée en octobre 2011]).

de sa vie à l'élaboration du calendrier « Les Français d'Amérique » (300 photographies et 700 anniversaires historiques), informant de la contribution de la France et de la Nouvelle-France à l'histoire du continent nord-américain, ouvrage publié de 1985 à 2002. Outre l'étude historique effectuée grâce aux nombreux volumes empruntés à la bibliothèque de l'Université de Chicago, la recherche des photos, la rédaction des textes, M^{me} Mikesell a aussi été responsable de la vente des calendriers.

Les illustrations offertes dans le recueil présentent des scènes, des personnages (Jacques Cartier, Louis Joliet, Jacques Marquette, Jean Nicolet, La Vérendrye, Louis XIV, La Salle, Colbert, Maisonneuve, Le Moyne, La Vérendrye, Juchereau, François-Xavier Garneau, Samuel de Champlain, Marguerite Bourgeoise, Jeanne Mance, Frontenac, Louis Hébert, etc.), également des lieux, non seulement des États américains (Louisiane, Vermont, Missouri, Michigan, Maine, Wisconsin, North Dakota, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Indiana, Massachusetts, New York, Californie, Illinois, Alabama, Minnesota, Ohio, Floride, Virginie, Kentucky, South Dakota, Maryland, Pennsylvanie, Iowa, Mississippi, Arkansas, Georgie), mais aussi de provinces du Canada (Québec, Manitoba, Nouvelle-Écosse, Ontario), de villes de France (Limoëlou, Versailles, Neuville-sur-Vanne, Laon, La Rochelle, Grenoble, Paris, Saint-Pierre et Miquelon, Brouage, Bordeaux, etc.).

Ce calendrier d'histoire, de dates et d'activités culturelles est publié sur le site Internet par le webmestre John Fisher, de Burlington, au Vermont.
http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html

De nombreuses personnes des Pays-d'en-Haut (Midwest) et du Pays des Illinois, ont collaboré avec Marie-Reine Mikesell afin de réaliser ce joyau qu'est le calendrier « Les Français d'Amérique ». Tous les textes rédigés en français ont été traduits en anglais. C'est, semble-t-il, la seule publication aux États-Unis où l'anglais est en italique!

Depuis juin 2007, grâce à la magie d'Internet, ont été effectuées pas moins de 80 000 visites provenant non seulement de la France et du Canada mais aussi de plusieurs pays européens, notamment de l'Allemagne, l'Angleterre, l'Espagne, l'Italie, la Norvège et également du Mexique, du Brésil, d'Australie, de l'Inde, de la Malaisie...

Qui est Virgil Benoit⁴, instigateur du calendrier?

Le Dr Virgil Paul Benoit, Ph.D., professeur à l'Université du Minnesota, descend d'un groupe de réfugiés acadiens de la Rivière Rouge du Nord, rivière qui prend sa source au Minnesota, coule vers le nord, traverse le 49^o parallèle (frontière internationale entre le Canada et les États-Unis depuis le traité d'Oregon signé en 1846), passe à Winnipeg,



Drapeau de la Franche Marine qui a flotté sur tous les forts français à travers le continent, adopté par les Francos-Américains du Midwest, dessiné par Charles E. Beudet, du Michigan; ce drapeau est l'équivalent de ceux des Canadiens Français dans chacune des provinces du Canada et de ceux des Acadiens de la Louisiane et du Maine.

(Source : http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html. [page consultée en octobre 2011].)



Marie-Reine Mikesell présente au premier ministre du Québec, René Lévesque, le drapeau qui a flotté sur le fort Michilimackinac lors du Congrès, en 1983.
(Source : Collection photographique du gouvernement québécois)

Saint-Boniface au Manitoba, et se jette dans le lac Winnipeg. La Rivière Rouge du Nord (son nom à l'origine) ou Red River of the North, s'appelle « du Nord » parce qu'il existe une autre Rivière Rouge, en Louisiane.

Virgil Benoit a étudié et a enseigné à l'Université Laval, au Québec, à l'Université d'Ottawa, en Ontario, à l'Université de Régina, en Saskatchewan, au Collège universitaire de Saint-Boniface, au Manitoba, à l'Université de Rennes, en Bretagne (France), à Aix-en-Provence (France), à l'Université Paris-Sorbonne (France), à l'Université des Antilles et de la Guyane (Martinique), à l'Université du Vermont, à l'Université Colgate, à l'Université Harvard et dans plusieurs autres universités aux États-Unis. Ses activités professionnelles et personnelles sont la langue française, la littérature baroque et classique et la société en France, la littérature québécoise et la société, la francophonie des Amériques, le patrimoine

canadien-français et la diaspora francophone dans le Middlewest (nommé ainsi par Virgil et synonyme de Midwest).

Depuis la rédaction de sa thèse de doctorat sur les valeurs sociales, comme en témoigne le théâtre français du XVII^e siècle, Virgil Benoit a étudié et enseigné la relation de la culture à la société de la francophonie des Amériques. Dans ses premiers écrits, il s'est concentré sur l'histoire canadienne-française et le michif (langage des Métis) dans le Minnesota et le Dakota du Nord. Plus tard, il a développé des présentations d'histoire dramatique vivante, tout en explorant la programmation publique. Son objectif actuel est de créer des ressources pour aider les individus et les groupes communautaires de tous les intérêts et les milieux du Midwest pour se connecter au réseau français des Amériques, ce qu'il fait à travers son enseignement, ses recherches, publications et services à IFMidwest qu'il a fondé en 2006. M. Benoit a présenté ses travaux à plus de 200 organisations civiles, culturelles, professionnelles nationales (dans le Middlewest, aussi bien que dans l'Est et l'Ouest des États américains) et internationales (Québec, Montréal, Saskatchewan, Ontario, Martinique et Paris).

Actuel professeur titulaire de français et directeur de l'organisme Initiatives en français Midwest (IFMidwest) dans le département des langues du monde, littératures et cultures, il est aussi le président de l'Association des Français du Nord (AFRAN) qu'il a fondée en 1982, organisation

connue pour son service public et ses programmes sur le patrimoine. De par son enseignement, ses recherches, ses publications, et les organisations patrimoniales qu'il dirige, Virgil Benoit s'engage à éclairer les rapports entre idéologie de masse et thèmes régénérateurs en francophonie et il vise à rapprocher des Québécois, des amateurs de la culture québécoise et des descendants des pionniers québécois de la région du Middlewest des États-Unis. Il promeut le dialogue entre les communautés culturelles d'origine canadienne-française ainsi que des francophones de toutes origines du Midwest par son magazine, ses rassemblements, ses recherches et ses actions revitalisantes.

Ses écrits sur des communautés canadiennes-françaises dans le Midwest ont été publiés par la Minnesota Historical Society, les Presses de l'Université Laval, les Éditions Septentrion, l'Université Concordia et dans de nombreuses revues et magazines. Grâce à ses recherches et à ses écrits aussi bien que dans la création de programmes pour les étudiants et les individus non-scolarisés, M. Benoit collabore étroitement avec des collègues et des dirigeants communautaires du Midwest, du Manitoba, de l'Ontario et du Québec. Chaque année, plus de cinquante étudiants de l'Université du Dakota du Nord participent à des programmes qu'il organise au Canada, tandis que plus de sept cents personnes participent à la programmation publique parrainée hors campus par l'IFMidwest et l'AFRAN à travers les États du Minnesota et du Dakota du Nord.



Virgil Benoit.
(Source : Fédération Histoire Québec)

Conférencier au Congrès sur l'Amérique française organisé par la Fédération Histoire Québec (FHQ), la Fédération québécoise des sociétés de généalogie (FQSG) et la Société franco-ontarienne d'histoire et de généalogie (SFOHG), Virgil Benoit y a rencontré bien des gens qui seront de nouveaux partenaires pour des programmes qu'il propose, le thème de la francophonie au Midwest étant bel et bien ancré au sein de la francophonie nord-américaine.

Pour ses contributions professionnelles à sa région et à la vie académique, pour l'ensemble de son travail de recherche, ses publications et l'animation du fait français en Amérique du Nord, Virgil est détenteur de plusieurs distinctions qu'il a reçues, parmi lesquelles on retient :

Best of North Dakota, Conférence centrale des États sur l'enseignement des langues étrangères, Indianapolis, Langues étrangères Association du Dakota Nord/Fland, en 2010-2011;

Meilleur *Scholar* public, Centre pour l'engagement communautaire, Université du Dakota du Nord, en 2008;

Professeur de langue française de l'année de l'Association américaine des professeurs de français du Minnesota, en 2000;

Éducateur de la vallée de la Rivière Rouge, Société historique de la vallée de la Rivière Rouge/Société héritage de la vallée de la Rivière Rouge, en 1994;

Meilleur programmeur public 1990, dans la Commission des humanités du Minnesota;

Service communautaire exceptionnel dans les sciences humaines, Roland Dille, Moorhead State University, en 1990;

l'Ordre des Palmes académiques, France, en 1989;

le Conseil de la vie française en Amérique, en 1989;

l'Ordre des francophones d'Amérique, le Conseil de la langue française à Québec ayant reconnu ses mérites pour s'être consacré au maintien et à l'épanouissement de la langue française en Amérique, Québec, en 1985.

Qui est Marie-Reine Mikesell, éditrice du calendrier « Les Français d'Amérique »?

Marie-Reine Mikesell est l'éditrice d'une oeuvre fort intéressante à laquelle elle s'est consacrée bénévolement pendant plus de vingt années, le calendrier « Les Français d'Amérique ». Américaine d'ascendance française, elle habite à Chicago, où son mari, Marvin Mikesell, originaire de la Californie, est professeur de géographie culturelle à l'université (University of Chicago). « Devenue habitante de l'État d'Illinois en 1957, dit-elle, je me suis immédiatement intéressée au Pays des Illinois. J'ai parcouru l'Amérique en tous sens au cours d'un demi-siècle à la recherche de ses racines françaises. Cette région explorée par Louis Joliet et le père Marquette en 1673 et le sieur de La Salle en 1680, fut habitée durant deux siècles uniquement par les Indiens et les Canadiens. »

Son grand intérêt pour l'histoire de l'Amérique française l'amena au cours des ans à participer à de nombreuses rencontres historiques aux États-Unis, au Canada et en France, et à visiter sur place les témoignages de ce passé toujours si présent. Marie-Reine Mikesell collabore depuis plus de 50 ans à l'oeuvre des Franco-Américains du Midwest (Pays d'en-Haut et Pays des Illinois) dont le but est de mieux faire connaître l'épopée française en terre nord-américaine.

Aux Québécois, Marie-Reine Mikesell dit : « Votre histoire s'étend bien au-delà de la Belle Province – cette histoire est non seulement trans-canadienne mais aussi trans-nord américaine – et la connaître et la faire connaître comme telle aiderait grandement la cause de la langue française. Votre histoire, ce n'est pas seulement les Plaines d'Abraham, c'est également la Conquête et la cartographie d'un immense continent, ce qui est sans égal. »

En 1981, Marie-Reine Mikesell accompagne son mari invité par l'Université de Jérusalem pour y donner des cours de géographie culturelle sur le Proche et Moyen-Orient (Middle East). Pendant ce séjour, elle a visité Israël au complet. Un jour, elle lit dans le *Jerusalem Post* : « On a posé aux jeunes Israéliens cette question : *Être juif, cela en vaut-il la peine, si l'on considère toutes les difficultés que nous avons dû, devons et devons encore traverser pour garder notre identité?* La réponse avait été unanime : OUI. Et la raison donnée : LEUR HISTOIRE :

(1) les épreuves que les Juifs avaient traversées et endurées au cours des siècles, lesquelles avaient cimenté le groupe;

(2) l'apport de la culture juive à la civilisation du monde. Tout cela valait pour eux la peine d'être défendu. »

En Israël, on emmène les écoliers en groupes pour visiter les monuments et les sites historiques. On leur enseigne l'histoire vivante. M^{me} Mikesell a ainsi été témoin, sur le rocher de Massada, d'un repas le jour anniversaire du suicide collectif des habitants, en l'an 73. Ceux-ci, assiégés par les Romains, s'étaient jetés du haut du rocher plutôt que de se rendre. À l'époque, les prisonniers des Romains étaient vendus comme esclaves. Le repas consistait de mets du premier siècle et les participants étaient aussi habillés comme à cette époque-là. C'est une expérience qu'on n'oublie pas.

À la question: « Si on vous donnait la responsabilité de la francisation du Québec, comment feriez-vous pour mettre les jeunes davantage dans le coup? » Sa réponse : « Je leur ferais apprendre leur histoire NORD-AMÉRICAINNE. C'est ce que je ferais, si on me donnait la responsabilité d'aider à la francisation du Québec; j'enracinerais les enfants dès leur jeune âge, dans leur histoire à l'échelle du continent en leur enseignant l'histoire vivante. En ce qui concerne l'histoire vivante, il est évident que ce ne serait pas facile d'emmener les écoliers québécois sur les sites historiques de la Nouvelle-France qui couvrent le continent

tout entier. Cependant, de nos jours, il y a les ORDINATEURS qui, sur la totalité de l'écran, peuvent accomplir cette tâche (photographies, films), aidés par des cartes de géographie du continent en relief (si possible). »

Marie-Reine Mikesell de l'Illinois, Virgil Benoit du Minnesota, Jacques Robillard du Wisconsin et Ralph Naveaux du Michigan sont l'arrière-garde de la Nouvelle-France dans les Pays-d'en-Haut. M^{me} Mikesell se plaît à penser souvent à *La Chanson de Roland*. Dans ce texte, celui-ci commandait l'arrière-garde et la voyant en péril, il sonna du cor pour avertir Charlemagne, et quand ce dernier entendit l'appel du cor, il annonça : « Roland est en danger, repassons la montagne... » M^{me} Mikesell se demande parfois s'il y a un Charlemagne quelque part dans le monde franco-nord-américain? S'il existe, elle croit qu'il viendra du Québec, la Belle Province, clef de voûte de la présence française sur ce continent. Un peuple qui a toute cette histoire héroïque de bâtisseurs d'un pays neuf (le Canada), puis d'explorateurs d'un immense continent, possède le pouvoir et le droit de réclamer l'honneur et le prestige d'avoir été les fondateurs.

En 1983, cette grande dame a été nommée à l'Ordre des francophones d'Amérique (Conseil supérieur de la langue française, Québec). Cette distinction, décernée annuellement, a pour but de reconnaître les mérites de personnes qui se consacrent au maintien et à l'épanouissement de la langue française en Amé-

rique. En 1984, elle a reçu la médaille de la Fidélité française (Conseil de la vie française en Amérique, Québec). Le 7 décembre 1990, Marie-Reine Mikesell était invitée à prononcer une allocution au Sénat à Paris. Son discours est demeuré mémorable : « Je suis venue à Paris pour vous parler de l'histoire française de l'Amérique et pour vous poser une question : Pourquoi a-t-on jeté dans les oubliettes de l'histoire ces Français qui, au nom de leur pays, avaient accompli des prodiges?... ». Le texte de sa présentation a été publié dans plusieurs journaux et revues en France et aux États-Unis. En 1992, M^{me} Mikesell a été décorée de l'Ordre des Palmes académiques de la France.

