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Maine’s French Communities:

http://www.francomaine.org/English/Pres/Pres_intro.html Francoamericanarchives.org

other pertinent websites to check out -

Les Français d’Amérique / French In America

Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002

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

Franco-American Women’s Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>





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

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Le FORUM

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719



*Lettres/
Letters*

Correction

Dear Le Forum,

I write to correct an error in an article I wrote entitled **Mon Oncle Luc**. *Le Forum* published the article in 2007, Vol. 33, 2 & 3. In this article I made reference to the inadvertent unmasking of several Oblate of Mary Immaculate (OMI) priests and brothers at the Oblate seminary at La Brosse Montceaux, France, who were involved in the procurement of arms into France to arm Resistance agents. In this article I indicated that the names of 5 Ob-

late seminary staff had been written into a small notebook, which notebook was discovered on the person of a Resistance agent at the time of his arrest by the Gestapo. I indicated that this Resistance agent's name was Yves Masiée. This was an error.

While Yves Masiée, whose resistance agent code name was Corret, a decorated Lieutenant Colonel in the French Army and decorated hero of WWI & WWII, was involved in the procurement of arms for la Résistance, he was not the resistance worker on whose person the Oblate Priests' names were discovered. The notebook containing the names was likely found on the person of another Resistance agent, whose code name was Renard, and whose actual name I do not know. It is further evident that Yves Masiée was not actually arrested by the Gestapo until after the murderous events at the Seminary of La Brosse Montceaux on 24 July 1944, perhaps later that evening or in

the ensuing days. He was jailed at the prison of Fontainebleau, which served as temporary housing for Gestapo prisoners awaiting execution or deportation to a Nazi death camp. On 17 August 1944, Yves Masiée and 13 other Resistance agents being held at Fontainebleau were trucked into the Arbonne forest and shot. Their bodies were discovered after liberation, in December 1944.

I am deeply indebted to the Masiée family for kindly bringing this error to my attention. I regret any pain this error has caused the Masiée family these many decades later, and am very pleased, with their thoughtful help, as well as with the kind guidance of *Le Forum's* editor, Lisa Michaud, to bring my error to light.

*Laurent "Larry" Autotte
LAutotte@ComCast.net
17 March 2016*

(See revised article below)

Uncle Luc

*by Laurent Autotte
Manchester, NH*

The following story is about my uncle, Father Luc Miville, OMI, (Oblate of Mary Immaculate) my mother's brother. I based the story in small part on personal recollections of my conversations with mon oncle Luc and my mom, Bernadette. These recollections have been supplemented by the abundant detail available via the Internet in the form of published mémoires of French Oblate priests who lived through the same painful events as did mon oncle Luc. These mémoires not only provided me with heretofore unknown details, but perhaps more importantly, the served to corroborate my recollections of conversations with mon oncle Luc.

In particular, I point to the details of the events which transpired at the French Oblate house of studies at La Brosse-Montceaux, France, where the Oblates had a surprise and murderous encounter with the Gestapo near the end of WWII, 24 July 1944. These details, gleaned from French Oblate priests' independent recollections, occurring over several decades, but which are wonderfully identical in detail, have served me as a singularly rich source of detail enabling me to bring this story to light.

It is, I believe, a story of a very little known and important moment in the French Résistance, with France in the final throes of the German occupation during WWII, in which a Franco-American from Manchester,

New Hampshire played an important role. It is a story of treachery, heroism and martyrdom which, having visited the grounds of the former seminary of La Brosse-Montceaux, having touched the crosses which mark where each of the five Oblate martyrs fell, and of course having known mon oncle Luc, continues to move me deeply.

Luc Miville (aka: Luke) was born in August 1908, the son of Joseph François Miville and Marie Louise Bernier. He



Père Luc Miville

was the 12th of 16 siblings born in the family home at 250 Thornton Street, in the Whittemore Flats section of the west side of Manchester, New Hampshire. His

sister, Bernadette, my mother, was the 16th.

In 1927, when my grandmother asked which of her sons would be the first priest in her family, Luc announced that it would be him, and that he wished to become a missionary priest with the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, in the footsteps of his cousin, Father Léon Ouellette, OMI, who was ordained an Oblate missionary in 1927 and who was serving missions in Saskatchewan, Alberta and the Yukon Territory of western Canada, his likely role model. Sadly, my grandmother would not live to see her son ordained a priest.

While Luc's seminary studies would normally have occurred within the New England province of the Oblate fathers, at age 18, Luc had not completed any high school course work. The Oblate community offered him an opportunity to complete his high school education at seminary. However, as the New England province of Oblates did not offer high school level training at that time, he would need to complete his high school course work with the Oblates in their U.S. southwestern province based in San Antonio, Texas after which he would be free to return to the New England province to complete his studies for the priesthood. In September 1927, family, friends and cello lessons left behind, Luc Miville was off to San Antonio.

After completing his high school studies in San Antonio in 1930, Luc was advised by his superiors that he was free to leave the Southwestern province to return to the New England province to finish his *(Continued on page 38)*



From Maine to Thailand

The making of a Peace Corps Volunteer by Roger Parent

ED. NOTE: This is the ninth 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. 95 pages 30-32.

Becoming the Peace Corps Volunteer I wanted to be

When Art, Jack and I arrived in Udorn (they were assigned to the Teacher Training College, and I was assigned to the Udorn Trade School), we were provided a comfortable traditional Thai house on the Teacher Training College campus. It was made of teakwood, built on stilts about 10 feet off the ground, had three bedrooms, a western style toilet and shower; a small kitchen, and a living room with one wall of doors which opened on a large veranda that overlooked the campus. It was a great place to relax and speak English after a full day of teaching in a language still foreign to us.

I loved our house, our neighbors, our camaraderie and I was comfortable. Yet I was uneasy and dissatisfied about my situation. I was not learning to speak Thai and the local dialect quickly enough, and I was not getting to know my Thai colleagues at the Trade School, where I taught carpentry and English, except on a superficial level. The Trade School occupied a lower social status than the Teacher Training College, and so did its teachers. My residence at the college widened the social gap between my colleagues and me, and made it more difficult to bridge. I was happy and enjoyed living in Thailand, but I was not living up to my idea of a Peace Corps volunteer.

