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Le FORUM Journal

Franco-American Centre Franco-Américain

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Fall 2014

# Le FORUM, Vol. 37 No. 2

Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice

Albert J. Marceau

Virginia L. Sand

Guy Dubay

Martha Cyr Genest

*See next page for additional authors*

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# Le FORUM



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

VOLUME 37, #2

AUTOMNE/HIVER 2014

*Celeste & Scott Ringuette Travel From Indiana To Donate The Late Adrien Lanthier Ringuette’s Genealogical Library (see page 3 for more)*



*Arrival of the books, over 1100 miles later!*



*Community Volunteers sleeving the binders. l to r: Lin LaRoche (standing), Pierrette LaRocque, Louella Rolfe, Emma Phillips, Martha Whitehouse.*



*Walter Knox putting shelving up for the collection with Richard Phillips looking on.*

## Websites:

<http://www.francolib.francoamerican.org/>  
[francoamericanarchives.org](http://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](http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html)

**Franco-American Women’s Institute:**

<http://www.fawi.net>





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

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

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

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*We thank you for your continued support!*



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*Le FORUM*

*Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719*

(N.D.L.R.: To view a list of the collection: <http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/franco-american-centre-reference-room/>)

## *How the Adrien Lanthier Ringuette Collection Found Its Way to Orono...* by Lisa Desjardins Michaud

On October 27th, 2014 the Franco-American Programs were the recipients of an enormous genealogical/historical donation.

Thought I'd share with you how the Adrien Lanthier Ringuette collection found its way to the University of Maine's Franco-American Centre.

Several years ago I was approached via email and phone by Roland Ouellette (Cousin to Adrien) regarding this huge collection. Roland shared with me that Adrien's widow was interested in donating the collection but wasn't sure where. My immediate reaction when Roland mentioned books was, "Yes, Oui! We would love to have them!". He quickly replied that he was going to let Celeste know that the Franco-American Centre was very interested.

I received a phone call from Celeste, she was pleased that we had agreed to accept her husband's collection. I was just as thrilled.

Celeste and I met the following summer at the Franco-American Centre...I gave her a quick tour of our "home" and we sat and talked for a bit.

Celeste and her aid, Karen Singleton, spent countless hours organizing and some-

times exhausting work of creating a list of all the contents of each and every box of books, needless to say over 130 boxes. The collection includes major periodicals, historical biographical dictionaries, census records, Programme de recherche en démographie



L to R: Eric Rolfson (President of Development and Alumni Relations, sitting back to you), Emma Phillips, Martha Whitehouse, Louella Rolfe (next to Martha), Lin LaRochelle (on end of table), Virginia Sand, Terri Beyer (Senior Development Officer), Scott Ringuette, Celeste Ringuette, Tony Brinkley, Susan Pinette.

historique (PRDH) to mention a few items of this extensive library of resources. Also included are maps, a picture and two book cases. There are files upon files of research and supporting materials relating to French



Shelving donated by Emma & Richard Phillips. Carpentry work by Walter and Ken Knox and Richard Phillips.

Canadian and Franco-American History. A wealth of resources and information for history and genealogical research.

We must also thank our community group who quickly stepped up to the plate... in total excitement to put the library to use.

Emma and Richard Phillips donated all the materials for the shelving and paid for the expert carpentry work by Walter and Ken Knox. I stained all the shelving over the weekend. Lin LaRochelle and Louella Rolfe contributed the sleeves to protect all the pages in the many binders. Virginia Sand, Martha Whitehouse, Pierrette LaRocque,

Emma Phillips, Lin LaRochelle & Louella Rolfe helped in sleeving the pages. Lin LaRochelle designed the sign with the help of Morgan Jewett Kent adorning the door on the way into the library, and the books were shelved into their new home by Daniel Lapierre. Joe Arsenault has worked and will continue to work on the database/spreadsheet making them searchable and user friendly. Jacob Albert for his advice and helping with ideas throughout this acquisition process. This is a total group effort and a huge thank you to all!

We are honored to be able to share this collection with our community, both on and off campus. We are forever grateful to Celeste and Scott Ringuette for this priceless donation to the Franco-American Programs. May we do Adrien Lanthier Ringuette proud by offering his life's work to others so that they too can trace their lineage. Merci!



Morgan Jewett Kent near dedication sign. The sign was designed by Lin LaRochelle and layout by Morgan Jewett Kent.



Walter and Ken Knox.  
(See page 43 for more...)



## Aroostook County Genealogical Society ~ AC-GS.ORG

### Publications for Sale

The Families of the Upper Saint John Valley in 1790

— Compiled and Edited by Brenda J. Bourgoine, Ann M. Cushman, Dennis J. Prue, Allen J. Voisine

The Families of the Upper Saint John Valley in 1790 is a work which documents 68 families on both sides of the river. This publication is a compilation of all the known original families now contained in one volume. From this small community, literally thousands of descendants are scattered to the four corners of North America. Each chapter includes the head of household, their spouse(s) and their respective parents,  
(Continued on page 45)



## Lettres/ Letters

Dear *Le Forum*;

I would like to order and pay for three subscriptions. The first two are to include your spring issue and the third to start the following issue.

My subscription is to start with your next issue since I already was given the spring issue.

*Sincerely,  
Philip & Claudette Michaud  
Bangor, ME*

Dear Philip;

*I thank you for contacting the Franco-American Centre and for purchasing three subscriptions of our publication, "Le Forum". "Le Forum", has been in existence for over 40 years and is the only bilingual journal by and about Franco-Americans. This is due to the continued support of our readership!*

---

Bonjour *Le Forum*;

Un gros merci pour m'avoir fait parvenir la revue "Forum".

Aussi, merci à Monsieur Marceau pour l'histoire de Chorale Orion, dont je suis le fondateur ainsi que le directeur.

Son information était précise en vue du disque "L'amour c'est comme la salade".

*Chaleureusement,  
Normand L. Ayotte  
Lowell, MA*

---

Dear *Le Forum*;

You guys do a great job!  
Tu fait un grande travail!

Notre groupe français ici en Acushnet, MA, et-il fait beau, et nous célébrons notre cinquième anniversaire cet été.

*Love, Barbara  
Mattapoisett, MA*

*Félicitations!*

Dear *Le Forum*;

I hope all is well with you and that your Franco-American activities at the University continue to get the support you need. The BDN reports spending cuts and reductions in staff at the University. Hopefully you are not affected.

Enclosed is a check for the renewal of my subscription to *Le Forum* and a little extra to help with postage costs. I read what I can on my computer, but always look forward to the hard copy to read at my leisure.

We just returned from another winter at Hilton head. The weather this year was awful (as it was everywhere else)- the worst we have seen down there in the past 16 years. I guess everyone felt the wrath of the weather gods this winter. I know Maine had record snow as well as cold temperatures for months.

I hope your parents are doing well in Keegan. I don't know if we will ever return to that area—too much driving for me these days.

*Take Care,  
Gene Michaud  
Alliance, OH*

Dear Gene;

*Thank you for contacting the Franco-American Centre. Regarding your concerns, the Franco-American Centre is not immune to these cuts and we are constantly battling for what little budget we do have. We are truly fortunate to have continued community support which enables us to continue our work and initiatives.*

*Once again, thank you!  
Un gros merci!*

---

To the Editor:

My great-grand father, Joseph Dubay (1832-1902) was a cousin of Joseph Murray Deveau (1840-1923), Chief of the Maliseet Indian band at Woodstock, N.B. My grand father Abraham J. Dubay, (1868-1943) was second cousin to Joseph Murray Deveau, Jr. (1887-1925) chief at Woodstock at the time he was shot and killed near Houlton, Maine.

Does this give me Indian blood? No, absolutely none.

Some of the Devoe cousins of my Dubay line have Indian blood from their

*(Continued on page 5)*

Bonjour Lisa,

Ronald Héroux me suggère de vous acheminer l'article que j'ai écrit sur Léo Héroux, vétéran de la guerre 39-45. Il paraît que vos lecteurs seraient intéressés par cette histoire inusitée.

Initialement, j'avais préparé quelques chose pour commémorer la contribution des Héroux à cette guerre.

En 2005, nous avons visité le cimetière canadien à Cintheaux/ Bretteville sur-Laize en France. J'ai d'abord démarré avec les Héroux enterrés là-bas. Deux jeunes décédés dans une terrible bataille, une qui a été un tournant majeur de cette guerre. Lors de ce voyage, nous avions rencontré de gens qui l'avait connu en Normandie, après la guerre.

Entre temps nous avons connu deux de ses enfants.

En 2014, j'ai développé un peu plus en ce qui concerne Léo. Son histoire d'amour avec cette jeune française aidait à faire voir que dans des moments critiques, il y a aussi de belles choses qui arrivent.

Nous connaissons 2 de ses enfants. Une de ses filles vit à Montréal et un de ses fils vit dans les environs d'Avignon en France.

Ils étaient contents que j'écrive sur l'histoire de leur père. C'est une modeste contribution de ma part mais une façon de rendre hommage à ces descendants d canadiens français qui ont contribué à l'histoire.

Voici donc cet article avec des photos.

Ayant été professeur en management public dans une université (Université du Québec/ ENAP), je suis sensible aux efforts des professeurs qui participent au maintien du français en milieu académique. J'ai aussi fait des prestations à l'Univ de Pittsburgh au programme GSPIA. Et en Californie.

Soulignons que Léo est bien vivant aux USA. Ronald Héroux son neveu peut vous mettre en contact avec lui.

Salutations sincères en cette période d'été.

*Juliette L. BRUNEAU,  
(Ph.D.(Science Politique)*

*Merci Juliette et Merci Ron pour la belle article sur Léo Héroux, vétéran de la deuxième guerre mondiale. Voir page 23.*

## Regardons la carte...

Voici une grande carte sur la Déportation Acadianiennes, un oeuvre des gens de L'Université de Moncton, C'est une carte bien remarquable démontrant ce que j'appelle, " Une Chapitre imposante La Histoire Acadienne". Mais mon but ce soir est plus particulier que cela, donc ce qu'est mon but ce soir, c'est de démontrer l'origine bi-nationale du peuple madawaskayen. C'est à dire de décrire la liaison historique entre les acadiens et les Québécois en place depuis les origines du peuplement franco-phonie du Madawaska.

Regardons maintenant une autre carte. Une carte démontrant la course d'un de nos pionniers, Né en acadie; épousé au Québec; pionnier et décédé au Madawaska. Regardons donc le trajet des acadiens de L'acadie et comment ils son rendu au Madawaska.

Une grand parti de nos pionniers fondateur ne font par le part de la déportation. Ils sont des gens qu'il se sont évadé de la déportation! Une parti du grand dérangement? Oui! De la déportation,

non! Je dis bien souvent en Anglais "Our people did not get on Evangeline's boat. They evaded the deportation". Il ne fut pas les gens décrit dans le fameux livre 'Antonine Maillet, "Pélagie-La-Charrette" Le quelle livre emportant à Mme Maillet le Prix Goncourt. Cela c'étoit surement une grand distinction pour l'acadie puis que Pélagie-La Charette reporta le prix Goncourt pour la première fois à une écrivain, une écrivainne hors de la France. Mais l'histoire madawaskayenne n'a pas suivit la cours que ce grand roman nous conte.

Regardons la carte et remarquons les dates:

**1738** Joseph-Simon Daigle est né à Pisiquid, Acadie (Windson, Nova Scotia.

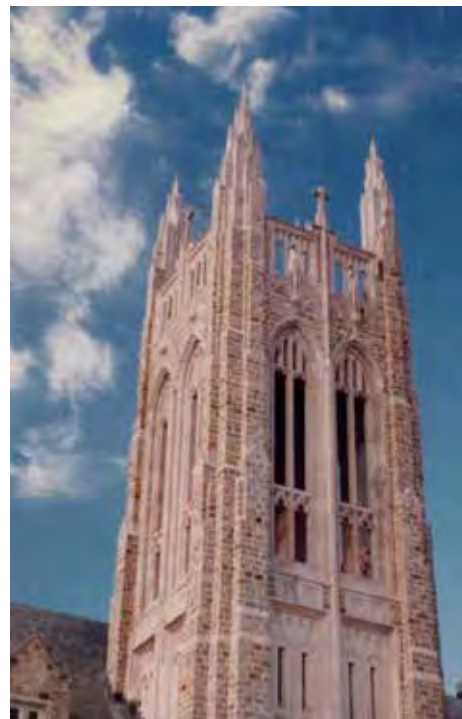
**1752** Il es recensé au Ruisee-aux-des Matelots sur L'isle-Saint-Jean (L'Isle Prince Edouard.)

**1762** Il fut épousé en première

## Attention Former Students of St. Thomas Seminary

By Albert J. Marceau, Class of 1983, STSHS

The second reunion of graduates, and non-graduates, of all classes of both the high-school and the college at St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield, Conn., will be held on Fri. May 15, 2015 in the alma mater. As the date of the reunion nears, there will be more information about it on the website, <http://www.stseminary.org> and on Facebook at <http://www.facebook.com/pages/St-Thomas-Seminary/135090466507375>. To receive further information by e-mail, please write to: [stsreunion@aohct.org](mailto:stsreunion@aohct.org). To speak with a representative of the reunion committee, please call Mary Ellen Kunz at (860)-547-0513.



"The tower at St. Thomas Seminary, Bloomfield, Conn. Photo by Albert J. Marceau."

noçes à une acadienne à S. Francois-du-Sud (Montmagny, QC).

**1772** Il fut épousé à une Québécoise en deuxième noces au même lieu

**1779** On lui trouve parmi les acadiens de Ste.-Anne-des-Pays-Bas Fredericton, NB (documentation anglaise)

**1785** Nous avons sa requête adressé au Gouvernement NB demanda la permission d'émigré au Madawaska

**1814** L'acte du décès de Joseph-Simon Daigle ce trouve dans le registre paroissiale de St. Basile du Madawaska (NB)

On pourrait désiner une carte semblablement pareil pour cinq sur neuf des frères du nom Cyr qu'ils émigra au Madawaska a la même époque.

Guy Dubay

Madawaska, Maine

Tel.: 728-7849 (residence)

728-4649 (office)



(Continued from page 4)

mother, grandmother, Hannah SAPIER whom Joseph Murray Deveau married at St. Dunstan's in Fredericton Feb. 7, 1865. But nowhere will you find Hannah Sappier in MY pedigree. I have no genetic factor from Hannah SAPIER but they do. I don't because ONE DOES NOT DERIVE A GENETIC FACTOR FROM COUSINS.

Go "on-line" google the name Joseph Murray Deveau. You will find two beautifully and excellently done web-sites, but get this: I do NOT derive any genetic factor from my great-grandfather's aunt, Salome Dubé who became the mother of the Indian chief.

We get our genetic bearings from our "direct" ancestors: parent, grand parents great-grand parents etc. but absolutely none from our "collateral" relationships - with cousins, aunts, uncles, grand aunts, grand uncles. etc.

The Deveau/Devoe websites created by members of the Maliseets of Houlton are of great help to illustrate the point that cousins to the Indians do not all pick up Indian roots. In this case "cherchez la femme": Hannah Sappier, but all the others like me who do not have her as a great-grand mother or great-grand mother acquire no Indian status.

I encourage readers to go on-line accessible by keying in the name, Joseph Murray Deveau.

Guy Dubay

Madawaska, Maine

Tel.: 728-7849 (residence)

728-4649 (office)

# Tinkham's Celebrate Golden Wedding Anniversary

*By Virginia L. Sand*

Diane and Ronald Tinkham of French Island in Old Town, Maine will celebrate their 50th (golden) wedding anniversary on January 9, 2015. They were married at Saint John's Catholic Church in Winslow, Maine in 1965. Their wedding was the first to be performed with the bride and groom facing each other, rather than facing the altar during the ceremony.

Diane Bourque (Diane's maiden name) Tinkham was born in Waterville, Maine on May 17, 1940, and is the daughter of Emerie and Hazel (Dostie) Bourque. She attended Saint John the Baptist School with the Ursuline Nuns in Winslow, Maine. She worked for Hathaway Shirt Company in Waterville, Maine and later worked at Orono Nursing Home (Orono, Maine) for 23 years.

Ronald Tinkham was born in Old Town, Maine on May 19, 1936, and is the son of Walter and Doris (Richards) Tinkham. He attended Saint Joseph's Catholic School with the Brothers and served our country. Upon his return he worked for the local paper mill.

Diane and Ronald have one daughter (Lesley) and one son (Jason). They also have four grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

When asked about her Franco American heritage, Diane explained that her paternal grandparents, George and Rosanne (Cliche) Bourque, left St. Martin, Québec for Waterville, Maine in 1924 by horse and buggy. Diane's mother, Hazel Dostie, was born in Waterville, Maine, but the Dostie

family came from Orleans Island in Québec. The Tinkhams speak both French and English.

Diane and Ronald attend mass at Holy Family Church in Orono, Maine.

When asked how one successfully maintains a marriage for 50 years, Diane answered:

- Respecting one another
- Learning to forgive
- Realizing that there is no perfect marriage
- Accepting both the good and bad points in each other
- Finding a balance between giving and receiving (give & take)
- Maintaining a strong faith in the Catholic Church and attending church together
- Starting the marriage by attending marriage courses at Saint John's Catholic Church for several months prior to the wedding ceremony.



*(N.D.L.R. the following articles were shared by Guy Dubay at the CMA 2014 for several Family Reunions this past summer.)*

## MICHAUD FAMILY REUNION

**(AUG 16, 2014)**  
*by Guy Dubay*  
**Madawaska, Maine**

There are several eminently qualified genealogists here at this Michaud Family reunion who can tell the Pierre Michaud and Marie Ancelin story even better than I can. I'm not going to try to "devancer" Francoise Michaud-Dufresne's work on the first four generations of the family story in Québec. So I hope you will understand if I leave that part of the story to others.

If I may, since you have come to our reunion here in "La République du Madawaska" also once called "The Madawaska Territory" even in official records of the State of Maine, I shall focus on the Michaud's who came from Quebec to this region of the St.

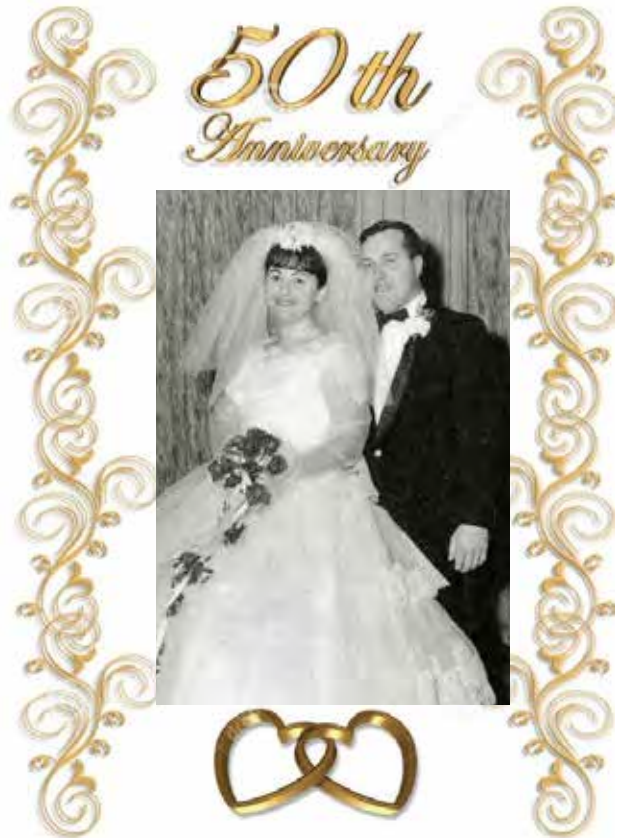
John Valley.

There are thousands of Michaud stories that could be told and there are many sources on line one of the most notable is the Colin Michaud website.

But I'd like to focus on two lines who came from Québec to Van Buren, Maine and to Frenchville, Maine.

My grandmother, Euphemie Michaud-Dubay (1879- 1979) own grandfather Israel Michaud (1823-1902) was born in Rivière-du-Loup, Québec, the son of Jean-Baptiste Michaud and Anastasie Viel and grandson of Benoit Michaud and Marie

*(Continued on page 7)*



Send them a card at:  
Ron & Diane Tinkham  
8 Union Street  
Old Town, ME 04468



(MICHAUD

FAMILY TALK continued from page 5)

Charette-for you who have your data on Kindles or google and what-not or whatever.

The family was completely Québécois as opposed to Acadien but once here in the Saint John Valley Israel Michaud married Judith Cyr à Jean-Evangeliste Cyr and Marguerite Soucy. The Cyr's had come to Madawaska two generations earlier when in 1785 and shortly there-after nine Cyr Brothers settled on the Upper St. John River above the Great Falls in what became the Madawaska Territory.

Look at it this way: The nine Cyr brother had an average of ten children a=piece, so by 1810 there's 90 littles Cyr's running in the woods up here.

But let's take that though a generation further say with approximately 45 Cyr boys and 45 Cyr girls you get by 1840 45 Cyr marriages with ten children-a piece, then you have 450 littles Cyr's in the wood and the Black-Bear doesn't have a chance.

But leaving the Black-Bear aside and sticking with the human story, there are enough Cyr's here to Acadianize all the in-laws coming in from Québec.

And certainly one of those young acadian woman did just that with Israel Michaud to make him fit right into the Acadian community here. Their son, Remi Michaud, baptized at St. Basile, N.B. in 1845 shows up in his parent's family in the St, Basile census records of 1851 and 1861/ He married Méthaïde Sirois at St. Leonard, N.B. and we find him in the Van Buren, Maine census of 1870.

Israel Michaud and his sons Remi and Cyrille (vieux garçon) got an opportunity in 1868 to lease the grist mill (Le moulin-à-farine) on Violette Brook in Van Buren, Maine. I know that the Michaud's had developed good carpenter's skills and Israel built his home where the credit union now stands across from the High school on Main Street and Remi Michaud built his home next door where the Convent now stands. In 1872 the grist mill got sold to Antoine Ouellette and Joseph Martin and the Michauds turned to their original trade as can be seen in the 1880 census records.

In 1872, the parishioners of St. Bruno de Van Buren decided to move the church

from La Grande Rivière to Violette Brook. The Michauds were given the construction contract., but there is a story in the family that not everyone was agreed with the change -especially parishioners in the west end of the plantation . They would have to travel further to get to church. The tradition in the family as that once at work in the interior construction phase, the Michaud's set up the staging to work on the walls and ceiling finish work. But when they came back to work in the morning, someone had pulled down all the staging.. This happened several days in a row until as the story has it the Michauds decided to sleep right in the church and when the vandals broke in to do their subterfuge, the work up with a start. They made noises louder than the intruders



Cyrille and Remi Michaud  
Photo from "Van Buren, Maine History" Book  
by Martine Pelletier and Monica Dionne Ferretti

and some stretched version of the story suggested that they threatened to shoot, but this may be a later 20th century retelling of the tale. It's a family story, a legend if you will but certain grist for the family history.

Israel and Judith Michaud had 18 children, Apparently there seems to have been some kind of epidemic in 1885 and five of their children died with-in a week. At one point also there wee twins who died and the family never knew which one died first. There's also the story told to me by my Grandmother that family members went to the funeral one day to bury the child and on coming back home the discovered yet another child had died.

But the rest of the family lived long and hearty lives. Mon Oncle Belonie Michaud as my father called his mother's uncle lived to 95 years and became the father of Samuel and Mike and Maurice Michaud of Van Buren. Ron Michaud who will sell you a pair of skis any day (even in Summer) is one of Sam's son who once sold John Deere Tractors all over the Valley. But I'd like to single out his brother, Maurice who never married but became a respected and careful

land surveyor. Martine Pelletier included some of his work in her book: Van Buren: A History. In 1831 two agents of the state of Maine wrote a report describing the land owners of the settlers here. Maurice took that data and translated it into a Map that may be seen in the book just named.

What I mean to show by all of this is that the Michauds were industrious people. I haven't said anything about the woman but Anne Roy at Le Village Acadiens can show you some of their work tools and creations.

I personally remember my Father's uncle, François Michaud 1887-1953 who once ran a jewelry store and provided watch-maker and repair services., but in my life-time he ran a sporting goods store and he taught my old brother Edward, everything

he knows about hunting and fishing. Among the papers we found after his decease was a family genealogy listing all family members from Jean-Baptiste Michaud and Anastasie Viel, There is a tradition that folks in Rivière-du-Loup may tell with greater accuracy than I do. As I understood it, Anastasie Viel's grandfather once got lost in the woods and stayed among the Maliseet Indians some forty years. Then one day late in life

he showed up at the Barbershop in R-d.L He hadn't realized that he had walked into his son establishment, but get this far-fetched aspect of the story. It seems that he had on the very same hat as on the day that the family had lost track of him. The son recognized the hat and so welcomed his lost father back home.

Francois Michaud's generation was perhaps the last generation to share some kind of intimacy with folks back in Quebec. His hunting expeditions took him up to the Temiscouata era where he well knew the Griffin family there. He is supposed to have gone to St. André-du Kamouraska where he recognize this kinship with some folks named in on the grave makers.

He had two sisters who became religious nuns one with the Holy Family Sisters of Sherbrooke and the other with the Good Shepherd Sisters of Quebec. The Marist Fathers of St. Bruno had set up St. Mary's College in Van Buren, Maine and they hired the Holy Family Sister to carry on the kitchen and laundry tasks at the college. Then in 1892 the Good Shepherd opened up a convent and school in Van Buren and my  
(Continued on page 8)

(MICHAUD

FAMILY TALK continued from page 7)

father's Michaud aunts were just of age to enter these communities. My Father would have three sisters of his own who became religious, two with the Marist Missionary nuns who went off to Tonga, Oceania in the South Pacific and the other with the Good Shepherd of Québec, but then I'm switching the story from the Michaud's to the Dubays here and this is the Michaud family reunion!.

The Michaud's of Van Buren were professional craftsman and did not engage much in politics. But the other Michaud story that I want to get into does get us into that area. Fortunat O. Michaud of Van

Buren was State Representative in 1914. He was a merchant and storekeeper who passed on his work and establishments to his sons and daughter. His home still stands as a proud land-mark in Van Buren at the corner of Main and Poplar Streets. The Farrell-Michaud home, now a guest tourist home was last occupied by his daughter Miss Constance Michaud who un-faillingly could be seen at the 7:30 a/m mass at St. Bruno every day.. Her brothers Elmer and John the clothing stores. One of her brothers became a priest after having served as school principal of St. John School in Van Buren. I believe he died in Louisiana where the Marist also serviced some parishes down there.