Qui est Ralph Naveaux, responsable de la journée de clôture du 6^e Congrès national franco-américain, au fort Michilimackinac, le 7 août 1983?

Détenteur d'une maîtrise à l'université de l'État du Michigan (*Michigan State University*) et spécialisé en langue française et en histoire, Ralph Naveaux, descendant de Michel Jacques Neveu dit Franceur, est originaire de Monroe (anciennement Rivière-aux-Raisins, nom français en 1812), au Michigan. Il a été professeur de français et d'histoire pendant 15 ans, spécialisé dans le XVIII^e et le début du XIX^e siècles. Puis, il est devenu administrateur du *Monroe County Historical Museum* pendant 17 ans, période au cours de la quelle il a initié et participé à de nombreux programmes et représentations et, à titre de coprésident, il a participé pendant une vingtaine d'années

au *Old French Town Days Festival* à Monroe. Monsieur Naveaux est membre de la Commission du Bicentenaire de la guerre de 1812 du comté de Monroe, du Comité directeur du bicentenaire et des Amis du champ de bataille de Rivière-aux-Raisins (*River Raisin Battlefield*) – cette guerre est la seule que les Américains ont perdu contre l'Angleterre. Depuis 1977, Ralph Naveaux s'adonne à la recherche et à l'interprétation de l'histoire vivante (*living history*) de l'Amérique française.

Qui est John Fisher Poissant, webmestre du site du calendrier « Les Français d'Amérique »?

John Fisher est le webmestre du site du calendrier « Les Français d'Amérique ». Suite à la création de ce portail en 2007, l'extraordinaire travail réalisé par Marie-Reine Mikesell a pu être exposé sur la toile mondiale. Grâce à cette remarquable contribution, le calendrier a pu et continue à voyager à travers le monde.

John Fisher vit à Burlington, au Vermont. Depuis qu'il connaît sa généalogie, il a ajouté le patronyme français Poissant. Arthur Joseph Fisher, son père, est né à Burlington en 1905, et son grand-père, Joseph Arthur Poissant/Fisher, est né en 1881, à North Adams, Massachusetts. Émigré au Vermont au xx^e siècle où il a anglicisé son nom en celui de Fisher, il a épousé Octavie Doré à l'église Saint-Joseph, à Burlington.⁵ De par sa mère, Marie-Anna Bourassa née à Saint-Jean-sur-Richelieu, John Fisher est un parent du fondateur du journal *Le Devoir*, Henri Bourassa, un neveu de son arrière-grand-père Vital Bourassa, de L'Acadie. Les ancêtres Bourassa de John Fisher ont émigré aux États-Unis en 1910, à Winooski, au Vermont, appelé en français « le petit Canada ».⁶ D'autres renseignements sur sa généalogie sont présentés sur ce site : <http://www.johnfishersr.net/images/Poissant/John-chart3-FINAL-w-marine%20web.jpg>

Un calendrier historique qui mérite notre admiration

Anatole France disait : « Pour accomplir de grandes choses, nous devons non seulement agir, mais aussi rêver, non seulement planifier, mais aussi croire. » Voilà, ce qu'ont accompli Virgil Benoit, Marie-Reine Mikesell et John Fisher Poissant.

Le lien suivant nous permet de profiter des fruits de leur travail destinés à faire connaître l'histoire des Français d'Amérique : http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html.



John R. Fisher Sr. (Poissant).
(Source : John Fisher-Poissant)

Notes

- ¹ http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html, page consultée en octobre 2011.
- ² Dictionnaire biographique du Canada, consulté en ligne : http://www.biographi.ca/009004-119.01-f.php?&id_nbr=452, page consultée en octobre 2011.
- ³ Dictionnaire biographique du Canada, consulté en ligne : http://www.biographi.ca/009004-119.01-f.php?&id_nbr=888, page consultée en octobre 2011.
- ⁴ <http://arts-sciences.und.edu/languages/french/profile-benoit.cfm>, page consultée en octobre 2011.
- ⁵ http://www.johnfishersr.net/Poissant_Fisher.htm, page consultée en octobre 2011.
- ⁶ <http://www.johnfishersr.net/bourassa.htm>, page consultée en octobre 2011.



John Fisher, membre de la Société de généalogie du Vermont et du Canada français, montre sur la carte la Pointe à la Chevelure, là où quelques colons français s'établirent en 1727. (Photo : Pierre Trudel, *Le Devoir*, 23 juillet 2011)

**BOOKS/
LIVRES...**



**Madame Athanase T. Brindamour
- Raconteuse (2011)
par Norman R. Beaupré**

Suite à la Souillonne vient la Brindamour, la raconteuse, qui, elle aussi, raconte ses histoires en dialecte franco-américain.

Cette fois-ci, il y a la présence d'un homme, Athanase, l'époux raconteur, qui raconte ses histoires à lui, parfois un peu grivoises. L'auteur a voulu glisser dans ses écrits en dialecte, la voix d'un homme afin d'élargir l'horizon des personnages auxquels il donne voix. Les contes et les

histoires des deux époux vigoureux dans l'expression de leur vécu sont tirés de leur passé traditionnel, ou même des fabliaux du Moyen Âge. Tout est agencé pour faire rire le lecteur/la lectrice, et en même temps émouvoir ceux qui ont la sensibilité d'éprouver un penchant pour ce qui est touchant.

Madame Athanase T. Brindamour, raconteuse est un véritable témoignage de l'humour chez les Franco-Américains de la Nouvelle-Angleterre.



ISBN 978-1-60594-838-6 Paperback
Format: 5.5 x 8.5 in - 136 pages
Language: French

Published by Llumina Press



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To receive timely announcements relating to Norman Neaupré and other Franco-American writers, join the Franco-American Connection mailing list or subscribe to the Franco-American Connection blog.

<http://www.nrbeaupre.com/index.html>

BOOKS/

LIVRES...



Everything I Own
by *Raymond Beauchemin*

Raymond Beauchemin is a US-born writer and editor who now lives in Hamilton, Ontario. He worked as a journalist in New England before moving to Montreal in 1990, where he received his master's degree and worked as an editor at The Gazette until 2008. In the intervening years, he edited or co-edited three anthologies of Quebec literature in English: *32 Degrees*, *Future Tense* and *The Urban Wanderers Reader*, which was based on a public reading series he ran with wife, the author Denise Roig, for several years in the early 1990s, and which helped repopularize English literature in Quebec before the creation of the Blue Metropolis literary festival. He and Denise owned Hochelaga Press in Montreal. Beauchemin wrote *Salut! The Quebec Microbrewery Beer Cookbook* in 2003. In 2008, he left Canada for the United Arab Emirates, where he worked as deputy editor of the foreign section of *The National* in Abu Dhabi. He returned to Canada in 2011. *Everything I Own* is his first novel.

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10: 1550713469

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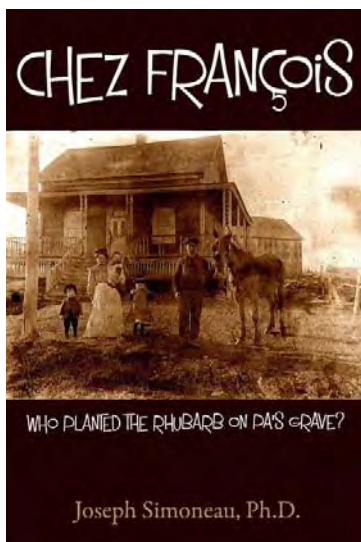
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Songwriter Michel Laflamme is stuck in traffic on Montreal's Jacques Cartier Bridge. While waiting for police to try to talk down a potential suicide, Michel turns on the radio and hears his wife, Bijou, founding member of Beaupré, the seminal Quebec folk-rock group. The music takes Michel across a 30-year span of memory, through the emotional and political upheavals of his own life and that of his Belle Province.



Chez François

By *Joseph Simoneau*

in Quebec, the French-speaking region of Canada, in the early twentieth century. Francois does his best to eke out a hard-scrabble existence from farming, though he feels increasing pressure to work in the new mines, run by the mistrusted English.

Life is hard, but life is good. Omer and Joe always seem to find new ways to have fun, whether it's trying to substitute sawdust for tobacco and sneak a smoke of a pipe, digging tunnels in the snow to the family's outhouse and barn, or listening to their uncle's strange tales of a far-off land called "Noo York." For the grown-ups, true delight can be found in the occasional square dance, a taste of maple syrup, a meat pie, or a home-made beer.

Chez Francois is a sweet, warm-hearted blend of family drama and comedy. It takes the reader through 20th-century life

in Canada and the northern United States from the point of view of a proud, French-speaking people who cherish their language, ways and customs. The children grow up, get married, and have families of their own, while Exina and Francois drift into the twilight years of their lives, still as much in love as ever. Life changes, times change, but the one thing that remains the same is the love the Simoneau family has for one another.

Article Source: <http://EzineArticles.com/4393690>

\$14.45

Book Link: <http://agressma.books.officelive.com/JosephSimoneau.aspx>

Chez Francois ("Francois' Place") is the story of the Simoneau family: father Francois, mother Exina, older sister Rose, middle brothers Omer and Joe (who goes by the nickname of P'Tit Cuun, or "Little Raccoon"), and an ever-increasing cast of younger siblings. Their story begins



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Winthrop, ME 04364

Hello, All—

I'm thrilled to announce the launch of my new website:
www.lynnplourde.com [<http://www.lynnplourde.com>]

It features . . .

VIDEO READ-ALOUDS (for families to enjoy together or for teachers to project onto a screen to share with their classrooms)

MAKE WRITING VISIBLE-a blog for teachers with advice on teaching writing

LEARNING ACTIVITIES for my 27 kids' books

Please SPREAD THE WORD to other parents, teachers, librarians, grandparents—anyone who loves kids and connecting kids with books.

Also, note my e-mail address has changed to lynn@lynnplourde.com (Don't worry—the old one still works, but the new one is my preferred and primary e-mail address).

A big "SHOUT OUT" to my website designer, AfterFive by Design [<http://www.afterfivebydesign.com/>,]<http://www.afterfivebydesign.com/>, who exceeded my expectations from start to finish by creating a site that perfectly reflects who I am as an author—word player, dramatic, teaching author, proud Mainiac, and more!

Thanks for visiting and sharing the site!

Yours in books,

Lynn

Check out Lynn's NEW WEBSITE: [<http://www.lynnplourde.com>] with video read-alouds, a blog for teachers on teaching writing, learning activities for 27 books & more

Check out Lynn's NEWEST BOOKS:

LOST TRAIL

[<http://www.lynnplourde.com/index.php/books?bid=31>] -graphic novel survival story with Donn Fendler & Ben Bishop

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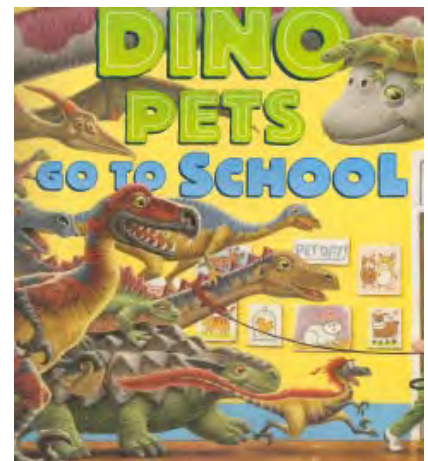
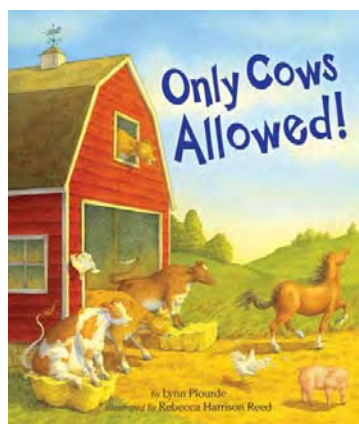
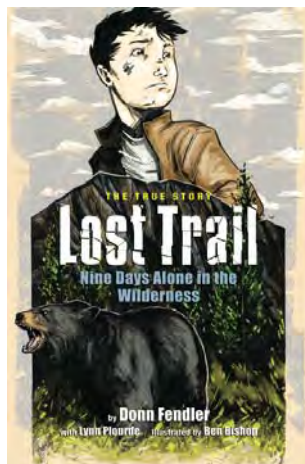
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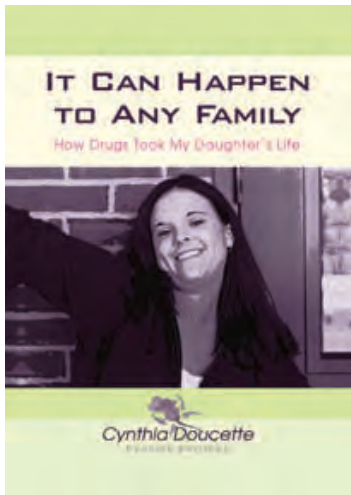
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*****AUTHOR VISITS*****

Lynn is scheduling author visits [<http://www.lynnplourde.com/index.php/author-visits>] to schools for 2012 and 2013.





It Can Happen To Any Family
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by Cynthia Doucette

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It Can Happen To Any Family tells the story of an ordinary family struggling with an extraordinary problem: a special child whose journey to adulthood was hijacked by teenage drug use.

Candice Doucette was a beautiful and well-loved young girl with many friends and talents and supportive parents--what happened to her and her family can happen to any family.

In this memoir, her mother candidly shares her experience, in hopes that other parents will find this book a resource as they strive to answer the recurrent question-- "What can we do?"

"I left her room and went to bed. I lay next to David, but we did not speak. There were no words to describe the pain we were in. I thought about the day that had begun so pleasurably... and ended so painfully.

Even so, I thanked God for the blessings in my life as I did every night. I asked Him to watch over Candice and provide her with the help she needed. We had not been able to give her what she required. Nothing had worked as we had hoped.

I'm glad I didn't know then how tragically her story--and ours--would end.
 What had happened to Candice, and where did it all begin?"

From the Postlude by the author

I never took an interest in writing until the tragedy of my daughter Candice unfolded in front of me. Her needless death from a drug overdose just overwhelmed me. This wasn't suppose to happen to a family like ours.

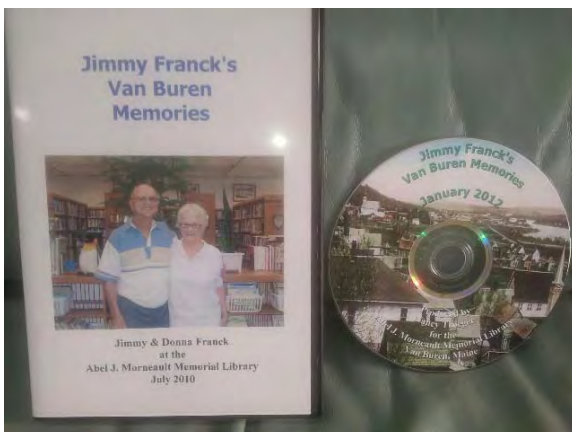
I felt I needed to take action publicly to let other families know before it was too late that depression and drug use among teens can have devastating effects on our lives.