I asked Pricha, my principal, if I could have a room in a house owned by the Trade School. He didn't like the idea, saying the house was too old, and would not be good enough for me. He thought I would miss living with my Peace Corps friends, have a hard time using the squat toilets, and would dislike "showering" by splashing water on myself from a large jar

while wrapped in a pawkama (a sarong type cloth for men, tied at the waist) for privacy.

Principal Pricha had studied for some months at the University of Hawaii. He knew the comfortable American life style, and he understood our greater need and desire for personal privacy.



The house on the Teacher Training College campus where I lived with two other Peace Corps volunteers.

I persisted. I explained to Pricha that living with a Thai family would help me learn the language, the culture, and family life more than was possible living with my two American buddies at the Teacher Training College. This final argument won him over and he relented. He arranged for me to live in a house next door to the school with Charoon and Luk, teachers at the Trade School, and their two young families. I think deep down he was very pleased to have his Peace Corps Volunteer living near the school, and becoming a more intimate part of his school family.

My new home was a simple and large rambling structure, built with teakwood that had darkened with age inside and outside, giving the house a somber, almost haunting look, particularly at night. It was built on stilts about five or six feet off of the ground - necessity since the house lay nearly three feet below the grade of the road, a couple hundred feet away. When a big rain fell,

water would run off the road, down the lot, under and around our house, forming a pond behind it, where the family would fish. I'm still not sure how fish happened in a pond formed by rain where no pond existed most of the year. According to the people in my house, it just happened.

Windows were simple openings with no glass or screens, but there were wooden shutters, hung from the inside, for privacy. Screens were installed in my room to keep the mosquitoes and bugs out. To them screens were a western thing and they didn't want any for themselves. They also provided me with a regular western style bed and mosquito netting. The mosquitoes made their way to my room despite the screen in the window.

The sitting areas, kitchen, and toilet facilities, were common to all. Each family had a large room for sleeping and other private uses, and I had a small bedroom for the same purpose. In addition to my western style bed, my room had an armoire, a desk with a lamp, and more private space than in my Lille home where I grew up. This large house was covered by a very old and very rusty tin roof which amplified the noise of rain to a thunderous roar.

Adjusting to the squat type toilets was easy, and bathing in the open by splashing water from a huge jar, while struggling to keep the pawkama from falling off, soon became second nature. There was no western style shower in the house because there was no running water. The water needed to drink, cook, clean house, and wash our bodies came from captured rain, or was carried in buckets from sources some distance away. Adjusting to the two families and having a

(Continued on page 5)

(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 4)

little privacy was not a problem for someone raised in a small house with nine siblings.

Living with Charoon's and Luk's families and their children was the best decision I made as a volunteer. I quickly became more proficient in Thai and the local dialect - spoken in our home almost

always. I got a first-hand education in Thai family life: how they cared for children, how they related to each other and their extended family members. And I developed closer and deeper relationships with my colleagues at the Trade School.

Thanom's Tantrum

Two-year-old Thanom was having a terrible tantrum and no one was doing anything about it. His father and mother

were acting as if nothing was happening, as if Thanom was behaving normally. I thought, they've got to do something about this. He was out of control, screaming and crying and jumping, I imagined he

might hurt himself by falling or hitting his head against a wall, or he might grow up unable to control his temper. Had he been mine, I would have forced him to settle down - to sit in a corner or something similar. I was 23, and didn't know much.

I was raised a different way.



The house next to Udorn Trade School where I lived with two families for most of my two-year stay in Thailand.

My two-year-old tantrums were not allowed to work themselves out, they were forced to stay under the surface of my personality...maybe to come out later, in less socially acceptable ways. The Thai's

thought it best to allow a two-year-olds tantrum to come out when a child was two years old. Thanom's parents seemed to say if Thanom has a fit, let him have his fit and get over it. They seemed to understand that the natural behavior of a two-year-old child shouldn't be treated as if the child were an adult and that a two-year-olds behavior doesn't necessarily extrapolate to adult life.

It's chancy to speculated whether the child-rearing practices of one culture would work in another. I suppose I was raised to fit in my society, although I've not always felt that I fit in it very well. I was not spanked much as a child, nor was I unduly restricted in my activities. I was lucky to live in a rural area and to be part of a family of 10 children. My parents didn't have time to be excessively concerned with me or any one child.

I'd been living in my new home near the Trade School with the two Thai families only a few weeks then I witnessed Thanom's tantrum. I had *(Continued on page 6)*



Two-year-old Thanom (not his real name).



Thanom's mother preparing a meal in "outside porch kitchen."



Father and daughter of one of two families with whom I lived.

From MARTHA'S MEMOIRS

Le Pont À Pit

by Martha Cyr Genest
Van Buren, ME

When I was growing up we used to go to "Le Pont à Theophile à Francis Croc". Winter and summer, spring and fall, it had its attractions. Some years ago, when Peter Powers and my sister Mary and their family took over the Cyr farm. The bridge was renamed "le Pont à Pit".

When I came back to Maine with my family, they too went on a picnic or waded under the bridge, in the Violette Brook. I do hope that the friends who went there had as much fun, rest, and enjoyment as we did and still do. Le Pont à Pit like the old oak tree on Cyr Hill, are no more. There are just a few bushes and a few logs from the bridge, but the memory still lives. This is what we old timers should leave to this generation.

I quote from a letter just received from a VIP of the Bangor & Aroostook railroad: "Far more historical material is available in the willingness of people to write what they remember, than would be contained in any statistics for carloads and commodities; such stories as you have are the muscle and blood of history".

This is the reason why I want to print this, to tell the young and younger to be careful in their work and play, not to destroy our camps and our trees. We love to keep these as a living memory of our parents and grandparents.

So boys and girls, please remember that we worked for our Living Heritage, and still have the most important part of these wonderful days when our grandparents or our won parents would come on a picnic with us, and would tell us to thank God for the beauty of our surroundings, to respect the people working with us on the

farm to look even after the fences on which we liked to perch. Not to destroy the bird's nest, not even the bee's nest; not tear down the fences; not to throw any garbage in the brook as it was a place where we loved to wade and canoe; if you need to build a fire, make sure it is out before you leave.

I hope that someone will remember that years ago, there were also boys and girls. They did not destroy, they helped to build the log camps, and small bridges, what we elderly now call Valuable Historical Material. I did not mean to preach, but to some of us, many things are a relic of days gone by. We want to save those from destruction.