(At this point I should go into a

bit of Frenchville Michaud genealogy to explain Fortunat's origins. I might also speak of Florence Michaud, long time town clerk as was her father.)

My Mother's name, Violette was Acadian in origin. From Louisbourg, Isle Royale (Cape Breton Island) and my Father's Dubay line was from Rivière-Ouelle, Québec. Bert and Bernard's families present a similar case. Abraham Michaud's line was Québécois but their Mother's Hébert line is Acadian in origin. And that's pretty much the case of the Madawaska families being of both sources, Quebec to the west, Acadie to the east. Michaud may be Québécois in origins but *cherchez la femme et Vive la difference!*

## Ah! The Grist Mill! Le Moulin à Farine!

by Guy Dubay  
Madawaska, Maine

Ah! The Grist Mill!, Le Moulin à Farine! Alderic Violette wanted us to remember it - so he bought the gristmill equipment from Gedéon Corriveau in Frenchville and got it set up at Le Village Acadian of Le Héritage Vivant in Van Buren, so that we might remember that a Moulin à Farine and Le Moulin à Cadre - the Carding Mill- were part of our original history here at La Grande Rivière in Van Buren, Maine/ St. Leonard, N.B.

Harold Violette~a Lawrence ~a Joseph ~a Frederic likes to tell a funny story - that of his grandfather, Joseph Violette, coming home from a day's work in his Father's mill and Memère Catherine taking off his cap, shaking it over the pan and making ployes for the family from the dusting.

We have a picture of the old grist mill as it still stood in the early 1950s. If I recall rightly, the man in the photo standing by the road is Leonard à Athanase

(308a, p. 161 in Rita V. Lippé's book.

In 1831 two agents of the State of Maine, John G. Deanne and Edward Kavanaugh came here to make a record of the land claims of settlers already here.. They stopped overnight at Francois Violette's home on the edge of the Saint John River not too far from the outlet of Violette Brook -once called the Picquanositac by the Maliseet Indians.. I'm referring here to Francois Violette (1770-1856) Married to Marguerite Fournier.

He told his visitors that his father had



Gristmill

Photo from "Van Buren, Maine History" Book  
by Martine Pelletier and Monica Dionne Ferretti

constructed a grist mill here "40 years ago which has since fallen in ruin".

Now the words "forty years ago are an oral testimony. Did Francois mean to be exact -or was it just one of those approximate figures used in oral conversation? We have not yet found a firm 1791 document specifying the presence of a gristmill at that day. Certainly the date must not have been far of the mark and later historians have taken the quote quite literally. But remember the old expression - "On n'en prends puis on n'en laisse. I leave you to determine if we are to take the 1831 oral remark as literal or approximate.

We have record of Francois Violette, Senior applying for the right to occupy lands here above the Great Falls as early as 1786 and you can read details of that in the on-line book which David and Rod Violette and I have been working on for some years now. Dave may tell you more of that when it is his turn to speak tomorrow. If I choose to limit myself to l'histoire du Moulin à Farine, I must say that the earliest record I've seen with reference to the mill is Francois Junior's petition of 1825 asking the New Brunswick government the right to build a

grist mill on the Picquanositac. His father had died the year before and Francois Junior was much taken up with settling the affairs of the estate. We know from an 1824 listing of the New Brunswick militia that Francois Violette held the rank of captain here just like Somonette Hébert did at Madawaska or Little Falls (Now Edmundston, N.B.. but Francois Violette Junior's petition is very clear on his intention to build a new grist mill on Violette Brook.

It's interesting that in 1831 Francois spoke to his visitors about his father's mill but says nothing of his own. Was there a delay in effecting his plans? Once given his grant for the Violette Brook mill site, Francois would not have had to report to the registry of deed details of what he built on the land he received. So we haven't found a record of the gristmill here until the mill gets sold by Belonie Violette to Vital Thibodeau of St. Basile on July 7, 1844, for \$600.

The Violettes clearly were the first and last owners of the mill -but deeds allow us to see that the mill site got sold and re-bought. Belonie Violette owned the grist mill. His son Ambroise owned the grist mill. Francois' (Continued on page 9)

*(Ah! The Grist Mill! / Le Moulin à Farine!  
continued from page 8)*

other son, Frederic owned the gristmill and Jose à Fredric worked there when he gave us cause to enjoy Harold's stories today.. But where Stanley Cote's has his house on Main Street, there once stood my paternal grandfather's where the Dubay family had moved in 1913 -but that house had been built by Antoine Ouellette of Cyr Plantation when Ouellette owned and ran the gristmill. We can see on an 1878 Roe & Colby Atlas map of Van Buren Village, "G.M" for gristmill An A. Ouellette label for it/ Then next below B. Violette's house now Anne Violette's home the other home site on Main Street labeled A. Willett. So at that point, shortly after the Church of St. Bruno had been moved to Violette Brook village, the gristmill is held in other hands than that of the Violette Family.

If you take the 1845 land grant map - you see farm lots running from the St. John River to the rear line of lots a mile and a half up the hill to what is now Castonguay Road.. When you take the 1850 census, you can see that the land owners are still pretty much spread out on their long farms without much of a village at Violette Brook. St. Bruno Church was not even there, but up river facing the Grand Rivière outlet across the Saint John River. But if you look at the 1878 Roe and Colby Atlas you can see that a "village" has sprouted on lot 301 and lot 302 on both sides of Violette Brook.

Watermill road is noticed in 1878 but not in 1850. And the gristmill by itself in 1850 would not have attracted sufficient employees to cause a village to sprout there, but in 1853 Belonie Violette sold four acres of land to Smith and Crosby of Bangor - for a mill site at what is now the end of Watermill Road. In the 1860 census we note the presence of a house carpenter, a blacksmith, a tavern keeper all on lot 301. In 1860 my paternal grandmother's grandfather, Israel Michaud moved from St. Basile and built the home labeled I Michaud on the Van Buren Village map already cited. In that year I find a record of Israel and Cyrille Michaud leasing the gristmill on Violette Brook. With the saw mill further up the brook drawing to the area new people like the Michaud's and Nadeau, the blacksmith next door (where the convent now stands) we now saw new people like the Michauds earning a living from the gristmill that originally had been the work of the Violettes.

The Michaud's as I've come to know them were more carpenter's than millers and by 1878 it's Antoine Ouellette's turn at

operating the grist mill.

You Might say that the Michaud's had their hands full in the construction of the new St. Bruno Church. Legend tells us that now every was happy with the move of St. Bruno from La Grande-Rivière to Violette Brook. My Grandmothers relatives were hired to build that church and the story is told hour at times their work was being sabotaged. As they worked inside the building, the staging that carpenters use to work up to the ceiling area was nightly being drawn down and Cyrille Michaud, if now only Israel had to camp and sleep in church to prevent further sabotage of their work. Incidentally, Cyrille's younger Brother Belonie Michaud married Ida Violette à Michel Violette whose home stands yet at the corner of what is now Champlain and Maine Streets. I remember Larry à Donat à Emile à Michel growing up there. But I'd also like to note that one of Belonie Michaud's sons, Maurice became a surveyor and he one attempted to map out the 1831 Deane & Kavanaugh survey that I've already mentioned. Dave tomorrow will have occasion to tell you more about that.

I'm getting into a wider circle of the Village story than I intended to get into when I agreed with the Violette Association leaders to give you a talk on Le Moulin à Farine. And I must get back to see how the story runs back from the Ouellette's to the Violette family in order for Harold's Father, Lawrence to eat enough ployes to grow up and become the Superintendent of Schools in Madawaska and so go one to author a new Version of "How the Acadians came to Maine."

It my way off the track manner in which both Rod and Dave have had to deal with my input in the new Book, "Violette, A History", I'm still here going to keep on my buckshot way of hitting the target by saying That when the Michaud's were busy sleeping in church in order to get the job done, Belonie Violette, who sold four acres of land for the St. Bruno church site is also on record as having given \$800 for the new altar of the church. That was quite a sum in those days since \$500 was sufficient then to buy a hundred acres of farm land, as we can see in valuations in census records of the day. This points out Belonie Violette (1817-1878) to have been quite an influential man in his day. Certainly he had a part in convincing the Bishop of Portland to allow the church to be moved to Violette Brook. Ah What les Augustin Violettes of la Grande-Rivière had to say about that, I do not know, But there is ample record to show that Belonie Violette

was a man of mark.

Family tradition has it that he had a good sized nose, and despite his generosity toward the church, neighbors would tease him by saying, "Belonie!, Belonie! Autre-toi donc le nez-des jambes, qu'on peut voir l'église!" (Belonie, would you kind moved your nose over so that we may be able to see the church!"

Belonie is my mother's paternal grandfather. What I've been able to learn of him from outside of family tradition is that In 1844, When his father, Captain Francois Violette entered his retirement years, Belonie gave a life support mortgage to his parents, Francois and Marguerite Violette and this is why when the States of Maine & Massachusetts issued the grant of 306 acres of lot 301 in 1845, the American land records begin with Belonie Violette down to Ambroise Violette, and then René Violette and then to Valerien Violette, late husband of Anne Devost-Violette now owner of the Violette house which we can see of the 187 Roe & Colby map which we've shown you.

I must again in my off-the track manner tell you more about Belonie Violette. We have an 1844 census record of Van Buren Plantation in which we see that Belonie Violette is one of three members of the Board of Assessors of Van Buren, Plantation along with Joseph Cyr and Paul Cyr, each of whom in turn would later serve as State Representative in the Maine Legislature. Then in the Aroostook Pioneer, published as a weekly newspaper in Presque Isle we find notices that have Belonie Violette as one of three commissioners of Aroostook County. Finally in 1867 we have record of his membership in the Maine House of Representatives, but nobody there is ever reputed to have said, "Belonie, Belonie, would you kind toss your nose over so that we may see the rotunda of the State Capitol!"

At home, Belonie had initiate a personal program of deeding lands for each of his sons, And so we find Frederic as owner of a homestead in Cyr Plantation and Denis owner of a homestead in Hamlin. Come time of his own retirement, It is the middle son Ambroise who takes responsibility for the pensioning of his parents.. Two younger brothers were still at home, Levite, who later migrated out west, and my grandfather, Abel Violette. The life support mortgage says that Ambroise would have to provide homesteads for each of these brothers as he, Belonie had provided to Ambroise's elder brother. And that's how come my mother was  
*(Continued on page 10)*

# Héberts of the St. John Valley

by Guy Dubay

Madawaska, Maine

Why were the ancestors of the St. John Valley Héberts not deported. Charles Hébert and Marguerite Saulnier do not figure among the Acadians who were deported to the British/American colonies in 1755. The figure among the evaders of the deportation and were already in French territory (Isle-Saint-Jean/ Prince Edward Island when the "Evangeline Folk" got on the boats in Acadie (Nova Scotia)

It all happened because in 1744/45 the French backed up by the French from Quebec attacked Annapolis Royal (formerly Port Royal), the a British fortress. Charles Hébert Figured among the few Acadians who assisted in this French effort to retake Acadie from the British.

When the effort failed, the British after founding Halifax, put out warrants ordering arrest of those Acadian who had taken part in that French effort. Charles Hébert's name then figures on the warrant seeking his arrest.. For that reason Charles Hébert skedaddled from Acadie to French held territory, leaving behind his old residence at Cobquid (Truro, N.S. Today). We find him at Rivière-du-Moulin-à-Scie in Rev. Larocque's census of Isle-St. Jean in 1752.

*(Ah! The Grist Mill! / Le Moulin à Farine! continued from page 9)*

born and raised Au Concessions on what is now lot 22 at the end of what we now sometimes call the Massé road. Dan à Wilmot à John à Abel still holds title to that property, where his father, Wilmot died tragically in a logging accident. I remember picking potatoes on Uncle John's farm with Wilmot and Vinal driving the potato trucks and I never being a great potato picker, but i enjoyed the lunch breaks on top the hill from which we

The record reads:

"Charles Hébert, habitant, laboureur, natif a l'acadie, agé 60 ans, et il y en a deux (ans) qu'il est dans le pays, marié avec Catherine Saulnier, native de L'acédie agée 40 ans. Ils on 5 garçons, 2 filles - 2 boeufs, 3 poules. Le terrain est situé dans l'anse aux Pirogues (Rivière-du-Moulin-à-Scie) donné verbalement par M. de Bonaventure, su lequel ils on défriché deux arpents. Enfants, Joseph Hébert 19 ans, SIMON Hébert 15ans, Jean Hébert 13 ans, Pierre Hébert 7 ans, Francois Hébert 3 ans, Marie Hébert 20 ans Hursule Hébert 11ans."

Thus, Charles Hébert was already safely tucked in French Territory when the deportation began at such places as Grand Pré, Cobéquid, Pisiguit and Port Royal in the fall of 1755. So he wasn't there to be deported.

1756 proved to be a bad crop year on Isle-Saint-Jean, The French Governor sought to reduce distress by shipping "Useless Mouths" to the still French held Québec. "Useless mouths, meant non-military people, generally women and children. Naturally the husband of these followed, being loaded on ships and sailing to Quebec.

could see the steeples of Valley churches as far away as Sainte-Anne du Madawaska and Notre-Dame de Lourdes in Siegas.

My mother, summers use to like to go up to the farm to reminisce and have us picnic there. And I remember one time when we ran into mon oncle John then over 80 years old still working the land. Like brothers and sisters do they could chide each other, and so Mom, said, Bien John, C'est quoi que tu fait icit?" John Answered, Je suis après faire de la terre neuve", I've

The next record we have is the burial of Pierre Hébert at Québec on August 31, 1756 aged 3 years old. He was the son of Joseph Hébert aged 19 in the census above. Joseph Had married Marie Vincent on July 7, 1754 at Isle-St. Jean). Now it was a terrible refugee war camp situation for the Acadians in Quebec. Some four hundred of them died there in that situation like le petit Pierre Hébert. Survival meant getting out of there into the country side. So we find the next son, SIMON Hébert marrying Madeleine Poirier at St. Charles-de-Bellechasse on the 8th of November 1758. His parents, Charles Hébert and Catherin Saulnier are listed in that record, Bu Madeleine Poirier's parents are deceased. Witnesses present are Jean Cyr, Charles Gautro and Jean Heber(t), his brother and Jean Baptiste Trahen, Acadians all. That brother, Jean married Blanche Vincent at Québec August 17, 1761 so there's some going back and forth between St. Charles-de-Bellechasse and Quebec. We mention that younger brother's wedding at Quebec because we find next, a month later on Sept. 24, 1761 the burial record of Charles Hébert at Québec.

The marriage of SIMON Hébert and Madeleine Poirier was to be a short one since she died , aged 25 years, at St. Charles-de-Bellechasse Nov. 19, 1759. Paul *(Continued on page 11)*

clearing new land., To which the younger sister replied, "Bien voyons, donc, John, à ton age!" Sort like saying, At your age, John, shouldn't you be retired? At that point he was indeed retired but old habits are hard to break and what does an habitant, a farmer do when his work does not press on him? Its fait de la terre neuve.

Oh boy, has my memory ever run away with me and taken me off the story line I'm supposed to give you of Le Moulin à Farine!

\* After all my ramblings which you received, I believe I can come back to the Gristmill story by citing my article on the subject printed in *St. John Valley Times Sept. 6, 1973*. Ther I had as owners of the gristmill:

Francois Violette, JR. 1826-1844  
Belonie Violette 1844  
Vital Thibodeau 1844-1868  
Israel & Cyrille Michaud 1868- 1871  
Pierre Cyr 1871  
Antoine Ouellette and Joseph Martin 1871-1873  
Antoine Ouellette 1873-1885  
Patrick Lynott 1885-1886  
Salomon Madore 1886-1889  
Ambroise & Frederick Violette 1889-1891  
Frederick Violette 1891-1911  
Susan Violette 1911-1913

Denis Chasse 1913-1916  
Alfred Richard 1916-1947  
Paul J. Maquis 1947-1949  
Charles T. Maquis 1949-1953  
Alcidie Tardif 1953-1961

A deed from Alcide Tardif to Joseph Laplante dated 22 Dec. 1961 speaks of the site in these words; "a grist mill which once stood on said premises"

I was long under the impression that Vital Violette once owned it and had it torn down, but that "memory" requires verification.

*(Héberts of the St. John Valley continued from page 10)*

Trahen and Joseph Hébert are witnesses at the burial the next day. She apparently died from child birth situation as their daughter, Marguerite, was baptized three days later, but the child would live less than a year with burial noted at Bellechasse Aug. 22, 1760.

After appropriate mourning, SIMON Hébert re-married on May 13, 1761 to Marie Thérèse Thiery as the priest Rev. L Saurault wrote the name in the register at St. Charles-de-Bellechasse, Her family name given in Bona Arsenault' Acadian genealogy books is Caissy, but the Acadian likely gave the "C" a "Th" sound and the pastor wrote it that way. The father, Charles Hébert is present at this wedding as like the next one in Québec which we've already cited.. Other witnesses at the wedding were Pierre Cognac, Francois Gontier, (Jean Héber(t) the brother and Jean Coté. We see here the Acadian developing acquaintances with Quebecois neighbors

We find both SIMON Hébert and his brother Jean at the burial of their sister Marie Rose Hébert. at St. Charles-de-Bellechasse on Dec. 3rd 1765, She had married Paul Larouin at Port Lajoie, Isle-Saint-Jean on April 24, 1752 the year of the census record we've already cited. This allows us to note the Hébert Family presence at St. Charles from 1758 to 1765. Their residence would then be in the province of Québec through the French and Indian war years up to the Treaty of Paris in 1763. Bona Arsenault notes the presence of SIMON Hébert and Marie Cassy at Bathurst, N.B. in 1773. Their youngest daughter, Marie Josephe Hébert married Louis Melanson there on Oct, 30m1792. An Thomas Albert's Histoire du Madawaska tells us that Simon Hébert died there in 1786..

The Madawaska story is taken up with SIMON Hébert (1764-1843).. His burial record at St. Basile on 20 May 1843 gives him the age of 79 which would give us a birth year of 1764, but we have not located the baptismal record. Rev. Antoine Bernard, author of Histoire de la Survivance Acadienne writes: "Dans une petite chapelle-cabane couverte d'écorce de bouleau, l'Abbé Leclerc célébra le premier mariage au Madawaska, entre SIMON Hébert et Josette Daigle." This may be more tradition than fact since we find the marriage recorded at Ecouphaq, N.B, the Indian mission near Fredericton, N.B on July 1, 1788. Land grant records of New Brunswick inform us

that SIMON Hébert received a land grant at Kinsclear, NB, near Fredericton on Aug. 7, 1789 and that he received title to lot 35 comprising of 252 acres on the south shore of the St. John River on Oct. 1, 1790. In the Carleton County registry of deeds (Woodstock, NB) we find at Vol. 1 p. 156 that on April 26, 1815 SIMON Hébert and Josephine Hébert deed 28 acres of lot 29 to Jean-Baptiste Daigle, her brother.

There is an 1806 record where SIMON Hébert makes a deal with his neighbor, Francois Albert.. In essence the deal says, Francois, let me build my grist mill on your brook and you can then grind all your oats and wheat in my mill free for the rest of your life. The deal allowed both the Hebert and the

Albert family to develop some kind of prosperity and both families would end up providing some community leadership as in the case of his son-in-law, Olivier Sirois (married to Angele Hébert) going as state representative to the State Legislature, but that's the next generation's story.

We have followed then the family trail from Acadie to Madawaska. Since SIMON Hébert, husband of Josephet Daigle died in 1843 it was left to his Son SIMONETTE Hébert, dit Le Riche to receive the first American land grants from the States of Maine & Massachusetts On July 12, 1848. This includes land currently occupied by John Hébert at the homestead bordering on "Factory Brook in the Parish of St. David, Madawaska, Maine.

Since there are four SIMON Héberts in a row it can sometimes get confusing in reading the paper work where each wife is not named. The report of the Land Commissioners of 1843 Gives Simonette Hébert as granted of lots 137 and 139. This appears to be SIMONETTE Hébert (1798-1868) who married Marie Thecle Martin at St. Basile 26 Feb. 1810. Vol. 1 p. 627 of the N. Aroostook Registry of deeds shows that Simonette Hébert deeded his lot 137 on the south shore of the St. John River to his son Simon Hebert on Aug. 4, 1848

The 1850 U.S. Census shows Simon Hébert and his wife Louise (Belanger) in Madawaska, Maine. But the 1851 Madawaska, NB, census shows Simonette Hebert the father in what is now Edmundston. In 1824 Simonette Hébert was a captain in the New Brunswick Militia. At some point he had received a contract for roadwork along the Madawaska River to Lac Temiscouata. He was well favored by the British and in 1825

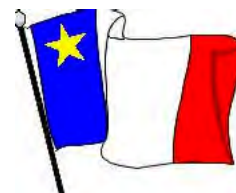
he received a New Brunswick land grant for the Edmundston land on the Madawaska river near the Indian Reserve.. In 1828 he was a witness against John Baker in the famed trail of John Baker arising from a Flag raising incident at Baker Brook in 1827. Tradition has it that when the court bailiff called for Simonette Hébert to come forward as a witness, the bailiff called out in a loud voice: "SIMON ATE A BEAR, SIMON ATE A BEAR!" The judges may have had a laugh, but they took his testimony seriously and John Baker lost his case.

In 1831, Simonette Hébert was not overly friendly to the Maine Agents, John G. Deane and Edward Kavanaugh came up here to draw up a list of settlers on both sides of the river. The agent's journal complained that Simonette Hébert fed them "rancid Pork". Hebert was a hostler and his place was where travels often stayed. In this case Hebert refused to provide the agents any details on his property holdings. Likewise for his brothers and sons. So there is an information gap in the Deane & Kavanaugh report of 1831. In 1833, however when Lt. James MacLauchlan, Warden of the disputed territory for the British, Simonette Hebert supplied the following information: 1 wife, 5 boys, 5 girls, 4 horse, 6 oxen, 10 cows 50 sheep, 10 pigs 100 tons of hay harvested.

The 1851 Madawaska, NB census lists, Hébert, Simo 63, Latec 63, Vital 23, Christin (Bru) 28, Latc 20, Maxime 12, Modeste 9. Michel Plourde, 24 is listed as "domestique" -farm handiman.Vital who had married Christine Cote in 1849 was the first resident of Mawaska (then Victoria County) to serve as a Member of the New Brunswick Legislatlve Assembly in 1867.

In 1861 we have Vital Hebert 33 as head of the family, his wife Christie is given as 40 years old, His Father Simon is in the house aged 72, no doubt pensioner (Il est a sa rente). His siste La tech 27, Modest, Neice 7, Sophie, Neice 4 Maxime nephew 22 and get this, Pinguet, J.C. 42. médecin.

Simonette had lost his wife March 4, 1856, but retiree Simonette could always ask, "Is there a doctor in the house? and the answer would be yes. We find Simonette passed away Nov. 5, 1868 aged 82.



# The Forest Family

by *Guy Dubay*

*Madawaska, Maine*

The Forest family is truly not my lineage. I've become aware of the Forest Family in Acadie firstly through the work of Bona Arsenault's *Histoire et Généalogie des Acadiens*. On line I've figured out Forest family tracings to Bonaventure, Quebec, Boston, Massachusetts and St. Jacques de L'Achigan on the St. Lawrence in Quebec. Bit I've receive an invitation to be your speaker tonight because of the tour I give at the Tante Blanche Museum in Madawaska, Maine And what I shall present tonight is a variety of just that.. I aim to explain to you our visitor the Acadian story of this region you are now visiting.

I'd like to use the life trail map of one of our Acadian pioneers, who it turns out is more of an in-law to the Forest Family of Acadie than a direct ancestors of yours.. Joseph Simon Daigle married Marguerite Guilbeau at St. Francois du Sud, in Montmgangy, Quebec Nov. 23, 1762 and her mother was Madeleine Forest married to Pierre Guilbeau in Acadie. So there is a link to the Forest Family story even though I am speaking of the family indirectly. But bear with me, please as we look at the life trail of a Madawaska pioneer.

Joseph-Simon Daigle (1738-1814) was never deported from Acadie - he evaded

the deportation like several of our pioneers here.. In fact he was already out of British held Acadie when the deportation began in Sept. 1755. But let us look at six point of his life trail on a map.

1738 His birth at Pisiguit, Acadie (Windsor, Nova Scotia)

1752 Census records in as a teenager at L'Ance-au-Matlot, Isle St. Jean (Prince Edward Island)

1757-1758 Migration from Isle St. Jean to Quebec (both his parents decease in Quebec at those dates)

1762 Record of his marriage at St. Francois-du-Sud, Quebec (Montmagny QC.)

1779 British record sets him at St. Anne-des-Pays- Bas (Fredericton, NB.)

1785 Migration to Madawaska on the Upper St. John River.

1814 Record of His decease in the Parish records of St. Basile, NB,

Joseph-Simon and Marguerite Guilbeau were survivors. This may well be illustrated by the record of here family in Quebec. As a teenager On March 27, 1758 she lost her mother, Madeleine Forest aged 50. So she would have had the opportunity to attended the burial services the next day at St. Charles-de-Bellechasse where we find the record.. The next day in the same parish we have the burial of her 16 year old brother, Jean Guilbeau. A week later she may have witnessed the burial of her seven year old

brother, Joseph Guilbeau. The next day following this funeral, her Father, Pierre Guilbeau died.. The two days after her father's burial Marguerite's 14 year old sister, Ursule died, That's five family members deceased with-in a span of two weeks.

Now if Marguerite went on to be wed four years later, might we not consider her to be a survivor?

Joseph-Simon Daigle's father died at St. Charles-de-Bellechasse July 12, 1757. His Mother. Madeleine Gauterot-Daigle died there on Feb. 18, 1758, Joseph-Simon Daigle, our Madawaska pioneer aged 20 at the time was a survivor.. But at twenty, much as the circumstances are stressful doesn't a young fellow yearn for life?.That's what the two young acadian survivors exhibit when in the midst of the French and Indian War, they are as yet lovers and wedding bells rang out for them at St. Francois-du-Sud, Montmagny, Quebec on Nov. 23, 1762.