Telling Candice's story became my goal and the idea of writing a book came to me from a friend. I have also become a speaker in my community and region in order to bring awareness to this huge problem in our society.

I am always very willing to deliver my message to groups large and small.

Please contact me at the number and address above if you feel that my family's story can help teens and parents in your organization or community.

---Cindy Doucette



Jimmy Franck's
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<http://www.morneault.lib.me.us/>

(V'la du sort - Première partie

"Je me rappelle pas ..." suite de page 10)

Ok. J'comprends qui voulaient changer «la belle province» parce que ça paraissait colonialiste ou quèque chose comme ça. Mais remplacer ça avec trois mots qui nous emprisonnent dans les sables mouvants du passé... ben, me semble que c'est quèque chose qu'on aurait fait, nous autres, les Francos. À vrai dire, c'est exactement ça qu'on a fait, pi regarde quoi c'est qui nous est arrivé.

Pour des années, on a proposé à nos jeunes que leur avenir devrait être notre passé. Prenez et conservez tous, car ceci est notre essence qui doit rester immuable per omnia. Prenez et ne changez pas, car on se souvient. Nos jeunes nous ont écoutés pour une p'tite minute pi après y ont baillé pi y ont décollé. Après une escousse, y ont arrêté d'écouter. Y avaient pas besoin. Y savaient le sermon par coeur, tellement on répétait les mêmes niaiseries. Après qu'on a passé un siècle de temps à les tanner, les jeunes sont partis pour de bon. Y se sont créés une réalité dans un domaine auquel nous, par notre propre choix, n'avons pas accès: l'avenir.

(We are so screwed - Part 1

"A License to kill" continued from page 11)

a room of old men (most women, to their credit, don't seem to share this past-oriented fixation) sitting apart in some living room someplace, leaning on their canes, nodding gently, lost in their own thoughts, and occasionally muttering snippets of incomprehensible phrases. Sometimes, the image includes a solitary tear slowly making its way down the cheek of one of more of the men. Sometimes, it does not.

Then, a woman enters the room and looks around. She quickly returns to the kitchen where she and the other women are cooking, gossiping, telling stories.

(My split Personality ontinued from page 22)

mother told me continually that decent families didn't discuss any personal matters in public, or really, in private either. Keeping that stiff upper lip is something that I've worked hard to do, and I am my Grandmother Buck's granddaughter in that sense. She gave me my sense of propriety as far as outward appearances, and would most likely be mortified if she read this. My French Memere taught me that cooking with reck-

less abandon is the only true way to cook, appearances don't really matter, and I'm sure she owned a pair of red shoes. She had no problem in expressing her thoughts and feelings, and if you were offended, then that was your problem. I like to think that she would have been thrilled to read this piece, but would have insisted on a French translation. Maybe she is the reason that I write about my family, warts and all. I continually fight a daily mental battle between keeping up appearances and letting the world see me

Y reviennent de temps à autre - pas souvent - pour écrire des p'tits poèmes à pépère. Tu penserais que nos cousins du Québec auraient jeter un coup d'oeil sur quoi c'est qu'on est devenu. Après ça, y auraient certainement pas choisi de suivre le même sentier.

Pour rendre les choses encore pire, «se souvenir» est un verbe réfléchi (et non réciproque) qui indique (pour moi, du moins) que c'est un processus interne qui exige que la personne entre dans soi-même ... et y reste. L'image qui me vient à l'esprit c'est d'une salle de vieux bonhommes... chacun assis dans un fauteuil, se penchant sur sa canne, le regard perdu quelque part au loin, essayant fébrilement de se rappeler de quoi c'est qui étaient supposés de se souvenir. Quelquefois, mais pas toujours, il y a des larmes solitaires qui voyagent le long des joues d'un ou deux des bonhommes.

Une porte s'ouvre et une femme entre d'une autre salle ... la cuisine, peut-être, ou un bureau où elle travaille pour gagner assez d'argent pour que le bonhomme puisse continuer à se souvenir en solitude et en paix. Elle constate la scène et retourne d'où elle est venue.

«Et pi ...» lui demande une

“So ... ?” asks one of the women in the kitchen.

“No change,” says the “scout.”

“How long do you think it'll take?” says one of the women. “I can't wait all day. I have housework to do and supper to cook.”

“You know how they are when they get like this. It can take days.”

And after a bit of complaining, the women get back to laughing and telling stories.

The image of the impotent male capable of producing only memories, regrets and tears is central to the French-Canadian and Franco-American saga. It perfectly describes the wanderer in “Un Canadien errant” - always alone, talking only to the fleeting current of the river. It depicts

our grandfathers, our fathers, ourselves. I'm sure our Québec cousins feel immune. And again, it's just a motto. “And these were Franco-Americans who got mired in the past-centric quicksand, for God's sake,” they might rightly claim. “They've never been able to do anything right.” But they are not immune. By becoming increasingly fixated on the past, as we did, they are gradually eliminating room for the future. Of course, it's none of our business. It's their call. They have a perfect right to do whatever they want. I just hate to look at the sea of license plates each summer and find “je me souviens” constantly reminding me of so many things I'd rather not remember.

autre femme dans l'autre salle.

«Ça pas changé,» répond la première.

«Comment longtemps que tu penses que ça va durer?» demande une autre. «J'ai des affaires à faire, moué.»

«Quand y arrivent à ce point-là comme y sont asteur, on peut jamais dire. Ça pourrait prendre des jours, des semaines tedben.»

Après une petite escousse, les femmes reprennent ce qu'elles faisaient.

L'image de l'homme impuissant qui ne peut procréer que des souvenirs, des regrets et des larmes domine notre histoire collective de francophones de l'Amérique du Nord. C'est le «Canadien errant,» toujours seul, qui ne parle qu'au courant fugitif. C'est nos grand pères, nos pères, nous autres.

J'sais que c'est pas de nos affaires. Nos cousins Québécois ont ben le droit de choisir les devises qu'ils veulent. J'aimerais ainque qu'elle ne soit pas sur toutes les plaques qu'on voué partout en Nouvelle Angleterre chaque été. Quand je voué ça, j'peux pas m'empêcher de penser à ce qui nous est arrivé. Pi je me souviens pourquoi j'essaie si fort de tout oublier ça.

our grandfathers, our fathers, ourselves.

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as a wild and crazy woman. Who will win? *Je ne sais pas.* What I do know is that when I do figure it out, my earrings will match my flour-splattered outfit, and my shoes, if I wear them, will be any colour but red.

<?>This name calling originated during World War II, when the English, fighting along with the French, observed them eating frog legs. Since the English soldiers did not partake in this delicacy, they called their fellow soldiers “French Frogs.”

POÉSIE/
POETRY

Le Printemps à la côte du Maine

Par *Virginie SAND*

Il paraît déjà comme le printemps
Derrière ma maison.
Je vois l'avenir maintenant
Par les yeux des enfants.



Il fait du vent,
Les mouettes se fixent au toit,
L'air de la mer est frais mais pas froid.
Soudain, je me sens une goutte de la pluie sur le bras.

Je voulais pendre mes vêtements
De la corde à linge derrière ma maison,
Pour les sécher dans le vent.
Voyons ! Voyons !
Mais il pleut maintenant.
Ca c'est le printemps
A la côte du Maine.

Spring on the Maine Coast

By *Virginia Sand*

It already appears like spring
Behind my house.
I now see the future
Through the eyes of the children.

It is windy,
The seagulls fasten themselves on the roof,
The salt air is cool but not cold.
Suddenly, I feel a raindrop on my arm.

I wanted to hang my clothes
On the clothesline behind my house,
To dry them in the wind.
Let's see! Let's see!
But it is now raining.
That's springtime
On the coast of Maine.



OUT MY DOOR

The rotation of a life's plant or the strength of a human
can last for years. I find myself on the longer end
fighting and working like a motor.
Absorbing hours of continuous strange, days
going on and on like you couldn't imagine.
Days that turn into lessons and surely
worth what I'm taught.
Possibly a great darkness ahead with it's
willingness this time to stop
at my door. It knows I'm ready!
Oh, yes, I am ready! The denial I have released,
I carry only this shawl thinking there may be a gust felt.
The door remains open fitting my way of life.
The difference is today I'm bound by earth's record and
willing to finish at sunrise the day planned for me

-----*Annette P. King*
Gouldsboro, ME

Cycle's End

filled with love
a new commencement,
you coming with
garden food, clothes shopped for,
or walking among our trees together
My comfort is sincerity your priority
before I even recognized
necessity of a helpful object
I see life's cycle ending
in warmth and loving. I hear care-givers
repeating
"today you are 'center stage'".
Our home in autumn is like a painted
banner
ever beautiful with sea-green valley;
where I watched you many years ago, but that's past and
presently
your many rewards
I resolve to enjoy. All services you offer;
those my needs and whims pointed to.
I accept with smiles and words of thanks,
your gifts of love with gratitude and joy
Truly, you couldn't
be more greatly appreciated
than on any one of these present days.

-----*Annette P. King*
Gouldsboro, ME

POÉSIE/
POETRY

La Bécasse Urbaine

Par Virginie SAND



Urban Woodcock

By Virginia Sand

It was March 9th, 2012, as I looked out the window
To my urban backyard, watching the wind blow.

And then my eye glanced a strange bird on the ground,
Yet I did not perceive any new sound.

This was a species I'd never seen before,
But the more I watched, this bird I'd adore,
As if a character from folklore.

Upon consulting my Bird Guide Book,
I was eager to give this bird another look.

Rocking back and forth with each new stance,
This bird was doing the timber doodle dance,
Which, by the way, is not by chance.

This dance is to discover an earthworm
That squirms under the ground ever so firm.

Watching the woodcock rock,
I began to laugh and mock his walk.

Then with his extra long, flexible beak,
I saw woodcock stop and probe beneath the soil,
And watched him bring up a worm from the deep,
Eating it fast so it could not coil.

Also called the "Night Partridge," seen between dusk and dawn,
The woodcock, during mid-day, visited my urban lawn.

Moreover, woodcock's normal range being young forest and wetland,
It seemed amazing to sight woodcock in the center of urban land.

C'était le 9 mars, 2012, pendant que je regardais par la fenêtre
A la cour derrière ma maison urbaine, en regardant le vent à souffler.

Et puis mon œil a aperçu un oiseau bizarre sur la terre,
Mais je n'ai pas entendu un nouveau son.

C'était une espèce toute neuve à moi,
Pendant que je regardais cet oiseau-là, je l'adorais,
Comme un personnage folklorique.

En consultant mon livre d'oiseau,
Je voulais étudier cet oiseau-là bizarre.

En se balançant en avant et en arrière avec chaque nouvelle position,
Cet oiseau-ci faisait la danse de bécasse,
Qui n'est pas par hasard.

Cette danse-là est pour découvrir un ver de terre
Qui s'agite sous la terre solide.

En regardant la bécasse à se balancer,
J'ai commencé à rire et à moquer sa promenade.

Puis, avec son bec long et flexible,
J'ai vu la bécasse à arrêter et à examiner sous le sol,
Et soudain elle a tiré en haut un ver du terrain,
En le mangeant rapidement s'il n'a pas pu rouler.

Nommée aussi « la perdrix de nuit, » vue entre le crépuscule et l'aube,
La bécasse, pendant le jour, a rendu visite à mon gazon urbain.

Surtout, depuis le habitat normal de la bécasse est la forêt jeune et les terrains mouillés,
Il m'a semblé étonnant à voir la bécasse au centre ville.

Sous la feuille morte

*Transcrit par Virginie SAND du livre, 365
Histoires, (p. 52) par K. Jackson*

Sous la feuille morte de l'année dernière
N'importe quoi peut se cacher :
Une armée de fourmis construisant leur cité,
Un petit crapaud vert au chant mélodieux,
Un scarabée noir qui nettoie sa maison,
Un serpent vêtu d'une peau toute neuve,
Une souris endormie dans son petit nid d'herbe
Ou même un lézard rapide qui s'enfuira en vous voyant.

Vous y verrez peut-être toute une famille d'araignées
Qui se sauvent sur leurs longues pattes décharnées
Ou bien encore en gros escargot dans sa coquille.

On ne sait jamais, jamais
Ce qui peut bien se cacher
Sous la feuille morte de l'année dernière.

Under the Dead leaf

*The poem on the left (Sous la feuille morte)
translated into English by Virginia SAND*

Under the dead leaf from last year
Anything can hide itself.
An army of ants constructing their city,
A small, green toad that sings melodiously,
A black beetle that cleans his house,
A snake well dressed in a skin all new,
A mouse fallen asleep in his little grass nest
Or even a fast lizard that buries himself when seeing you.

You will see there perhaps all a family of spiders
That runs away on their long, lean legs
Or better yet a large snail in his shell.

One never knows, never
This that can well hide itself
Under the dead leaf from last year.

POÉSIE/
POETRY

Two Poems about the DeRaps Family Veterans

Written by Marie Bernadette (DeRaps) Muzeroll, for our Dad. Dated July 19, 1945. Our mother died January 30, 1945 on her 59th birthday of a cerebral hemorrhage, probably brought on by worry. There were 14 children born to this Family, two boys died of the influenza during WWI and a daughter died in February 1923 at a little over 15 years of age.

Father's Mantelpiece

(Our G.I.'s)

Many photos place with care,
Of our loved Ones, now far away.
With pride in our hearts; on our lips a prayer
Asking God to watch over them night and day.

First Leo, our lieutenant, was the one to answer the call—
He left with Maine's own infantry, the one hundred third.
His wife, his children, Dad and ALL
Now are waiting his safe return.

Amos, our Sailor Boy in blue,
Studied for submarine torpedo man.
With much regret and sorrow too,
Soon, with medical discharge, home he came.

Wilfred was next to have to go –
He, too, left a wife and children three.
Willie, also in the infantry, his work radio
We're expecting him home from Germany.

Next to go was sister "Freddy"
She enlisted in the Women's Army Air corps
To do her part for our great country
And to help her brothers to win this war.

Henry was our next foot-soldier in line,



Had previous training in Panama
Where he married a lass so very fine.
He has completed his basic training - no where?

Elias, our last to go this year,
Is another foot soldier for Uncle Sam.
His wife and two children are waiting back here,
Cheering him onward, though it be with a tear.

Also, we see two sons-in-law
who are both in our great Navy.
Bob, down there in Florida
And "Muzzy" far overseas.

Well boys -- and "Freddy" too.
How proud and thankful we all are
That you're giving your very all,
And here's a big salute to all of you.

Yes, all these photos de we see
and we are proud as we can be.
With God's help we shall carry on
until our GI's are all safe again back home.