The old "Pont à Pit" crossed the Violette Brook and was used for traveling to the back of the farm, where the little iron bridge crossed "la Petite Fourche". The latter enabled the B&A to bring freight in and out of Van Buren.

Le Pont also furnished much of the fun we had. In the shade of the bridge, we could build a fire to boil water for tea, or just a fire when it was cold.

We also jumped from the bridge into the water and this special hole was called "La Cremeuse". May be because years ago we would bring a jug of milk and put it in the water to keep it cold if we planned to stay all day. At home they put milk in a certain jug and put it in the well to keep it cold, this container was called la cremeuse, because the milk contained more cream when in that jug than in any other container. At least that's what we kids thought.

"Le Pont à Pit" like the "Old Oak Tree" are gone now only the memories are with us.

(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 5)

been told about the Tjhais "maj pen raj" attitude to life, but I hadn't seen it in raising children. "Maj pen raj," or in the Lao of the Northeast, "bo pen yeang," means: it's ok, it doesn't make any difference, it's all the same, it doesn't matter. This laissez-faire attitude showed itself not only in child-rearing, it permeated Thai life.

This easygoingness derived in part from Buddhism which advocates a softer and more tolerant approach to life. Its religious and family precepts and rules are mild. At Buddhist ceremonies, I was invited to participate fully. Conversely, my Catholic religion frowned on my participation in Buddhist ceremonies and prohibited full participation in Catholic ceremonies by Buddhists. Also, the rural character of Thailand in the 1960's provided ample geographical space, which I think translated into psychological space for differences and eccentricities.

The "maj pen raj" attitude made it easier for me to live with Thais, and for them to accept me. If I did something different, like riding my bike at night near cemeteries, or if I was too harsh with my students, or if I killed cockroaches in my room (they believed in reincarnation and didn't believe in killing), they probably said "maj pen raj - that's his way, it doesn't make any difference."

I enjoyed the "maj pen raj" of Thais, and the resulting respect of differences among themselves and those of other cultures. I absorbed much of the easygoing Thai way of life, and when I returned to the United States, I was even more low key than when I had left two years earlier. Later, I lost some of the easygoing Thai attitude and reabsorbed the more straight-laced and less tolerant American way. Still, I believe that the "maj pen raj" way I absorbed in Thailand made me more sensitive to the different peoples I represented years later when I was city councilman and mayor of South Bend.

Roger Parent lives in South Bend, Indiana, where he served as city councilor and mayor in the 1970's and '80's. He is trustee of the South Bend Community School Corporation and found of World Dignity, a non-profit organization focused on educational programs in Thailand, India and South Bend. In 2005 he assisted victims of the Dec. 26, 2004 tsunami as deputy director of the Tsunami Volunteer Center in Khao Lak, Thailand. He and his wife, Rolande (Ouellette), have four children and six grandchildren.



"Le Pont à Theophile", 1920's
Marthe,
Marguerite &
others.

(N.D.L.R.: Used with permission from Discover Maine & Brian Swartz, Aroostook & Northern Penobscot Counties, Vol. 25/Issue 1/2016, pages 40-44.)

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DISCOVER
MAINE

Aroostook & Northern Penobscot

Madawaska's J. Normand Martin

Local artist designed a Bangor icon

by Brian Swartz

A graphics artist from Madawaska designed the legendary logger long associated with Bangor.

J. Normand Martin, who grew up in "a family of 15," has been interested in drawing "ever since I was a kid." People often stopped by the Martin home; "if they were interesting people, I'd do portraits of them," he recalled.

Deciding that he should professionally "learn how to draw," Martin studied for three years at the School of Practical Art in Boston. "Art school was important to me," he said. "I really learned a lot there."

Returning to Maine, Martin soon took an artist's position with Tom Kane Advertising in Hampden. Among his



— J. Normand Martin & the Paul Bunyan statue —

other responsibilities, he created highly detailed portraits of Tom Kane clients and well-known businesspeople and politicians in Maine; these portraits appeared in various New England publications, including Maine newspapers.

A committee was formed in Bangor in 1958 to "develop ideas on how to celebrate the city's 125th birthday" as a city in 1959, Martin recalled. "Different ideas were proposed. Connie Bronson came up with the idea of having a statue of Paul Bunyan done."

Bangor had long claimed the mythical Bunyan as a native son. In the mid-19th century, the Queen City had been the so-called "lumber capital of the world," annually shipping hundreds

(Continued on page 8)

ANNUAL NEWSLETTER 2015

STE-AGATHE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This Town of St. Agatha photo dates back to c. 1905. The Parish of Ste-Agathe was established in 1889 and the town of St. Agatha was incorporated on March 17, 1899. Some of the people living here in 1877 were served an eviction notice. Just imagine the uncertainty that represented in light of the fact that 122 years before the Acadians were deported from their homes in Nova Scotia. In 1877, all families settled in Township 18 Range 4, were served this foreclosure notice.



We Thomas N. Egery, Mary Ann Hinckley, Daniel B. Hinckley & Frank Hinckley, all of Bangor Penobscot County Maine, owners of Township Numbered Eighteen in the Fourth Range, in Aroostook County in the State of Maine, hereby give you André Pelletier, notice of our intention to contest and prevent your acquiring any right or easement in Said Township by virtue of your having occupied or improved any part of the Same; and we hereby notify you to at once leave Said Township and no longer occupy any part of the Same-as from and after the date of the Service of this notice upon you, we shall regard you as trespassers and proceed against you accordingly unless you comply with the demand herein made--

Thomas N. Egery, Mary Ann Hinckley, Daniel B. Hinckley, Frank Hinckley.

*18 Range 4 Maine
January 30, 1877*

(Continued on page 8)

(continued from page 40)

of thousands of feet of lumber to ports in the Americas and elsewhere. By far the tallest and most muscular of hardy Maine lumberjacks, Bunyan supposedly helped harvest the virgin forests of northern Maine before shouldering his broad ax and heading for the upper Midwest woods with Babe the Blue Ox.

Supposedly Bunyan was born in Bangor on the same day — Feb. 12, 1834 — Maine legislators incorporated Bangor as a city.