Msgr. Briand, Vicar General of the diocese accorded the young couple a dispensation of third degree consanguinity, a facto quite common among the close knit Acadian survivors who were often cousins of some kind of third or forth generation link.. The marriage record provides the names of the parents of both the bride and groom but of course lists them all as deceased.. Four witnesses to the marriage were Quebecois with names of Labry, Rouleau, two Gervais, but also one Acadian , Alexandre Como (Comeau).

*(N.D.L.R. The following is an excerpt from the writings of Martha Cyr Genest.)*

## Fifty Years As A Girl Friday

by *Martha Cyr Genest*

*Van Buren, Maine*

October 1911 - January 13, 1914 were among the best years of my young life... working for and with the Lebruns gave me such a vast experience, although I was the office gal, I used to run up to the hat department, where Esther Cyr, was making lovely hats, then tot he garment corner, where Mrs. Lebrun was often telling one of the clerks of the new dresses etc., coming in...the corner of my office on this ground floor was not large but I had a double system for book-keeping, also after a year or so, cash carriers, for the change form one end of the store to the front counters, where the clerks were, one in a special way was so well liked by us all, was Margaret Tardif...now Dionne... we did have swell times, especially when the boss was away and Madame Catherine was in her apts on the other floor, I used to

dress in a small boy's suit and act around... what memories to think of.

I had planned with Doc Hammond to go to Presque Isle, although at the last minute I almost did not go, anyway, a promise is a promise, so I did, and it was a lucky day when my sister Marie decided to marry... someone in Presque Isle, as it got me out of a gad spot...my first nite at the hospital was to me like a year of experience...and many times after that I used to hear one of the trainman holler "there goes my first nurse", I would blush even now if I went into the details, be it said...Martha went to visit her sister not long after he signing her young life for three years...and that ended my nursing career.

Coming back to Lebruns for a week or so off and on was like coming home, but



in March James Crawford, who was US Custom Officer and also part owner of the Van Buren Lumber Company offered me a very good job, which also was clerk in the Custom and Immigration Office and book-keeper for the Van Buren Lumber Company.

1914-15 saw me as a lumber gal... sometimes in Cabano, P.Q. to get hold of  
*(Continued on page 13)*

*(Fifty Years As A Girl Friday continued from page 12)*

some of the scale bills, other times in Blue River, P.Q. too after a time to help organize for the Van Buren crew to move there...

Among the lovely people and VIPS I worked under and for, were Bob England of the England Lumber Co., also Seigneur W.W. Thomas, land owner, also the man who brought the Swedes to New Sweden The Stetson Cutler Co., President, of Boston Mass, was also one of the owners of the Lumber Companies, and then in 1916, dad died, there was my dear mother left with a house full of children not out of school, so when I was offered good wages to go to Blue River, as the Office gal, I accepted, and I could help the younger ones better with this job...what an experience I had, getting more familiar with Immigration laws, and also with many restrictions we did not have in Maine. One experience was, that the first World had so many wild restrictions, that when I came home on the midnight train, I had to stay over in St. Leonards, the gates were locked on the bridge...going back one night, there was a wreck ahead of this train...cars of tin cans overturned...and we had to walk, I say we... as every time I left Blue River, Mr. Crawford or any of the other VIPS replacing him would say to the Conductor and Trainmen, take good care of Miss Cyr, or Else...which meant...you better do it...I was very friendly with Nora and also the Crawford boys, who were like brothers, and the friends I made then are still among my best...but after a few years I was very lonely for home, and in 1918 I came back to dear old MAINE... of course I had vacations and came home, my sisters also visited me, but somehow I wanted to come home.

My lessons on how to measure wood, when I was very young, I never forgot and dad was surely the best man to teach me with

a scale rule...so in all my different work in lumber offices, I always thanked dear dad, for having taught me this.

I had a short vacation and then found an ad on the paper, Hedrich's in Presque Isle, wanted a bookkeeper... I went there got the job, and worked with one of my dear school mates Alice M. what a nice experience and what I learned there, I had the privilege of working with Fred Shean



*Édouard Lacroix*

the accountant, and he did give me a lot of new rules etc., I also took correspondence courses in accountancy and Spanish, as after so many years of working here and there, I felt an urge to get out of the Country...I did, but only in Canada!!!

Fifty years after, I am still friends with one of the Presque Isle people, and we often talk about 1920...when we had this big event of choosing a Queen for the 300th anniversary of Plymouth Rock...the Pilgrims, etc... Phyllis O'Donnell was the Queen I was one of the attendants...what fun we did have.

The early 20s saw me back home for a spell, I helped a lady buy her stock to open a dry goods store, hats and ladies garments, etc., of course often going back to help the dear friends U.J.H. and his tobacco place...I met many fine friends during the years in Presque Isle, many of them are gone but

those who are left behind, are very good and loyal friends and feel that "A loving note is the TIE that binds one friend to ANOTHER FRIEND".

While visiting friends in Van Buren I came across the LaCroix Family, who were taking over the Old Mills in Town, and one night when a bunch of us were giving a play in Town, Mr. LaCroix asked some friends he was with, who the gal in the play prison was, and some one said: "Not a convict, but an office gal, so the next day Mr. LaCroix saw me and described an interesting job... funny how it happened, that I could not meet them that first time; a friend of mine from Quebec had given my address to Lou, and we met for the very first time, which ended up in marriage in January 1926...and my going to live in Quebec City....

The time I spent at the Mill Office is one to be long remembered, I loved my job, the mill hands, and Rose my office gal, again I felt I had achieved another step in my work, as I learned so many, many important things pertaining to Consular work, etc. when Mr. LaCroix and Mr. Delisle built Sacred Heart School, I had a commission of Justice of the Peace and also Notary Public, I did feel very important to those lovely bosses, and also to myself; I again used the different procedures, learned with my dear dad, like measuring wood, scaling, not being nervous, I used to walk all over the mill, over saws etc...to go and pay the men so they would not be late getting home' Thursday was pay day...I can remember that we 2 gals, made up a pay roll, for over 400 men, making checks etc., in less time that I have made small group payrolls in the last years... with three deductions...withholding I should call this part of the take-home pay...50 years ago, if our dads would have had at least a few dollars a week, a good insurance, our dear mothers would not have worried about the future.



*Van Buren Lumber & Manufacturing Company  
Photo from "Van Buren, Maine History" Book  
by Martine Pelletier and Monica Dionne Ferretti*



# From Maine to Thailand

## *The making of a Peace Corps Volunteer* *by Roger Parent*

*ED. NOTE: This is the fifth in a series of excerpts from a memoir written by Lille, Maine, native Roger Parent in 2004, tracing the first 24 years of his life, from his childhood in Acadian French-speaking northern Maine to the end of his service as a member of the first group of Peace Corps volunteers in Thailand. This article first appeared in "Echoes", No. 91 pages 36 -40.*

### My Roommate Carl of Grenada

I'm listening to steel band music of St. George's, Grenada in South Bend, Indiana, and remembering Carl. Carl was my roommate in my senior year at St. Francis Xavier University. He had a large influence on me, but he doesn't know it because I never told him. Maybe I didn't fully realize that until now.

Carl and I were very different. Carl was self-confident, I was not; he was outgoing and gregarious, I was shy and reserved. He had many friends. I had a few. He came from a very small country. I came from a very large country. But the real difference between us was our world-view. Carl had a large world-view and I had a narrow one.

I was too proud of my country and too quick to defend it, as someone tends to when not accepted as a full citizen in one's country. French-speaking persons of long standing in northern Maine were not always accepted as full citizens. Carl didn't take easily to my narrow view and debunked many of my chauvinistic notions. He was my passport to a broader world.

I met Carl in my freshman year when he visited his friends from St. Lucia in our large Mockler Hall basement room. Fifteen students lived in the big room, including two from St. Lucia, Pat and Bob. Through them and Carl, I met students from many other countries - India, Kenya, Nigeria, Ghana, Trinidad, Latin America, Bangladesh, Iraq, Switzerland, and so on. I socialized with many of these students during school breaks when, being far from home, we stayed on campus.

I was very lucky to have chosen St. Francis Xavier University. Today, it is de rigueur, obligatory for a university to be seen as diverse and worldly. In 1957, St. Francis Xavier, with a student body of about 1,000 students located in small Antigonish, Nova Scotia (less than six thousand people then), had an international flavor absent from many larger universities and towns. There



*Carllyle A. Mitchell of St. George's Grenada, graduate of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, 1961.*

were students from most Canadian Provinces, many from the northeastern United States, and from another 20 countries or so. I had my first personal exposure to a world very different from my own-the world of French-speaking Lille, Maine-through Carl and his friends, and through the international spirit of St. Francis Xavier University.

After graduation in 1961, our paths diverged and we lost track of each other. Carl pursued a graduate degree and became a Canadian citizen. I joined the Peace Corps, went to Thailand, did graduate work at Notre Dame, and became involved in politics. In 1989, when I directed the Peace Corps in Grenada, I asked my barber if he knew Carl's family. By coincidence he did, and said they lived in a yellow house a few blocks away. I

walked to the yellow house, knocked on the door, and a very old man answered. I introduced myself as Carl's former roommate at St. Francis Xavier University, and asked if he was Carl's father: "Yes, I'm Carl's father."

"Where's Carl these days?"

"He lives in Ottawa, but he's here vacationing. He's visiting friends and should be home in a few hours." Later that day, we got reacquainted, introduced our wives to each other, and talked about the two things we always had in common: our love of politics and economics.

### Peace Corps? Christian Brothers? Soldier?

Wanting to help poor people overseas was one thing, finding a program to so was another.

I had heard about the need for teachers in high school run by Christian Brothers in Odo, Nigeria, and talk of the Peace Corps had percolated during John F. Kennedy's campaign for President, and after his inauguration. I was inspired by President Kennedy's Peace Corps idea and wanted to be part of it, but I didn't know when it would be established, and could not wait very long. Still, I wrote to President Kennedy in February 1961, "If you are going to establish the Peace Corps, I would like to serve in it."

Acting much more quickly than I had anticipated, President Kennedy, on March 1, 1961, created the Peace Corps. Immediately, I wrote to Sargent Shriver, the director, and volunteered. However, I was not optimistic about serving, because I believed it would take time to get this federal program functioning. Furthermore, even if the organization was established quickly, the publicity about the tens of thousands who wanted to join, and the high standards expected of volunteers, was daunting. By

*(Continued on page 15)*



*(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 14)*

March 1, 1961, more than 30,000 people had indicated interest in the Peace Corps.

As a back up plan, I wrote to Brother Maurice, a Christian Brother in Toronto, and volunteered to teach in one of their schools in Nigeria. I got an immediate response of interest in my services, and my letter was forwarded to Brother Broderick, in London, who was on his way to Nigeria. There were no email or fax machined, or practical international telephone communications in those days, so the back and forth of letters concerning credentials and references took much time. By graduation on May 17, I did not have a definitive response from the Christian Brothers, nor had I heard from the Peace Corps.

About a week after graduation, I received a letter from Sargent Shriver, telling me I had made the first cut from the thousands who had applied for the Peace Corps, inviting me to take the entrance examination on May 27 at the Post Office in Caribou, Maine. Sargent Shriver's letter was immediately followed by a letter from President Kennedy congratulating me "for being among the first to volunteer for Peace Corps."

Getting letters from the President and his brother-in-law was heady stuff, and I tried not to get too excited and puffed up about it - not something my family would have tolerated anyway. Although volunteering to serve abroad and not seeking a paying job was far from the norm in those times, I sensed a real approval from my parents; they must have felt that volunteering for the Peace Corps was a worthy thing to do. But they didn't comment much on my plans; they shied from unduly influencing my major life decisions.

The summer after my graduation, I returned to my old jobs-carpentry work with my father and part-time work at Lawrence Parent's General Store in Lille-not knowing what I would end up doing. I no longer held deferment from military service, and I expected to be drafted in the army shortly. Serving in the armed forces was one job I didn't have to apply for.

In Aroostook County, Maine, Katrina

Anderson, clerk to local draft board #2, had awesome power over me. Draft boards were made up of volunteers from the area, but Katrina had much discretion in wielding the power of the board, and it was Katrina who had the power to decide my immediate future, not the faceless board members.

Katrina wore the now funny looking



*Roger Parent (bottom left) and Carl Mitchell (bottom right) with other members of the Caribbean Circle*

but then stylish glasses of the late 1950s on the end of her pointed nose; she had a pursed mouth with start-up wrinkles radiating upward, downward and sideways. She exuded a strict professional demeanor which made her seem cold and uncaring; she may have been warm and considerate, but that's not how I remember her.

The first thing I had to do after returning from Antigonish, Nova Scotia to Lille in May 1961 with a college degree in my back pocket, was to visit Katrina in Caribou. I had to report my change of status from college student to carpenter's helper.

It was to Katrina I had to earlier addressed my requests to defer my military obligation for college. She had approved those requests, but I felt she had done so reluctantly. I assumed rightly or wrongly that she thought I was trying to evade the draft, but I only wanted to go to college. I reported my change of status and started the waiting game. What would I be? Peace Corps volunteer? Christian Brother volunteer? Soldier?

The summer of 1961 was not just about waiting and working. Evenings and weekends, I sent to dances, lake beaches,

checked out the girls, and dated Rolande - a smart and beautiful woman I married a few years later. It was a carefree summer with no real worries. By fall, I'd be adventuring somewhere. Nevertheless, it seemed a long wait and I was getting impatient.

The first good news arrived on August 8 in a letter from the Christian Brothers offering me a teaching position at St. Joseph's College in Odo, Nigeria. I immediately accepted their offer and petitioned Katrina for permission to leave the county. She refused. I pleaded with her that teaching in Nigeria was serving my country, and warranted deferring (not replacing) my obligation to the armed forces for two years. But my pleas fell on deaf ears and she denied my request. I was deeply disappointed, and prepared myself to be drafted into the service, as Katrina said would happen shortly.

A few weeks later, I was ordered to report for the "Armed Forces Physical Examination," on September 6. I didn't

understand why they needed me at that time. Many young men from northern Maine were being recruited and drafted, and Aroostook County in particular, was certainly more than meeting its quota for soldiers - if there was such a quota.

I became more convinced that Katrina had it in for me. It was not unusual for sons of farmers, professional people, and successful merchants to avoid military service altogether. I felt I was not being treated fairly because of my parents' working-class status. This feeling exacerbated my tendency to resent the rich and powerful who use their privileged position to benefit themselves at the expense of poor, old, sick people.

Good news. On September 2, I received a telegram from the Peace Corps director. Sargent Shriver said I had 'successfully completed initial requirements for service in the Peace Corps,' and he asked if I could report for training at the University of Michigan October 7, to be part of the first group of volunteers for Thailand. I was ecstatic. I knew little about

*(Continued on page 8)*

(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 15)



ROGER PARENT  
Box 176  
St. Francis Xavier University  
Antigonish, N.S.  
March 16, '61

H. Sargent Shriver, Peace Corps Director  
Minteco Building, Room 600,  
Constitution Avenue,  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir,

I would like to be considered as a candidate for the Peace Corps. Ever since I came to college, I have been a keen participant in the international campus clubs. Through my membership in the "Caribbean Circle", and in the "International Cooperative Club", I have met students from Kenya, Bangladesh, India, The West Indies, Panama, The Bahamas, Venezuela, and from many other countries. Through discussions with these foreign students, I have acquired first hand knowledge of their customs, needs, and problems.

I am a senior, majoring in Economics and minoring in Political Science, at St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia. Some of my more practical skills are: first, my linguistic ability—I speak French and English fluently; second, in the opinion of my employers, I am a good reporter, third, I also possess considerable experience as a part-time store clerk.

But primarily, I have an overriding yearning to be of service where it is needed the most.

After May 10, 1961, my address will be:

Roger O. Parent,  
Box 5,  
Lillo, Maine

Sincerely yours,  
*Roger Parent*  
Roger O. Parent

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

May 22, 1961

Dear Peace Corps Volunteer:

I want to congratulate you for being among the first to volunteer for service in the Peace Corps. As you know, you are now eligible to take the Peace Corps Entrance Examination on May 27 or June 5.

Nations in Latin America, Southeast Asia and Africa have already indicated their interest in having Peace Corps Volunteers serve with them. In the months ahead Peace Corps projects with these nations will be concluded and Peace Corps projects announced. Once you qualify as a Volunteer you will be eligible for these undertakings.

I was gratified to learn of the many capable people who have applied to serve in the Peace Corps and of the wide range of skills you represent. I hope that those of you who are chosen will carry your mission to these lands in such a way as to demonstrate the desire of Americans from all walks of life to be of service. The success of ours of the Peace Corps may well be determined by how our first Volunteers live up to these high ideals.

I wish you the best of good fortune in your Peace Corps service.

Sincerely,

*John F. Kennedy*



**WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM**

WMS GOVE PD LONGH WASHINGTON DC 2 DEF  
ROGER OCTAVE PARENT BOX 5 LILLO ME  
CONGRATULATIONS ON SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETING THE INITIAL REQUIREMENTS FOR PEACE CORPS SERVICE. NEGOTIATIONS ARE CURRENTLY UNDERWAY FOR A PROGRAM TO SEND VOLUNTEERS WITH VARIOUS SPECIALTIES TO A SOUTHEAST ASIAN COUNTRY. PRESENT PLANS CALL FOR A TRAINING PROGRAM OF APPROXIMATELY THIRTEEN WEEKS TO BEGIN AT A MAJOR MIDWESTERN UNIVERSITY IN SEPT 25. THE PROGRAM WILL INCLUDE INTENSIVE LANGUAGE STUDY, A PERIOD OF HOME LEAVE WILL PRECEDE OVERSEAS ORIENTATION AND ASSIGNMENT. ADDITIONAL DETAILS WILL BE SENT TO YOU AS SOON AS NEGOTIATIONS ARE COMPLETED. MEANWHILE, PLEASE REPLY BY COLLECT WIRE TO PEACE CORPS DIVISION OF VOLUNTEER SUPPORT SERVICES, WASHINGTON DC DC WHETHER YOU CAN BE AVAILABLE FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT. BEST WISHES  
- ROBERT SARGENT SHRIVE JR DIRECTOR PEACE CORPS  
- ( 1105A SEPT 2 1961)



Getting letters from the President and his brother-in-law was heady stuff and I tried not to get too excited.

(Continued on page 17)



# Mirror Into The Past

## Town of Passadumkeag, Maine

### Sesquicentennial

### 1835-1985



**Amos E. Marquis (1898)**

Amos E. Marquis was born in the town of Ile Verte in Canada, the son of Maxine and Olive (Côté) Marquis. It was about 1890 that he migrated to the United States. In this country he worked in the birch mills of the area, making spools.

He married Ophelia M. Ouellette (1876-1949) of Lowell, Massachusetts, daughter of Pierre and Mary (Dubay) Ouellette. He settled in Bradley, Maine. He was a butcher by trade at this time, and soon had a meat cart drawn by a fine horse, going from home to home selling freshly butchered meat to the housewives. His wife was a great asset in his business, as she made all the hogshead cheese, "blood" sausage and creton, products very popular among the French families of the communities.

In 1916 he moved with his wife and family to Old Town, bought a large home on Howard Street. He opened a meat and grocery store located on Treat & Webster Island, making deliveries to the homes about the city. About 1926 he opened "Marquis' Cash Market" located at 19 South Main Street the following year.

It was in 1925 that he came to Passadumkeag on an outing, saw the empty house and buildings of the Tibette Farm. He returned some time later and

inquired as to the ownership of the property.

In 1889 the property was owned by Edward P. and Eleanor F. Tibbetts; it contained 400 acres with a house and barn which has been formerly owned by Calvin Commins, deceased.

Charles L. Hathaway owned the property in 1889. In 1892 Mr. Hathaway sold the house and out-buildings, plus twenty-five acres of land, to Wesley A. Edgett for \$600.00. The balance of the property was awarded to Benjamin B. Thatcher and Hugh R. Chaplin in 1893.

In October, 1893, all lots 4, 5, 6 and 7 (except 25 acres owned by Mr. Edgett) were sold to Joseph W. Porter for \$1,300.

November 8, 1907 the property became owned by Charles D. Wittier. In 1910 Mr. Whittier added more land to the farm by making a purchase from Mary J. Libby, an heir of Charles L. Hathaway.

After the death of Mr. Edgett in 1913 his wife, Mary A., sold the house and outer building along with the land to Mr. Charles D. Wittier on January 7, 1914.

June 14, 1927, Mr. Marquis purchased the property from Charles and Marcia Whittier. Amos used this property as a home for the less fortunate people; friends who were out of work and needed a place to stay.

In 1930 Amos brought his wife and family to live at the farm. He was now the father of nine children: Blanche (1914-1974) unmarried. Eugene (1917- ) married Mable Shorette, Bradley; Ethel Thurston, Old Town; Clement A. (1919- ) married widow, Lillian Marquis; Ida O. (1898- ) married Bertram Corro, Lincoln; Alphena (1900-1983) married Clement J. Martin, Old Town; Wilfred (1902-1937) married Ann Murphy, Milford; Ralph L. (1907-1975) married Lillian M. York, Howland; Harold (1909- ) married Louise Carroll, Costigan; Loretta (1911-1957) married Emile Guichard, Nashua, H.H..

Amos operated a dairy farm and raised market vegetables.

Amos and his wife were well-known for their open-door policy for all who traveled along Route 2. During the depression year, although times were lean, no one went away from the home without having been served a hot meal. Many stayed for a night's lodging, then they would continue on

their travels up the road with a boxed lunch, on their way to Aroostook County where the potato fields offered work for many.

The depression years were hard on many families. The custom of the "open door" continues to this day.

Clement, Amos' youngest son, stayed on the farm following his father's death, buying it back from the Farm Lands Commission in 1946. He made a home for his widowed mother and sister, Blanche, until their deaths. Clement had a large herd of dairy cows, selling his milk to the milk market. He also had a fluent Christmas tree business, selling trees to the University of Maine and out of state. In 1980 he sold the farm to tenants from Paris, France. He married Lillian Y. Marquis and they built a new home just south of the old homestead, in a large field along the Penobscot River.

From records: Ida O. and Bertram Corro did not have any children. Alphena and Clement J. Martin had six children: Mrs. Richard (Theresa) Moeller, Mrs. Raymond (Yvette) Tarte, Mrs. Wilber (Dorothy) Allen, Mrs. Verle (Joan) Drinkwater, Ronald and Jan Martin, and Richard never married.

Wilfred and Ann (Murphy) had one child, Wilfred Jr.; Ralph and Lillian (York) had three children, Mrs. James (Mary Lou) Williams, Frederick and Joyce (Harkins), and one child deceased.

Harold and Louise (Carroll) had one child, Harold Jr., who died in his teens. They then adopted another boy, John. Loretta and Emile Guichard had two children, Patricia and Michele. Blanche was unmarried.

Eugene and Mable had three children, Alan, Patricia and Ronald. After the death of his first wife he married Ethel Thurston, Stillwater.

Clement and Lillian (York) did not have any children.



**Marquis Farmhouse 1933**

*(Continued on page 19)*

(Mirror Into The Past continued from page 18)



**Marquis Family, 1924.**  
Front: Ralph, Eugene,  
Ophelia, Clement, Amos,  
Blanche. Back: Alphinia,  
Harold, Loretta, Wilfred,  
Ida.



**Ophelia and Amos Marquis, 1938**



**Blanche Marquis**



**Marquis' Home**

# An Aunt to be remembered

By  
**Virginia L. Sand**  
(10 October 2014)

My aunt, Marie (“Merease”) Cunningham, at almost 96 years old, passed away into the Spirit World on Sunday, September 7, 2014, at Mount Saint Joseph nursing home in Waterville, Maine. Merease was born in Winslow, Maine on September 20, 1918, daughter of Adelard and Virginia (Derosby) ALBERT, my grandparents, who immigrated to Winslow, Maine from the Gaspésie peninsula of Québec. My Aunt “Merease” was one of Virginia Derosby’s 18 pregnancies. Merease has only one surviving sibling left, my 87-year-old mother, Albertine Albert Pimperal, who resides in Waterville, Maine and who will turn 88 years old on December 15, 2014. My Aunt Merease also leaves behind a son, Robert Cunningham, Jr. and his wife Sylvia (of Winslow, ME), two grandchildren, four great grandchildren, and one great, great grand child.

I will always remember my aunt Merease for passing onto me the passion of working with beads (jewelry-making) and fabric. In fact, when she used to babysit my twin sister and I, she would often bring over scraps of fabric for us to play with. She was always making her own colorful clothes and many things to decorate her home with as well, like slipcovers, pillow covers, etc. Aunt Merease was a very talented, creative woman. When I would visit her home, she would often be working with beads, making rosary beads, necklaces, etc. She gave me everything I needed to start beading at my house and I still have many containers of beads that she had passed onto me. Also, the love of fabric that Aunt Merease instilled in me had inspired me to earn a degree in Home Economics at the University of Maine in Farmington, Maine, where I studied textiles and clothing construction, among other things. I have designed and created many of my own clothes over the years just as my Aunt Merease did for herself. I have also sewn for others and made jewelry for others, thanks to Aunt Merease. Over the years, Aunt Merease had given me several pieces of jewelry to remember her by. She was also very generous in other ways. She



*Photo that I took of my Aunt Merease (left) with her sister, Albertine (my mother) at Mount Saint Joseph nursing home in Waterville, Maine on Christmas Day 2013.*

gave me money to purchase my first bed when I was out on my own. She also gifted me with \$500.00 to help pay for my Masters Degree in Education at the University of Maine in Orono. I will always remember her acts of kindness and generosity.

My Aunt Merease was also one of the pioneers of recycling. She would save and collect cardboard (boxes, etc.) for the purpose of making it into furniture (small tables, shelves, etc.), small dollhouses filled with cardboard miniature furnishings, wall sconces, decorations, etc. Aunt Merease was truly the “Queen of Cardboard.” From cardboard, Aunt Merease even constructed miniature models of at least two historical buildings in Waterville, filled with miniature models of the authentic furniture and wall hangings. With her fabric scraps, Aunt Merease would upholster the

miniature furniture that she formed from cardboard. She also illuminated these miniature buildings with interior lighting that could be seen through the windows she created on these miniature buildings.