M.B.D.M.
(Bernadette)

—Ahoy Mate—

To Ernest-February 13, 1946

By Bernadette

Ahoy Mate! How is everything with you?
How do you like your new life dressed in sailor blue?
Only a few days ago you went away.
May God watch o'er you as long as you may stay.

You left your classes to go enlist
Your Family, friends and schoolmates miss
Your cherry smile and comradeship.
Ye, we know you too must do your little bit.

You follow the path of brothers five,
To keep your country ever alive,
Also, one sister - a WAC was she-
as good a soldier as she could be.

Three brothers served during the war,
One in the pacific, the others on Europe's shores.
And now with occupation armies,
two other brothers are doing their duties.

With this path for you to follow
We all wish you luck where e're you go.
Just ever be honest, brave and true
as you always have been your whole life through.

We think of you by night and by day
Your good luck and good health we always pray.
Always open will be the little white gate
until you come again —Ahoy Mate!

This material contributed for the up-coming Newspaper issue Including a "Tribute to VETERANS". Submitted by a 28 1/2 year Veteran of the Navy and Coast Guard, and a former Lighthouse Keeper, now retired!

Ernest G. DeRaps, Richmond, ME

Songs/Chants

« My Song To My Grandmother Virginie Dubois Épouse de Pierre-Odilon Le Tendre »

Par Géri LeTendre
Dover, NH

Y'a quelque chose que je veux vous dire
Un de ces jours je vais revenir
Je n'aurais jamais dû partir
De mon village de souvenirs

Maintenant que j'ai 50 ans
J'aime à revivre les bons moments
Passés avec ma Grand'Maman
À qui je pense de temps en temps

My Grandmother, Virginie DuBois with my Grandfather Pierre-Odilon LeTendre, une fois arrivés aux « États » en 1875 avaient voulu se marier à Suncook, New Hampshire; mais l'Église Catholique avait passé au feu.

Afin de ce faire, ils ont été obligés de se marier à Hoolsett, New Hampshire, devant un Ministre Protestant. Ceci fait que leur certificat de mariage en anglais se lit: « Jenny Wood and Peter Tendry ».

Connue pour son sens d'humour, elle avait prononcé en anglais: «*My name Jenny Wood I live in Ça me déchire* » sa façon de prononcer « Suncook, New Hampshire ».

Je termine ma chanson avec:

Virginie, come back to me
Jennie «would» (Homonyme de « wood » du « bois »)
you please come back to me
Car ça me coupe et ça me déchire
D'avoir quitté Suncook New Hampshire



« La Chanson Du Frigidaire »

by Tex LaCor

Tant'qu'il restera queq'chose
Dans le Frigidaire
Je prendrai le métro Je fermerai ma gueule
Puis je laisserai faire
mais y'a queq'chose qui me dit
Qu'un beau matin, Ma Rosalie
On mettra du beurre sue notre pain

Une chance qu'y a toé qui m'aime
Assez pour m'endurer
C'est comme pendant le carême
Quand je volais des cannedés

Je me considère lucky
D'avoir ma Rosalie
La Ville est polluée
L'air est pur dans mon lit

« La Chanson Du Frigidaire »

by Tex LaCor

Translation by Géri LeTendre

During the Depression years, households were allowed a tiny package of white spread with yellow powder to make it look like butter.

Tex LaCor, a popular French Canadian Balladeer sang this song to his gal Rosalie. It reflects the culinary sacrifices of the time.

As long as there's left-overs in the Fridge
I'll take the Metro, I'll shut my mouth
Go to work and let things go
But something tells me one of these mornings
My Rosalie
We'll spread butter on our bread
I thank God that you love me
Enough to put up with me
It's like the days when during lent
I stole candy and away I went
Now I know that I am lucky
To have my Rosalie
The city is polluted
The air is pure in my bed



RECIPES/ RECETTES

Awesome Peasant Soup From WhiteDove's Rainbow Kitchen

By Ginny WhiteDove SAND
February 27, 2012

I just created an awesome peasant soup for suppah (le souper). What's for suppah? In the soup, I combined sautéed organic onions, a little white chardonnay wine, organic olive oil, Earth Balance margarine (no trans fats), organic chicken stock, boiled water (from the tea pot/kettle), organic black-eye beans (already boiled to tenderness), boiled organic Yukon gold potatoes, white hominy (canned), boiled nitrite/nitrate-free turkey hot dogs, steamed organic spinach, fresh chopped parsley, sea salt, and fresh organic cracked black pepper from my pepper mill. * Et voilà, une recette très délicieuse pour la bonne santé! I served the soup with organic 7-grain bread from Little Notch Bakery and with an organic spring-mix based side salad. BON APPETIT!

* (I didn't use any particular measurements in the above recipe. I simply "eyeballed" or guessed at the amounts of each ingredient according to my own personal preferences, and according to the quantity of soup I wanted to make. I also stretched the chicken stock by adding boiling water to the finished soup, judging on how dense I wanted the finished soup to be. Everything is based on personal taste, preferences, and presentation. Fresh pieces of cooked turkey or chicken could also be substituted in place of the hotdogs in this recipe.)



FRENCH ONION SOUP

The best onion soup you will ever have!!!!

Slow cooking produces a rich onion flavor. Sugar and broth adds' color to the onions. Serves 4

4 tablespoons butter (1/4 cup)
2 large sweet onions, thinly sliced
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
1 tablespoon all-purpose flour
2½ cups water
1/2 cup red wine
2 (10.5 ounce) cans condensed beef broth
1 French baguette
8 ounces sliced Swiss cheese

1. Melt butter or margarine in a 4-quart saucepan. Stir in sugar. Cook onions over medium heat for 10 minutes, or till golden brown.

2. Stir in flour until well blended with onions and pan juices. Add water, wine and beef broth; heat to boiling point. Reduce heat to low. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes.

3. Cut four 1 inch thick slices of bread from the loaf. Toast the bread slices at 325 degrees F just until browned, about 10 minutes. Reserve the remaining bread to serve with the soup.

4. Ladle soup into four 12 ounce, oven-safe bowls. Place 1 slice toasted bread on top of the soup in each bowl. Fold Swiss cheese slices, and fit onto toasted bread slices. Place soup bowls on a cookie sheet for easier handling.

5. Bake at 425 degrees F for 10 minutes, or just until cheese is melted.

Potage d'oignons

Le meilleur potage d'oignons que vous aurez vraiment eu.

Cuisiner lentement pour obtenir la couleur et le goût. Le sucre et le bouillon colorent les oignons. Pour 4 personnes

4 cuillères à soupe de beurre (¼ tasse)
2 oignons large et succulent épluchés et trancher minces
1 cuillère à café de sucre granulé
1 cuillère à soupe de farine universelle
2½ tasses d'eau
½ tasse de vin rouge
2 (10.5 onces) boîtes de conserve de bouillon au bœuf concentré
1 baguette française
8 onces de fromage suisse, trancher

1. Faites fondre le beurre dans une grosse bouilloire. Puis ajouter le sucre en brassant. Faire cuire à feu doux pendant 10 minutes ou jusqu'à couleur marron d'or.

2. Ajouter la farine en brassant avec les oignons et le jus dans la bouilloire. Ajouter l'eau, vin et le bouillon au bœuf; chauffer au point bouillant. Baisser la chaleur au feu doux, couvrir et cuisiner pour 10 minutes.

3. Trancher 4 tranches de pain un pouce épais. Grillez-les au four à 325 degrés F. Réservez le pain restant pour servir avec le potage.

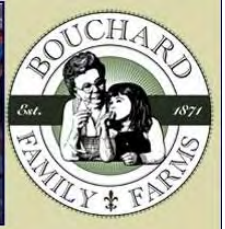
4. Dispenser le potage dans 4 vaisseaux de 12 onces qui ne sont pas en danger de dommages du micro-wave. Placez une tranche de pain grillé sur le potage dans chaque bol. Pliez les tranches de fromage suisses et placez-le sur les tranches de pain grillées. Il sera plus facile si vous placez les bols de potage sur une feuille de biscuit.

5. Cuisez au four à 425 degrés F pour 10 minutes ou jusqu'à ce que le fromage ait fondu.

Bon appétit!

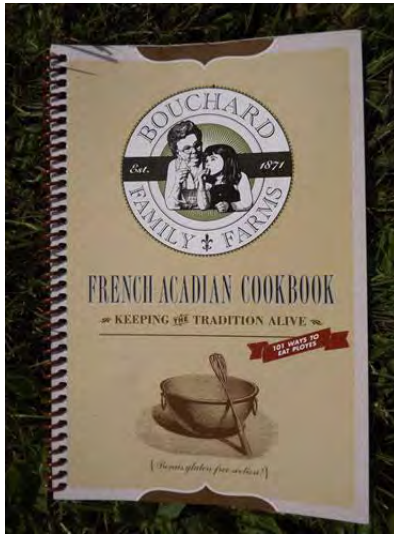


RECIPES/ RECETTES



French Acadian Cookbook

French Acadian Cookbook—Keeping the tradition alive! This book has information about the Bouchard Family and how the business was started in the early 1980's. It also features Ploy mix recipes, traditional French Acadian recipes, stuff & wrap recipes, and gluten free buckwheat flour recipes. Lots of color pictures are included in this informational book you're sure to enjoy.



Price: \$12.00

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N.D.L.R. Ceci est le septième 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

Émile fit la connaissance d'un gars: Frisé. Un nouveau venu en ville. Ils s'adonnaient bien tous les deux. Comme il ne connaissait pas personne, il demanda à Émile, si par hasard, il n'aurait pas une soeur à lui présenter. Pour faire une farce, Émile lui répondit: "Tu ne les trouverais pas de ton goût, elles pèsent chacune dans les deux cents livres".

Tant qu'à moi, j'avais perdu mon chum et j'étais seule.

Je me promenais sur la cinquième, quand je les ai vus. Je me suis arrêtée pour leur parler. Émile me le présenta sous le prénom de André Dumas.

C'était un gars qui paraissait bien, et qui avait de bonnes manières. Il avait les yeux bleus et des cheveux châains clairs.

Nous bavardâmes de tout et de rien, puis gentiment, il m'a demandé s'il pouvait me reconduire chez moi.

Laisant Émile, j'ai accepté.

Il vivait en pension chez tante Délina qui gardait des chambreurs. Ce fut notre premier sujet de conversation. Il avait perdu sa blonde, et moi, j'étais libre. Alors, tous les soirs, on a commencé à se voir, et de fil en aiguille, nous avons fini par sortir sérieusement.

Il était natif de St-Romain, près de Sherbrooke, mais il était parti de chez lui dès l'âge de seize ans. Sa mère était morte de la grippe espagnole, deux semaines après un accouchement. Elle n'avait que vingt-neuf ans.

Il avait travaillé dans le nord, comme camionneur, mais là, il était recherché par l'armée. C'est pour cette raison qu'il avait changé de ville et de nom.

Il travaillait à l'Aluminium. Ceux qui avaient un emploi, gardaient espoir de ne pas être appelés.

Dans ce temps-là, on vit apparaître dans toutes les conversations, la peur d'aller à la guerre. Cette peur était épouvantable, et elle était présente dans toutes les familles.

En dépit de tout, nous sommes devenus inséparables et plus intimes.

À la maison, il avait été question que je retourne moi aussi à Waterbury. Rosa et Émile étaient mariés.

Ma rencontre avec Frisé changea mes plans, car nos amours tournaient en projet de mariage. Je restais donc à Shawinigan.

Papa et Rosélia sont venus de Waterbury pour la cérémonie, et Athanase, lui servit de témoin. Une fois, notre union célébrée, nous sommes retournés avec Athanase, pour que je sois présentée à sa famille.

Tout le monde fut gentil. Nous avons eu une belle réception qui eut lieu chez son frère et sa femme: Albio et Alice. Nous étions heureux. Puis, il était temps de revenir à la maison.

Dans l'intervalle, Rosa avait accouchée d'une belle petite fille: LISE. Je me suis beaucoup attachée à cette nièce.

Irène avait fait des démarches pour avoir ses papiers (visa). Tout était réglé et elle quittait le Canada, afin d'être avec papa et Rosélia.

Armand et Laurette avaient eu là-bas trois garçons. Une partie de la famille restait au Canada, et l'autre, aux États Unis.

Yvonne et Armand Racine s'étaient achetés une maison à La Baie Shawinigan. Ils étaient eux aussi parents de plusieurs enfants: LUCILE, JEAN-GUY ET JEAN-CLAUDE (Jumeaux), ANDRÉ, GERMAINE ET MARCEL.

Frisé et moi, nous nous sommes installés dans deux chambres, moyennant une somme d'argent raisonnable.

Rosa et Alex se sont trouvés un logement tout près. Comme c'était plaisant.

Yvonne était bien de service et bien bonne. Durant mon séjour chez elle, j'ai appris à cuisiner, à faire des tartes, etc. Armand, so mari et Frisé se relançaient aux dames.

Lorsque Rosa, Alex et Lise venaient veiller, on jouait aux cartes. Ce temps de ma vie, j'ai vraiment apprécié tous les instants que j'ai passé avec ceux que j'aimais. Nous partagions toutes nos peines et toutes nos joies, les trois soeurs ensemble.

Cependant, Yvonne a commencé à être malade. Elle se sentait les doigts tout engourdis et ils devenaient complètement blancs; plus de circulation du tout. Ça ne durait pas longtemps.

Le docteur Deschênes a dit que ses reins étaient malades et que cela s'appelait la maladie de Renaud.

Je suis devenue enceinte. Je n'ai pas éprouvé aucune nausée, et je supportais bien ma grossesse.

Frisé fut appelé par l'armée. Il est allé se chercher une "discharge". Ce fut un réel soulagement pour moi, car je ne voulais pas qu'il aille à la guerre.

Notre mère-patrie avait besoin de nos hommes pour se défendre. Je ne sais



pas combien il y eut de morts sur la plage de Dieppe. Un vétéran m'a dit que la seule place où il pouvait être à l'abri, était sous leurs camarades morts. Ce fut un vrai massacre. Des canadiens-français ont versé leur sang et ont perdu leur vie sur le sol de France. On en a perdu de la pauvre jeunesse!

Cette fois, papa ne pouvait aider personne comme à la guerre de 1914. Il demeurait à Waterbury. Il avait cinquante-neuf ans.

Pour moi la guerre est une chose horrible.

Albert Racine est allé à la guerre. Il est revenu, mais il n'a plus été lui-même jamais. Nerveux et malade, il est allé bûcher et il est mort accidentellement. Le deuxième à partir de nos amis de jeunesse. Il avait courtoisé Irène.

Frisé fut "sliqué". Nous avons dû vivre des prestations d'assurance-chômage. Il m'a acheté une machine à coudre et Yvonne m'a aidé à confectionner les couches de bébé, couvertures et toute la layette. J'ai cousu tout ce que j'ai pu, car nous n'avions pas les moyens d'acheter du tout fait.