Bangor boosters funded the Bunyan statue, which initially took shape as a 22-inch scale model sculpted in clay by Martin. The contract for building the ultimately 31-foot statue went to Messmore and Damon Co. of New York City.

In September 1958 Martin boarded a Northeast Airlines plane in Bangor and “carried the model of the statue in my lap” all the way to New York. Artisans carefully crafted the statue in sections,



~ Children play inside Paul Bunyan boots ~

and Martin monitored its progress.

Mostly satisfied with the statue's transition from scale model to full size, he has always believed that “they made the head a little bit large for that body.

“That’s bothered me all these years,” Martin said. “I felt the head was one foot taller than it should be.”

The Messmore and Damon artisans had never manufactured such a statue,

and difficulties did crop up. “They had trouble keeping the chin with all the whiskers pinned to the head,” Martin recalled.

Meanwhile, serious discussion took place in Bangor as to where to place the statue; according to Martin, committee members finally selected a site in Bass Park, alongside Main Street with the new Bangor Auditorium as a backdrop. The site, laying about halfway between Buck and Dutton streets, would place Paul Bunyan to “greet” motorists exiting onto Main Street from the new Interstate-395 spur.

Messmore and Damon shipped the Bunyan sections to Bangor in early February 1959; the on-site assembly started on Thursday, February 12. “It was snowing that day,” Martin said. “The snow really cut down on the number of people [who] gathered to watch what we were doing.”

Despite the curve ball thrown by
(Continued on page 9)

(STE-AGATHE Historical Society continued from page 7)

No Names on the Map? But We Were Here!

On a cold January afternoon Phil Morin and I went to meet with Guy Dubay to get some answers about the 1877 eviction notices our ancestors had received from Egery, Hinckley, Hinckley & Hinckley. We asked Guy if he'd put that in perspective for us. The following is what he provided for the annual newsletter. If you read his 1976 play, “With Justice for All,” you will understand what those people went through. The parents never shared with their kids (our grandparents) this fact of receiving an eviction notice. They protected the kids from knowing the trouble they experienced. “On parle pas à nos enfants de comment on a presque perdu la terre.” The Ste-Agathe Historical Society has copies of “With Justice For All”.

Our parents loved us. They did not tell us of all their troubles. They sheltered us from their anxieties and angst as much as they could. The avoid-

ed telling us of their deepest worries.

This is why we were never told of the eviction notices our great grandfathers received of the kin reading:

We, “give you André Pelletier, notice of our intention to contest and prevent your acquiring and right or easement in said township by virtue of you having occupied or improved any part of the same and hereby notify you to at once leave said township and no longer occupy any part of the same...”

In other word, “André Pelletier, squatter, get off my land!”

Today my visitors from St. Agatha came to me with a baffled look, asking me to explain a history which they were never told. I'm asked to explain the history of St. Agatha between the fined of “Lac-à-Mennon” and the incorporation of the town in 1899. My visitors want to understand why, on the Madawaska/Frenchville map from the Roe & Colby Aroostook Atlas of 1878

there are blank spaces around Long Lake where they and their neighbors are heirs.

When played “En Cachette” and “Marigoule” our parents did not show us the old deeds they had tucked in the bureau in their bedroom. They didn't tell us about “Pepère” being called a “squatter” and told to get off the land he had improved. We grew to maturity and we find in their paper trail words and phrases they never told us. In not too many words, my visitors showed me their document and asked, “Guy, what is this?”

It's our history. It's our history which up to now has been hidden in our literature. It's our history, so controversial that we have it masked in fiction in the chapter, “What the Bishop Knew” in Holman Day's novel, “The Red Lane.” Your paper--the eviction notice is that which I tried to explain in theatre-on stage-with my play, “With Justice For All” in 1976.

“Egery and Hinckley — who are they?” my visitors asked. They are bond holders of bonds from a bankrupt railroad company. A railroad company, The European and North American Railway, that had

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(Madawaska's J. Normand Martin continued from page 8)

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Mother Nature, the statue "went up all right," he recalled.

The statue arose on a 6-foot, stone-faced concrete base. Designed to withstand 120 mile-per-hour winds, each section was internally reinforced.

According to Martin, a 10-inch steel pipe "with thick walls comes up from each boot to meet at the belt. Wood framing extends from the belt buckle to the shoulders." The two pipes extend 6 feet into the concrete pedestal.

"The area around the neck was not sealed when the head was set in place," Martin said. Wanting to moisture-proof the statue's interior and knowing that wind-driven Maine rain or snow can get into any crack in a building (or statue), he had the neck and the boots sealed.

The completed statue features the smiling Bunyan (clad in the typical clothing that a Maine logger might have worn on the job in the late 19th century or early 20th century) slinging

his broad ax over his right shoulder and clutching the handle of a larger-than-life-sized (and Maine-invented) peavey with his left hand. He faces the southeast, which, while not the direction to which loggers headed in the 1840s and 1850s, does direct his gaze toward distant Mount Desert Island, the destination of many tourists who stop specifically in Bangor to be photographed with Paul Bunyan.

The official dedication of the 3,700-pound statue took place several weeks later. Not long before that ceremony, the 33-year-old Martin dressed up as Bunyan and posed for a photo in front of the statue. In an era when men usually went clean-shaven, Martin even grew a beard for the occasion.

"Some people who saw the photo thought I had designed the statue to look like me," Martin said with a chuckle many years later. "I didn't."

When Bangor boosters dedicated

the statue, its predicted lifespan was "indefinitely," he said. "Yeah, I did expect it to survive, and it's done very well since then."

Thieves made off with the almost 4-foot-long swing hook of Bunyan's statue circa 2006. Bangor police discovered the hook behind a nearby West Side house in September 2008.

The statue has required some maintenance, including a project undertaken in spring 2009 to touch up the fiberglass, repaint Bunyan from head to toe, and repair the concrete base.

The recovered swing hook of Bunyan's peavey was reattached at the same time.

Martin served on the volunteer committee charged with overseeing the 2009 project. He has been inside the statue since 1959; the last time was a few years ago, when "I went inside to check the framework," he said. "Everything was still solid in there."

(STE-AGATHE Historical Society continued from page 8)

been given a million acres of unoccupied wild land so that capital resources might be gained from the sale of lumber to finance the railway's construction "to the frontier." The land in question was not all "unoccupied."