Aunt Merease was bilingual like my mother and her brothers. She could speak both French and English equally well. She spoke the French dialect of the Gaspésie in Québec. Aunt Merease and my mother (Albertine Albert Pimperal) inspired me to earn a BA degree in French language at the University of Maine in Orono.

I interviewed my Aunt Merease at Mount Saint Joseph nursing home a couple of years ago with a video camera. That interview can be seen on-line at the University of Maine’s Franco-American Center website at the following URL address:

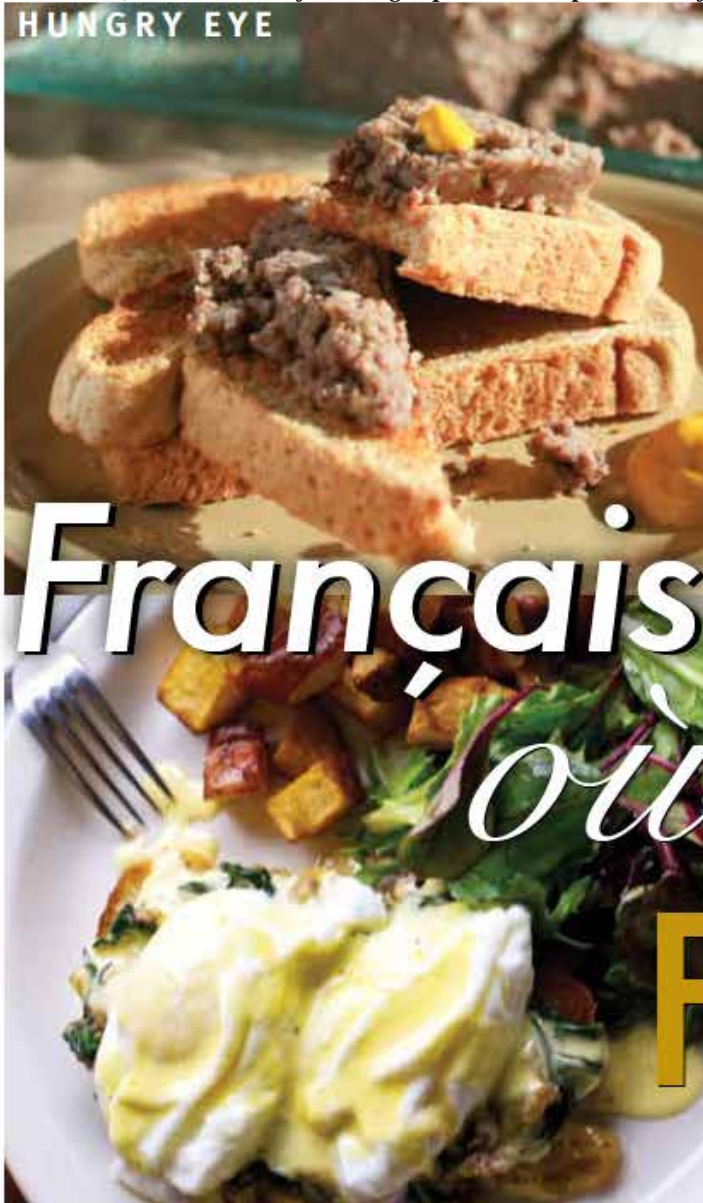
<http://francoamericanarchives.org/?s=Virginia+sand>



Once you find the above website, scroll down to my interview, titled “Virginia’s Oral History: Growing Up Franco-American in Waterville, Maine.” Then simply click on the arrow in the center.

(N.D.L.R.: The following is printed with permission from Portland Magazine, April 2013 Issue)

HUNGRY EYE



français  
ou

# F FRANCO?

**We're a food-crazy border state,  
so where are the starry  
Franco-American restaurants?  
BY CLAIRE Z. CRAMER**

Everyone knows poutine, the retro pile-up of french fries, gravy, and cheese curds. The hearty Canadian treat has rocketed into the wider foodie-sphere and can be found all around Portland, including in a few fancy iterations like the East Ender's lobster poutine and Duckfat's silken version with local cheese curds and duck gravy.

But where is the rest of traditional Franco-American or Acadian cuisine? Not the fancy dishes from France that everyone knows, such as escargots and boeuf bourguignon, but the hearty, filling home cooking based in French and French Canadian traditional recipes, later invigorated with seasonal ingredients available in Acadian settlements in Aroostook and Hancock County—pork, salmon, and potatoes. Ployes, the pancakes or griddle bread, spring from milled Aroostook buckwheat. Tourtière, a holiday meat pie made of ground pork and onions in a pastry crust, was once a traditional meal after midnight on Christmas Eve, and tarte au saumon (salmon pie) also baked in pastry, can be wrapped and taken into the woods for a day of logging, hunting, or fishing. Cretans, the lightly spiced coarse pate of minced pork, make a sturdy breakfast when spread on bread.

The legendary E. W. Mailhot Sausage Co. in Lewiston

produces pork sausages, blood sausages, cretons, salmon pies, and pork pies and distributes them to markets large and small, from mom and pop shops to Hannaford supermarkets, all over Maine and into New Hampshire and Massachusetts. So why does the wholesale business extend to just a few restaurants? Is there no way to recast these savory specialties as upscale offerings in the manner of sweetbreads and brains? Remember when everyone was mad for bone marrow?

"You got me there. I just don't know," says Marc Mailhot. "I'm doing what my father and grandfather did, and this is my market. People cook at home. They tell me new things they do with our products. Someone told me they put *cretans* into crab rangoon shells and fried them up for appetizers. People put it on crackers with cream cheese to have with drinks." Alive and well in home kitchens, must Franco food remain on the fringe, the stuff of ethnic fairs and festivals?

## AU CONTRAIRE

"You can find Franco-American food at restaurants and diners in Aroostook," says Lisa Michaud of the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine in Orono. Two Rivers Lunch in Allagash serves a few Franco dishes, such as pea soup, chicken and dumplings, raisin pie, and sugar pie. At Crystal Lynn's in Madawaska,



The *cretans* chronicles, from top: Pork cretons on toast with a dab of mustard make a classic Franco-American breakfast; Sunday brunch at the Frog & Turtle in Westbrook includes subtly spiced, house-made cretons in their signature franco-American egg benedict; country *pâté* at Petite Jacqueline is very french and very likely the inspiration for the New-World cretons that followed in Acadian Canada and Maine.

(Continued on page 22)

(*Français où Franco continued from page 21*)

you can order cretons with your ployes, as well as chicken stew and *patates fricassées*. Then there's Robin's Restaurant in Van Buren; "Oh sure, we have the poutine, and ployes with butter and syrup for breakfast. And stew on Saturdays," says server Velma Ouellette. "It's kind of a thick soup, with chicken, potatoes, and dumplings, and that's pretty much it, but the big think is the dumplings. They're really good."

In Auburn, Rolly's Diner is a cheerful outpost of Franco tradition and assimilation, owned by Ken and Rolande (Rolly) Blais for the past 19 years. "We serve salmon pies from Grant's Bakery in Lewiston on Fridays. A wedge of pie with a choice of potato and egg sauce-real simple, but traditional-it's a bechamel sauce with hardboiled eggs chopped up in it," says Ken. He acknowledges the difference between French and Franco-American food. French restaurants "are really fine French dining." Deep down, "Franco food is comfort food." He calls patates fricassées thrifty reuse; "They'd take cold leftover potatoes and fry them like home fries with pieces of salt pork. We don't make them here, but we serve cretons-people spread it on toast or make it into a sandwich. Then there's our creton-and-cheese omelet. And ployes, sure. A lot of the traditional Franco things make great breakfast." Call Rolly's a full participant in the local Franco-Amer-

ican food economy, serving Grant's pies, Mailhot's sausages, and using ploye mix from Bouchard Family Farms in Fort Kent.

Bags of Bouchard's mixes, like Mailhot's sausages, can be found in markets all over Maine. The company grows and mills its own buckwheat and has been packaging and selling it for 30 years. As a fat and gluten-free vegan product, ployes, the humble breakfast companion to maple syrup and dipper for chicken stew, is poised for stardom.

### THE INVISIBLE BARRIER

Delicately spiced house-made cretons headline the Franco-American eggs benedict offered for brunch at the Frog & Turtle pub in Westbrook. Owner/chef James Tranchemontagne says the story of Franco cuisine is "complicated...it doesn't translate to commercial success...a lot of it is filler food-turnips, apples, carrots, head cheese, sugar pie. I do a lot of stuff here [at the pub] that stems from my upbringing, but...French-Canadian is more of the culture of the people than a style of their food. I come from a large family. There was no money to go out and the meals at home were way better."

Rhea Côté Robbins, author of the memoir *Wednesday's Child*, echoes Tranchemontagne's sentiments. "Atmosphere provides the flavor in which the dishes are served...You can go to places

in Maine and get the full-fledged real-deal atmosphere of the culture at some of the festivals in the French heritage towns, [where] you can find the traditional food for sale. [But] class is assigned to those foods, and that is an invisible barrier." Regarding the concept of a four-star Franco-centric restaurant: "Given the climate in which the Franco-American culture exists, a parallel or underground universe, it will take some time. We need some type of youthful creativity that takes the ordinary to places such as the [Frog & Turtle does] in Westbrook. But I bet it will happen."

And maybe we ought to just appreciate the similarities between French and Franco food and not over-think the issue. You can order crêpes at Rolly's, made with Mémère Blais's recipe, and you can find French crêpes in Portland at the Merry Table crêperie and at Petite Jacqueline, after all.

Steve Corry, executive chef and owner of Petite Jacqueline with his wife Michelle, insists, "We stick to classic French bistro dishes here." But when Jacqueline's chef Ian Hayward presents a wooden board on which neat triangles of *pâté de campagne* with baguette toasts and grainy mustard are prettily arranged, who can argue that this is not the city cousin to country cretons?

None of which will put Justin Timberlake at Rolly's Diner in Auburn, as was claimed in a Trip Advisor posting that spread elsewhere on the internet. "Just a prank, but we got a kick out of it," says Ken Blais.



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# Léo Héroux, un vétéran pas ordinaire de la Deuxième Guerre mondiale

*Par Juliette L. Bruneau, Ph.D (Science Politique)  
Québec Canada*

**2014 commémore le 70<sup>ième</sup> anniversaire du débarquement de Normandie.**

Chaque famille nord-américaine a ses héros de guerre. Parfois des frères, des cousins proches ou des voisins. Il y a aussi des cousins éloignés, comme le cousin Léo Héroux qui a participé précisément au débarquement de Normandie le 6 juin 1944.

## *Ascendance française, canadienne et américaine de Léo...*

<b>Jean Héroux</b>	Blonville-sur-Mer Normandie, France	<b>Marie Royer</b>
(parents de l'ancêtre Jean Héroux. Ne sont pas venus en Nouvelle-France)		

## *Date et endroit du mariage*

<b>Jean Héroux</b>	6 février 1674 Trois-Rivières	<b>Jeanne Pépin</b>
<b>Pierre Héroux</b>	24 janvier 1701 Trois-Rivières	<b>Françoise Benoist</b>
<b>Étienne Héroux</b>	14 novembre 1757 Yamachiche	<b>Catherine Grenier</b>
<b>Jn-Baptiste Héroux</b>	7 janvier 1787 Yamachiche	<b>Anastasie Lemay</b>
<b>Médard Héroux</b>	16 février 1841 Deschaillons	<b>Sophie Martel</b>
<b>Adol.-Delphis Héroux</b>	30 septembre 1872 Deschaillons	<b>Philomène Lemay</b>
<b>Fortunat Héroux</b>	10 septembre 1906 Lowell, MA.	<b>Anésie Rousseau</b>
<b>Léo Héroux</b>	25 janvier 1947 Central Falls RI.	<b>Anne-Marie Broecks</b>

**Norman, Nancy, Béatrice, Leslie**

**Carrière militaire de Léo :** En début de guerre, Léo travaille dans une usine de textile à Central Falls. Il n'a que 19 ans lorsqu'il s'enrôle dans l'armée américaine. Il s'embarque vers l'Europe, là où un destin unique l'attend.

**Débarquement :** Léo participe au débarquement du 6 juin 1944 à Colleville-sur-mer. à 10:30 (Omaha Beach). Léo est alors un jeune soldat affecté au 348e corps d'ingénieurs de combat. (348th Engineer Combat Battalion A stationed in South Wales, Great Britain) Son travail d'ingénieur

l'amène à des activités dangereuses telles qu'enlever les mines et autres obstacles, faire des routes, bâtir des ponts, préparer l'arrivée des bateaux et enlever les corps.

Le lendemain du Jour J, son capitaine lui demande d'aviser le fermier français qu'il devrait retirer ses vaches du champ voisin. Léo a appris le français et l'anglais à l'Académie du Sacré Cœur de Central Falls et ses parents sont d'origine québécoise. Il tente de faciliter la situation avec le fermier en l'informant que forces américaines passeront dans ce champ et qu'il vaut mieux re-



*Léo avant la guerre*

tirer les vaches. Au fil des jours, le fermier et le soldat deviennent des amis. Sa maîtrise de la langue lui facilite le contact avec les gens du pays. Le jeune soldat visite le fermier tous les soirs, raconte Léo. «*Puis un soir, j'ai vu la plus belle fille du monde descendant l'escalier dit-il. C'était Anne-Marie Broeckx, Léo admet qu'il est tombé en amour avant qu'elle ne touche la dernière marche.*»



(Suite page 24)

(Léo Héroux suite de page 23)

Malgré la guerre, il s'est rapproché de la jolie fille du fermier Broeckx. L'échange de lettres se poursuit pendant les déplacements de Léo en France et en Allemagne. Ils continuent de se courtiser alors qu'ils sont des deux côtés de l'Atlantique. Les lettres se font de plus en plus sérieuses. Ce n'est que le début d'une longue histoire d'amour pour le jeune Léo comme nous le verront plus loin .

Dans ce film de PBS, le jeune militaire y paraît au début de sa carrière militaire puis à son mariage et lors d'un voyage souvenir en Normandie sur les lieux même du débarquement. On le voit sur les lieux de souvenirs. Il est sur la plage de OMAHA mais ce ne sont pas des souvenirs de vacances qu'il raconte...! Léo dit «*qu'il avait peur en attendant son tour pour débarquer. J'avais très peur ainsi que tous les autres soldats...!*

*Peur de mourir? Non, pas de mourir mais de me faire tuer. Il y a une différence entre mourir et se faire tuer. Tout le monde va mourir, mais se faire tuer et tuer c'est différent.*

#### **Suite de sa vie militaire en Europe :**

Léo courtise toujours Anne-Marie, cette jeune enseignante à Bayeux. Il va ensuite à Arromanches pour aider les Alliés. Puis à Cherbourg. Son travail est de décharger les tanks, les munitions, créer des ponts et approvisionner les soldats.

En décembre 1944, il traverse Paris libéré pour ensuite se diriger vers la Belgique, là où les allemands résistaient aux américains. Son travail consiste à construire des ponts pour que les soldats américains puissent passer. La bataille est très proche et il doit rester près du pont, prêt à le faire sauter si les allemands avancent. En avril 1945, il part pour l'Allemagne où il arrive au camp de Buchenwald. Ce qu'il voit est horrible. «*Dans le camp de concentration, il y avait des juifs polonais et russes. Certains d'entre eux pouvaient marcher, mais marcher vers où ? Je ne sais pas. Les au-*

*tres étaient allongés, ils attendaient d'être ramassés par la Croix Rouge. J'avais envie de vomir, l'odeur insoutenable. On n'avait pas le droit de leur donner à manger ...pas même un petit morceau de chocolat...!* »

Il continue sa route vers le nord de l'Allemagne. De retour en France, il prend le bateau à Marseille pour retourner aux É-U. Nous sommes en 1945.

#### **Son retour aux États-Unis après la guerre :**

la correspondance se poursuit entre Anne-Marie et Léo. Un jour Léo lui demande de l'épouser, ce que la belle accepte. Anne-Marie prend l'avion et arrive à Central Falls en 1946. Léo épouse donc la fille du fermier, Fernand Broeckx, celui-là même où il s'est retrouvé un matin de juin 1944. Ils se marient le 25 janvier 1947 à l'église Notre Dame du Sacré Coeur de Central Falls, Rhode Island. Leur fils Norman Héroux est né le 10 décembre 1947.



**Léo, 10e anniversaire débarquement, June 1954**

#### **Son retour en France, sa famille, ses occupations professionnelles :**

Léo retourne en France avec son épouse et son jeune fils en 1948. Ils ont 4 enfants. En France, Léo travaille dans l'entreprise de son beau-père soit l'école de conduite automobile à Colleville-sur-mer.

À l'occasion de son 90e anniversaire, septembre 2013, une fête est organisée chez sa fille Nancy avec ses enfants, ses proches et ses amis à Howick près de Montréal. Trois de ses 4 enfants habitent en France dans les environs d'Avignon (Leslie, Norman et Béatrice Vial).

Lors d'un souper à Blonville en 2005, Mme Auzerai Henriette et son ami Marc

nous parlent de cet homme. Pour eux, c'était tout un personnage. Un soldat d'origine franco-canadienne, parlant français qui fait la guerre avec les troupes américaines...! Ils ne tarissaient pas d'éloges. Léo est celui qui a fait passer l'examen de conduite automobile à Marc. Moment marquant pour un jeune garçon que celui d'obtenir son permis de conduire une automobile à l'époque.

#### **Son retour aux É-U :**

Léo vit en France jusqu'à 1975, moment où il est reparti vers les É-U. IL enseigne alors aux jeunes américains à conduire l'automobile. Est-ce son secret qui lui vaut de conduire encore sa voiture à plus de 90 ans ? Il aura donc enseigné des deux côtés de l'Atlantique. Aujourd'hui, il vit à Central Falls, R.I. à proximité de sa famille canado-américaine. C'est grâce à Ronald G. Héroux, son neveu, que nous avons pu le retracer. Ronald et Nancy, sa femme, ont déjà visité Blonville et la Normandie historique.

Nancy, la fille de Léo, et son mari Gilles participent aux rencontres de l'Association des familles Héroux d'Amérique. Norman son fils aîné et sa femme Liliane sont venus nous visiter en 2011. Nous l'avions rencontré à Paris en 2005. Malheureusement nous ne connaissons pas les deux autres enfants vivant en France.

Chaque année, pendant sa vie en France, Léo visite le cimetière américain en souvenir de ses camarades morts au combat.

Cette année, il n'y sera pas. Anne Marie n'est plus là et les jambes de Léo sont trop peu fiables pour le porter jusque-là. Mais les souvenirs sont là...! Et Norman sera Colleville-sur-mer le 5 juin 2014....

C'est une histoire unique, n'est-ce pas....? Juliette.

#### **Tous n'ont pas eu la même chance que Léo...**

Mais Léo n'est pas le seul Héroux d'Amérique à avoir contribué à cette guerre. Deux autres Héroux, morts dans la fleur de l'âge, début de vingtaine, reposent au ci-

metière de Cintheaux/Brettéville-sur-Laize, en France. Ils sont morts en début du mois d'août 1944. Trois autres Héroux ayant (Suite page 25)



**Mariage à Léo et Anne-Marie (Broecks) 1947**

(Léo Héroux suite de page 24)

participé à cette guerre sont enterrés au Canada dont 2 au Cimetière Notre Dame des Neiges à Côte des Neiges à Montréal.

En 2005, nous cherchions des indices de participation de Héroux à cette guerre en vue d'un voyage en Normandie. Après un arrêt au cimetière de Benny-sur-mer non loin de Courseulles, nous nous dirigeons vers Cintheaux/Bretteville-sur-Laize, où se trouve un autre cimetière militaire canadien. Ce village est près de Flers dans la région où habitent Madeleine Héroux et Marcel Fourez.

Cette fois, on se recueille sur la tombe de **Hervé Héroux**, du Régiment de Maisonneuve, fils de Eugène Héroux et Éva Picard de Montréal. Il était l'époux de Anita Héroux. Le nom de famille de l'épouse....?

On y retrouve également la tombe de **J. Roland Héroux**, des Fusiliers Mont-Royal, fils de Paul Héroux et de Myrza Cloutier de Montréal.

Tous deux sont tombés au champ d'honneur lors de la libération de la région. Une étude dans les archives militaires du Canada et de France nous permettrait peut-être d'en savoir davantage sur ces deux jeunes soldats.

**Les Fusiliers Mont-Royal** débarquent avec les unités de la 2ème Division à partir du 7 juillet 1944. Ce régiment avait participé à la bataille de Dieppe le 19 août 1942.

Les Fusiliers Mont-Royal font partie de la 6ème Brigade d'Infanterie alors que

le Régiment de Maisonneuve fait partie de la 5ème Brigade. Comme le Régiment de Maisonneuve, ce régiment entreprend les combats à partir du 19 juillet 1944, dans un secteur au sud de Caen pour s'emparer de la crête de Bourguébus. Il s'attaque ensuite au secteur de Tilly la Campagne à partir du 25 juillet appuyé des Blindés de Sherbrooke. L'effort du harcèlement canadien contre les troupes allemandes au sud de Caen s'insérait dans **un plan d'attaque allié**. Ainsi, cette pression des Canadiens maintenait les blindés allemands et facilitait le déclenchement d'une percée américaine au sud-ouest du Continent (sud du département de la Manche).

Le 30 juillet, les Fusiliers Mont-Royal remplacent pendant deux jours le Régiment de Maisonneuve. A partir du 7 août, les Fusiliers Mont Royal entreprennent les opérations "TOTALIZE et "TRACTABLE" à destination de Falaise.

Les Fusiliers Mont-Royal pénétraient dans Falaise le 16 août et combattent des "jeunesses hitlériennes". Ils terminent les combats en Normandie le 18 août après le "nettoyage" complet des forces ennemies à Falaise.

Rappelons que c'est à la fin d'août (23-24)1944 que les canadiens libèrent Blonville à la faveur de la nuit. On se rappellera que Blonville est le pays d'origine de Jean Héroux l'ancêtre de tous les Héroux d'Amérique.



*Hervé Héroux, du Régiment de Maisonneuve, fils de Eugène Héroux et Éva Picard*



*J. Roland Héroux, des Fusiliers Mont-Royal, fils de Paul Héroux et de Myrza Cloutier*

Name	Regiment	Rank	Death
ROLLAND WILFRID HEROUX	Royal Canadian Artillery	Gunner	July 9, 1947
MAURICE HEROUX	Royal Canadian Infantry Corps	Private	May 19, 1945
JOSEPH ARTHUR ROSAIRE G HEROUX	Royal Canadian Air Force	Flying Officer	April 8, 1945
HERVE HEROUX	Le Régiment de Maisonneuve, R.C.I.C.	Private	August 13, 1944
JOSEPH ROLAND HEROUX	Les Fusiliers Mont-Royal, R.C.I.C.	Private	August 14, 1944



*Nancy, Léo et Norman Héroux, 2011*



*Norman, Liliane, Nancy et Gilles*



*Léo et famille*

*N.D.L.R. Ceci est le onzième 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

Armand avait travaillé à l'usine, puis, il s'était mis à peindre des maisons, des logements, etc.

Nous, qui le connaissions si vaillant, c'était surprenant de voir qu'il ne se levait plus à l'heure pour aller travailler. Lui, si en vie, commença à se coucher et à dormir souvent.

Il avait beau changer de lunettes, sa vue diminuait. Il a commencé à dire que lorsqu'il grimpeait une échelle, il ne sentait plus les barreaux, il fallait qu'il regarde ses pieds pour être sûr qu'ils étaient dessus.

Il y avait quelque chose!

Il continuait à travailler, mais c'était devenu pénable.

Un jour, il a eu un accident d'auto, et c'est à ce moment alors qu'il était à l'hôpital, que les médecins ont découvert qu'il souffrait d'une forme de diabète très avancé.

Frisé et moi avons repris la vie commune. Il a vraiment essayé de rester sobre. Il regrettait ses abus de boisson, et je peux dire qu'il était presque sincère quand il faisait des promesses de ne plus recommencer.

Nicole avait, de nouveau, sous le même toit, son père et sa mère. Nous étions tous les trois réunis.

Il s'est trouvé des gens pour me reprocher de lui donner une autre chance, mais moi, je l'aimais.

Quand on a été marié si longtemps à notre Église, et qu'il faut se séparer, c'est dur à passer. Avec les souvenirs des jours heureux qui reviennent à la mémoire, en plus de l'ennui qui est le pire ennemi des femmes seules. Parfois, ça devient insupportable. Un de mes cousins me dit: «C'est-tu vrai que tu reprends avec cet homme?» Je le revoie debout, près de la porte.

Je lui ai répondu que oui, en effet. Alors, il me dit: «Dans ce cas, je ne veux plus te revoir chez nous». J'ai répliqué: «Tu es près de la porte, prends la». D'un autre côté, tante Laura n'acceptait pas ma séparation. J'étais la première de ses nièces à divorcer et Frisé avait toujours été fin avec elle.

Nous retournions en Canada pour aller la voir. Elle était comme notre

mère. Même si elle nous disputait, on trouvait cela normal et on l'aimait pareil.

Nous amenions papa avec nous.

Je me souviens d'oncle Albert. Dans le fond, ce n'était pas un mauvais gars, il avait réussi à payer sa terre du Sept. Il semblait heureux là, enfin, il avait fait installer une vraie toilette dans la maison pour sa «blonde». Tante Imelda a vendu plusieurs terrains sur cette terre là, qui longeait le cimetière, et elle en a donné à ses enfants.

Oncle Albert avait une maladie de coeur et il était devenu aveugle. Il est allé acheter son lot au cimetière avec sa «blonde», et il s'est fait poser un monument.

La dernière fois que je l'ai vu, j'étais avec Frisé et papa. Les deux se sont donnés la main en se disant: C'est pas mal certain qu'on se reverra dans la vallée de Josephat.» Ils se sont serrés la main un long moment. C'était comme un adieu. J'avais le coeur gros. Ils ne se sont pas revus. Oncle Albert est mort lui aussi. Papa l'aimait.

Nicole devenait une adolescente. Nous lui avons acheté un tourne-disque, et elle a commencé à inviter ses amis à la maison. Ils étaient nombreux. Nous les recevions avec toute sortes de bonnes choses.