Mes soeurs et moi, nous avons cousu pour nos familles, et si elles étaient embêtées, je les dépannais. Yvonne n'a jamais su faire une braguette de pantalon. Rien que d'y penser, ça me fait encore rire. Elle cousait les pantalons de ses garçons, et elle laissait une petite ouverture à la bonne place, et elle plaçait un peu de tissu qui entraînait en dedans pour camoufler le petit bout pas cousu. Lorsque la langue était entrée, pour cacher la fente, c'était tout ce qu'elle pouvait faire.

Aujourd'hui, mes neveux n'aiment pas trop nous entendre reparler de ça, mais moi, j'en ris encore, d'autant plus que c'était fait avec des couvertes de Belgo, qu'Yvonne teignait. Ils se plaignaient, les p'tits gars, que ça leur échauffait les cuisses.

Nous voulions un fiston (fils), mais une fille serait tout autant bienvenue. Frisé aimait les enfants. Tous les soirs, il berçait Lise, la petite de Rosa.

C'était trop beau pour durer!

Il fallait bien qu'il se trouve un emploi quelque part. Il alla dans le New-Hampshire. J'étais si désolée de le voir partir. Je l'aimais tellement.

Son absence me fit mal au coeur. Peu
(Suite page 50)



La SHFA

La Société historique franco-américaine laisse croire, étant donné son nom, qu'elle mérite de se faire connaître par nos lecteurs. On invite les lettres et courriels à la rédactrice.

The 2010 Réunion Gala of the SHFA

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

On Sat. Nov. 20, 2010, the Société Historique Franco-Américaine (SHFA) held its Réunion Gala in Chelmsford and in Lowell, Massachusetts, with the theme of "Cent-Dix Ans d'Existence, Ça se fête." Pres. Roger Lacerte sent his program for the day's events to the membership of the SHFA by e-mail on Wed. Oct. 27, 2010, and by standard mail. He first scheduled a prayer service in the St. Joseph's Cemetery on 96 Riverneck Road in Chelmsford, Mass., at 9:30 a.m. at the grave of the founding president of the SHFA, Attorney J. Henri Guillet of Lowell, Mass. He then scheduled a: "Messe en français à la mémoire et pour le repos des âmes de tous les membres décédés depuis la foundation" for 10 a.m. at the St. Joseph the Worker Shrine on 37 Lee Street in Lowell, Mass. The next three events were held in the Second Story Function Room of the Cobblestones Restaurant and Bar on 91 Dutton Street, where at 11 a.m., he scheduled the: "Inscription. Heure sociale. Retrouvailles. Exposition des publications de la Société au cours des années." At noon, he scheduled the: "Brève séance d'affaires, suivi du repas," and at 1:30 p.m., he scheduled Roger Brunelle to speak on: "Jack Kérouac, Franco-Américain. Sa religion catholique, Sa langue française, Son identité franco-américaine." At 2:30 p.m., he scheduled a walking tour of places significant to the life of Jack Kerouac, conducted by Dir. Roger Brunelle.

A total of 29 people attended the Reunion Gala 2010, from noon and later, a group that consisted of nine officers and twenty members of the SHFA, of whom were five new members, two from Lowell, and three young men from the Province of Quebec, who came to Lowell to go in the evening to the Bob Dylan concert at the Tsongas Center of UMass Lowell.

The SHFA did not hold a Réunion Annuelle in the Spring of 2010 as stated in the bylaws of 1985, Titre V, article 14: "À la demande du président, le bureau tient généralement deux réunions par année quelque temps avant les assemblées générales dont il fixe les dates." Pres. Lacerte did not call

for a board meeting to enable a Réunion Annuelle 2010 and no-one from the board of directors forced the issue upon him. Also, Pres. Lacerte held only one planning meeting for the Réunion Gala 2010 on Fri. Sept. 24, 2010 in the basement of the Geisel Library at St. Anselm College in Manchester, N.H. The officers who attended the meeting were Pres. Lacerte, Sec. Lamoureux, Dir. Georges-Andre Lussier and Dir. Albert Marceau, and it was conducted after the four officers were given a tour of the ACA/Lambert Franco-American Collection by Betsy Holmes, the Collection and User Services Librarian. The meeting lasted approximately 40 minutes, and the majority of the details that were discussed at the planning meeting did not come to fruition, because the program that Pres. Lacerte sent to the membership about one month later was his own work, without any input from the other members of the planning committee. The autonomous nature of the SHFA was shown at the end of the meeting, when Pres. Lacerte and Dir. Lussier joked in admiration on how Msgr. Adrien Verrette, who was the President of the SHFA from 1949 to 1978, simply dictated policy of the SHFA, for the board always voted unanimously for his proposals.



"The first and founding President of the SHFA, J. Henri Guillet, 1899-1902, who died in Lowell, Mass., on April 5, 1931. Source of photo: Le Bulletin de la SHFA 1969, page 32a."

The Two Religious Services of the Réunion Gala 2010

The first religious service was led by Fr. Lucien Sawyer, o.m.i., who began the prayer service in St. Joseph's Cemetery in Chelmsford around 9:00AM, not at 9:30AM as Pres. Lacerte sent in his e-mail notice. Fr. Sawyer said during my telephone interview with him on Tues. Nov. 23, 2010, that he gave a summary of the life of Attorney J. Henri Guillet in French, and he concluded his talk with a prayer. He also said that a wreath was laid on the headstone of Guillet's grave. I unfortunately missed the service, for I arrived about 20 minutes after it ended, as I was told by a woman in the main office of the cemetery, who also said that there were about eight people at the "Franco-American service," as she called it.

The second religious service was a mass said by Fr. Sawyer for all deceased members of the SHFA at the Shrine of St. Joseph the Worker in Lowell that began around 10AM. The first reading was from Isaiah 25:6-9, followed by Psalm 23, and the Gospel from Matthew 25:34-40. The overall theme to the readings is salvation through the Lord. In the first reading, Isaiah prophesied: "Ce jour-là, le Seigneur, Dieu de l'univers, préparera pour tous les peuples, sur la montagne... Il détruira la mort pour toujours." The 23rd Psalm has the well-known line: "Le Seigneur est mon berger, je ne manque de rien." The Gospel reading is about the Last Judgment: "Venez, les bénis de mon père, recevez en héritage le royaume préparé pour vous depuis la création de monde."

Fr. Sawyer gave the homily in French, and it was a brief history of the shrine and the role of Attorney Guillet as a leader in the Franco-American community in Lowell. Fr. Sawyer traced the origin of the shrine to a retreat conducted for the Francophone parishioners at St. Patrick's Church in Lowell that was preached in French by the Oblate Fathers Garin and Lagiere. Less than a week after the retreat, the Franco-Lowellians raised \$3,000 for the erection of a parish, so

(Continued on page 45)

(SHFA continued from page 44)

an abandoned Unitarian Meeting House on Lee Street was purchased, and by May 1881, it was dedicated as St. Joseph Roman Catholic Church. In 1956, the church became the current shrine, a point not made clear by Fr. Sawyer, but cited on the website of the shrine. Fr. Sawyer noted that Attorney Guillet was a parishioner of St. Joseph's Church, that he started the first daily Franco-American newspaper, *L'Abeille de Lowell*, and that he founded a Franco-American cultural society, Le Cercle Canadien in 1880, as well as the SHFA in 1899. Fr. Sawyer noted that Guillet was a Pontifical Zouave who convened a meeting of the Pontifical Zouaves in Lowell on Sept. 20, 1884 during which they were consecrated as a group to the Sacred Heart of Jesus by Fr. Garin o.m.i. After the death of Fr. Garin, the Franco-Lowellians erected a statue in his honor on Merrimack Street, and it was designed by another Pontifical Zouave, Louis Philippe Hébert. Fr. Sawyer concluded his homily that J. Henri Guillet was a model Franco-American: "Nous n'avons que parcouru brièvement la carrière d'un de nos antécédents l'avocat Joseph Henri Guillet. Homme d'action, qui doit nous servir d'exemple. Homme religieux, chrétien, éducateur, avocat, journaliste et défenseur du Saint Siège à Rome, qui nous inspire à nous engager dans les défis contemporains de notre siècle, pour rendre service aux générations à venir."

Like my experience at St. Joseph's Cemetery, I missed the mass at St. Joseph's Shrine, because I got lost within Lowell. When I entered the shrine, I saw Fr. Sawyer leave the sacristy through the door on the left of the sanctuary. I walked to him, and I asked him if I missed the mass. He had a disappointed look on his face, and he mumbled something to himself, and then he responded to me, "Yes." I told him that I would meet him at the restaurant, to which he nodded a yes. On Tues. Nov. 22, 2010, Fr. Sawyer sent the text of the homily to me by e-mail.

The General Membership Meeting

The center of activities for the Réunion Gala were held in the Second Story Function Room of the Cobblestones of Lowell Restaurant and Bar on 91 Dutton Street in Lowell. Near the top of the staircase of the second floor was a table with a display of Pres. Lacerte's personal collection of more than 30 years of *Le Bulletin de la SHFA*, as well as several books and monographs

sponsored by the SHFA. Treas. Don Chaput and his wife Mary were seated at a table opposite the display table, and they collected the fees for the luncheon. As one entered the function room, one could see a display of books and compact discs for sale through Pres. Lacerte's business, La Librairie Populaire. The featured book in the display was Robert Perreault's latest book, *Franco-American Life and Culture in Manchester, New Hampshire: Vivre la Difference!*

Before the events at the Cobblestones Restaurant truly began, I handed-out three items to everyone at the Réunion Gala. The first item was a prayer card in French, English and Spanish for the intercession of Fr. Eusèbe-Marie Ménard, o.f.m., a Franciscan priest who founded the Missionaries of the Holy Apostles. Robert Rumilly mentioned the order but not Fr. Ménard on pages 543-4 in his *Histoire des Franco-Américains*. Fr. Ménard founded the order in Montreal, and in 1956, he established Holy Apostles College and Seminary in Cromwell, Conn., which is in the Diocese of Norwich, where, as Rumilly noted when the diocese was established in 1953, 60 percent of the Catholics in the diocese were Franco-American. Rumilly noted these facts as signs of hope for the continuance of Franco-American culture in Connecticut. On the evening before the Réunion Gala, I visited Holy Apostles College and Seminary, where I obtained a stack of about 80 prayer cards from Fr. Addison "Tad" Hallock, m.s.a. The other two items I obtained from the Visitor Center of the Lowell National Historical Park, which is a short walk from the Cobblestones Restaurant. The second item was a fold-out brochure simply entitled *Lowell* that is published by the National Park Service, U.S. Department of the Interior. It has a concise history of the textile industry in Lowell, with a map of the textile mills and the canals within the city. The third item was another fold-out brochure entitled *Jack Kerouac's Lowell: Where the Road Begins*, published by the Massachusetts Office of Travel and Tourism. It has a brief biography of Jack Kerouac, notes on his Lowell Novels (*The Town and the City*, *Visions of Gerard*, *Dr. Sax*, *Maggie Cassidy* and *Vanity of Dulouz*), as well as a map with thirteen points significant to his life in Lowell.

Business before pleasure, or a business meeting just before lunch

Pres. Lacerte demonstrated his control of the Réunion Gala especially well during

the business portion of the day. As people were getting ready to sit for the luncheon, Pres. Lacerte handed-out the agenda for the meeting. Trustee Réal Gilbert handed-out a multipage document to about half of the people in the room, and I was among the half who did not receive a copy of the document. At the same time, the staff at the restaurant was bringing the buffet-style food into the other room. While all were seated at their tables just before noon, Pres. Lacerte asked all to stand, and for Fr. Sawyer to grace. Fr. Sawyer began the prayer on the stroke of noon, while a tall clock on the first floor of the restaurant chimed the hour. Fr. Sawyer's prayer included a reference to Franco-Americans, the French language, and fidelity to God, and when it was over in less than a minute, all expected to start to have lunch, especially since the buffet was ready in the next room. Then in an insidious move against the hungry, Pres. Lacerte began the business meeting at 12:01 PM, with a call for an approval of the day's agenda. Réal Gilbert, the President of the Board of Trustees, made the motion to accept the agenda, the "ordre du jour," as written. The motion was seconded, and the majority of those present voted in favor of the motion, so it passed. I, however, did not vote for or against the motion.

The business meeting lasted a total of 21 minutes. The first agenda item was "rapport du président," in which Pres. Lacerte spoke swiftly about the SHFA. The one point that he mentioned was the efforts of former Dir. Charles Martel who was able to get the Boston Public Library to digitize issues of *Le Bulletin de la SHFA* from 1950 to 1973, which can be found through their website at <http://www.bpl.org/>.

During the second agenda item, the secretary's report, Pres. Lacerte conducted the vote to accept the "Procès verbal de la séance plénière du 15 février 2010 (Abrégé)," as written on the "ordre du jour." There was no Réunion Annuelle 2010, so the agenda page cited the wrong year, which confused me during the vote. Réal Gilbert, the President of the Board of Trustees, made a motion to accept the "Procès verbal," and the motion was seconded by Dir. Georges-Andre Lussier. The majority of the people in the room raised their hands to approve the motion, and hence, it passed. I, however, did not vote for or against the motion.

Sec. Lamoureux gave a correspondence report that consisted of reading parts
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of e-mails and letters from members who did not attend the Réunion Gala. Nearly all of the messages had sentiments of regret of being unable to attend the event, and some had wishes for a good meeting. The most controversial letter that was read in part was one written by former Dir. Paul E. Papineau, who called for a boycott of the Réunion Gala. Neither Sec. Lamoureux nor Pres. Lacerte presented any controversial correspondence from 2008 and earlier concerning monies donated by the previous administration of the SHFA concerning either the erection of the Franco-American Monument outside of Quebec City, or for the publication of the English translation of Fr. Santerre's history, *La Paroisse Saint-Jean-Baptiste et les Franco-Américains de Lowell, Massachusetts, 1868 à 1968*.

During Sec. Lamoureux's correspondence report, Pres. Lacerte announced the death of Richard L. Belair at his home in Auburn, Mass., on Wed. Nov. 10, 2010. All were stunned by the news. Pres. Lacerte noted Belair's last novel, *The Fathers* (1991), which is set during the Sentinellist Affair. Pres. Lacerte did not mention that Belair wrote three other books: *The Road Less Travelled* (1965), *Double Take* (1979), and one book that he wrote with Marie-Josée Lamorlette, *Le benefice du doute* (1981). Belair's obituary was published on Nov. 12, 2010 in the *Worcester Telegram and Gazette* and the *Daily Auburn*, and it stated that he was a U.S. Army veteran, that he received his bachelor's degree from Assumption College, his master's degree from Worcester State College, and his Certificate of Advanced Graduate Studies from the University of Connecticut. He was an English teacher for 35 years at Auburn High School, and he taught creative writing at Quinsigamond Community College in Worcester. The obituary described Belair as a devout Catholic, for he was a "cantor, lector, altar server, and teacher of [Catholic] Christian Doctrine" at the Parish of the North American Martyrs in Auburn. It also reported that his wife of fifty years, Pauline, survived him, as well as a son, a daughter, a sister, and grandchildren. His funeral mass was at his parish, and he was buried in the Notre Dame Cemetery in Worcester, Mass.