In 1859 the State of Maine passed the "Settlement Act" to encourage land settlement in Northern Maine (Resolves of Maine Chapter 288, 1859). The act allowed young families with little prospect of inheriting their parent's land (because of large families not being able to make everyone a successor) to take up new land on very liberal terms described as "road labor and settling duties." By working on new roads to be developed and building a home on the lot "licensed to occupy," a young person could secure land of his/her own by meeting the provisions of the law.

A land commission set up by the terms of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty, "to quiet the settlers' claims" had in 1845 identified the land settlers on the first three tiers of lots in Madawaska and up to the head of the lake in Frenchville (now St. Agatha). The report of that land commission resulted in

the land grants from Maine & Massachusetts to each land holder of record as may yet be found at the Registry of Deeds. These lots all show up on the Roe & Colby map with occupants names updated to 1873. Yet not all of the occupants listed in the 1873 Maine Land Agent Report are set on the map.

In Madawaska there is a curious blank space between the third tier lots and the land fronting on Long Lake. In present day St. Agatha the blank area can be seen even fronting on the lake shore. Yet we know from the land abstract of the Ste-Agathe Historical Society property that the land there was occupied as early as 1857 by André Pelletier.

During the American Civil War there was a plan to develop a rail line "in defense of the frontier." (Public Laws of Maine Chapter 401, 1864) Envisioned was a railway from Bangor to the St. John River as International Border, but the plans ran into a financial hitch. The rail line was not immediately built. But in 1869 in order to encourage rail construction the State of Maine granted 2 million acres in Penobscot and Aroostook Counties to the European

and North American Railway Company. (State of Maine to European and Northern American Railway Vol. 386 pp. 329-331 Penobscot County Registry of Deeds). The hope was that the sale of the lumber from these wild lands would bring in revenue to capitalize the building of the railroad. European and Northern American Railway did build the line from Bangor to the International Border, but not to the St. John River but to Vanceboro in Washington County.

In 1873 there was a financial crisis in the United States. The European and North American Railroad likewise ran into difficult times. It defaulted on payments expected by those who had invested in the bonds. In order to recoup their investments bond holders began to place attachment on the railway's real estate, which included land described in the two million acre grant of wild lands presumed to be unoccupied. Yet it appears that some of the land described as "wild lands" had been licensed out to applicants purchasing lots under the Maine Settlement Act of 1859.

In 1912, Maine writer Holman Day

(Continued on page 10)

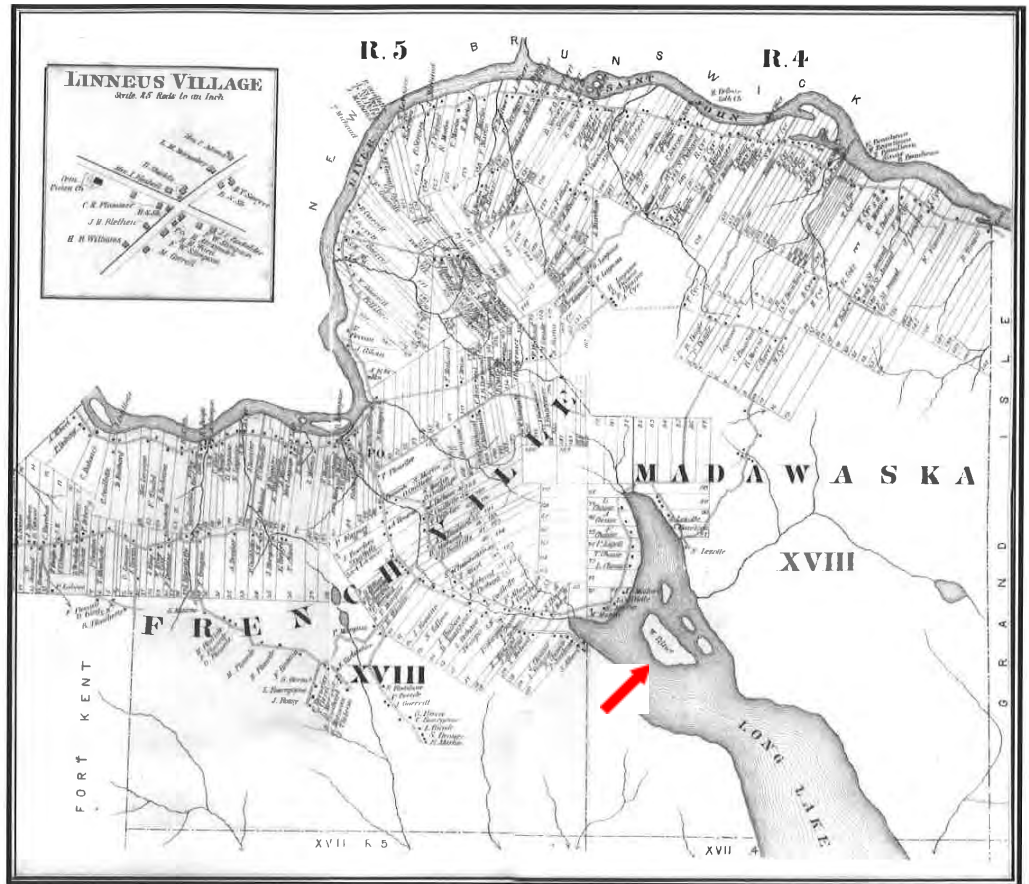
(STE-AGATHE Historical Society continued from page 9)

(1865-1935) in his book "The Red Lane: A Romance on the Border" gives a description of the conflict between homesteaders and lumberpersons here. Using his description in chapter XXVI entitled – "The Picture the Bishop Saw," I delved further into the land records to identify Egery and Hinckley in the land eviction notice of the kind my visitors had in hand. This lead me to the railroad story which like Holman Day I dramatized in a literary format.

Until our literary creations are pushed into the field of history, readers may have to rely on Holman Day and my play for insight into the conflict that left a good quarter of our town lands blank on the maps of towns along the St. John Valley.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine

**See Copy of map with no names opposite Pelletier Island on the map. We know homes had been established in the region.*



(Madawaska's J. Normand Martin continued from page 9)

HOW KEEGAN, MAINE GOT ITS NAME

In 1878, the New Brunswick Railway company lay a rail line from Fredericton through Woodstock to Edmundston. Isaac Burpee of Sheffield, N.B. had a hand in engineering its construction.