Ils dansaient. Frisé se montrait aimable avec eux. Ils se rencontraient à un petit restaurant: SHAHERS SPA, au coin de West Clay et South Main Street.

Je la surveillais sans trop le faire voir, et je regardais dans ses tiroirs. Elle aurait aimé fumer la cigarette, et moi, je préférerais qu'elle ne fume pas. Je savais que dans mon dos, elle fumait, car dans son uniforme de coiffeuse, je trouvais des graines de tabac, que j'enlevais avant de faire le lavage.

Un bon jour, j'ai eu tout une surprise: j'ouvre son tiroir et, écrit en grosses lettres se trouvait une note pour moi: «MA, I KNOW YOU'LL LOOK HERE TODAY». (Ma, je sais que tu vas regarder ici aujourd'hui). Cela me fait encore rire, mais je me souviens d'avoir arrêté «d'écornifler».

Pendant un été, elle sortit avec Ronald Clément, puis un jour, elle arriva avec un pur étranger. Je m'inquiétais. J'aimais mieux connaître les jeunes qu'elle fréquentait.

Toute ma vie, j'avais suivi l'exemple de deux guides, mon père et ma mère, qui m'ont tracé la voie, alors je pensais que les jeunes ont besoin de leurs parents qui imposent certaines limites, comme de rentrer le soir à une heure convenable. Il n'était pas question qu'elle devienne une «excitée».

Je côtoyais Corinda Dupont et naturellement, nous échangeions nos inquiétudes. Elle me dit que sa fille se



tenait avec de vrais bons gars et qu'elle les amenait chez eux, sans cachette.

L'église faisait partie de nos traditions: la messe du dimanche, neuvaines et retraites.

Un soir de retraite paroissiale, Nicole rencontra Paul, et elle nous le présenta. J'étais frère, car la famille Pelletier avait bonne réputation. Je connaissais déjà Léna et John.

Ce que je voulais pour elle, c'était qu'elle profite de sa jeunesse, car c'est le plus beau temps, mais en même temps, qu'elle sache se faire respecter.

Paul était le quatorzième d'une famille de seize enfants. Il avait été élevé à Fort Kent au Nord du Maine, sur les lignes du Canada. Toute la famille, ils avaient connu le froid et la neige, ainsi que l'ouvrage des fermiers de l'ancien temps.

Nicole fit la connaissance de cette grande famille. Elle allait à leurs veillées, et le samedi soir, ils allaient danser au Club Franco Américain. Tous les copains étaient réunis à cet endroit, ainsi que les cousines: Lise et Hélène avec leur ami. Ils étaient jeunes et ils s'amusaient.

Paul était menuisier.

Ils se sont fiancés!

Pour nous, les choses allaient bien trop vite. Un jour, elle vint vers moi pour me dire qu'elle voulait se marier et elle me demanda de l'annoncer moi-même à son père.

A cet âge, je ne cherchais pas un mari pour ma fille! Puis, en y réfléchissant, nous avons pensé qu'elle n'était pas à l'abri d'une grossesse. Nous la savions bien jeune, mais d'un autre côté, elle était en amour...alors, le mieux à faire était d'aller dans la même direction, et de les approuver, après tout.

On donna un «shower» en son honneur.

Ils firent un contrat de mariage.

En septembre, le grand jour est arrivé!

Nicole avait l'air d'une petite poupée dans sa robe de mariée «Chantilly Lace» et

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son voile blanc.

Au son de l'orgue, je me suis avancée avec un placier, à la place réservée à la mère de la mariée.

Lise, à son tour, apparut dans l'allée. Elle était demoiselle d'honneur. Revêtue d'une robe fuchsia, un voile rose recouvrait ses cheveux et lui retombait sur les épaules, surmonté d'une couronne de petites roses rouges. Qu'elle était belle!

Nicole et Lise avaient été élevées ensemble, comme des soeurs.

Paul, debout près de l'autel, attendait. Il portait un pantalon noir, veston blanc et boucle noire.

Ma gorge s'est nouée lorsque j'ai aperçu Nicole au bras de son père, s'avancer jusqu'à l'autel. Puis, Frisé releva le voile qui descendait sur son visage. Il l'embrassa tendrement, ensuite, il lui prit la main pour la remettre dans celle de Paul.

Elle était mariée! C'était en 1962.

On perdait notre petite fille.

Elle avait dix-sept ans et Paul vingt.

Les parents du marié, ainsi que tous ses frères et soeurs étaient présents. La cérémonie à l'église terminée, une réception suivit au Club Franco Américain.

Grand-papa Joseph Dumas, Mimi, Claire et Romuald Dumas sont venus de Sherbrooke.

Papa y était, et tous mes parents et amis.

Frisé dansa avec Nicole, et Paul avec sa mère. La jeunesse avait du plaisir. Moi, j'étais triste de la voir partir, et ils nous devraient apprendre à vivre sans elle. Ils sont allés à Fort Kent pour leur lune de miel.

Les Dumas sont restés avec nous pendant quelques jours. J'aimais mes beaux-parents, tellement du bon monde.

Frisé connaissait quelqu'un qui devait quitter son logement, et qui, en plus, vendait ses meubles. Ce fut leur premier logis: un trois pièces sur la South Main Street.

La vie continué.

J'avais fini par gagner ma vie comme couturière dans les magasins. J'ai cousu dans trois magasins: «Le Claire Bridal Shop», le «Mustler Women Store» et mon dernier: «Worth Smiling Service», les dames riches demandaient la French Lady! Elle préféraient mon ouvrage. Je leur faisais la barbe aux italiennes dont les diplômés tapissaient pourtant les murs. Pour coudre, je n'ai jamais eu de difficulté.

Frisé travaillait toujours à la Rubber Shop.

L'état d'Armand allait en em-

pirant. Il ne travaillait plus. Ses garçons faisaient vivre la famille.

Il eut une attaque de coeur, des ulcères d'intestins. Le docteur a voulu lui couper les orteils, mais il n'a pas voulu.

Un neveu de papa: Jacques Gélinas, qui voyageait en Bolivie et aidait



les gens là-bas, est venu à Waterbury.

Jacques est allé voir Armand, Ce fut une grande consolation pour notre frère qui acceptait sa maladie plus courageusement.

Pour moi, Jacques reste le préféré de mes cousins, et j'ai aimé faire la correspondance de papa avec lui. Il était le fils de tante Adrienne.

Papa se promenait entre le Canada et les États-Unis.

Il partait avec des amis qui l'amaient se promener quelques jours. Il-dège Diamond, originaire de St-Élie se faisait accompagner par lui chaque fois qu'il allait «par chez-nous».

Je me souviens qu'une fois, il est resté un mois au Foyer du Sourire à St-Boniface. Papa était l'aîné de la grande famille d'Élie Gélinas et d'Annie Hill, et il allait assister à leur enterrement les une après les autres. Il sotrait son chapelet pour les accompagner jusqu'à la Vallée de Josaphat.

Tant que leur sang se mêle à mon sang, disait-il, ils sont ma parenté.

Il y avait le député Bellemare de Trois-Rivières. Papa disait qu'il était le fils de la soeur à grand-père Élie: ma tante Luce. Il le visitait, c'était son cousin.

Je me rappelle la visite du Président Kennedy à Waterbury. Je me trouvais parmi la foule, debout sur le trottoir avec Nicole lorsque le défilé passa sur la South Main Street.

C'était la première fois qu'un président venait dans notre ville.

Puis, ce jour-là, j'écoutais la télé avec Frisé et on le voyait agité la main et saluer la foule... et nous l'avons vu tomber. Il avait été tiré et il est mort. La nouvelle se propagea et toute l'Amérique était en état de choc. Quelle tristesse!

Son frère Robert fut assassiné lui aussi. Ils sont enterrés l'un près l'autre.

En 1963, papa retourna au Canada pour y vivre avec sa soeur, tante Laura, religieuse à l'hôpital St-Joseph de Trois Rivières.

Il avait besoin d'une opération pour les yeux (cataractes) et les frais médicaux étaient gratuits. J'avais écrit au gouvernement du Québec, et papa ayant demeuré au Canada assez longtemps, il avait droit aux soins de santé. Et c'est de cette façon qu'il n'est pas devenu aveugle.

Tant qu'à Tante Laura, son couvent ne l'a jamais détachée de sa famille. Elle a toujours voulu avoir quelqu'un près d'elle: grand-mère Annie et Tipitte, oncle José...et pour finir: papa.

Elle lui défendait de parler des femmes. Papa n'a jamais eu honte

d'admirer une belle «créature», surtout si elle était bien en chair, qu'elle avait de belles jambes et des courbes. Il disait: «Pourquoi pas, je pense qu'elles sont les chefs-d'oeuvre de Dieu».

Même s'il ne croyait pas à l'Enfer, il était certain qu'il y avait un ciel, et qu'il avait besoin là-haut de Saints pour faire rire le monde, et lorsque tante Laura lui reprochait ses histoires trop crues, il ne voyait pas comment il aurait pu faire rire le monde, et en même temps chercher des mots «fancy». Aujourd'hui, nous comprenons qu'elle avait parfois raison d'être scandalisée de notre parler et de nos farces, mais au fond, tante Laura était comme papa. Elle a toujours cherché à rapprocher et à rassembler la famille. Elle n'était pas une Soeur comme les autres. Elle pensait par elle-même, et en restant en contact avec les gens, elle savait ce qui ce passait dans le vrai monde. Elle s'est peut-être trompée, mais elle était sincère.

Ella a aidé un grand nombre d'orphelins. Elle apportait à ces petits enfants du manger à la cachette. J'ai aussi connu beaucoup d'adoptés. Au Québec, ils donnaient les bébés, pour rien, et c'était un secret à mort. Trefflé Lampron en avait adopté deux, de huit ans, et elles étaient heureuses chez les Lampron, mais j'en ai connu d'autres qui se sont fait battre et maltraiter, et personne ne se souciait ja-

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mais de ce qui arrivait à ces petits. C'est mon souvenir des adoptions du Québec.

Pendant le dernier séjour de papa avec tante Laura, on lui donnait souvent de nos nouvelles et on s'ennuyait de lui.

En 1964, nous avons décidé d'aller le voir, Irène, Fernand et leurs filles: Denise, Rosa, Rosélia et moi.

En route vers le Canada, sur la route 7, nous avons eu un accident. C'était froid et glissant. Fernand a voulu dépasser, lorsque le chauffeur de l'auto d'en avant fit une fausse manoeuvre, en donnant un coup de volant de notre côté, et pour l'éviter, nous avons plongé dans une falaise. Notre auto a rebondi et s'est arrêtée à quelques pieds d'un gros arbre. Figés de stupeur, personne n'a dit un mot.

Puis, nous avons vu des gens, avec des lampes de poche qui venaient à notre secours. Les policiers sont arrivés et nous ont conduit dans un hôtel. L'auto fut remorquée au garage, mais à part le pare-choc qui était écrasé sur la roue, c'était pas si pire. Remerciant le Ciel, nous avons eu plus de peur que de mal. On s'en est tiré avec des noirs et des bleus.

L'auto réparée, le lendemain, nous sommes arrivés au Trois-Rivières.

Papa avait eu une attaque de coeur et nous n'avions pas été averti. De plus, ce que nous ne comprenions pas, c'est que la Communauté lui faisait payer une pension plus élevée que les autres. Elles savaient qu'il recevait un petit chèque de sécurité de vieillesse. Aussi, elles lui avaient enlevé deux cents dollars qu'il avait dans son porte-monnaie. Il nous fit voir le reçu sur lequel c'était écrit: «Elisée Gélinas doit à la communauté etc...\$200».

Là, c'était sérieux. Il y avait un malentendu quelque part. Papa ne leur devait rien!

Nous avons cru discerner qu'il n'était pas heureux. Après avoir passé trois jours avec lui, il fallait bien que Fernand retourne travailler. Nous devons le quitter. Ce fut pénible. Nous l'avons pris par le cou pour le serrer dans nos bras et l'embrasser, mais déjà, nous savions qu'il y avait un problème et qu'il fallait y voir.

Il redoutait l'avenir, nous l'avions ressenti. Il avait peur de mourir tout seul dans une chambre, car c'était ce qu'il voyait: des vieillards qui mourraient tout seul, sans leur famille autour d'eux. Pour lui, ce n'était plus tenable de voir cela.

Revenus à Waterbury, Rosa et moi, on s'est consultée. Tout était remis en question. Puis, nous avons décidé de

ne pas retarder et d'agir au plus vite.

Sans attendre, nous lui avons téléphoné pour lui demander s'il voulait bien revenir parmi nous. Il nous dit: «Yes! aussitôt que possible».

Il m'a demandé de faire son changement d'adresse. J'avais fait cela tant de fois! Je connaissais les procédures.

Rosa lui a aménagé une chambre très claire avec une fenêtre en avant. Elle était prête à l'accueillir dans sa maison.

Nous avions compris qu'il ne voulait pas demeurer un jour de plus dans cet endroit qui ne lui plaisait pas, et qu'il nous attendait en patientant.

Deux semaines plus tard, Rosa et son mari: Alex, Ralph Monti, le mari de Rosélia et moi-même, nous sommes allés le chercher à l'hôpital St-Joseph. Tante Laura était bouleversée. Elle nous dit que ce que l'on faisait n'était pas bien.

Nous avions besoin d'éclaircir certaines choses et on lui fit remarquer qu'elle ne



Mai 1964  
Papa Élisée et Nicole

nous avait pas prévenu au sujet de son attaque de coeur et qu'elle ne nous avait en aucun temps tenu au courant de son état de santé.

Et puis, son argent enlevé et le faux papier, et surtout le fait qu'il avait payé plus cher que les autres vieux.

Finalement, elle donna son accord, et les Soeurs lui ont redonné le deux cents dollars. Elle nous a expliqué que ce n'était pas elle qui arrangeait les finances de sa communauté. Pauvre tante Laura!

Nous avons repris le chemin de Waterbury. Son état de santé nous obligeait à voyager par étape et à arrêter au restaurant. Il était si faible que sans l'aide d'Alex et de Ralph, il aurait tombé.

Nous sommes enfin arrivés!

Rosa fut un ange pour lui, et il s'est senti réellement bien chez elle. Il

approchait ses quatre-vingts ans.

Elle l'entourait de mille soins, bref, elle le gâtait. Il ne voulait absolument personne d'autre qu'elle pour lui laver les cheveux! Il était revenu parmi tous ses enfants!

Nous allions lui rendre visite. On lui faisait des amours en l'appelant P'tit père. Tous ses enfants l'aimaient. Il était bien avec nous.

Il aimait beaucoup les trois enfants d'Armand: Jacques, Roger et André qui sont les seuls à porter et à transmettre aux autres générations le nom de Gélinas, de la branche à Lisée.

Lorsqu'ils étaient petits, ils avaient été des enfants sages et peu exigeants.

Armand a bénéficié d'une pension d'invalidité. Cela a aidé la famille.

Ses pieds se sont desséchés et sont devenus comme du bois.

Marcel, le fils de Rosa, devint le compagnon de papa. Il jouait continuellement dans la chambre de Pépère. Les supports devenaient des autoroutes pour ses petites autos. Il se couchait dans le lit de Pépère avec son petit chien Rusty.

Papa a demandé un habit neuf. Frisé et moi, nous l'avons amené au magasin bien connu: Robert Hall. Il s'est choisi quelque chose qui lui allait bien sur le dos. Moi, je trouvais qu'il faisait un beau vieux.

Souvent, il allait s'asseoir dans l'église, tout seul. Il disait: «Lui, il sait! Que je suis icitte».

À la Fête des pères, Frisé est allé le chercher pour qu'il vienne dîner avec nous. Paul et Nicole, nos jeunes mariés y étaient. J'avais invité aussi Armand et Laurette.

Il marchait à petit pas, comme un vieillard. Ses gestes étaient plus lents et il avait toujours l'air épuisé.

Papa a eu la chance de voir la quatrième génération. Sylvie et Johanne ne se rappellent pas de leur grand-père, mais Lucille les a photographié. Lise aussi, la fille de Rosa a une photographie de sa fille: Denise, la journée du baptême. Il disait: «Mes petits, je les aime tellement que ça fait mal!» À cette époque, je ne comprenais pas trop bien ce qu'il voulait dire.

Puis, il s'est mis à décliner rapidement. Rosa ne le laissait plus tout seul. Lorsqu'elle devait sortir, j'en profitais pour aller jaser avec lui.

Il se plaignait d'un mal à l'estomac, et il avait de violentes migraines. Je le serrais dans mes bras en l'embrassant et j'essayais de lui montrer combien je l'aimais.

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**LES QUATRE DERNIERS JOURS  
DE MON PÈRE  
ADIEU PAPA  
24 JUIN 1964**

Ce matin, j'étais à préparer le déjeuner de Fernand, lorsque le téléphone a sonné. C'était Rosa. Elle m'appela pour me dire que papa ne se sentait pas bien et qu'il désirait me voir.

J'ai aussitôt devancé l'heure du lever de ma fille et de la petite fille que je gardais: Joanne Perron.

Je me dépêchais. Alice a arrêté chez nous en s'en allant travailler, et après avoir parlé à Rosa au téléphone, elle partit en toute vitesse pour se rendre auprès de papa.

Tant qu'à moi, je suis arrivée à huit heures... Je l'ai vu, assis, dans une chaise berçante que je lui avais prêté. Il gémissait. Il souffrait le martyr. Rosa a appelé le docteur Audet et un prêtre. Celui-ci, répondit qu'il viendrait vers onze heures. J'ai couru au presbytère pour leur dire que c'était très urgent et de venir immédiatement.

Le Père St-Germain est venu et il l'a confessé. Il lui a demandé s'il désirait recevoir l'Extrême-Onction. Papa a répondu: «Je ne mourrai pas, je ne veux pas mourir».

Il a reçu quand même les derniers sacrements. Tout le monde était groupé autour: Rosa, Rosélia, Alice, Armand et moi-même, ainsi que nos époux et épouses de nos frères, et la plupart des petits-enfants. Papa était toujours assis dans sa chaise. Le docteur Audet nous a dit qu'il venait d'avoir une grosse attaque de coeur. Il lui a donné une piqûre en nous disant qu'il passerait au travers.

Nous l'avons allongé sur son lit. On se relait près de lui tour à tour. Toute la journée, il souffert. Il étouffait.

Il glissait ses jambes hors du lit, alors, je l'ai assis près de moi sur le lit pour qu'il puisse s'appuyer sur moi.

Vers quatre heures de l'après-midi, le Père St-Germain apporta la communion. Les remèdes n'apportaient que peu de répit.

Chaque souffle lui arrachait une plainte, comme une souffrance atroce: aw! aw!

Je ne peux décrire ce que c'était. Nous avions tant de peine. Il essayait de s'asseoir et il disait: «Vite, vite» ou bien «Oh boy, oh boy» et il se laissait retomber sur son oreille. Son visage, aux traits ravagés, était comme vide.

Ce soir, Émile apporta un «Lazy boy» pour l'asseoir, afin qu'il puisse se reposer du lit. Ce fut ainsi toute la nuit. Alice et

Blanche April l'ont veillé jusqu'au matin.

Émile apporta un lit d'hôpital, et Alice, un masque d'oxygène. Même s'il respirait avec peine, le masque était si inconfortable qu'il ne voulait pas le garder. Nous lui disions: «Papa, faites-le pour nous». Il faisait signe que oui.

Il avait un cancer dans la tête. Nous changions son pansement, inséré dans le creux de l'oreille, à un demi-pouce de profond. C'était rempli de pus. Il avait une marque bleu sur la joue, c'était très sensible et comme prêt à aboutir. Pauvre Dad! «Ça fait mal beaucoup hein, papa?»

Nous étions tous dans sa chambre, alors, nous lui avons demandé s'il préférerait qu'on se limite à deux personnes à la fois. Il a répondu: «Le peu de temps qu'il me reste, je vous veux tous avec moi». Notre père se mourait, et on voulait



l'accompagner autant qu'il le souhaitait.

Armand, très malade, est venu chaque jour. Il s'assoit à la tête du lit. Laurette, qui en a tant pris soin, l'aidait à marcher. Que c'était triste!

Le jeudi soir, Fernand est arrêté après son travail, pour prendre la relève, afin que Rosa prenne son souper. Soudain, pour papa, Fernand est devenu son frère William. Il a mis sa main sur sa tête et il a dit: «William, comme je suis content de te voir».

Rosa est revenue, et elle s'est placée de l'autre côté du lit, près du mur. Dad dit: «Rosa!! Ne reste pas là, tu ne vois pas? Elle est dret à côté de toi». Il fixait la porte d'entrée, et il s'est dé-

battue pour se lever. Il a dit aussi: «Attends-moi Dina, j'arrive avec toi tout de suite». Cher papa adoré avait vu maman.

Le samedi matin, Fernand a quitté la maison très tôt pour aller aider Alice et Rosa à lui donner un bain. Ses jambes étaient bleues. Malgré les précautions, il a échappé quelques plaintes mais il n'a pas parlé.

Rosa voulait le faire manger deux petites cuillerées de gruau. Elle le suppliait d'avalier. Elle m'a téléphoné pour me dire: «Ne te dépêche pas, il va mieux ce matin». L'instant d'après, elle me rappelle pour me dire: «Vient-en au plus vite, il est après mourir».

Son visage s'est croché sur un côté. Il devait souffrir terriblement. Il n'a plus reparlé. En l'espace de quelques minutes, la famille, au complet, était assis et avait l'air si triste. Emile, Gertrude et Rosélia sont arrivés, ainsi que tous les petits-enfants.

Rosa disait: «Papa, papa», mais il ne semblait plus entendre. Son oeil droit était fermé, mais celui de gauche restait ouvert. Le docteur Audet est venu lui donner une piqûre, et il nous laissa. Il est revenu, une demi-heure plus tard. Il régla l'oxygène au numéro trois, nous expliquant qu'il ne pouvait en prendre davantage.

Alors, il s'est mis à respirer de plus en plus lentement, et ça s'est arrêté, seulement sa gorge continuait à trembloter. Le docteur nous a dit: «Son coeur est mort». Il a ouvert la bouche deux fois, et ce fut ses derniers mouvements. Tout était fini.

Le docteur Audet lui ferma les yeux, mais celui de gauche s'ouvrit de nouveau, alors Alice, doucement, lui a fermé la paupière.

Nous n'avions plus de père ni de mère.

Vous, cher père, devez être heureux avec maman et les autres, mais pour nous qui restons, si vous pouviez vous rendre compte, combien nous allons souffrir de votre absence.

Hier, Alice et moi, nous sommes allées prier sur votre tombe, mon cher papa. Si vous saviez comment nos coeurs sont chagrinés par votre départ. quand on pense que tout est fini, et qu'on ne vous reverra jamais.

De celle qui vous aime et ne vous oubliera pas.

*Votre Irène*

P.S. Papa avait peur de rester seul. Celui ou celle qui se tenait près de lui, devait lui tenir les mains. Je lui disais: «Papa, ne vous inquiétez pas, je suis ici, votre Irène». Ça me faisait tant de peine!

Rosa m'a dit, la semaine dernière,  
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qu'il avait pleuré amèrement en lui disant: «Je m'en vais, te rends-tu compte?» Et les larmes inondaient son visage.

Il a dit à Alice et à Rosa: «Si ça pouvait ne pas être trop long!» Désespéré, il avait montré le sol avec sa main. Elles avaient compris qu'il faisait allusion à sa mort, et à la terre qu'il voulait pas quitter.

Il est mort, entouré de tous ses enfants. Nous aimions tous papa. C'était le 27 juin 1964 à dix heure trente de l'avant-midi. Il a été enterré le 30 Juin au Mount Olivett Cemetery, Watertown.

#### FIN DU JOURNAL D'IRÈNE

Merci Irène de me l'avoir prêté.

Le petit Marcel à Rosa avait trois ans. Or, il ne comprenait pas trop ce qui arrivait à Pépère.

Rosa ne voulait pas l'amener au salon funéraire. Tante Sara ne s'en est pas mêlée, mais tante Laura était d'avis que Rosa devait l'amener. Rosa opta pour cette solution, et elle décida qu'il viendrait. Il ne voulait pas voir Pépère dans sa tombe, et rendu au cimetière, il pleurait à chaudes larmes. Le Père Laurion dans son oraison funèbre a dit: «Élisée n'était pas seulement un paroissien, il était mon meilleur ami». En même temps, Marcel se mit à crier: «Ne mettez pas Pépère dans le trou, je veux qu'il revienne à la maison». Nous l'avons ramené dans l'auto. Il agitait la main en disant: «Bye, bye, Pépère, bye». Les larmes coulaient des yeux de tous.

Ce jour là, nous avons enterré la moitié de notre coeur avec l'inoubliable «Pépère Lisée».

Lucien Tremblay, Jean-Guy Racine, Gaétan April, Fredy Bard, Wellie Bissonette et Jerry Beaulieu furent les porteurs.

Nous avons été le reconduire jusqu'aux dernières Portes, ensuite, c'était l'invisible. Je me suis souvent demandée pourquoi, sur son lit de mort, papa avait confondu Fernand avec William: Je suis content de te voir William! Je me souviens combien il avait peur pour William durant la guerre de 1914.

Armand, malade comme il était, a suivi le cortège jusqu'au bout, jusqu'au cimetière. Jamais une plainte!

Nous savions qu'il n'y avait plus aucun espoir pour lui. Cela nous attristait. Ses garçons le soutenaient par dessous les bras. Son mal était trop grave. Il était condamné.

Hélène, le fille de Rosa, nous assure qu'elle aurait vu la silhouette de Pépère deux fois, après sa mort. C'est lors de

la maladie de Lisa, son bébé. Pépère était penché sur le berceau, et il soignait l'enfant. Elle a voulu s'approcher de lui, mais il disparaissait à l'instant.

La statue de la Sainte Vierge était restée sur le bureau, comme avant sa mort. Le chapelet, dont il se servait à tous les jours, était enroulé autour de la Sainte Vierge.

Rosa prêtait la statue à Hélène, quand celle-ci avait des faveurs à demander, ou bien lorsqu'elle avait des inquiétudes. La statue était imprégnée d'une bonne odeur de tabac, et Hélène aimait la senteur. Un jour, Rosa l'a lavée. Hélène fut très désappointée. Elle a dit: «Le senteur, c'est tout ce qui nous restait de Pépère».