Since the "rapport du trésorier" was not printed for the Réunion Gala 2010, and I had trouble hearing Treas. Don Chaput, I understood nothing of his report. At a later board meeting that was held on

Fri. Feb. 11, 2011, in the basement of the American-Canadian Genealogical Society on 4 Elm St., in Manchester, N.H., Treas. Chaput said the SHFA has 73 members.

The report, "Nouveaux membres," began at 12:18PM, and Pres. Lacerte asked for a vote to accept the five members who were at the Réunion Gala. The new members were accepted by those present. It must be noted that the candidates were not asked to present a curriculum, as required by the bylaws of April 20, 1985, Titre II, Art. 5: "L'admission de tout membre est faite par la Société siégeant en assemblée générale, sur présentation des noms des candidats par le président avec un court curriculum vitae." Likewise, the new members of the SHFA who were accepted at the controversial election of Feb. 15, 2009, which included nearly the entire board that was elected on that day, were accepted without the submission of a curriculum vitae.

During the agenda item, "affaires courantes," Pres. Lacerte spoke about the future publication of *Le Bulletin de la SHFA*, and a possible website. He also spoke of creating membership cards for the members. During the agenda item, "affaires nouvelles," Pres. Lacerte asked if anyone had any business items for the SHFA. Since no-one spoke from the floor, Pres. Lacerte gave some closing remarks, and asked for a motion for the floor to close the business meeting. The motion passed at 12:22PM, and the people went into the other room to serve themselves at the buffet.

After the business meeting was over, Trustee Gilbert gave me a copy of the multipage document that was earlier approved by a majority of the members in attendance, without having read the document itself before the vote. The document is ten pages long, and it has the title: "Procès-verbal de la réunion générale de la Société historique franco-américaine tenue le dimanche 15 février 2009 au salon de la maison française du collège de l'Assomption à Worcester Massachusetts." My analysis of the document will be published in the next issue of *Le Forum*.

The Lecture on Jack Kerouac

After lunch, Roger Brunelle gave a lively talk in French for at least 40 minutes on "Jack K erouac, Franco-Am ericain. Sa religion catholique, Sa langue fran aise, Son identit  franco-am ericaine." Since I was tired and aggravated, I could not understand most of his talk because I did not have the energy to concentrate in French. Brunelle

examined briefly Kerouac's use of the French language, in two sections of *Doctor Sax, Faust Part Three*, which are entitled "Book Two: A Gloomy Bookmovie," and "Book Six: The Castle." In both sections, on pages 84-85 and 188-9, one can read many fragments of sentences in spoken French which Kerouac immediately translated into English. Here is an example of a complete sentence from page 84 of *Doctor Sax*: "Moi's shfu 's fini mes race dans ma chambre (Me I's got to finish my races in my room.)" Brunelle gave more examples than cited here, and he addressed the topics of Kerouac's Franco-American identity and his Catholicism, for he mentioned St-Jean-Baptiste Parish, and Fr. Armand Morrisette. Brunelle took questions from at least 20 minutes, and he answered them with vigor. When Brunelle was done with the question and answer period, he very nearly cancelled the walking-tour because of the bitterly cold winds outside. Several members in the audience immediately complained, and so, he led the walking tour.



"Roger Brunelle faces the group as he begins the walking-tour on Jack Kerouac from the Cobblestones Restaurant. From left to right are: Roger Brunelle, Dir. Richard Deslauriers of Longmeadow, Mass., Dir. Georges-Andre Lussier of Salisbury, Mass., Francoys Bernier of Montreal, Ruby (in red) Duhamel of Lowell, Emmanuel Trempe of Mascouche, PQ, Randy Ayer of Montreal, two unidentified women, and James P. Dudley of Lowell."

The Walking Tour on Jack Kerouac

Roger Brunelle began the walking tour with a stop at St. Anne's Episcopal Church on the corner of Kirk and Merrimack Streets in Lowell. Calix Lavall e, the composer of the music to the national anthem, *O Canada*, was married in the church.

Brunelle led the group across the street from the Bon March  Building on
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“Saint Anne’s Episcopal Church on 8 Kirk Street in Lowell, where Calix Lavallée, the composer *O Canada*, was first married.”

151 Merrimack Street, which is the current address for Barnes & Noble in Lowell. Brunelle said that at one time, Le Bon Marché was the main department store in Lowell, and Kerouac mentioned it by name in his first novel *The Town and the City*, in which Lowell is called Galloway. Brunelle said that Kerouac held a book-signing in Le Bon Marché after his first novel was published in 1950, an occasion recalled by Fr. Armand “Spike” Morissette in John Antonelli’s documentary, *Jack Kerouac: King of the Beats*, that was released in 1985.

Ruby Duhamel of Lowell and a member of the SHFA, told the audience that in the 1950s, there was a regular “rock bottom sale” in the basement of Le Bon Marché, where discounted clothes for women were found near a large boulder in the basement of the building. One of the walls of the women’s changing room was the boulder itself, and all day long, as one woman would be trying on the clothes, the women waiting in line would say: “Hurry up.”

Brunelle then led the group to the end of Merrimack Street, near the intersection of Bridge Street, to see the building of *The Lowell Sun*, where Kerouac worked as a reporter.

After Brunelle’s brief talk about Kerouac at the *Lowell Sun*, Ruby Duhamel noticed an advertisement for a romantic trip to Montreal in the window of a travel agency that depicted a young man and woman, happily walking on a street. She thought it would be clever if the new members from Montreal would stand next to the advertisement so she could take a picture. However, Randy Ayer initially refused, for he said it was false advertising, since he lived in Montreal and he was not dating such a beautiful woman. Everyone in ear-shot laughed at his

remark, which noted that far-away places are very often portrayed as romantic. In the end, Francois Bernier, Randy Ayer and Emmanuel Trempe posed for a photo taken by Ruby Duhamel in front of the travel agency. The stragglers then had to walk briskly to the next stop of the walking tour.

The next stop was the Jack Kerouac Commemorative Park on Bridge Street. Ben Woitena designed the park, which was dedicated in 1988, and he incorporated the circle and the cross into the paths of the park, to represent Kerouac’s beliefs in Buddhism and Christianity. Woitena inscribed quotes from Kerouac’s novels onto the steles. Brunelle noted that the stele with the name “Jack Kerouac” and the opening and closing paragraphs of *On the Road* was originally conceived to



“Roger Brunelle addresses the group at the corner of Merrimack and Kirk Streets, and in the background on the left is Lowell High School.”

have an image of Kerouac etched into the stone. Stella Sampas, the third wife of Jack Kerouac, blocked the use of the etching and approved of the current design. Opposite of Bridge Street from the park are the buildings of the former Massachusetts Cotton Mills, which are now residential housing.

While Brunelle stood in front of the stele with the opening paragraph of *Visions of Gerard*, he spoke of Kerouac’s use of the French language while writing in English. The example that Brunelle used is in the following quote: “Gerard Dulouz was born in 1917 a sickly little kid with a rheumatic heart and many other complications that made him ill for the most of his life which ended in July 1926...” The phrase: “...ill for the most part of his life...” is redundant in English, for a native speaker of English would have writ-

ten: “...ill for most of his life...” Brunelle explained that Kerouac imposed a French syntax onto his English text in the opening paragraph of his novel. He said there are other examples of Kerouac’s imposition of French syntax onto his English prose, a subject that could be a study unto itself.

Brunelle then led the group to French Street, past the Boot Cotton Mills Museum, and to Kirk Street. Ruby Duhamel noted the Agents House on Kirk Street, is where the agents for the Massachusetts and Boot Cotton Mills resided during the 19th Century.

The last stop was the main entrance of the Lowell High School, with its famous clock. Next to the main entrance is a bronze plaque in honor of Raymond A. Sullivan, who was the headmaster of the high school from 1938 to 1975. Brunelle recalled that Sullivan was known as a strict headmaster, and he gave an anecdote from one of his relatives who saw that Sullivan caught Kerouac smoking a cigarette one day under the clock. Sullivan gave Kerouac only a verbal warning, and not his usual punishment of a written demerit, an anecdote that caused Brunelle to remark that he could not explain the instance of Sullivan’s leniency. Kerouac graduated from Lowell High School in 1939. After the end of the walking tour, the group slowly strolled back to the Cobblestones Restaurant.

The end of the Reunion Gala 2010 occurred in the parking lot of the Cobblestones Restaurant as people were getting into their cars and leaving for other destinations. During these moments, I spoke



“151 Merrimack Street, Le Bon Marché building and current address of Barnes and Noble Bookstore in Lowell.”

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to Dir. Richard Deslauriers briefly, about a future conversation when we would talk about Kerouac as a Franco-American author. During the stop at the Jack Kerouac Commemorative Park, Deslauriers told me that he read one of Kerouac's novels and he was not impressed with it, and he could not remember the title. I told him that I reread *Visions of Gerard* for the first time in about fifteen years, and I told him that I was not impressed with the novel, and I even found it to be a bit disturbing. He responded that the title of the book that he read was not *Visions of Gerard*. I told him that I reread the novel because it is the first of Kerouac's Lowell Novels, but most of it is set on Beaulieu Street, several blocks away from the day's walking tour. We ended our last conversation of the day, and he started his car. He had a look of confidence behind the steering wheel, as he drove out of the parking lot, west onto Dutton Street, west to his home in Longmeadow, Mass., and into the setting sun. I did not know it then, but it was the last time I would see Richard Deslauriers alive.

I then returned to the second floor of the Cobblestones Restaurant, where I purchased four books, including Robert Perreault's latest book and seven compact-discs from La Librairie Populaire. Four of the seven compact-discs were a series of

Quebecois country music, *Retro Country*, and the other three were by Cayouche, an Acadian folk-singer who served in the U.S. Marines during the Vietnam War. The discs that I purchased were *Un Vieux Hippy* (1994), *Moitié-moitié* (1996) and *Last Call* (2003). I chose the discs by Cayouche on the suggestion of Francoys Bernier and Randy Ayer, since I asked them for help in making a selection of music from the display. Later in the same evening, when I was in the Dharma Buns Sandwich Company on 26-A Market Street, the owner, John Capriole, put my copy of *Un Vieux Hippy* on his cd player, and he and the patrons enjoyed the really mellow folk-music. Due to a series of circumstances, I ran into, and spoke briefly with Francoys Bernier, Randy Ayer and Emmanuel Trempe before they went to the Bob Dylan concert.

On Monday, Nov. 22, 2010, Dir. Richard Deslauriers sent an e-message to Pres. Lacerte and the rest of the board of the SHFA at 8:35AM with the title "Reunion de 20/11/2010." Here is the entire text of his e-message: "Cher Roger, Je remercie toi et ton équipe pour une réunion exceptionnelle. Je dois, aussi, féliciter le Professeur Roger Brunelle qui a présenté un discours très informant, bien préparé, et bien rendu en français concernant l'oeuvre de Jack Kerouac. En particulier, j'ai aimé notre promenade en ville, et fut touché par la fierté de la ville de

Lowell pour son fils Kerouac. La messe au sanctuaire m'a fait penser de nos ancêtres qui nous ont précédés. Le sermon du Père Sawyer sur l'histoire de la Société mérite d'être publiée. L'endroit choisi, au centre de la ville, était particulièrement propice. Encore, un grand merci, Richard." Several hours later, Richard Deslauriers was found dead in his garage, after raking the leaves in his yard at his home in Longmeadow, Mass. His obituary was published in the *Springfield Republican* on Nov. 24, 2010, and it reported that he graduated from Assumption Prep School in 1946, then Assumption College in 1950, and then Tufts School of Dental Medicine in 1953. He was a Captain in the U.S. Army from 1953 to 1957, and from 1958 to 2001, he was a dentist with his practice in Chicopee Falls. He was also a past member of the President's Council at Assumption College in Worcester, and he was on the Board of Trustees of the Chicopee Savings Bank. He was a devout Catholic, for he was a communicant of St. Mary's Church in Longmeadow for 43 years. He played the violin, and he was in the choir of his parish as well as the choir for the Diocese of Springfield. He showed his faith through his hiking, for he hiked nearly the entirety of the Way of St. James from France to Spain on four separate occasions. He was appointed (Continued on page 49)



"Roger Brunelle addresses the group while pointing across the street at Le Bon Marché building. Notice in the background, on the right is St. Anne's Episcopal Church, and further in the background is the clock tower of Lowell City Hall."



"Roger Brunelle stands on a bench in the Jack Kerouac Commemorative Park and addresses the group, while Francoys Bernier takes a photo. Notice that the bench under Brunelle is slightly curved, which is part of the circular theme that the designer of the park, Ben Woitena, used to represent Kerouac's belief in Buddhism."



"Roger Brunelle speaks to the group in the Jack Kerouac Commemorative Park on Bridge Street in Lowell. On the far left is the stele with the opening and closing paragraphs of Kerouac's most famous novel, *On the Road*. The people whose faces can be seen are: Emmanuel Trempe, Randy Ayer, unknown, Dir. Richard Deslaurier, and Roger Brunelle."

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a member of the American and Canadian French Cultural Exchange Commission of Massachusetts by Gov. Mitt Romney in November 2005. His wife of 51 years, Lorraine, died nearly two years earlier, on Nov. 25, 2008. He is survived by two sons, one daughter, one brother, two sisters, and one grandson. His wake was held on Fri. Nov. 26, 2010, and his funeral mass was held at his parish, and he was buried in the Longmeadow Cemetery on Sat. Nov. 27, 2010, one week after the Réunion Gala. Due to a series of circumstances, I was unable to

attend either the wake or the funeral and committal ceremony of Richard Deslauriers.

In conclusion, Pres. Lacerte organized the events of the Réunion Gala 2010 like those of the past when Msgr. Verrette was President, because it began with a mass, followed by a business meeting, then a formal lunch, and a speaker. The topics of Fr. Sawyer's homily would have met with the approval of Msgr. Verrette, but the topics of the lecture and the walking-tour would never have been done during the Presidency of Msgr. Verrette, as one can read his opinion of Jack Kerouac in his obituary on page 145 of *Le Bulletin de la*

SHFA 1969: "Jack Kerouac... demeura un excentrique malgré la popularité de certains de ses volumes. Il est décède le 21 octobre 1969 à St. Petersburg, Fla. Nous publions cette notule simplement pour prévenir les critiques de ceux qui ignorent que Kerouac n'a jamais été intéressé à notre vie franco-américaine même s'il en était. Il était âgé de 47 ans après une existence un peu spéciale." Thus, the Réunion Gala 2010 exhibited continuity and change for the Société Historique Franco-Américaine.



"Roger Brunelle and Gerard Villemure of Manchester, N.H., are dwarfed by the main entrance of the Lowell High School, and its famous clock. Sometime in 1938 or 1939, Jack Kerouac was caught smoking a cigarette somewhere underneath the clock by Headmaster Sullivan, who only gave him a verbal warning."