In 1881 Burpee's brother, Egerton Reyerson Burpee of Bangor founded the Van Buren Lumbering and Manufacturing Company which brought the age of steam to the St. John Valley Lumber industry.

Prior to this time saw mills in the St. John Valley were water powered mills set on brooks such as the mill on Violette brook in Van Buren at the



end of "Watermill Road", such mill sites entailed a capital expenditure between \$5000.00 and \$10,000 as record of mills' sales show.

With access to the production of Egery & Hinckley Iron Foundry in Bangor, E.R.

Burpee saw the possibility of introducing steam power to the mill site located at the present U.S. Customs site in Van Buren. This would entail an investment of \$100,000 creating lumber products which could be shipped by rail from St. Leonard, N.B. to McAdam, N.B. where the rail line linked with the European & North American railway, sold shortly there after to Maine Central Railway. V.B. L & M Co products then could reach the Boston market.

The V.B. & L. & M. Co was incorporated by the state legislature on the very day before that in which the legislature

Incorporated the Town of Van Buren. The circumstances practically allows one to imagine a conversation between Van Buren's state representative, Peter Charles
(Continued on page 11)

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"It gets very hot inside there in the summer time," said Martin, who was paid \$137 for his statue-related work in the late 1950s.

Although Paul Bunyan was the "largest" such project with which he was involved, Martin worked on many other projects. When the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad agreed to participate in the 1967 Montreal Expo, Martin designed and skillfully built a scale-model B & A train. He made each car, including the locomotives; Martin even installed and wired the electric motors that drove them.

The operational train and its attendant display were popular with Maine residents visiting the expo.



(HOW KEEGAN, MAINE GOT ITS NAME
continued from page 10)

Keegan and E.R. Burpee:

"Look, Mr. Keegan if we are going to invest \$100,000 in Van Buren Plantation through the company you've just helped us get incorporated, don't you think we should be able to work in a municipality that is at least a town rather than just a plantation? Reply, "Yes sir!, I'll tend to it right away!"

In 1902 A Portland headquartered firm, the St. John Lumber Company set up in Van Buren the largest saw mill works east of the Mississippi River following the arrival of the Bangor and Aroostook railway line in 1898.

In 1903 the Van Buren Lumber Company set up its saw mill at Chapel Eddy, near the present International railway bridge on the St. John River.

In 1905, one Levi Pond, inventor of the sheer boom, and manager of the St. John River Log Driving Company came up to Van Buren and set dynamite under the holding boom of the Van Buren Lumber Company. To Pond's thinking the holding and sorting boom at the Van Buren mills caused such a delay as to deny the high waters of the Spring freshet to the down river lumber operators in New Brunswick. The lower waters meant a greater amount of hung-up logs at the St. John Lumber Company's sorting gap above its mills facing what is now the Acadian Village historic site in Van Buren. That larger firm rapidly called the Chicago Pinkertons and that detective and Security service firm quickly got armed guards on the site preventing Pond from delivering on his threat.

Allen E. Hammond, manager of

(N.D.L.R. A letter from Partick Voisine responding to an online query, dated 22, January, 2005)

Born And Raised in Keegan by Patrick Voisine Sycamore, IL

I was born and raised in Keegan, Maine. It is located about three miles north of downtown Van Buren on US Route 1. I don't think it was called Keegan back in the 1830s. Keegan was named after Peter Charles Keegan of Van Buren, a prominent lawyer who served in the Maine legislature between about 1870 to 1896. He was later instrumental in bringing railroad service to the Maine side of the St. John Valley. This was

the Van Buren Lumber Company, awoke to see his company logs headed down towards Grand Falls and destined for the drift drive. He quickly brought his case to the State Legislature, claiming that his firm was an American firm harvesting its logs from American lands (i.e.the Allagash waters) driven to an American saw mill, manufacturing and shipping its products by an American rail line to an American mar-

ket, hence what was happening here was none of New Brunswick's affair.

In Fredericton legislative assembly William Pugsley, solicitor general of the province, called the impedance of the New Bruswickers lumber drive a violation of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty. The Treaty of Washington of 1842 had a clause guaranteeing the free flow of the St. John River to both nations party to the treaty.

The State and Provincial legislatures proving to be incompetent at resolving the issues, The matter moved upwards to the Federal level. As a result the Saint John River Commission was set up to investigate and settle matters between the two nations. A three man commission conducted hearings over the ensuing ten years. For the American side, President Theodore Roosevelt named Peter Charles Keegan as the U.S. member of the commission. Oscar Fellows

also the era when the lumber industry came to the area. So it probably wasn't until the mills came that a village developed and acquired the name Keegan. By the early 1900s, Keegan was home to a series of large lumber and pulp mills. The largest was the St. John Lumber Co. started in 1903, and considered to be the largest sawmill east of the Mississippi River (at least, that's what we were told). The mills reached their peak during the 1920s. The large mills closed during the depression, their demise compounded by the over harvesting of local forests. Several very small pulp and shingle mills operated into the 1960s and 1970s. Keegan, by the way, was always a part of the town of Van Buren. It was never incorporated as a separate town.

In the 1830s the Keegan/Van Buren area was probably known as Grande Riviere.



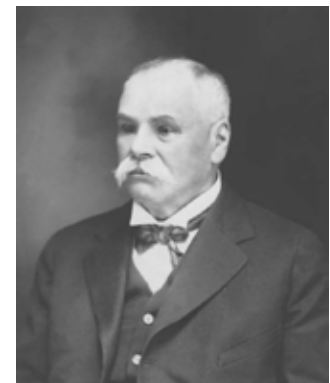
Painting by Lulu Pelletier

of Bangor served as attorney bring up witnesses to testify before the commission.

The mills cited above resulted in the growth of a village in the westerly portion of Van Buren where little other but farming homesteads had marked the county side. The Diocese of Portland, in honor of the French population of the area set up Saint Remi's Parish, named after an early French Bishop.

The Villagers and parishioners soon began to press for U.S. post office of their own. When came time to give the post office a name, who else but Peter Charles Keegan did officials in Washington know? Therefore we get the name Keegan for the west end Village to the town of Van Buren.