Nous avions comme souvenir, deux petits calepins, écrit à la main, dans une vieille boîte de métal. Dans un des ces calepins, il avait noté ses dépenses. Il avait payé des messes pour Alice et il me mettait entre les mains due Sacré-Coeur et de la Sainte Vierge.

Cela m'a fait de la peine. Pauvre père! Il s'était inquiété à mon sujet. Aujourd'hui, je comprends qu'être parent, c'est pas facile. Nos enfants, on ne voudrait pas qu'ils aient de malchance. Papa avait payé des messes pour sa «riganière». Dans la vie de tous les jours, il disait: «ras de cul», mais pour prier, il utilisait le mot qu'il avait inventé. Ça devait faire plus poli dans une prière.

Il nous restait la chaise berçante dans laquelle il avait reçu les derniers sacrements. Cet objet est devenu un meuble de famille à transmettre d'une génération à l'autre.

Elle grince toujours quand on s'y berce. Même les petites filles l'ont entendue la nuit, et elles étaient sûres que c'était Grand-Pa qui se berçait.

Peut-être, Pépère, dans son monde spirituel, nous rend visite à sa façon. Il fait partie de nos vies, et il reste présent dans chacun de nos coeurs.

Bye, bye, Pépère Lisée, Bye, bye.

P.S. Chacun de nous prenons soin du terrain de cimetière, mais ça arrive qu'on y va, et qu'on s'aperçoit que quelqu'un d'ature est passé. Un jour, nous y avons recontré la fille d'Émile: Lise. Elle faisait du ménage sur la tombe. Pour une fille qui ne parlait jamais pour ne rien dire, son attitude nous reconforta plus que mille mots.

Mais il fallait continuer à vivre et se séparer de tout ça, comme tout le monde, mais le souvenir m'est resté, et je peux dire que j'ai passé de beaux moments de ma vie avec papa.

L'état d'Armand s'aggravait. Sa famille l'aidait à marcher. Ce fut la même chose

avec ses doigts qui devenaient engourdis et insensibles. Il pouvait manger seul, c'est tout.

Il y a des jours où il ne parlait plus. Le docteur nous a expliqué que le sang ne se rendait pas dans la partie du cerveau qui contrôle la parole. Tout d'un coup, il reparlait. Il avait des quintes de toux épouvantables. Tout ça causé par le diabète. Puis, les grands comas ont commencé. Parfois, il réveillait. Il n'a jamais dit qu'il avait peur de mourir.

Il a été admis à l'hôpital Ste-Mary. Laurette, qui fut d'un dévouement à toute épreuve, l'entourait, ainsi que ses trois fils. Nous y allions, nous aussi, sa proche famille, mais il s'éteignait sous nos yeux.

La dernière fois que je l'ai vu, je lui ai demandé si je pouvais faire quelque chose pour lui. Rosa lui a offert son aide, elle aussi. Il fit oui, avec sa tête, car il ne pouvait pas parler. J'ai pris sa main et j'étais si affligée. Je l'ai quitté et une heure plus tard, il était mort. C'était le 12 Août, 1965.

Il n'avait pas tout à fait cinquante-quatre ans.

Il repose ici à Waterbury, dans le plus grand cimetière: The Cavalry.

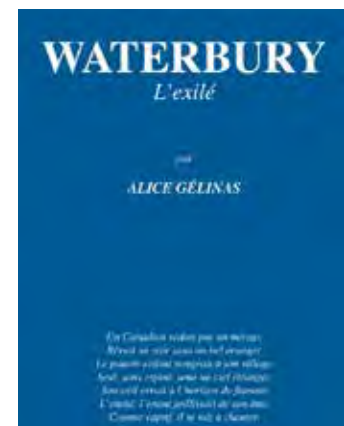
Nous l'avons tous regretté. Je n'avais que des bons souvenirs de lui: Armand, m'accueillant à bras ouverts après l'école, Armand, à la mort de maman, et la façon qu'il m'avait supportée à la mort de maman.

J'avais aussi de lui des souvenirs drôles. Quand sa Laurette lui reprochait son parler à St-Mathieu. Il riait de tout ça et si elle disputait, il chantait:

Une petit femme ça vaut bien des amis  
Se faire un petit nid, c'est si gentil, etc.

Adieu Armand chéri, je ne t'oublierai pas et je t'aime.

Ta soeur Alice.







# CROWN OF MAINE PRODUCTIONS, INC.

*Brenda & Alan Jepson*

## Capturing and Preserving Our History and Culture

Brenda Nasberg Jepson graduated with a degree in Journalism from the University of Maine (UMO) in 1974 before emigrating to Europe where she lived for fourteen years. There she learned the craft of television production, training under a BBC producer/director for four years, and then owned and ran her own award winning production company in London for five years

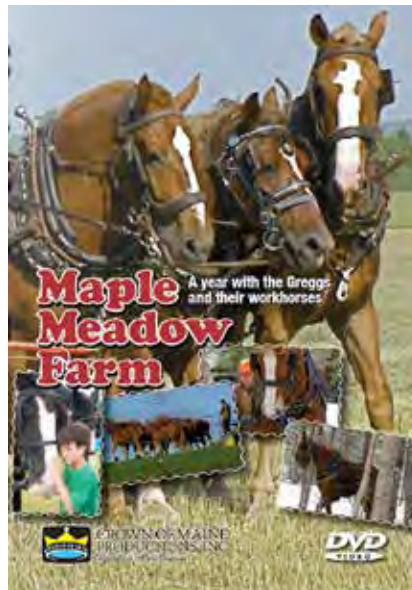
Productions Jepson has directed and produced for PBS include "The Copper Kettle," "A Maine Chance For Scotland," "Homecoming," "A Bowdoin Expedition," "Stan's - A Jewel In The Crown Of Maine," "The Coming Of The Swedes," "Don't Fence Me In," and "Tater Raisin Folk"

Alan Jepson has a degree in entomology from UMO, and he worked in forestry for eleven years before training and joining his wife in the production of television programs for Maine PBS, which he has done since 2000.

Their company, Crown Of Maine Productions, Inc., also produces commercials, training videos and promotional videos on digital formats for a variety of clients such as the Institute for Global Ethics, Maine International Trade Center, Aroostook Medical Center and Aroostook Tourism.



*Alan & Brenda Jepson*



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*Alan & Brenda  
Jepson filming on a  
recent production*

**Coming Soon:**  
"Acadians of the  
St. John Valley"  
**Part 1 Due out on  
December 21st!**

"Acadians Of The St. John Valley, a one hour DVD," follows the plight of these refugees as they carve out a new life for themselves in a harsh landscape, making do with very little, but succeeding by carrying with them values and skills that helped them thrive in Acadia.

*"Too few Americans know about the "Great Deportation" I can't wait to see your upcoming production on Acadia." - D.T. Medway, ME*



*Patricia Theriault Ezzy of Van Buren, Maine plays the role of "Tante Blanche" in our film. She is a descendent of Marguerite Blanche Thibodeau, who is credited with saving the Valley in the Black Famine of 1797.*

Some of their other productions: "Acadian Festival," "The Story Of The Acadians," and "The Story Of The Cajuns." They may be purchased by contacting Brenda and Alan at:

**Email:** abjepson@CrownOfMaineProductions.com

**YouTube:** <http://www.youtube.com/user/CrownofMEProductions>

**Facebook:** Crown of Maine Productions Page

**Phone:** 207-896-3416

**Address:** 645 South Shore Road, Stockholm, ME 04783

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

# BOOKS/ LIVRES...



For years, JC Levesque has entertained (some would say aggravated) family and friends with short stories of his adventures. After several friends suggested he write a book, JC cranked up the laptop, cracked his knuckles, and the keyboard clacked.

The seed inseminated in JC's mind grew, and after twelve months of gestation,

his ink broke. Following 2000 hours of labor, his printer gave birth to a 421-page manuscript. The little bundle was christened *The Godless King*. From the onset, he resolved that if the novel was the least bit mediocre, it would be banished to dwell forever under the bed with the dust bunnies.

As his strictest critic, JC was proud of his accomplishment. But would his novel be favourably received? He threw it to the lions, with the understanding that no one was allowed to hold back derogatory criticisms. When the dust settled, the verdict was unanimous: everyone loved it! The book was launched, and has since enjoyed worldwide sales. Encouraged by its success, JC returned to the keyboard and is currently hard at work on the next Rick Hunter novel.

In addition to a passion for writing, JC enjoys landscaping. He has transformed his entire backyard into an oasis of trees, plants, pathways, a rocky stream, and a vegetable patch. He prefers to do all the work

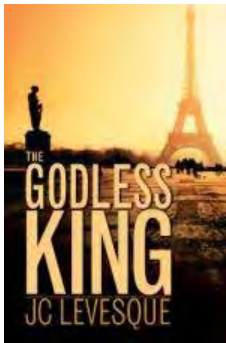
himself, from digging holes with pick and shovel, to harvesting summer's bounties of cherries, apples, cranberries, plums, pears, and grapes. "Hard work," he's been heard to say, "is as good for the body as it is the soul."

Once a hunter and a fisherman, he now hunts with a camera, but still can't resist the lure of a freshly caught rainbow trout. An avid hockey fan, he splits his loyalties between the Montreal Canadiens and the Boston Bruins. He enjoys traveling, and has visited more countries than he can count on his fingers and toes.

Since 1975, JC has written scores of articles and features for a number of national and international publications. He served five years as Editor of a regional publication, and was a columnist for a national newspaper. Readers appreciate his attention to detail, his description of settings, what makes characters tick, and a knack for storytelling that has been labelled "unique." He writes in English as well as French.

Born in Canada in 1953, his family moved to Maine where he spent most of his childhood and adolescence before returning to his native land. He now lives in the Republic of Madawaska, on the United States/Canada border.

## THE GODLESS KING



Idyllic Valley, Maine is shocked after a priceless rare coin is taken in a vicious robbery. When friends and business partners Rick Hunter and Melanie Hart pursue the thief, they soon find themselves caught up in a seedy underworld of counterfeiting and international intrigue. They encounter the thief in Paris, but events quickly take a terrifying turn, and the hunters become the hunted

## SECOND AND MAINE



Things don't look good for Melanie Hart after the police discover the brutally murdered body of the woman who broke up Melanie's marriage.

Determined to clear the woman he loves, Rick Hunter races to uncover the truth behind the killing, but soon finds himself plunged into a cesspool of drugs and corruption where nothing is what it

seems, and nobody is telling the truth. Rick is under so much pressure that he hasn't noticed someone is targeting him! Someone so desperate, they'll do anything to keep the truth from coming out!

Second and Maine is an unrelenting roller coaster of plot twists, punctuated by the author's unique blend of humor, emotion and suspenseful storytelling.

Visit my website at  
[www.JC-Levesque.com](http://www.JC-Levesque.com)

I can be reached by email at  
[jc@jc-levesque.com](mailto:jc@jc-levesque.com)  
or by phone at  
800-564-6775  
(Mon-Fri 7AM-3PM Eastern).

My mailing address is  
PO Box 277  
Madawaska, ME 04756.



## BOOKS/

## LIVRES...



"Les Belles Histoires de Fort Kent, Maine USA" written and compiled by historian Dr. Marc Chassé. Dr. Marc, Fort Kent's storyteller and dedicated preservationist has collected over one hundred stories of Fort Kent citizens and friends and put them together in a wonderful bound volume that will be enjoyed for many years to come.

The 8 1/2" x 11" soft cover book features 215 pages of stories of many genres including logging, veterans, potato picking and precious memories of Fort Kent with a

Many years ago (1940s and 50s), when I was a youngster in Ste-Agathe, all activities stopped at 6:45 every week night, so that we could listen to, "Un homme et son péché - une autre des belles histoires des pays dans haut." This program came on a French Canadian radio station out of Edmundston, New Brunswick, the only station we ever listened to. The main character was "Séraphin", and his péché (sin) was avarice. People in the St. John Valley knew all the

Stories from...



*SHINING  
SHOES IN FORT  
KENT IN THE  
LATE 1950S*

*Beurmond  
Banville*



*"I'VE BEEN  
WORKING ON THE  
RAILROAD"*

*Richard E.  
Daigle*

*And More...*

## " Les Belles Histoires de Fort Kent, Maine USA"

written and compiled by historian Dr. Marc Chassé

photograph accompanying each essay. Marc has also added, between stories, humorous anecdotes (many in French) that only someone who is from Fort Kent would understand. A few contributors of this work have passed away since the project began two years ago. Please see the Fort Kent Historical Society's Facebook page for a complete list of the people who contributed and told their stories to Dr. Marc for this publication.

This limited edition treasure can be purchased for \$20.00 at these locations: Chassé Chiropractic in Fort Kent and Madawaska, Paradis Family Supermarkets in Fort Kent and Madawaska, John's Shurefine, Acadian Archives/Archives acadienne at UMFK, Fort Kent Chamber of Commerce, and at the Fort Kent Historical Society Train Station museum. Proceeds from the sales will be contributed to the FKHS Capital Campaign for the new Visitor and Preservation Center.

Copies can also be ordered directly from Dr. Marc Chassé for \$25.00 postpaid.

players and followed the program religiously.

This book's title is "Les belles histoires", not about "Séraphin", but about us. Some of the stories are almost 100 years old, but most of them occurred within my lifetime. How life was on the farm, in the woods, in our schools and families.

There are almost 100 stories covering people living in Fort Kent, or having Fort Kent connections. They remember picking potatoes, working in the woods, working



*Dr. Marc Chassé*

Please send checks to Dr Marc Chasse, 155 East Main St, Fort Kent ME, 04743 or the Fort Kent Historical Society, PO Box 181, Fort Kent Historical Society, Fort Kent, Me 04743. Orders may also be placed via Paypal on the Fort Kent Historical Society's Facebook page .<https://www.facebook.com/fortkenthistorical?ref=hl>.

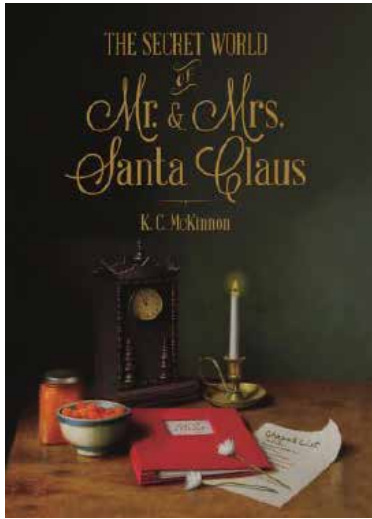
on the Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, going to school, moving to Connecticut, etc.

All stories are written in English, except for an occasional French expression. There are many more stories to be told. Maybe other similar books could follow. I think that it's important that we don't forget our past and those who came before us.

*Marc Chassé*

*Would make an excellent  
Christmas present!!!  
Order Now!*

# BOOKS/ LIVRES...



## *The Secret World of Mr. & Mrs. Santa Claus* (written under Pelletier's pseudonym of K.C. McKinnon)

land of ice and darkness? What does it take to prepare for that big night each December, the one we know as Christmas Eve? Are the elves similar to the ones we see in books and on Christmas cards? Who takes care of the reindeer, and do they really have names? In this small book about love, endurance, and the power of belief, K. C. McKinnon takes us into a world where Santa Claus, his wife, Milly, and even his elves are more like us than we ever realized.

*Funeral Makers* (NYTBR Notable Book), *The Weight of Winter* (winner of the New England Book Award) and *Running the Bulls* (winner of the Paterson Prize for Fiction). As K. C. McKinnon, she has written two novels, both of which became television films. After years of living in Nashville, Tennessee Toronto, Canada and Eastman, Quebec, she has returned to Allagash, Maine and the family homestead where she was born. She is at work on a new novel.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus, and they belong to Christmas. They have existed in the lives of most of us since we were children. Are they just figments of our imaginations? Or has our conjuring them up for so many holiday seasons given them the power to become real? What is life like at the North Pole? How do they survive in a

### About the Author

Cathie Pelletier was born and raised on the banks of the St. John River, at the end of the road in Northern Maine. She is the author of 11 other novels, including *The*

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## *Cathie Pelletier Launches New Publishing Company, Ethel Books...*

### About ETHEL BOOKS and the next books to come

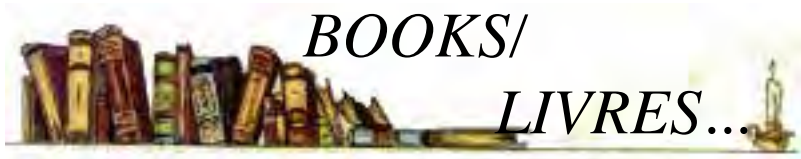
My mother, ETHEL TRESSA O'LEARY PELLETIER, was a major influence in my life. I was the youngest child in a family of six children. Almost six years separated me from the next sibling, so I had Mama all to myself until I started school with the others. She and I had a lot of fun from Monday to Friday, days filled with imagination and poetry recitals, even as she did her housework and cooked pastries, and bread, and big meals for the family.

**FUTURE BOOKS.** All the books for this small company will have a special look. They will be 64 to 168 pages, hardback, full-color, with a still life painting for the cover art, and colored illustrations to begin each chapter. I have already written four such "niche" books over the years. Our second release, in 2015, will be *GOOD NIGHT, GUS: A Storybook for Grown-Ups*, also a K. C. McKinnon book. Written many years ago, it has to do with a long-term relationship breaking up, whether it's a marriage or just many years together as a couple. In other words, it will be the perfect gift for the brokenhearted! And someday, down the road, will be *Evangeline*, my prose version of the Longfellow poem, another tribute to my mother. Thank you for reading.

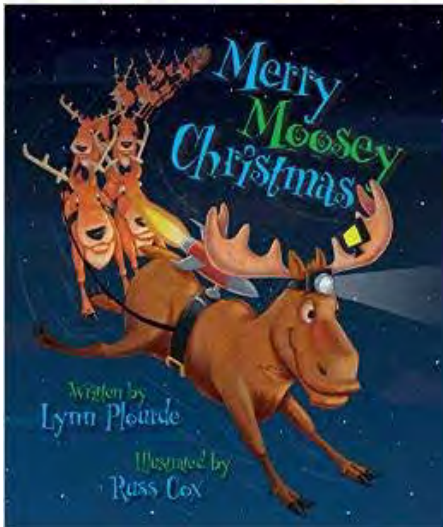


ETHEL TRESSA  
O'LEARY PELLETIER

<http://www.ethelbooks.com>



# BOOKS/ LIVRES...



## Merry Moosey Christmas

by Lynn Plourde  
Illustrated by  
Russ Cox  
Islandport Press

It's Christmas Eve! If Rudolph's on the beach, who's pulling the sleigh?!

Another year, another Christmas Eve. This year, Rudolph just wants to enjoy the holiday without having to work. So he convinces Santa to accept a substitute. The search for the perfect replacement results in an eager and resourceful moose, who knows just how to use a headlamp and a GPS. But on Christmas Eve, Rudolph worries: Was the moose's training com-

plete? Will Santa and Moosey be able to get all the presents where they need to be?

Award-winning children's book author Lynn Plourde turns her illustrious storytelling skills to this hilarious, unique holiday story and Russ Cox's whimsical illustrations are sure to make this title a perennial favorite.

### About the Author

Lynn Plourde is the author of more than 25 children's books, including "Pigs in the Mud in the Middle of the Rud," "Wild Child," "At One in a Place Called Maine," and "You're Wearing THAT to School?!" She also co-authored the graphic novel "Lost Trail: Nine Days Alone in the Wilderness" with Donn Fendler. Lynn's books have won a variety of honors, including Chicago Public Library Best of the Best, Junior Library Guild selection, Smithsonian Magazine Notable Book, IPPY Bronze Medal, Lupine Honor Awards, Los Angeles Times Best Children's Book, Maine Literary Award, and Oppenheim Gold Award. Lynn is a Maine native who grew up in Skowhegan and currently lives in Winthrop with her husband Paul Knowles. She enjoys reading, walks, snowshoeing, and kayaking.

### About the Illustrator

Russ Cox was raised by a pack of crazed hillbillies in the back woods of Tennessee. Without much in the way of modern conveniences, like a television set or running water, he spent his time drawing



and whittling away the hours. After graduating from art school, with a portfolio in his hand, he ventured into the world of design and illustration. He opened his own studio, Smiling Otis Studio, where he presently specializes in illustration for children. He is the illustrator of "Freddie the Frogcaster" and "Whatever, Says Mark." When not drawing, running amok in the snow, or training his four cats to sing Bohemian Rhapsody, Russ enjoys some quiet time, working on his picture book stories. He also enjoys playing the banjo but his wife would prefer him to play the triangle or build a sound proof room.

### Contact:

Snail mail  
PO Box 362  
Winthrop, ME 04364

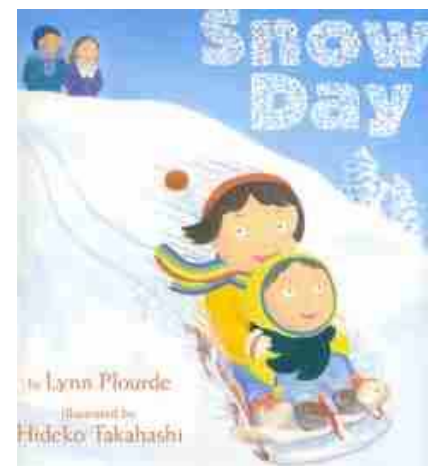
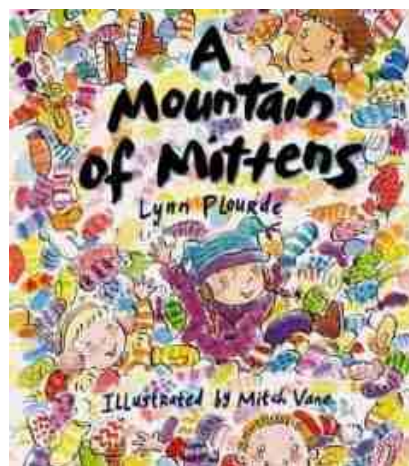
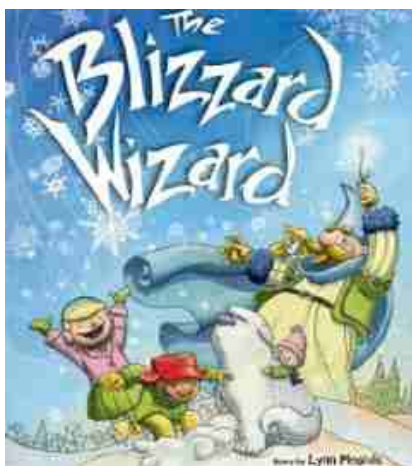
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## Acadie Then and Now: A People's History L'Acadie hier et aujourd'hui – L'histoire d'un peuple

*Acadie Then and Now: A People's History* is an international collection of articles from 55 authors, which chronicles the historical and contemporary realities of the Acadian and Cajun people worldwide. In 1605, French colonists settled Acadie (today Nova Scotia, Canada) and for the next 150 years developed a strong and unique Acadian culture. In 1755, the British conducted forced deportations of the Acadians rendering thousands homeless, and for the next 60 years these exiles migrated to seaports along the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, eventually settling in new lands. This tragic upheaval did not succeed in extinguishing the Acadians, but instead planted the seeds of many new Acadies, where today their fascinating culture still thrives.

This collection includes 65 articles on the Acadians and Cajuns living today in the American states of Louisiana, Texas and Maine, in the Canadian provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Quebec, and in the French regions of Poitou, Belle-Ile-en-Mer, and St-Pierre et Miquelon. This book takes an international perspective and provides the readers with new insights on the past, present, and future of the Acadian descendants from all the Acadies of the world.

L'Acadie hier et aujourd'hui – L'histoire d'un peuple est un recueil d'articles rédigés par 55 auteurs d'Amérique du Nord et d'Europe, qui rendent compte des réalités historiques et contemporaines des Acadiens et des Cadiens à travers le monde. En 1605, des colons français ont établi l'Acadie (aujourd'hui, la Nouvelle-Écosse au Canada) et au cours des 150 années suivantes, ils ont développé une culture riche, distincte et singulière. En 1755, Les Britanniques ont brutalement déporté des milliers d'Acadiens qui se sont retrouvés sans foyer. Au cours des 60 années qui ont suivi, ces exilés ont erré de port en port, le long de l'océan Atlantique et du golfe du Mexique, pour enfin trouver refuge sur de nouvelles terres et s'y installer. Ce terrible bouleversement, loin d'écraser à jamais les Acadiens, a plutôt ensemencé de nombreuses Acadies nouvelles, dont la culture fascinante fleurit encore aujourd'hui.

Ce recueil regroupe 65 articles sur les Acadiens et les Cadiens qui vivent aujourd'hui dans les États américains de la Louisiane, du Texas et du Maine, dans les provinces canadiennes du Nouveau-Brunswick, de la Nouvelle-Écosse, de l'Île-du-Prince-Édouard, de Terre-Neuve et du Québec, et dans les régions françaises du Poitou, de Belle-Île-en-Mer et de Saint-Pierre et Miquelon. Ce livre offre un point de vue international et, de ce fait, apporte un nouvel éclairage sur le passé, le présent et l'avenir des descendants acadiens de toutes les Acadies, où qu'elles soient dans le monde.

*Shown are authors (kneeling), left to right, Jean-Marie Nadeau (NB), André-Carl Vachon (QUE), and George Arseneault (PEI); standing, left to right, Raymond Gaudet (QUE), Évangéline Richard (QUE), Mary Broussard Perrin (LA), Gregory Wood (MD), Marty Guidry (LA), Sandra Pettipas Perro (NS), Gisèle Faucher (ME), Marie Rundquist (Md), Natial Perrin d'Augereau (LA), Warren A. Perrin (LA), Barry Ancelet (LA), Phil Comeaux (QUE), Michèle Touret-Bodin (FRANCE), Marie-Claude Rioux (NS), and Richard Holvedge (ENGLAND).*

Acadians from around the world are showcased in a unique new book (in English and French) about the Acadian diaspora, which focuses on their communities in the United States, Canada and France.

In 1605, French colonists settled Acadie (today Nova Scotia, Canada) and for the next 150 years developed a strong and unique Acadian culture. In 1755, the British conducted forced deportations of the Acadians, rendering thousands homeless, and for the next 60 years these exiles migrated to seaports along the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, eventually settling in new lands. This tragic upheaval did not succeed in extinguishing the Acadians, but instead planted the seeds of many new Acadies, where today their fascinating culture still thrives.