"A bronze plaque at the entrance of Lowell High School in honor of Raymond A. Sullivan, the Headmaster of Lowell High School, 1938-1975."



"The end of the Reunion Gala 2010 of the SHFA. Pictured are Francois Bernier, Emmanuel Trempe, Roger Lacerte, Randy Ayer and Ruby Duhamel."

Marie-Claire Blais, Quebecois Novelist, at the French Institute

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

Marie-Claire Blais, the famed Quebecois novelist, spoke at the French Institute at Assumption College in Worcester, Mass., on Tues. March 20, 2012, from about 2:30 to 3:30 in the afternoon. She gave her talk in the Community Room of the Campus Ministry Center, which is behind the sacristy of the Chapel of the Holy Spirit, and her talk was sponsored by the French

Institute and the Department of Women's Studies. Her topic was "A Vision of Our Tormented Times." She read selections in French and in English from three of her novels – *Soifs* (1995), *Dans la foudre et la lumière* (2001), and *Mai au bal des prédateurs* (2010). The titles of the three novels in English are: *These Festive Nights*, *Thunder and Light*, and *May at the Predators' Ball*.

During the question and answer period, Marie-Claire Blais was asked about the translation of the title of her book, *Soifs*, as *These Festive Nights* in English, and she said that the English title is in reference to a plot within the novel. She said that the change of the title was the decision of her translator, and she was insistent that the word "soifs," does not have an equivalent in English. She then explained that "soifs" can translate as "thirsts" in English, and she said that "Thirsts" would not make for a good title. She continued to give a meandering explanation on the short- (Continued on page 50)

(Marie-Claire Blais continued from page 49) *la vie d'Emmanuel*, and he asked her to comings of the translation of “thirsts,” during which I thought of the translations of “Desires,” or “Wants,” could make a fair connotative translation in English.

Blais then told her audience that *Soifs* is her first novel in a series of ten novels on the theme of “soifs.” She said that she originally thought of *Soifs* as the first in a trilogy, and later, she realized that a trilogy would be too short, and so, she expanded her concept into a decade, and she noted that her sixth novel in the series will be published later this year. The six novels are: *Soifs* (1995), *Dans la foudre et la lumière* (2001), *Augustino et le chœur de la destruction* (2005), *Naissance de Rebecca à l'ère des tourments* (2008), *Mai au bal des prédateurs* (2010), and *Le Jeune Homme sans avenir* (2012).

Blais segued into her topic, “A Vision of Our Tormented Times,” which she said is the theme of her *Soifs* novels, for each of them reflect the uncertainty, the suffering, and sometimes hope of our cotemporary world. She mentioned the possibility of nuclear war, the wars in the Middle East, the crisis of AIDS, the famines of Africa, but there is the sometimes ray of hope with the populist uprisings and the possible spread of democracy in Egypt and Algeria known as the Arab Spring. She remarked how her novels reflect these realities of our contemporary world, but in a microcosm.

After the question and answer period, and after some closing remarks from the Director of the French Institute, Dr. Leslie Choquette, it was possible for members of the audience to speak personally to Marie-Claire Blais, who can be described as demure, soft-spoken, (which made hearing her at the podium difficult because of the sometimes uncooperative sound system), and generous, for she gave away copies of her novels.

One of the persons to speak to Blais was Robert B. Perreault, who gave her a signed copy of his novel, *L'Heritage* that was published in 1983 by the National Materials Development Center for French. Gerard Brault noted in his history, *The French-Canadian Heritage in New England*, that *L'Heritage* is the first Franco-American novel published in French since Paul Dufault published *Sanatorium* in 1938. I noticed a second book that was apparently exchanged between, but to confirm what I saw, I spoke to Robert Perreault by telephone on Easter Sunday, April 8, 2012, and he said that the second book was his copy of her most famous novel, *Une Saison dans*

sign it. Perreault proudly remarked to me that as she signed it, she told him that she was surprised to see that an American held a first edition of her fifth and most famous novel. In a second telephone conversation,



“Two Francophone novelists – Marie-Claire Blais and Robert Perreault – at Assumption College in Worcester, Mass. Perreault gave to Blais a signed copy of his book, *L'Heritage*, and she signed his copy of her novel, *Une Saison dans la vie d'Emmanuel*.”

on Sunday, May 6, I asked him if he received any of the free copies of her books, and he said no, because I beat him to the last copies. It is true that I did receive the last copies of her give-away books, but I thought everyone else who wanted a copy, received one.

In the moments before Blais and her aide had to leave the Community Room at Assumption College, I received a copy of her first two novels in the *Soifs* decade, because her aide remarked that I can speak in French. She then signed her two gifts to me. In the final moments before she had to leave, her aide noticed my camera, a 35mm Pentax P3 made in 1987, and he offered to take a picture. I took him up on the offer, but after I focused the camera, because the 28mm lens that I put on the camera is difficult to focus. After the picture was taken, I thanked Blais and her aide again for their generosity.

Marie-Claire Blais was a surprising choice of speakers selected by the French Institute for the Spring of 2012, because I would not have expected such an uncon-

ventional author from Quebec to speak at a Catholic college. In a simple perusal of *Soifs* and *Dans la foudre et la lumière*, it is clear that the overall structure of her prose defies any traditional form, for both novels do not have divisions in the text by section, by chapter, by paragraph, or even by sentence. Yet her prose is full of strong imagery, as found on the first page of *Soifs*, where the view outside a window of a room that overlooks the tranquil blue Caribbean Sea is contrasted against the view into an execution chamber in a prison in Texas, which Blais described as: “... dans une chambre, une cellule où régneraient longtemps les vapeurs froides de l'enfer, l'exécution d'un Noir inconnu dans une prison du Texas...” I would expect to read the clause: “les vapeurs froides de l'enfer” in a poem by Charles Baudelaire. Since I never heard of Marie-Claire Blais before I received the notice of her talk on March 20, 2012, it was a learning experience to hear her speak, and to meet her, and to receive copies of her books, and such a learning experience is part of the mission of the French Institute.



“Your reporter, Albert J. Marceau, with the Quebecois novelist, Marie-Claire Blais.” (Waterbury suite de page 43)

après, son frère Pitou (Romuald) lui trouva quelque chose à Sherbrooke, et il lui a écrit, lui disant de revenir à la maison familiale et ils pourraient discuter d'un arrangement.

J'allais le rejoindre à Sherbrooke, contente de le revoir.

Je laissais en arrière de moi à Shawinigan, Yvonne, Rosa et Émile. Je les ai quittés les larmes aux yeux.

La famille Dumas m'attendait. Au début de notre installation, il fallait qu'on loge sous leur toit.

Ils ont tout fait pour que je me sente à l'aise chez eux. Il y avait le père de (Suite page 51)

Daniel Boucher and the Sugar House Party in Bristol, Conn.

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

On Sat. March 31, 2012, Daniel Boucher held a Sugar House Party in the hall of St. Ann's Parish in Bristol, Conn., from 9:00AM to 3:30PM. The party could be called a feast of food and music, because the food served in the morning was a French-Canadian brunch, with eggs, oven-roasted potatoes, sausage, toast, maple-cooked ham, meat pie, pea soup, French-Canadian baked beans; maple sugar desserts.

While the food was served, Jam français played French-Canadian folk and country songs and tunes. In the afternoon, Josée Vachon performed, as well as Michel Grenier, Mariann Valentin and Reynold Pelletier. Towards the end of the event,

la tire, maple taffy on snow, was served.

The cost of the tickets was \$25 for adults, \$8 for children aged 6 to 12 years, and \$5 for children aged five and under. The hall was full of people, because 400 tickets were sold at the event, plus the 40 person crew of Jam français.

Daniel Boucher, the founder of Jam français which has the goal of "preserving French-Canadian culture and traditions in Connecticut," plans to hold another Sugar House Party in the early Spring of next year. If you want to be put on the e-mail list as to when the event will happen again, contact Daniel Boucher at jamfrancais@yahoo.com.



"Rene Boislard, Reynold Pelletier, Daniel Boucher, Nina Beaudoin, and Carmen Bombardier perform at the Sugar House Party, March 31, 2012, on the stage in the hall of St. Ann's Church in Bristol, Conn."



"The crew of the Jam français in the hall of St. Ann's Church in Bristol, Conn. In the back row, from left to right are: Roger Raymond, Ray Battistoni, Karina Turcotte, Gerald Turcotte, Don Bouchard, Steve Peplau, Francoise Lachance, Diane Gregoire, and Liz Raymond. In the middle row are: Laurent Fortin, Marie Turcotte, Arlene Bouchard and Ghislaine Peplau. In the front row are: Eric Lachance, Daniel Boucher (with the fiddle), Nick Lachance and Michelle Boucher."

(Waterbury suite de page 50)

Frisé, ainsi que Mimi, Pitou et Gemma et leurs deux enfants: Carol et Ginette. Ne nouveau, je vivais la vie de famille.

Avec les Dumas, j'ai amélioré mon langage. J'ai appris à dire: épingles à linge, gâteau, vadrouille et sac à vidanges. Cependant, eux aussi, ils utilisaient des termes que je trouvais comique. S'ils faisaient un petit somme, **ils roupillaient**, et s'ils ne se sentaient pas bien, ils étaient débiffés, tandis que moi, **je n'étais pas dans mon assiette**.

Monsieur Dumas avait une maison à St-Romain. Pendant les vacances d'été, toute la famille s'y rencontrait. J'y suis allée avec Frisé et Pitou.

Plus tard durant l'été, nous avons eu la visite d'Émile et de Gertrude, d'Yvonne et son mari avec leur fils André.

Je recevais souvent des nouvelles de Waterbury. C'est Irène qui m'écrivait.

L'été m'a semble bien long et bien chaud et le temps passait si lentement. Puis, mon heure arriva. Le 3 Septembre 1945, journée de la Fête du Travail, Frisé m'amena à l'hôpital et à deux heures de l'après midi, j'avais mon bébé dans les bras. Frisé était heureux, et ensemble, côte à côte, on se penchait sur notre enfant. On comptait ses petits doigts et se orteils. Je mesurais son pied dans ma main.

Elle était violacée comme tous les bébés, mais pour nous, elle était vraiment belle. Elle pesait sept livres et cinq onces.

Frisé appelait tout le monde pour leur annoncer la bonne nouvelle: "C'est une grosse fille".

Nous étions parents! Il était un papa et j'étais une maman.

Rosa et Alex, Émile et Gertrude sont venus pour le baptême qui eut lieu dans la chapelle de l'hôpital et on lui donna la prénom de Nicole Marie.

Mimi et grand-papa Dumas furent parrain et Marraine, Rosa fut la porteuse, comme c'était la coutume.



Rosa Gélinas Langevin et Alice Gélinas Dumas 1946

There Was a Season The First of Four Tales of French-Canadians in Claremont, N.H.

by Charles John Emond

SPRING 1878

The following story is based on interviews with Hazel Fortin Pomiecko (Oral History project #41) in the collection of the Fiske Free Library, Claremont, NH. This is the true story of her grandfather, Joseph Demars and his family. Their farm is marked on the 1892 map of Sullivan County.

Spring had finally come to the gentle rolling hills of Claremont. Up and down the Connecticut River Valley the piles of snow under the trees in the deep woods felt the warmth of the sun. The rivers swelled and every rivulet and creek tore madly toward the Connecticut River.

Joseph was up early for a ride into the village of Claremont a few miles away. He first took care of the animals on his small Unity farm and paused to savor the freshness of the morning. Planting season would soon be upon him and the purchase of seeds was, in fact, one of his reasons for making the trip.

As he contemplated the quagmire of a road he would have to traverse to get into Claremont, he remembered his younger days and his trips up to Canada with his wagon. He remembered the long trips back with the *habitant* families headed for work in the mills, his wagon packed with their household goods. How he had enjoyed being on the road then, meeting and making friends with these countrymen of his as they travelled. Several of them had settled in Claremont and done well for themselves working in the Monadnock Mills.

But times had changed. The coming of the Sullivan Railroad to Claremont had eliminated the need for a covered wagon overland journey. It had been a good twenty years since his last trip. Now those who wanted to work in the mills of New England simply bought tickets, boarded a train in Montreal and made the journey within a day. It was not like the old times.

The French-Canadian community

in Claremont was still growing daily and now numbered several hundred. The new St Mary's Church, built and dedicated only three years earlier in 1875, was a natural focus for the French community. The mills were growing and expanding too. While the church as being built, the nearby textile company was building an impressive new bleachery.

Once, Joseph had known almost every French speaking person in the Claremont area. There were several families he had brought down in his wagon with whom he remained good friends. After all, he had shared their excitement at seeing a new country for the first time. He had watched their eyes open wide at the sight of the huge mills where they would work. As time went on, he had watched them adjust and become citizens of America just as he had. But now there were new faces all the time and every trip into town he noticed big changes in Claremont. It was no longer a sleepy little village.

After a quick breakfast, he saddled up his horse, kissed his wife Lydia goodbye and promised a treat from town for the three of their seven children still at home. Everyone was now awake and gathered around him as he made last minute preparations for his ride. Together Lydia and he had raised five healthy girls and two sturdy boys. They had been a lot for Lydia to handle at times, but she was a strong woman and she never complained. Life on that small farm in Unity often reminded them of their lives in Canada so many years before. It had been over twenty five years since they had made the big move south.

Joseph rode off toward the village of Claremont feeling young and energetic for all of his forty-five years. The spring birds kept him company and the sun was warm on his shoulders. The horse picked its way through the puddles and ruts of the road walking carefully, now on the edges and now in the center. His journey was punctuated by the barking of the neighbor's dogs as he passed. The houses were closer together as he neared the village.

It was on a small bridge crossing a spring swollen stream that it happened. The horse stumbled and Joseph was thrown.

His family first heard of the accident from a neighbor and were waiting in tears and anxiety as the men of the village carried Joseph home. But there was nothing to be done. The fall had been fatal. Joseph was buried in St. Mary's cemetery by his grieving family and friends, comforted in their loss by the prayers

and ceremonies of their ancestral faith.

As they became old enough, the Demars children went to work for the Monadnock Mills, joining the many others who owed their journey from Canada and their first glimpse of Claremont to their father. Joseph Demars had made the journey from his farm that day, as they each did in turn. By train or with the help of such men as Joseph, whose wagons had made the slow journey in the early days, many thousands of French-Canadians also left their farms for the textile mills of New England. It was an incredible journey to be sure. It was as singular and remarkable transition as that of the seasons from bleak winter to the promises of spring.

About the Author: Charles was born into the Franco American community of Claremont, NH. His grandparents on both sides were first generation "habitants" who worked in the mills. He attended St. Mary's through high school and studied for his BA degree in Boston and New York. His life long interest in history was brought into focus with his work on his Master's degrees at Dartmouth College and at Keene State College. He currently teaches English at Webster University in Thailand and History for the Vermont State Colleges online.