The collection provides the readers with new insights on the past, present, and future of the Acadian descendants from all the Acadies of the world.

The book was directed by Warren Perrin, lawyer, Acadian and environmental activist, and author; Mary Broussard Perrin, artist and author; and Phil Comeau, filmmaker and author, during several years of preparation.

All profits from the book will be donated to 22 Acadian museums which are located in three countries. Prior to his death, Cajun artist George Rodrigue gave his permission to use his painting for use on the books' cover.

Two of the book directors are available to do interviews:

Warren Perrin, (337) 501-3049 or (337) 233-5832

Mary Broussard Perrin, (337) 501-3053

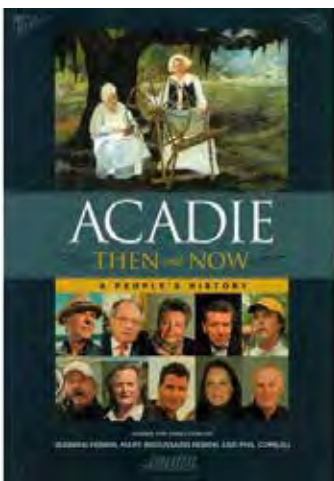
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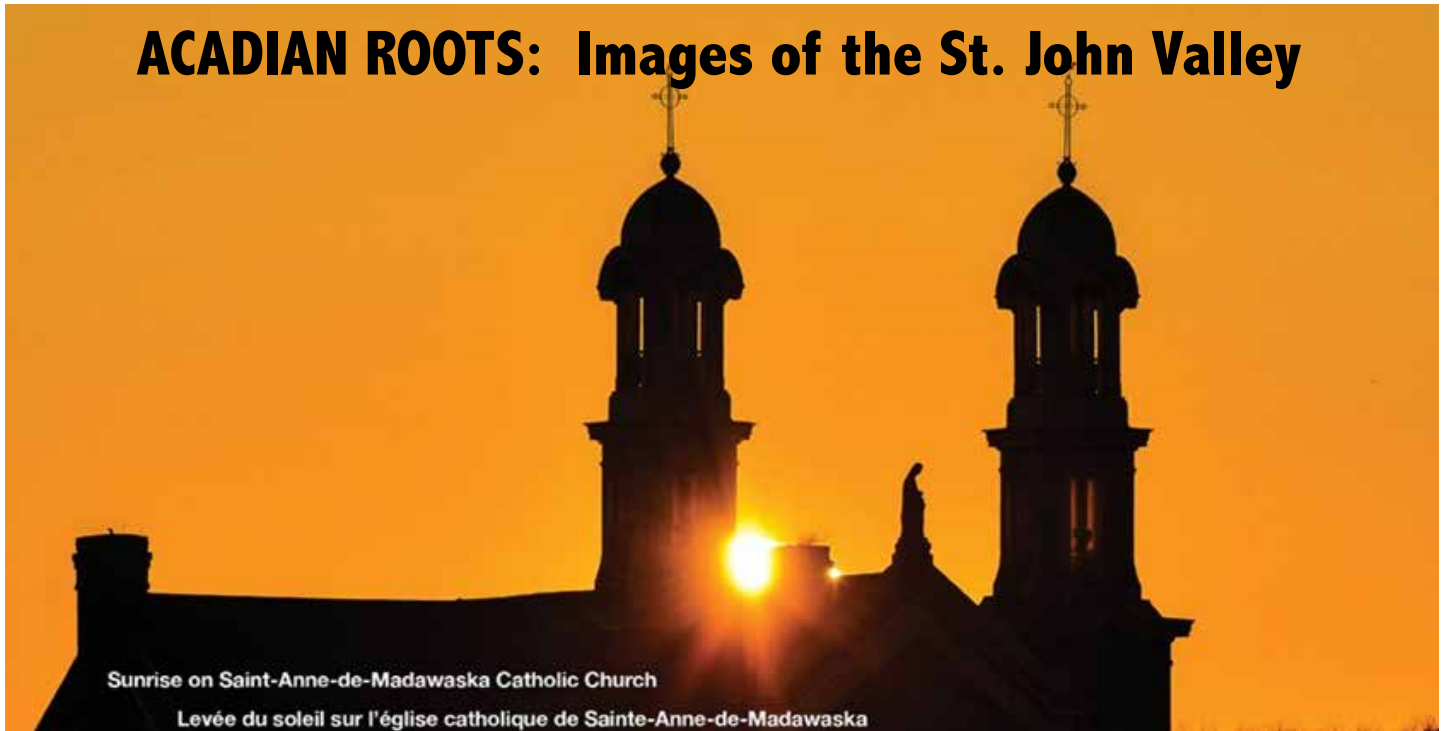
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# ACADIAN ROOTS: Images of the St. John Valley



Sunrise on Saint-Anne-de-Madawaska Catholic Church

Levée du soleil sur l'église catholique de Sainte-Anne-de-Madawaska

**ACADIAN ROOTS: Images of the St. John Valley**  
 . 26 North Street PMB 137  
 . Presque Isle, ME 04769  
 . Email: [dottie@dottiehutchins.com](mailto:dottie@dottiehutchins.com)

In ACADIAN ROOTS, author Dottie Hutchins and Paul Cyr Photography combine their talents to create a unique view of the Upper St. John River Valley. Lise Pelletier, director, Acadian Archives acadiennes, University of Maine at Fort Kent, provides French translation of the text and adds cultural flavor by inserting a series of short stories and sayings typical

## WHERE TO BUY THE BOOK AND DISC

You may purchase ACADIAN ROOTS at: NorState Federal Credit Union - All branches - Madawaska, Van Buren, Fort Kent, Eagle Lake, Ashland, Presque Isle  
**FORT KENT:** Acadian Archives, Bouchard Family Farms, and John's Surfline  
**MADAWASKA:** Chamber of Commerce, Inn of Acadia, Robert's Jewelry, and Valley Fuel

**VAN BUREN:** Acadian Village, Herbert Rexall Pharmacy, and Tulsa

**SAINT-LEONARD:** Daigle's Motel

**CARIBOU:** Brambleberry Market and Cary Medical Center's Gift Shop

**PRESQUE ISLE:** Aroostook Centre Mall (Customer Service) and Bradley's Citgo & Convenience Store



Photo Credit: Sha-Lam Photography

## DOTTIE HUTCHINS

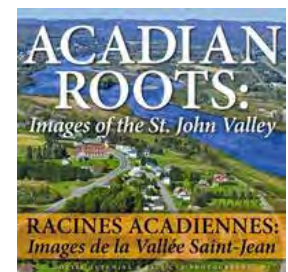
Dottie Hutchins fondly recalls growing up in OxBow, a small settlement in northern Maine where her parents owned a hunting lodge. She holds a graduate degree in entomology and believes the 20 years she spent working in Mike Lavoie's aerial spraying business taught her the value of creating an occupation that never feels like a job. ACADIAN ROOTS is Dottie's second book. In 2013, she published The Whole Fam Damily (1602-2013) about the Aroostook County ancestors of Forrest Tru Lovley of Jordan, Minnesota. Dottie lives in Presque Isle, Maine, with Mike and Shadow.



Photo Credit: Sha-Lam Photography

## PAUL CYR

Paul A. Cyr is a native of the St. John Valley town of Hamlin. He now lives in Presque Isle, Maine, with his wife Karen. Paul first took an interest in photography as a teenager to help pay for his first car. Now that he has more time, he enjoys photography as a challenging and satisfying hobby. He is well known for his knack of being at the right place at the right time and his creative way of capturing the moment. Find Paul on Facebook.



**HAVE QUESTIONS? CONTACT US DIRECTLY**  
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# POÉSIE/ POETRY

## La malle

Il est presque minuit au cadran des années  
Je vide mes tiroirs des objets surannés  
Qui, en leur temps, si beaux, si neufs, si modernes  
Donnaient aux plus anciens un reflet un peu terne

Je revois le passé en médaillons d'ivoire  
Ici notre mariage et là un nouveau-né  
Et puis de longs voyages et la douceur des soirs  
Et la joie des enfants qui, près de nous, jouaient

Sur ce papier jauni, tu inscrivis: "Je t'aime"  
En fait de signature, au bas du petit mot  
Que tu m'avais écrit peut-être le jour même  
Où tu m'avais offert un album en cadeau

Je le ferme à présent et pose tendrement  
Parmi bien des mots chers qui viennent des enfants  
Parmi maintes reliques léguées par nos parents  
Dans cette malle ancienne dont la clé est d'argent.

Avant de la fermer, j'égrène les pétales  
Des roses conservées dans du papier de soie  
Qui souvent m'ont fait croire à des amours totales  
Ce qui n'était pas faux, puisqu'elles venaient de toi

Mais comment décider ce qu'il nous faut en faire  
De cette malle prête à traverser le fleuve?  
La livrer au courant ou laisser en arrière  
Pour qu'un jour un enfant ajoute des choses neuves

*par Michelle Goriou Barany  
Fountain Valley, California*

## GREAT NORTHERN

Sub-zero weather, up at sunrise  
In the woods at first light  
Crunching snow  
Cold wind blow  
Have to earn a living  
Listen to the birds singing.

Pray God, for winter to end  
To see family, and friends  
Another tree down  
Fell to the ground  
With a big splash, scat!  
Snow all over my hat.

To be hauled, by the horse

Sawed and corded, of course  
What a sight!  
A man's delight!  
At sunset the day is done  
To camp we go, my son.

A hot meal and a good pipe  
A well deserved rest, is ripe  
For a tune  
Tou-re-lour  
An old guitar and an accordéon  
Are the joy of the bûcherons.

Every man to his bunk, at last  
For a good night's rest  
No snoring  
No trashing  
Pray God for clement weather, part(ner)  
While the fire dies on the hearth.



*Par Adrienne  
Pelletier LePage  
Saco, ME*

## The Trunk

It is almost midnight on the dial of the years  
I clear my drawers of dated souvenirs  
That, in their time, so beautiful, so new, so modern  
Made the older ones appear colorless

I see the past in ivory medallions  
Here our wedding and there a newborn  
Then a few long trips and the evenings sweetness  
And our children's joy, playing around us

On that yellowed paper, you wrote, "I love you"  
Instead of a signature below the short note  
That you wrote to me perhaps the same day  
When you gave me the album as a gift

I now close it and place it tenderly  
Among dear notes written by the children  
Among many relics given by our parents  
In that ancient trunk of which the key is gold

Before closing it, I scatter the petals  
Of the roses I kept between layers of silk  
They often made me think of a love that's total  
Which was not false, since they came from you

But how to decide what we are to do  
Of that trunk ready to cross the river  
Leave it up to the tide or keep it on shore  
For a child, one day, to add new souvenirs?

*by Michelle Goriou Barany  
Translated by Ross W. Winterowd  
Huntington Beach, California*



# POÉSIE/POETRY

## L'Actions de Grâce

*Par Virginie L. SAND*

Bon appétit  
Mes petites filles,  
Voici un repas pour une bonne vie,  
Très nourrissants, ces carottes et petits pois,  
Que nous les mangeons quatre fois par mois.

Puis, voici une tranche de poisson,  
La couleur de rose du saumon  
Pour ma fille Albertine,  
Et voici trois saucissons  
Pour ma jeune fille Martine,

Et pour moi, un morceau du dindon.  
N'oubliez pas un verre de lait,  
Ca c'est bien fait  
Pour la bonne santé.

Y compris le dessert, mais oui,  
La tarte aux pommes pour chaque fille.  
Nous sommes très chanceuses  
Avec la moisson et la bonne nourriture.  
Donc, nous sommes très heureuses,  
Grâce à la Mère de Nature,  
Bien sûr.



# Thanksgiving

*By Virginia L. Sand*

Good appetite  
My little daughters,  
Here's a meal for a good life,  
Very nourishing, these carrots and peas,  
Which we eat four times a month.

Then, here's a slice of fish,  
The rose color of salmon  
For my daughter Albertine,  
And here are three salami sausages  
For my young daughter Martine,

And for me, a bit of turkey.  
Don't forget a glass of milk,  
That's well made  
For good health.

Including dessert, of course,  
Apple pie for each daughter.  
We are very lucky  
With the harvest and good food.  
Therefore, we are very happy,  
Thanks to Mother Nature,  
Of course.

## In the backyard

Faceless cartoon children  
necks and heads wrapped in pink and yellow scarves  
plastered in wool chooks,  
dangling in tassels, pompoms.  
Fur-edged boots, puffed mittens.  
Fermette roofs iced in snow.  
Back porches hung in rope clotheslines  
wood-pinned in striped socks and floral underwear.  
Hockey in a yard on a frozen pond.  
Black, white skates, white-laced tight.  
Long baggy sweaters, green and red, white, blue,  
purple and pink with stars.  
Legs in splits, flat on tummies,  
A stick tipped to a rubber ball, a net.  
Pepper green fluffed pines, leggy maples snow-dipped  
under a slate sky, a powder-sugared fog of flakes.  
On a painting in a tiny shop in Saint Saveur, Québec,  
a flower box-hung cutout town in the Laurentian Mountains.  
Brought me back to steamy giggles, frozen braids,  
sticky hot chocolate lips, and baggy snowsuits,  
teetering tightrope skates,  
hockey games with my big brother on a backyard  
skating ring with Domino, our collie-shepherd  
goalie dog, best there was in Montreal.

*by Maureen Wallner  
Moline, IL  
rytestuff@gmail.com*

## COQUILLAGES

Coquillages, au bord des flots  
Tu me fascines  
Les vagues te ramènent de où?  
Dis-le moi.  
Que dites-vous de tous ça?  
Ce va et vient  
Qui t'amène à mes pieds?  
J'aimerais comprendre ton but  
Dans tout ça.  
Es-tu conscient de ton sort?  
Que dis-tu de la mort?  
Tu te balances au gré des flots  
Comme des marionnettes  
Sur un fil d'argent.  
Tu vas, tu viens sans but,  
Rien ne t'arrête  
Ta vie est une bascule  
Que les flots bousculent.  
Moi, j'aime mieux ma vie.  
Nous en resterons là, Voilà!

*Par Adrienne  
Pelletier LePage  
Saco, ME*





## Coin des jeunes...

# Crow Conference on Acorn Lane

*Copyright 2014 by  
Virginia L. Sand*

Autumn is here again and the same five crows are meeting in the same giant oak tree on Acorn Lane, in order to plan their annual Halloween escapades in the cozy little village of Frenchville, Maine. The names of these crows are Pierrette, Philippe, Yvette, Brigitte, and Jacques. Following is the conversation between these five mischievous crows:

Pierrette: (addressing the other four crows)

Happy autumn my fine feathered friends. I have a new plan this year to get more Halloween candy than last year.

Philippe: Oh ya? Care to share your strategy with the rest of us?

Pierrette: Only if you all share your strategies with me.

Yvette: That's why we're here each year, to share our creative ideas and to scare up a little fun with the trick-or-treaters.

Brigitte: I'll share my strategy with you and the others after you explain your strategy, Pierrette.

Jacques: And me, I'll go after Brigitte.

Yvette: Super! It sounds like we're off to a good start. I'll share my plan following Jacques.

Philippe: Now we're talking. Voilà! Me, I will present my plan or strategy after Yvette. And remember, the winner takes all. That's to say, the crow who gathers the most Halloween candy will win the candy that the others gather.

Pierrette: If we each employ a different strategy, then we can discover which strategy brings in the most candy, okay? As always, this will be great fun. Now, here's my strategy: Each year, Madame Desjardins greets the trick-or-treaters with a giant jack-o-lantern, all lit-up on her front porch. Me,

I will perch myself very still, on top of the jack-o-lantern. Like that, I will pretend to be a Halloween decoration instead of a real crow. Then, as soon as trick-or-treaters arrive and come close to the jack-o-lantern, I will flap my wings and make loud "caw" sounds, scaring them out of their wits. Hopefully, they will drop their Halloween bags at that moment there, and run away from fright, leaving their Halloween bags on the porch. I will then fly down to the bags and grab Halloween treats in my beak



and claws, and fly back to the old Oak tree where I'll keep my "Halloween stash." Afterward, I'll return to the porch of Madame Desjardins and repeat the same strategy with other trick-or-treaters.

Brigitte: Bravo, Pierrette. That's a brilliant idea, to play the part of a fake crow on a pumpkin. Very creative strategy! You're a genius.

(All the crows agree, while laughing)

Jacques: Incredible idea, Pierrette! Me, I'd like to see the facial expressions of the children as soon as they discover

that you're real, and not just a Halloween decoration.

Yvette: Me to. Good job, Pierrette!

Pierrette: Thanks, everyone! Now, it's your turn to share, Brigitte. I'm eager to hear your creative plan.

Brigitte: Well, I don't know if my strategy is as creative as yours, but hopefully I will gather some Halloween treats. Here's my plan. As the trick-or-treaters come down Frenchmans Lane, I will be watching from the large pine tree there. You know the one. Then, as soon as I see some of the children wearing the usual tall witch's hats, I'll swoop down and remove the hats from their heads, catching them by surprise. Then the children will hopefully drop their candy-filled Halloween bags from fright, giving me the opportunity to swoop down, open the bags, and gather candy in my beak and claws, and then to fly off with the treats to my stash at the big Oak tree. I'll repeat this through Halloween night.

Pierrette: That's a great strategy, Brigitte. I wonder what Jacques has in store for the trick-or-treaters.

Jacques: Me! I don't know. My plan is simple. On Bouchard Avenue, there are many houses with porches. There, mothers and grandmothers sit with bowls of candy, as they await trick-or-treaters. Me, I will swoop down to these bowls, carrying away as much candy as I can in my beak and claws to my Halloween stash at the giant Oak tree on Acorn Lane.

Yvette: Nice plan, Jacques. Those mothers and grandmothers are in for a big surprise. Me, I plan to land directly on the shoulders of trick-or-treaters and "caw" in their ears, hopefully causing them to drop their bags of candy and run away. Then I can enter the bags and gather pieces of candy in my beak and claws to fly back to my stash at the old Oak tree.

Philippe: You're brave, Yvette. Good luck with that.

Yvette: Thanks, Philippe. So tell us, what is your strategy this Halloween?

Philippe: Me, I plan to fly around the trick-or-treaters, distract them, and then sneak into their Halloween bags to steal a piece of candy here and there. This will also give me the opportunity to view the children's Halloween costumes. Me, I love seeing the variety of creative Halloween costumes each year. Plus, I'll scare up a little fun for the children who are searching for a little mystery and magic on Halloween night. I'll help conjure up a bit of fright  
(Continued on page 41)

(Crow Conference continued from page 40)  
with my wings.

Pierrette: We all know you have a soft spot for the children, Philippe. Wow, we all have such great strategies to scare up a little fun on Halloween night here in Frenchville. Okay then, let's depart and then meet back here at midnight on October 31st, in order to count our treats and see which strategy brings in the most candy or treats. Remember, winner takes all. (All the crows nod "yes" in agreement and fly off.)

Midnight, October 31st arrives, and all five crows have returned to the giant Oak tree on Acorn Lane. The Crow Conference reconvenes:

Pierrette: Happy Halloween everyone! I hope you all had a fun, frightful Halloween night. Are we ready to get down to business? (All the crows nod "yes" in agreement.) Okay, well, with my strategy of playing a fake crow on Madame Desjardins' jack-o-lantern, I gathered 46 Halloween treats during the night. When I flapped my wings and made loud "caw, caw" sounds, many trick-or-treaters felt that the "trick" was on them. They high-tailed it the other

way, often leaving their bags on Madame Desjardins' porch.

Brigitte: Unbelievable, Pierrette! Me, I count 30 treats in my Halloween stash from my escapades of removing witch's hats from children's heads. I must say, my strategy also sent quite a few trick-or-treaters fleeing in fright.

Jacques: Me, I count 65 treats in my Halloween stash. I found the mothers and grandmothers on Bouchard Avenue to be very generous with me. Some found me very charming and amusing, perching on the bowl of candy, picking up candy from the bowl with my beak. Some mothers and grandmothers even tried to stroke my feathers.

Yvette: I think I'm jealous, Jacques. Me, I'm counting only 25 treats from my strategy of landing on the children's shoulders. Unfortunately, many of the trick-or-treaters ran off like lightning, taking their Halloween sacs with them.

Philippe: That's too bad, Yvette. Still, you beat me. I'm counting 21 Halloween treats in my stash, after flying around the trick-or-treaters and attempting to enter their

Halloween totes all night long. Some of the older children tried to smack me when I tried to get into their tote bags. They weren't very good sports. I'll have to come up with a different strategy next year.

Pierrette: Sorry to hear that, Philippe. Better luck next year. Meanwhile, it appears that Jacques is the winner of our Halloween competition this year, with 65 Halloween treats, thanks to those generous mothers and grandmothers on their porches. Congratulations, Jacques! You can also have our Halloween candy and treats. If you recall, winner takes all. (All the crows congratulate Jacques and offer him their Halloween treats.)

Jacques: Thank you all very much. I believe we made Halloween more amusing and entertaining for the neighborhood. The Halloween treats are our reward for a Halloween night of hard work. Therefore, keep your treats and enjoy them. Happy Halloween everyone! (All the crows thank Jacques whole-heartedly, nuzzling up to him.)

And so another Halloween goes by in Frenchville, Maine with the annual Crow Conference on Acorn Lane.

## La Conférence de Corbeau sur Acorn Lane

***Droit d'auteur 2014 par  
Virginie L. SAND***

L'automne est là de nouveau et les mêmes cinq corbeaux se réunissent dans le même chêne géant sur Acorn Lane, afin de planifier leurs escapades annuelles Halloween dans le charmant petit village de Frenchville, Maine. Les noms de ces corbeaux sont Pierrette, Philippe, Yvette, Brigitte et Jacques. Voici la conversation entre ces cinq corbeaux malfaisants:

Pierrette: (répondre aux quatre autres corbeaux) Bonne automne mes beaux amis à plumes. J'ai un nouveau plan cette année pour obtenir plus de bonbons d'Halloween de l'année dernière.

Philippe: Eh bien? Veux-tu partager votre stratégie avec le reste d'entre nous?

Pierrette: Seulement si vous partagez toutes vos stratégies avec moi.

Yvette: C'est pourquoi nous sommes ici chaque année, de partager nos idées créatives et d'effrayer un peu d'amusement

avec les « trick-or-treaters. »

Brigitte: Je vais partager ma stratégie avec toi et les autres après tu expliques votre stratégie, Pierrette.

Jacques: Et moi, je vais aller après Brigitte.

Yvette: Super! Il semble que nous avons un bon commencement. Je vais partager mon plan suivant Jacques.

Philippe: Maintenant, nous parlons. Voilà! Moi, je vais vous présenter mon plan ou ma stratégie après Yvette. Et rappelez-vous, le gagnant prend tout. C'est-à-dire, le corbeau qui ramasse le plus de bonbons d'Halloween va gagner les bonbons que les autres ramassent.

Pierrette: Si chacun de nous employons une stratégie différente, nous pouvons découvrir quelle stratégie apporte le plus de bonbons, d'accord? Comme toujours, ce sera très amusant. Maintenant, voici ma stratégie:

Chaque année, Mme Desjardins accueille les « trick-or-treaters » avec un « jack-o-lantern » géant, tout illuminé sur son porche. Moi, je vais me percher très calme, au-dessus du « Jack-o-lantern. » Comme ça, je vais faire semblant d'être une décoration d'Halloween à la place d'un vrai corbeau. Puis, dès que « trick-or-treaters » arrivent et se rapprochent du « Jack-o-lantern, » je vais battre mes ailes et faire des sons « caw » bruyants, leur faire peur de leurs esprits. Nous espérons qu'ils vont déposer leurs sacs d'Halloween à ce moment-là, et de s'enfuir de peur, laissant leurs sacs d'Halloween sur le porche. Je vais ensuite voler vers le bas pour les sacs et prendre friandises d'Halloween dans mon bec et griffes, et rentrer au vieil arbre de chêne où je vais garder ma cachette d'Halloween. Ensuite, je reviendrai sur le porche de Mme Desjardins et répéter la même stratégie avec d'autres « trick-or-treaters. »

Brigitte: Bravo, Pierrette. C'est une idée géniale, à jouer le rôle d'un corbeau faux sur une citrouille. Stratégie très créative! Tu es un génie.

(Tous les corbeaux d'accord, tout en riant)

Jacques: Idée incroyable, Pierrette! Moi, je voudrais voir les expressions du visage des enfants dès qu'ils découvrent que (Suite voir page 42)

(La Conférence de Corbeau suite de page 41)

tu es réelle, et pas seulement une décoration d'Halloween.

Yvette: Moi aussi. Bon travail, Pierrette!

Pierrette: Merci à tous! Maintenant, c'est à ton tour de partager, Brigitte. Je suis impatiente d'entendre ton plan créatif.

Brigitte: Eh bien, je ne sais pas si ma stratégie est aussi créative que la vôtre, mais j'espère que je vais ramasser quelques friandises d'Halloween. Voici mon plan. Comme les « trick-or-treaters » descendent Frenchmans Lane, je vais regarder dans le grand pin là. Vous savez l'un. Puis, dès que je vois quelques-uns des enfants portant des chapeaux de la grande sorcière d'habitude, je vais fondre et enlever les chapeaux de leurs têtes, les attraper par surprise. Ensuite, avec chance les enfants déposeront leurs Halloween sacs {remplis de bonbons} de peur, de me donner l'occasion de fondre, ouvrir les sacs, et de ramasser des bonbons dans mon bec et griffes, puis de s'envoler avec les friandises à ma cachette à la grande Chêne. Je vais répéter ce par la nuit d'Halloween.

Pierrette: C'est une excellente stratégie, Brigitte. Je me demande ce que Jacques a en réserve pour les « trick-or-treaters. »

Jacques: Moi! Je ne sais pas. Mon plan est simple. Sur l'avenue Bouchard, il y a beaucoup de maisons avec des porches. Là, les mères et les grands-mères s'asseyent avec des bols de bonbons, comme elles attendent les « trick-or-treaters ». Moi, je vais fondre à ces bols, emportant autant de bonbons que je peux dans mon bec et mes griffes à ma cachette Halloween à l'arbre de chêne géant sur Acorn Lane.