Genealogy/généalogie

by Ernest G. DeRaps
Richmond, ME

DARRASPE, DERAPS FAMILY HISTORY

Early Family History

Our Family's earliest recorded ancestors were from St. Jean-de-Luz, France – Francois D'ERASPE (DARRASPE) and Jeanne-Louise D'ERRECA. Their son Pierre D'ERRASPE was a Basque ship owner and fisherman who fished off the 'Grand Banks' of Newfoundland. On the 23rd of October 1774, Pierre married an Arcadian, Anne MANCEL, at St. Pierre & Miquelon (today still French possession islands) south of Newfoundland. This marriage was blessed with 2 sons and 2 daughters. The eldest son, Pierre, and his father were lost at sea. The remaining son, Bertrand (I) (Born 10

Sept. 1784) was taken to France by Anne, his mother, but later returned to North America, settling in Margaree, NS. This couple had 6 or 7 children, with the third born being my Grand Father, C. Bertrand Deraps (III) (b.. 1839) Bertrand (III) married Marie "HARVEY", North Shore, CA. (Now the Harbor of St. Peter) on 02 Sept. 1869. My father, Joseph Edward (Ed) DeRAPS was the 7th son born of 10 children – 9 boys and 1 girl. Joe Edward (Ed) was born 1 August, 1880 at Isle de la Madeleine in the former home of his mother. I, Ernest, am the youngest child of Ed & Maude A. "MATHIEU" DeRAPS



(Married on 12 Sept., 1904 in Fairfield, Maine). I am one of 10 boys and 4 girls. At this date, July, 2008; siblings surviving are: Wilfrid, Born 20 Sept., 1917 and myself. I was born in Palmyra, Maine on 22 January, 1928. I hope this information is of value to those who read it. For more information, contact me at my home (331 Brunswick Rd; Richmond, Maine 04357 – Phone 207-737-4011) or at papad8@gmail.com

PIGMENT ART

by Ernest G. DeRaps
Richmond, ME

I have always enjoyed drawing. In eateries, I leave small drawings on the place mats for the waitresses (some even get tacked on the walls). But, it took almost 80 years of living and dreaming before picking up an artists paint brush and seriously doing any art work.

After a few fun years living in Washington D.C., I returned to my native Maine and joined the United States Coast Guard. First was stationed at Base Rockland, on to Light-

house living. Monhegan Island L/H, Fort Point L/H in Stockton Springs and at Browns Head L/H on Vinalhaven Island, family stations. Tucked in there was an assignment to a Stag L/H (men only) on Heron Neck.

After lighthouse duty, the next eight years were spent on 311 foot Weather Cutters, patrolling the U.S. eastern seaboard.

Retiring in 1974 from the military, the next 21 years were spent on three interesting positions with the State of Maine.

Now, in my twilight years, it's wonderful to have time for my wife of 58 1/2 years, our 6 children, 9 grand and 6 Great Grand's; and paint mostly coastal & scenic Maine and some flowers.

As of Sunday, 31 October, I have completed 51 paintings (all are 16" x 20" except the first 8 which are 14" x 18"). Discounting the first 14 paintings, I have completed painting 65 lighthouses in the Maine coast series.

I would be most happy to have anyone come view them. They hang on my basement studio walls. I have photographed all of them and printed 4" x 6" photos of them. I also have group photos as they hang on my basement walls.

I plan not to sell any of this series until I have been able to display the completed project in a gallery or galleries.

I can be reached by phone at: (207) 737-4011 or email: papad8@gmail.com



Genealogy/généalogie



Leon Albert Guimond **June 14, 1932 - February 13, 2012**

FRENCHVILLE – Leon A. Guimond died peacefully Feb. 13, 2012, surrounded by his family at a Madawaska health facility. He was born June 14, 1932, in Frenchville, son of Albert and his birth mother, Leona (Marquis); and stepmother, Anysie Guimond. He was a U.S. Army veteran and served during the Korean War. He was a cement finisher until his retirement. Leon dedicated the past 40 years researching genealogy, most of his work was focused

Dear Le Forum;

I happen to be part Acadian (French) descent with ancestors from New Brunswick.

I wonder if there is a genealogical resource department located at the University's Centre Franco Américain? I wonder also, about the journal – "Le Forum", such as it available for subscription and would I be able to receive a sample issue, please. Thank you very much!

Very Sincerely,
James Saulnier
Danbury, CT

Dear Le Forum;

I want to thank you so very much in acquiring my family genealogy of the "Bourque" family. Starting from 1609 Martaize Loudun, Vienne France.

Having these papers in my hands to read, means so much to me.

What a joy it is to read about the roots of our family members. It is sad that my grandparents never got this privilege, to know your own ancestors.

Ever since I was in school I was fascinated with history and loved the subject. God has truly blessed me to have my family history in my hands to share with family members.

My father, grandparents

(N.D.L.R. This genealogy section is being dedicated to the memory of Leon Guimond, for his countless, priceless hours spent researching family histories. We thank you for your work in the preservation of our past. Merci Leon!



on Franco American families. He had one of the largest collections on the East Coast. He is survived by his wife, Patricia (Gagnon) Guimond of Frenchville; one son, Gary and his wife, Debbie, of Plainville, Conn.; four daughters, Joyce Gerhart of Chandler, Ariz.; Denise Jolie of Holyoke, Mass.; Sharon and Scott Dryburgh of Enfield, Conn.; and Lynn and Kelly Stover of Frenchville; 10 grandchildren, one great-grandchild; five brothers and their wives, Phillip and Connie of St. Agatha, Raymond and Patricia of Enfield, Conn.; Robert of Rochester, N.Y.; Patrice and Lydia of Bucksport, and Maurice and Betsy of Barrington, N.H.; three sisters, Clair and husband, Stephan

has taught me to be proud of being a Franco-American descendant.

These last 4 years I have met so many distant cousins. My Canadian relatives were so happy to meet me and my sister Juanita. We keep in contact by email with Ginette, my father's 1st cousin, Jeanne D'arc I write to monthly and give news to her about her cousins in Maine, she shares the news to other cousins in surrounding towns in Canada.

The most surprising person I meet and never knew she was distantly related to me is Josée Vachon, Franco American singer. Josée's grandmother was Armandine -Cliche-Blais, my father's first cousin. Dad and Armandine were close when they were little. My mémère Cliche-Bourque's brother was Josée's great-grandfather. Mononcle Philibert who I met as a teenager. He was so nice and he had a nice smile. My dad told me many times I just loved to hear him sing, he had a great voice. So, I do believe Josée got her great grandfather Cliche's singing voice! Josée has entertained so many people in many states, I am so proud to be related to her.

In our lifetime, without knowing we get to know people that never existed in our past.

When I was greeted by Josée's grandmother at her apartment, I told her I was the child of her cousin Emerie Bourque, what a joyful expression she had when I saw her. She was so very happy and I introduced my sister Juanita in 2008. Armandine eyesight

Dobert, of Tracey Landing, Md.; Michelle and husband Miles Wolff, of Chapelhill, N.C., and Suzelle of Fort Kent; and one sister-in-law, Beverly Guimond of Somers, Conn. He was predeceased by his parents; and one, Brother Kenneth. Friends and relatives may call 6-8 p.m. Wednesday, Feb. 15, and 8:30 a.m. Thursday until the time of services at Michaud Funeral Home, Frenchville. A mass of Christian burial will be celebrated 10 a.m. Thursday at St. Luce Catholic Church, Frenchville, with the Rev. Richard Ouellette officiating. Burial will be at Maine Veterans Cemetery, Caribou.

was bad and not able to look at photos. We had such a loving visit, hearing her talk about my grandparents and my dad.

Every new relative I have known these last few years, has welcomed us in their home. They all thanked us for coming and to please come again.

In 2008 was the first time Juanita and I went to Canada since before we got married.

When going through the lines into Canada we both felt the spirits of our mémère and pépère Bourque. I know that they are proud of us to come to Canada.

I have a picture of the house that my Mémère Bourque gave birth to 4 of her children in Canada, my Dad Emerie, my Aunt Mathilda, my Uncle Wilfred and baby Armandine. The other 10 children were all born in Waterville.

It had to be such a hardship for my grand parents to leave Canada by horse and wagon with my dad age 6, aunt age 4, my Uncle age 2, baby Armandine age 7 months. They traveled for 3 weeks to get to Winslow, Maine.

Lisa you have added so much to my life in giving me my family heritage and being such a loving Franco-American to me.

God has truly Blessed me on my journey of my life to have you in it I will always treasure your loving friendship.

May God Bless You, Lisa for all the help you give others being editor of the "Forum"

Now my project is for me to
(Continued on page 55)

Three Desjardins' Cousins Enrolled at the University of Maine College of Engineering

Three cousins were enrolled at the University of Maine College of Engineering during academic year 2012.

Lucas and Gerard share the same great-grandfather, Frank Desjardins. Frank Desjardins is Tyler's great, great grandfather. Their grandfather's are brothers, Wilfred (Lucas's grandfather) and Gerard Desjardins (Gerard's grandfather & Tyler's g.g. grandfather).

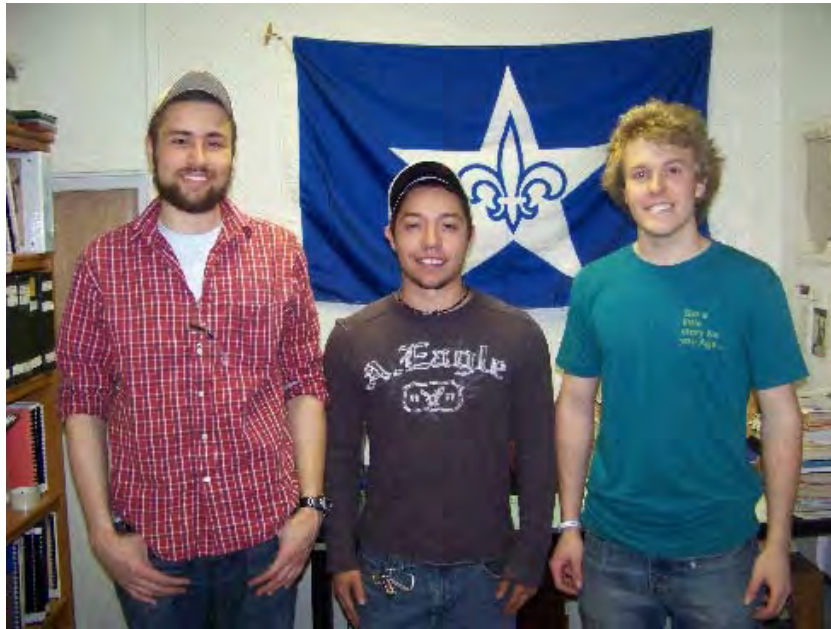
About Lucas Desjardins: I was born in Caribou, Maine to Wayne and Carola Desjardins. My family moved to Bangor and I graduated from Bangor High School in 2011. I was the commander of the Bangor High School Army Junior Reserve Officer Training Corps Battalion my senior year. I am also an Eagle Scout and attended the 100th Anniversary National Scout Jamboree at Fort A. P. Hill Virginia in the summer of 2010. I served as the Senior Patrol Leader of my Jamboree Troop. I am currently a Mechanical Engineering Technology student at the University of Maine.

(A Memory continued from page 20)

had cooked a wonderful meal for all (a big crowd). We opened the many presents and pictures were taken of the new ride and groom. LUCKY ME got to kiss the bride many times for all the picture taking. Many hugs and kisses came our way from both our families. Had a wonderful time.

We borrowed my Dad's 1937 2door Chevrolet and headed out on our honeymoon. Destination International Falls, MN as Clara was born there. We stopped at Hinckley, MN for our first night of married life. It was a very small one room cabin bath. What happened that night was something very special and I still shiver when the memory comes vividly back to me.

Many years go by and happiness is the keyword. Our family slo-



Left to Right: Lucas, Tyler, & Gerard Desjardins

About Tyler S. Desjardins: I'm 19 years old, I was born in Bangor Maine 9-13-92, I'm a 2nd year Mechanical engineering Tech major, my hobbies include baseball, Mixed martial Arts training at Team Irish, skateboarding, and robotics. I have two brothers and a sister, Older brother Stephen, younger brother Michael, younger sister Siera, Mother Shannon, and Father Shawn.

gan has always been "Be good to each other" and it has served us well.

Not a day goes by that I do not think of Clara. She was my rock and the rock of our marriage. Say a little prayer for her and think about all the above words that I have written. May they inspire you in your life's journey.

I now have 51 (soon to be 52) grand and great grandchildren.

WOW!

About Gerard Desjardins: I am part of a very large "famille Québécois & Acadienne" (18 aunts and uncles, 35 first cousins!) and born to Norma (Lajoie) and Paul Desjardins. I have graduated with a degree in Mechanical Engineering in May 2012 from the University of Maine. After graduating I plan to take some time off and then begin graduate school to pursue a degree in Aerospace engineering. For my senior capstone project, I was part of a team of 6 engineering students who designed and fabricated a 19ft., 2 stage sounding rocket. Launch will occur in June and July 2012 in the Mojave Desert (California) and the Black Rock Desert (Nevada) respectively.

While at UMaine I have been a member of the Men's Volleyball Club for all 4 years and have served as vice president and president during my junior and senior years. With the volleyball club, I've traveled throughout New England and even to Houston, Texas and Kansas City, Missouri for regional and national tournaments. I also served as the secretary of the Formula SAE Car Team for 2 years in which we designed and built a formula style race car from the chassis up.

(Dear Le Forum continued from page 54)

make 2 more books for my daughter and son to treasure. I am so proud to show off my book to family and friends.

In March I went to our "French Club" meeting in Brewer and I took my book and showed the girls, they were truly amazed at all the genealogy papers and pictures.

Anyone can do the work it takes time and patience, but you are giving a gift of life to your children to pass down in generations of the love and pride to "Franco-American".

I hope that anyone that does read this article realizes how important it is to know your roots and be proud of your ancestors.

*With Pride & Love to be a
"Franco-American",
Diane Mathilda-Bourque-Tinkham
Old Town, ME*



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

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

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

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

OBJECTIFS:

- 1 – D'être l'avocat du Fait Franco-Américain à l'Université du Maine, dans l'État du Maine et dans la région.
- 2 – D'offrir des véhicules d'expression affective et cognitive d'une voix franco-américaine effective, collective, authentique et diversifiée.
- 3 – De stimuler le développement des offres de programmes académiques et non-académiques à l'Université du Maine et dans l'État du Maine, relatant l'histoire et l'expérience de la vie de ce groupe ethnique.
- 4 – D'assister et de supporter les Franco-Américains dans l'actualisation de leur langue et de leur culture dans l'avancement de leurs carrières, de l'accomplissement de leur personne et de leur contribution créative à la société.
- 5 – D'assister et d'offrir du support dans la création et l'implémentation d'un concept de pluralisme qui value, valide et reflète effectivement et cognitivement le fait dans le Maine et ailleurs en Amérique du Nord.
- 6 – D'assister dans la création et la publication de la connaissance à propos d'une ressource importante du Maine — la riche diversité