Yvette: Belle régime, Jacques. Ces mères et grands-mères trouveront une grosse surprise. Moi, j'ai l'intention d'atterrir directement sur les épaules des « trick-or-treaters » et de crier «caw» dans leurs oreilles, en les causant à abandonner leurs sacs de bonbons et à s'enfuir. Ensuite, je peux entrer dans les sacs et ramasser des bonbons dans mon bec et griffes pour rentrer à ma cachette au vieux chêne.

Philippe: Tu es courageuse, Yvette. Bonne chance avec ça.

Yvette: Merci, Philippe. Alors dis-nous, quelle est votre stratégie pour l'Halloween?

Philippe: Moi, j'ai l'intention de voler autour des « trick-or-treaters » les distraire, puis se faufiler dans leurs sacs d'Halloween de voler un morceau de bonbons ici et là. Puis, j'aurai l'occasion de voir les costumes d'Halloween des enfants. Moi, j'aime voir la variété des costumes créatifs d'Halloween chaque année. De plus, je vais faire peur un peu de plaisir pour les enfants qui sont à la recherche d'un peu de mystère et de magie le soir d'Halloween. Je vais aider à évoquer un peu de peur avec mes ailes.

Pierrette: Nous savons tous que tu aimes les enfants, Philippe. Oh là là, nous avons tous ces grandes stratégies pour effrayer un peu de plaisir à l'Halloween nuit ici à Frenchville. Bon alors, partons-nous et puis retrouvons-nous ici à minuit le 31 Octobre, pour compter nos friandises et voir quelle stratégie apporte le plus de bonbons ou des friandises. Rappelez-vous, le gagnant prend tout. (Tous les corbeaux hochent la tête "oui" en accord et s'envolent.)

Minuit, le 31 Octobre arrive, et tous les cinq corbeaux sont de retour à l'arbre de chêne géant sur Acorn Lane. La conférence de corbeau reconvoque :

Pierrette: Joyeuse Halloween tous! J'espère que vous avez tous passé une nuit amusante et effroyable d'Halloween. Sommes-nous prêts à passer aux choses sérieuses? (Tous les corbeaux hochent la tête "oui" en accord.) Bon, eh bien, avec ma stratégie de jouer un corbeau faux sur le « Jack-o-lantern » de madame Desjardins, j'ai ramassé 46 friandises d'Halloween au cours de la nuit. Quand je battais mes ailes et faisais le son fort « caw, caw, » de nombreux « trick-or-treaters » ont estimé que le « truc » était sur eux. Ils sont sortis dans l'autre direction, laissant souvent leurs sacs sur le porche de Mme Desjardins.

Brigitte: Incroyable, Pierrette! Moi, je compte 30 friandises dans ma cachette d'Halloween de mes escapades du déménagement des chapeaux de sorcières des têtes des enfants. Je dois dire, ma stratégie a également fait les « trick-or-treaters »

à fuir de peur.

Jacques: Moi, je compte 65 friandises dans ma cachette d'Halloween. J'ai trouvé que les mères et grands-mères sur Bouchard Avenue étaient très généreuses avec moi. Certaines m'ont trouvé très charmant et drôle, perché sur le bol de bonbons, en ramassant des bonbons du bol avec mon bec. Certaines mères et grands-mères ont même essayé de caresser mes plumes.

Yvette: Je pense que je suis jalouse, Jacques. Moi, je compte seulement 25 bonbons de ma stratégie de l'atterrissage sur les épaules de l'enfant. Malheureusement, beaucoup de « trick-or-treaters » se sont enfuis comme l'éclair, en tenant leurs sacs d'Halloween avec eux.

Philippe: C'est dommage, Yvette. Pourtant, tu as mieux fait que moi. Je compte 21 friandises d'Halloween dans ma cachette, après avoir volé autour des « trick-or-treaters » toute la nuit pendant que je tentais d'entrer leurs sacs d'Halloween. En fait, certains des enfants plus âgés ont essayé de me frapper quand j'ai essayé d'entrer dans leurs sacs. Ils n'étaient pas très bons joueurs. Je devrai employer une stratégie différente l'année prochaine.

Pierrette: Désolé d'entendre ça, Philippe. Meilleure chance l'année prochaine. Cependant, il semble que Jacques est le gagnant de notre compétition d'Halloween cette année, avec 65 friandises d'Halloween, grâce à ces généreuses mères et grands-mères sur leurs porches. Félicitations, Jacques! Tu peux aussi avoir nos bonbons et friandises de l'Halloween. Si tu te souviens, le gagnant prend tout. (Tous les corbeaux félicitent Jacques et lui offrent leurs friandises d'Halloween.)

Jacques: Je vous remercie tous beaucoup. Je crois que nous avons fait Halloween plus amusant et divertissant pour le quartier. Les friandises d'Halloween sont notre récompense pour un soir de l'Halloween de travail acharné. Par conséquent, gardez vos friandises et bon appétit. Joyeuse Halloween! (Tous les corbeaux remercient Jacques de tout cœur, en caressant à lui.)

Et si une autre Halloween passe à Frenchville, Maine avec la Conférence annuelle de Corbeau sur Acorn Lane.



# Adrien Ringuette genealogy book collection gift to Centre Franco-Américain

## ***THE FRANCO-AMERICAN BLOG***

***by Juliana L'Heureux***

A substantial collection of genealogical materials was donated by the family of Adrien Ringuette to the Centre Franco-Américain, at the University of Maine in Orono.

Lisa Michaud and a group of UMO Centre community supporters are working to construct the shelving space within the Centre's location, at Crossland Hall, to house over 4,500 books, maps and research materials donated by Celeste Ringuette, in memory of her late husband, who died in 2010, in Indiana.

Adrien Ringuette Library is currently being constructed within Crossland Hall, organized by Lisa Michaud and the Centre's Interim Director Susan Pinette.

Michaud is in the process of working with the Centre's program staff to catalogue the collection. After the organization is completed, the library will be open to the public.

"This collection includes unbroken runs of most of the major periodicals in French Canadian genealogical research. It also contains genealogical dictionaries, historical biographical dictionaries, 17th and 18th centuries French Canadian census records and a large library of supporting materials relating to French, French Canadian and Franco-American history," says Michaud.

Adrien Ringuette collection contains

over 4,500 books, maps and research materials donated by Celeste Ringuette.

Susan Pinette is the interim director of the UMO Franco-Américaine Program. "This is an important milestone in the ongoing establishment of a Franco-American research center at the University of Maine," said Pinette.

Ringuette was born in Attleboro, Mass, on September 9, 1925 and was a descendant of the first French settlers in New France (Quebec). He wrote about French-Canadian history and genealogy for several publications.

His parents were Joseph and Anita (Lanthier) Ringuette.

He served in the US Army Air Corp during World War II and graduated magna cum laude, Phi Beta Kappa after 3 years of study from Amherst College. In 1951, he graduated from Yale Law School and subsequently worked between 1951-54, at Dwight, Royal, Harris, Kagel and Caskey in New York. His career in the Midwest is described in several on line obituaries.

<http://www.legacy.com/Obituaries.asp?Page=LifeStory&PersonId=138465582>

In 1960, Ringuette spearheaded the defense of an open housing development in Deerfield, Illinois. These events were



chronicled in a 1960 New York Times Magazine article, "The South in the North" and in a book by Harry and David Rosen published in 1962, entitled, But Not Next Door. He became interested in French-Canadian history and genealogy because he was a descendant of the original settlers of New France (Quebec Province, Canada). Although genealogy was a hobby, it became an avocation in later years. In 1983, he began writing and publishing about his research.

Mr. Ringuette was an emeritus member of the Board of the Food Drug Law Institute, and held memberships in the Amherst College, and Yale Law School Alumni Associations, the Tabor Academy Alumni Association, The Yale Club of New York and the University Club of Chicago.

A funeral Mass was held on January 15, 2010 at Sacred Heart Church, in his hometown of Attleboro, Mass. He was buried at St. Mary's Cemetery in Attleboro Falls.

Celeste Aaron Ringuette is assisting the Centre's program to establish a sustainability fund to provide ongoing support for the genealogical collection, says Michaud.

For more information contact Lisa Michaud at 207-581-3789 or email [lisa.michaud@umit.maine.edu](mailto:lisa.michaud@umit.maine.edu).



*The collection*



*Community Volunteer  
Daniel Lapierre*



*Some of the books*

A list of the collection can be found on our website: <http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/franco-american-centre-reference-room/>  
Under SPECIAL COLLECTIONS: The Adrien Ringuette Memorial Library (received 10/27/2014)

**RINGUETTE**

**Franco-American Families  
of Maine  
par Bob Chenard,  
Waterville, Maine**

***Les Familles Ringuette***

Welcome to my column. Over the years Le Forum has published numerous families. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as this one are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor. How to use the family listings: The left-hand column lists the first name (and middle name or initial, if any) of the direct descendants of the ancestor identified as number 1 (or A, in some cases). The next column gives the date of marriage, then the spouse (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere apologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

Jean **Ringuet**, born about 1719 most probably in France and died in PQ, son of Pierre Ringuet, born 1696 in France, and Catherine Buisson from the town of Coulgens, department of Charente, ancient province of Angoumois, was first married on 25 November 1738 at Baie St.Paul to Marie-Geneviève **Duchesne**, born 1719 in PQ, died in PQ, daughter of Simon Duchesne and Ursule Perron; married a second time to Catherine Vaillancourt probably at Baie St.Paul. His father, Pierre, was a miller and died at Baie St.Paul in 30 or 31 March 1765. Coulgens is located 12 miles north-northeast of the city of Angoulême.

A Pierre	before	17__		Catherine Buisson	France	1
1 Jean	1m.	25 Nov	1738	M.-Geneviève Duchesne	Baie St.Paul	2
"	2m.		17__	Catherine Vaillancourt	PQ	
2 Jean-Pr.	1m.	30 Sep	1765	M.-Reine Campagna	Baie St.Paul	3
"	2m.	31 May	1796	M.-Victoire Blanchet	Cap St.Ignace	
"	3m.	20 Jun	1810	Angélique Méthot	Cap St.Ignace	
3 Louis		04 Apr	1796	Angélique Ligny	Montmangy	4
Antoine		26 Nov	1805	Elisabeth Lemieux	Cap St.Ignace	
François		12 Jun	1809	Marguerite Dussault	Lauzon	
4 Louis	1m.	16 Sep	1821	Julie Guimond	Cap St.Ignace	4A
"	2m.	12 Aug	1845	M.-Anne Perreault	Van Buren	
"	3m.	24 Jun	1851	Julie Thériault	St.Basile, NB	

*The following are descendants of the above who married in Maine:*

4A Hermine		20 Oct	1846	Bénoni Saucier		St.Basile, NB
Pierre		06 Nov	1855	Philomène Beaulieu		St.Basile, NB 4B
Julie		13 Oct	1857	Joseph Saucier		Frenchville
Gilbert		15 Jul	1867	Philomène Saucier	Frenchville	4C
Hippolyte "Paul"		07 Oct	1867	Obéline Thériault		St.Basile, NB 4D
Louis		12 Nov	1888	Emélie Tardif		St.Basile, NB 4E
4B Florent		16 Mar	1875	Célanire Picard		Grand Isle 4F
Thomas		13 Jul	1886	Annie Cyr		St.Basile, NB 4G
Antoine		23 Jul	1888	Annie Lee		St.Basile, NB 4H
Georges		15 Jan	1894	Christine Martin		Edmundston, NB 4J
Frédéric		04 Feb	1896	Catherine Smith		St.Basile, NB 4K
Irenée		16 Jun	1913	Clara Martin		St.Basile, NB
4C Béloni		01 Mar	1897	Catherine Parent		Ste.Anne, Madaw.,NB
Alfred	1m.	30 Jul	1908	Béatrice Peletier		St.Agathe, Me.
"	2m.	19 Feb	1917	Flavie Ouelette		St.Agathe, Me. 4L
4D Sophie	01 Jul	1897	1900	Denis Morin	Frenchville	
Joseph		12 Nov	1900	Praxède "Brigite" Michaud	Frenchville	4M
Louis	circa	1900		Angèle Dubé	NB ! 4N	
Zéline	1m.	03 Jul	1905	Désiré Saucier		St.Agathe, Me.
"	2m.	26 Dec	1911	Léon Raymond		Eagle Lake
4E Léвите		29 Aug	1916	Anna Dupéré		St.Basile, NB
Louis		07 Jan	1918	Anne Sirois		Ste.Anne, Madaw.,NB
4F Félix		26 Nov	1894	Henriette Moreau		Ste.Anne, Madaw.,NB 4P
Louis		05 Sep	1898	Anna Martin		Ste.Anne, Madaw.,NB 4Q
Paul		15 Apr	1901	Louise Sirois		Ste.Anne, Madaw.,NB 4R
Joseph		15 Jul	1902	Élise Martin		Ste.Anne, Madaw.,NB 4S
Edouard		23 Feb	1903	Marie Devost		Ste.Anne, Madaw.,NB
Alice		07 Aug	1905	Joseph Roy		St.Basile, NB
Clovis		26 Aug	1919	Yvonne Fournier		St.Basile, NB
Denis		29 Jun	1920	Sophie Dubé		St.Agathe, Me.
4GNélida		22 Sep	1924	Joseph-Enoil Michaud		St.Basile, NB
4HCôme		09 Oct	1916	Christine Thériault		St.Basile, NB
Georges		21 May	1918	Déline Cyr		St.Basile, NB
Patrice		04 May	1920	Déline Fournier		St.Basile, NB
Élona		31 Aug	1927	Denis Cyr		Edmundston, NB
4J Léвите		15 Jan	1929	Ida Martin		Edmundston, NB
4KWilfird		06 Feb	1923	Marthe Cyr		Parent, NB

(Continued on page 45)

*(Ringuette genealogy from page 44)*

Alphée	26 Nov	1929	Yvonne Beaulieu	St.André, NB
Jean	23 Aug	1932	Marthe Doucet	Riv. Verte, NB
4L Sylvio	02 Aug	1943	Marguerite Pelletier	Saco(NDL)
4M Isabelle	22 Nov	1921	Fortunat Bourgoin	St.Agathe, Me.
4NEdmond-Laurent	04 Mar	1930	Célia Lajoie	St.Hilaire, NB
4P Abel	08 Jan	1920	Arthéline Martin	Ste.Anne, Madaw.,NB
Délina	04 Jun	1923	Wilfrid Ringuette (A16)	Rivière Verte, NB
4QErnest	27 May	1919	Marie Quinn	Ste.Anne, Madaw.,NB
4R Wilfrid	04 Jun	1923	Délina Ringuette (A14)	Rivière Verte, NB
4S Armand	24 Jul	1923	Irène Lavoie	Rivière Verte, NB
Alma	24 Nov	1925	Rémi Cyr	Ste.Anne, Madaw.,NB
-----				
B1 Richard-V.	<u>15 Sep</u>	<u>1951</u>	Theresa-M. Doiron Bath	<b>ARCH</b>
-----				
C1 Edmond	<u>24 May</u>	<u>1944</u>	Edwina Ringuette Caribou	<b>ARCH</b>
-----				
D1 Agnès	<u>21 Oct</u>	<u>1945</u>	Gérard Pelletier	St.Agathe, Me. <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
E1 Délia	<u>31 Jan</u>	<u>1928</u>	Lévite Gervais	St.Agathe <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
F1 Délia	<u>27 Dec</u>	<u>1934</u>	Ernest Michaud	St.Agathe <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
G1 Éva	<u>11 Jun</u>	<u>1934</u>	Lévite-L. Cyr	St.Agathe <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
H1 Hélène	<u>15 Oct</u>	<u>1935</u>	Roméo Cyr	Van Buren <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
J1 Hélène	<u>23 Jun</u>	<u>1936</u>	Onézime Dumond	St.Agathe <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
K1 Irène	<u>03 Nov</u>	<u>1944</u>	Antoine Gagnon	St.Agathe <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
L1 Isabelle	<u>22 Nov</u>	<u>1921</u>	Fortunat Rossignol	St.Agathe <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
M1 Léonide	<u>12 May</u>	<u>1936</u>	Marie-R. Ringuette	St.Agathe <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
N1 Nora-S.	<u>07 Aug</u>	<u>1950</u>	Woodford-G. Sands, Jr.	Bangor <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
P1 Priscilla	<u>13 Nov</u>	<u>1946</u>	Joseph-E. Ouellette	TWP 17 R4 <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
Q1 Solange-A.	<u>20 Sep</u>	<u>1954</u>	Lucien Martin	St.Agathe, Me. <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
R1 Thérèse	<u>20 Apr</u>	<u>1952</u>	Robert Boutot	St.Agathe, Me. <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
S1 Joseph	<u>27 Jan</u>	<u>1932</u>	Rita Violette	Van Buren <b>ARCH</b>
-----				
T1 Louis	<u>04 Aug</u>	<u>1952</u>	Mary-J. Albert	Madawaska <b>ARCH</b>
Louis	<u>04 Aug</u>	<u>1952</u>	Mary-J. Cyr	Madawaska
-----				
U1 Joseph-W.	<u>27 Dec</u>	<u>1943</u>	Marie-A. Cyr	Madawaska <b>ARCH</b>

*(AC-GS.ORG continued from page 3)*

their children and who they married. Other information that will be found is the head of household's occupation(s), applicable crown land grant(s) and acreage received. An all name index can be viewed on the ACGS website.

As a resource work, it also gives citations to research lines back to Acadia, Quebec and beyond thus facilitating research using other genealogical works/sources. It is a companion to the original 1790 United States Federal Census for the Province of Maine, State of Massachusetts.

To find out if a person you are searching for is in this book, see website AC-GS.ORG: 1790 Families Name Listing.

The cost of this 68 chapter, 240 page book, fully indexed: U.S funds \$34 plus \$6.00 shipping and handling, Canadian funds \$38 plus \$11.00 shipping and handling.

The 1850 – 1880 Aroostook County Censuses and Mortality Schedules

— Compiled by Allen J. Voisine

The Aroostook County Genealogical Society presents their first publication. Please note that the 1850 Census has been updated. Each individual Census has a complete index with standard and variant spellings of all known French and Acadian last names used in the particular census along with a complete explanation on how to read the complete census document is also included in the preface of the document.

The price in American Funds is: \$55, which is the price of CD, including sales tax and shipping and handling. The price in Canadian Funds is: \$60, which is the price of CD including shipping and handling.

# Franco-American research from New Hampshire

## THE FRANCO-AMERICAN BLOG

by *Juliana L'Heureux*

Margaret Langford is a retired professor of French and Franco-American studies from Keene State College in Cheshire County, New Hampshire. Her report about New Hampshire's Franco-Americans mirrors data about Maine's population demographics.

A link to her power point presentation is included in this blog (link below).

Maine and New Hampshire share about the same population demographics regarding the percent of Franco-Americans who claim French-Canadian ancestry.

A University of Maine study, conducted with the support of the Task Force on Franco-Americans, reported an average of 25 percent of the state as Franco-Americans. Not surprising, this is the same percentage as New Hampshire. [http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/files/2013/09/FAC\\_OP\\_No1.pdf](http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/files/2013/09/FAC_OP_No1.pdf)

Langford prepared a workshop for kindergarten thru grade 12 teachers, first presented in 2009, titled "Moving Into History: The Franco-Americans of Cheshire County (New Hampshire) 1860's-1930's". This report mirrors the Franco-American immigration experiences throughout Maine and much of New England.

French-Canadians came to New England because they faced desperate economic conditions in Canada, beginning in the 1840's.

An estimated 900,000 French-Canadians came to the United States during this immigration, as a result of being promised work in booming manufacturing mills. Although the immigrants were attracted to cities like Manchester NH, Lowell Mass, or cities in Maine, they brought along with them skills learned from their lives on self-sustaining farms in rural Quebec. They understood the value of hard work learned on the farms. They had the abilities to make, create, bake, sew and preserve everything a family needed to survive. From industrious

beginnings in New England, the French-Canadian immigrants and their children began to trace an upward trajectory of social and public influence in their new communities.

Langford reports how Franco-Amer-



*French-Canadian immigrants learned how to be self sustaining because of skills learned on the Quebec farms. (photo circa 1908)*

ican descendants today comprise about 25 percent of New Hampshire's population. Moreover, their family stories tell about the steady trajectory of upward mobility.

As a matter of fact, in January 2009, the US Library of Congress finally provided a definition of "Franco-Americans" with a description as follows: "...people of French-Canadian birth or ancestry who are permanent residents of the United States, including naturalized citizens." This description is differentiated from the search term "French-Canadian" or "French-Americans".

Franco-Americans are most easily identified by their surnames.

Obviously, some French-Canadian surnames were anglicized. For example, the name LeFebvres might have become "Bean"; LeBlanc was often translated to "White"; Dubois became "Woods". A website to help find most of these names is at the site <http://www.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~canq/alias/anglopqrs.htm>

Knowing about the anglicized name



*Margaret Langford Ph.D. is a retired professor of French and Franco-American studies.*

helps when tracing family genealogies.

Other shared characteristics of Franco-Americans are their interest in connecting to at least some of their ancestral French language and to maintain family traditions. Those who renew their linguistic and cultural experiences find they are able to move easily into Francophone cultures elsewhere in the US, in Canada and, indeed, throughout the Francophone world.

A link to Langford's power point presentation: [https://dl.dropboxusercontent.com/u/34272167/Moving%20into%20History%20PowerPoint\\_3rd%20edit-6.ppt](https://dl.dropboxusercontent.com/u/34272167/Moving%20into%20History%20PowerPoint_3rd%20edit-6.ppt) or at the <http://tinyurl.com/nxz8lyj>

An excellent selective bibliography of resources about Franco-Americans is available at: <https://dl.dropboxusercontent.com/u/34272167/Franco-American%20Fact%20sheet.doc>



*Juliana L'Heureux is a freelance writer whose articles about Maine's Franco-American history and culture have appeared in Portland newspapers for 25 years. She serves on the Maine Franco-American Leadership Council. Juliana and her husband Richard live in Topsham ME. Feel free to contact her at [Juliana@mainewriter.com](mailto:Juliana@mainewriter.com)*



## Juliana L'Heureux: Blogger writes about Brunswick, Topsham Franco-Americans

BY JULIANA L'HEUREUX

Franco-Americans can access online genealogy and history data written by researchers who share their data on their websites and blogs.

One information-packed blog titled "French North America," by David Vermette, is loaded with history about Brunswick and Topsham's Franco-Americans as well as other New England Francos. Vermette also hosts a website dedicated to his research.

He began writing about the Brunswick-area French-Canadians in 2001, and his research continues.

"I'm continuing to learn more about Franco-Americans as I research my blogs," he says.

Along with being a genealogy enthusiast, Vermette, 48, is a storyteller, who takes his findings beyond basic data collection.

He describes the conditions Franco-Americans lived in when they arrived in Brunswick to find jobs in the Cabot Manufacturing Company, a textile mill, which opened in 1857, using hydropower purchased from the Brunswick dam on the Androscoggin River. (In 1857, the Cabot Mill reported 235 looms, 9,000 spindles and employed 175 workers, <http://learn.bowdoin.edu/apps/es/drupal/node/215>).

Almost all the French-Canadian immigrant workers lived in mill-owned tenements. Conditions where the workers lived in the late 19th century were brutal and they were exposed to diseases like diphtheria and typhoid fever, he says.

Vermette is a Massachusetts native who currently lives in Annapolis, MD, in a family home he and his wife purchased from his mother-in-law. His father was a second generation Franco-American, born in Brunswick.

"I will always consider myself to be a Franco-American from New England," he says.

Around 1881, his great-grandfather,

Charles Vermette, originally from Saint-Gervais, Quebec, arrived in Brunswick with his brother François. They came to the area from the Eastern Townships region of Quebec. Another brother had already established himself in the area and soon, other family members arrived as part of a chain migration to the mid-coast area. Many of Vermette's forebears, including his grandparents Albert and Ida (Lavigneur) Vermette and his great-grandfather Charles and his wife Albina (Ouellette) are buried in Brunswick's St.



Charles Vermette (b. St-Gervais, Quebec, 1860), Albina (Ouellette) (b. Roxton Falls, Quebec, 1868), and family in 1904. Standing, from left, are: Alice, Marion, Geoffrey, Sylvia, Eva. Seated, from left, are: Albert, Albina, Ludger, Charles, and Benjamin Vermette.

John the Baptist Church cemetery.

When he was growing up, Vermette traveled to Brunswick to attend family events. These memories supported Vermette's familiarity with Brunswick and the places he describes on his blog.

"I recall one reunion in particular in which French was commonly spoken and French-Canadian music was featured," Vermette said. "Some Brunswick residents may recall my great-uncle Lucien who was an accomplished fiddler in the area."

Many Brunswick and Topsham Franco-Americans came to the mid-coast area from the region of Quebec known as L'Islet. Others immigrated from other parts of Quebec as well as a few from the Acadian communities in the Maritimes.

Although most French-Canadians flocked by the thousands to Maine work in the state's industrial cities, many fully intended to return to their homes in Canada.

But, Brunswick's Francos were somewhat different in that regard. Vermette says the Brunswick Franco population seemed to favor naturalization. In fact, a lively naturalization society began in the 1880s.

Despite this movement toward citizenship, a Ku Klux Klan chapter formed in Brunswick during the 1920's, targeting propaganda against Roman Catholic "foreigners."

Regardless of the hardships they experienced while working long hours in the mills and the ethnic discrimination, Brunswick's Franco-Americans, in the early to mid-20th century, enjoyed a rich cultural life including arts and music, sports, games, religious and cultural events. They created a *joie de vivre* through soirees where they participated in theater, music, and other entertainments. Their faithful support for the beautiful St. John the Baptist Church and the parish parochial school, both located on Brunswick's Pleasant Street, continues today.

Vermette used several sources to write his blogs, like census records, church records, naturalization papers, town vital records, and newspapers.

One of the published sources on Franco-Americans he found were the publications of William N. Locke, who attended Bowdoin College as an undergraduate. In 1946, Locke published "The French Colony at Brunswick Maine" and also wrote a book on the French language spoken in Brunswick.

Vermette's blog and website are available at <http://frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com> and <http://www.francoamericanhistory.com/>





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**Le FORUM**  
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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