Guy Dubay Madawaska, Maine



Peter Charles Keegan

The name Violette Brook was also used, and may have referred more specifically to what is now downtown Van Buren where the actual Violette Brook is located. The town of Van Buren was incorporated in 1881, but had been known as Van Buren Plantation prior to that. The first church was built in the 1820s and was actually located
(Continued on page 12)

THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE ACADIANS OF MAINE

Presentation by Guy F. Dubay at the Madawaska Public Library Aug. 11, 2014

The Acadians of Maine became Americans a generation -that is 25 years- before the Acadians of New Brunswick became Canadians. That is to say our nationalities differ by 25 years - 1842 as opposed to 1867.

My maternal great-grandfather, Belonie Violette (1817-1879) was a member of the Board of Assessors of Van Buren Plantation, Maine in 1844 as shown in the municipal census record of that year.. In 1859 he was a Commissioner of Aroostook County. In 1867 he served as State Representative in the Maine legislature - not a bad record for an Acadian of Maine.

His son, Frederick Violette (1845-1911) after serving as a selectman of the town of Van Buren, served as State Representative in 1893. My mother recalled her uncle Frederic as the owner and operator of the Grist and Carding Mill on Violette Brook

A grandson of Rep. Belonie Violette, Neil L. Violette (1882-1935), one of my mother's cousins and nephew of Rep. Frederick Violette became a State Representative in 1911 and he apparently made good connections down in Augusta, since he became Deputy Forest Commissioner of Maine in the 1920s at the time when Fire observation towers were being place on highlands overlooking the Maine Woodlands. At the time of his decease in Augusta in 1935 he held the top post in the department as Maine State Forest Commissioner.

That's one lineage of Maine Acadians who rapidly Americanized as evidenced by their civic service.

Their situation may be found repeated in the family of Paul Cyr (1795-1865) of Grand Isle, Maine. Paul Cyr son of a Madawaska pioneer was the second member of the Board of Assessors of Van Buren Plantation in the 1844 record cited above. In 1853 he served as State Representative from Van Buren Plantation - his district covering the norther 1/3 of Aroostook County. In 1859 he went to Augusta again as representative from Van Buren Plantation and came back from there as Representative from Grant Isle Plantation.

Up to that time the St. John Valley was carved into four electoral districts: Van

Buren Plantation, Madawaska Plantation, Hancock Plantation, and the Townships west of Range Seven. But as a result of a challenged State Senatorial election in Aroostook County in 1858, the State of Maine decided in 1859 to narrow the municipalities here into single township plantations. So Rep. Paul Cyr's house changed from Van Buren Plantation to Grant Isle Plantation without budging an inch.

In 1838 Paul Cyr had sent one of his sons to study at the the Collège de Sainte-Anne-de-LaPocatière in the province of Quebec, but the young scholar was back home in November 1838. Paul Cyr then chose to send his sons to the Houlton Academy in the 1840s. One of them, Alexis Cyr (1836-1887) went on to Worcester College in Massachusetts. When he came back home he got himself elected to the State Legislature. Well respected he died suddenly in 1887 while still holding that office.

Rep. Alexis Cyr's son, Pierre Cyr likewise gained a sound education. At the Madawaska Historical Society we have his Practical Math Book -with the signature" Pierre A Cyr, St. Joseph College, Memrancook, N.B. 1882". His training there served him well through his years as a potato broker and shipper, shipping from Maine to Texas, at first using Canadian rail lines to get his produce down to southern Maine until 1911 whenthe Bangor and Aroostook Railroad finally reached Grand Isle, Maine.

At one point, Pierre A. Cyr sent four of his sons simultaneously to Assumption College in Worchester, paying their tuition during the depression years by sending a carload of potatoes supplying the college dining hall with all the potatoes it needed.

But I remember one of his sons, Edward P. Cyr being elected State Senator from Aroostok County. At the Tante Blanche Museum in Madawaska we have the State Senate desk used by State Senator Patrick Therriault, first Acadian in Maine to be elected to the State Senate in 1907. When the State Senate was being renovated during the term of service of Senator Edward P. Cyr, he said, "I want that desk" and he brought "home" whereupon he donated

it to the Madawaska Historical society.

What we have doubly illustrated here are cases of Acadian families evolving to American public servants as early as 1844 within two yars of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty which had set the International Boundary at the St. John River.

Let me illustrate an appendage of the last lineage given above.. Rep. Alexis Cyr had another son, Louis A. Cyr, (1875-1945) who migrated to Limestone Maine where he became a businessman. In his family we find, Leo G. Cyr (1909-2003), U.S. Ambassador to Rwanda during the presidency of Lyndon Baines Johnson.. I'd say you can hardly be more American-Acadian than that. In retirement while living in Bethesda, Maryland, ambassador Cyr composed and publisher his family history under the title "Madawaskan Heritage". A memoir pertaining to Ambassador Cyr appeared in Echoes Magazine, No. 72, at pp. 32-38 composed by Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso entitled: "From Acadie to Kigali ... via Limestone".

The third member of the Board of Assessors of Van Buren Plantation in 1844, Joseph D. Cyr served as the first Acadian elected to the Maine Legislture in 1846. For reasons yet undetermined, he sold to to his brother his homestead farm in what later became Keegan, Maine. The 1851 St. Leonard, N.B. census record show us his removing there.. In 1847 he had married Euphemie Larochelle at Rivière-du-Loup, *(Continued on page 13)*

in what is now Keegan. It was a mission of St. Basile until 1838 when the parish of St. Bruno-de-Grande-Riviere was created. St. Bruno's moved to its present location in Van Buren when a new church was built in the 1870s. In 1923 the parish of St. Remi-de-Keegan was created. The church's corner stone has a date of 1919 and was probably preceded by a chapel of some sort. Baptisms, marriages and funerals performed in Keegan are recorded at St. Bruno prior to 1923.

I'm afraid there isn't much left in Keegan today -- just a cluster of five or six streets and miles of potato farms. The parish church of St. Remi is now closed. The post office (Zip Code 04748) closed in the mid-1970s. During the early 1960s I attended the local elementary school, appropriately named Keegan School. It had a large framed portrait of Peter Charles Keegan hanging in it's main hallway.

Anyone one else remember Keegan?

(THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE ACADIANS OF MAINE continued from page 12)

Quebec. reading the signatures in the marriage record there at St. Patrice-du-Rivière-du-Loup is like reading a list of "Who's Who" of the St. John Valley at that time.

Meanwhile over in Madawaska Plantation in 1846 we have a letter signed by Firmin Cyr, Regis Daigle and Sylvain Daigle, Members of the Board of Assessors addressed to the Bishop of Boston asking permission to erect a chapel in the middle of the Plantation and being accepted as being in the Diocese of Boston.. The petition proved to be successful resulting in the construction of the Mount Carmel mission chapel at a site on what we now find the Town line between Grand Isle and Madawaska, Maine

What we have here then by 1846 no less than six persons of Acadian descent serving as municipal officers in Maine. If you add Octave Hebert, Town Clerk of Madawaska Plantation, and Francis Thibodeau, Justice of the Peace (State Rep in 1849) and Louis Cormier, Registrar of Deeds of Northern Aroostook County we have identified a minimum of ten public servants of American-Acadian heritage within four years of their becoming citizens of Maine.

The Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842 stipulated that two land commissioners -one for each side of the international border "To Quiet the Settlers Claims". The American Land Commission completed its work and we have on record what are called "Treaty Grants" issued on July 12, 1845 for river frontage lots totally 356 claims from the St. Francis River, down the St. John River to the east line of the State of Maine at what became the United States boundary line between the present towns of Hamlin, Maine and Grand Falls, New Brunswick.. Some of these Claimants held British titles (Province of New Brunswick) to their lands now in Maine.

Now when I come back to my Violette Genealogy to single out Maine State Representative, Belonie Violette, we find that his own father, Francois Violette (1770-1856) had served as a captain in the York County, N.B. Militia in 1825. Yes, get that! -an Acadian who served in the British militia as an officer of the company in the Madawaska Territory under Lieutenant Colonel Leonard R. Coombes of St. Leonard, N.B.

Simonette Hebert of Madawaska Parish, N.B. also served as a captain of the militia at that time. But in 1842 Captain

Francois Violette became an American Citizen.. We find recorded at the Registry of deeds in Houlton, Maine the life support mortgage when in 1844 the former Captain Francois Violette became a pensioner to his son Belonie Violette who held the municipal, county and state offices previously stated. In 1826, Captain Francois Violette had received a land grant on the Picquanositac stream, now identified as Violette Brook in Van Buren, Maine. By virtue of the life support mortgage cited above, the States of Maine and Massachusetts issue title to river lot 301 at that location to Belonie Violette. This is to say that the clause in the Webster-Ashburton Treaty "To quiet the settler's claims" was intended on the Maine side of the international border to issue American land titles to the south shore residents of the St. John River Valley who held their land sites on the basis of British titles issued by the Province of New Brunswick.

Indeed the Violette family holdings may be abstracted to 1794 in a Crown Land Grant to Francois Violette senior (1744-1824). But of particular notice here is that the holders of the British land grant-titles -or their heirs never said to the American Land Commissioners: "We don't need your title, we already have firm and longstanding title and possession to our homesteads here.. In sum the Acadian rapidly became Americans with the community leaders readily accepting official civic services post in the governmental structure of Maine.

Earning a living

The life style of of the newly Americanized Acadians may be seen in the merchant trader accounts run by Regis "Bonhomme" Daigle and his civic associate, Sylvain Daigle in the same year as their successful effort in secure the right to build a mission chapel on the American side of the border.

On January 31, 1846 Regise Daigle brought 64 1/2 bushels of oats to Merchant Traders operating under the firm name of A& S. Dufour (Abraham & Simon Dufour) for which his account is credited 8£ 6s 4 1/2d. with an additional credit of 1£ 12s 3d for the transport of said oats up the St. John river to a lumber operation on the St. Francis River

A second transaction of the kind took place on Feb 4, 1846 for the sale of 77 bushels of oats giving a credit of 10£ 11s 9d and a credit of 1£ 18s 6d for the transport of said produce "Chez Drake" From 1850 U.S. Census record we discover that Melzar Drake

of Portage Lake, Maine served as foreman of the Shepard Cary lumber interests on the Fish River in Hancock Plantation). Shepard Cary of Houlton subsequently became a U.S. Congressman from Maine.

What we see then is that the Madawaska farmer served as supplier of fodder for the oxen teams used in the forest and lumbering operations of Aroostook County, Maine. The farm produced was moved on the frozen river to get to the lumber camps in the practically then roadless territory. Regis Daigle repeated this type of action on Feb. 16 bringing 101 bushels of oats "Chez Thomas E. Perley at a credit of 12£ 12s 6 d for the produce and 3£ 3 s 1/2 d for the transport charges. James and Thomas E. Perley of Fredericton, N.B. Left their name in Fort Kent geography with the name of Perley Brook which empties in the Fish River near what became the saw mill site of the Fort Kent Mill Company.

Sylvain (Sylvain) Daigle, like Regis Daigle, then a member of the Board of Assessors of Madawaska plantation is on record on Feb.19, 1846 as having transported 2105 pounds of hay, "Chez James Perley à St. François" for a credit of 2£ 2s 3 d implying that the Perley Brothers also operated on the St. Francis river as well as on Perley Brook cited previously.

The following year Sylvain Daigle is credit 14 shillings for two voyages to "Dégelé", now Ste. Rose du Dégelis, QC. at Lake Temiscouata at the head of the Madawaska River on Feb. 2, 1847. Then on Feb. 19, 1847 he is given a credit of 1£ 2 s. 10 1/2d for the transport of 1465 pounds of hay "au Lac" presumably Lake Temiscouata again. The trip accorded him credit for his ensuing purchase of "1 paire de bottes américaines" (a pair of American boots) at a cost of 1£. Ah! the irony here in the use of British currency used to purchase a pair of American boots. Can we then read here of how the binational economy of the border region inclined the Americanized Acadian toward the American market? -Oh well that may be stretching the reading of the record a bit.

The 1850 U.S. Census entry for the Regis Daigle family lists the presence of an 18 year old farm hand named Antoine Beaulieu in the household. The same entry of Feb. 4, 1846 cited above also shows on the debit side a 1# purchase for "1 paire bottes à son engagé" (a pair of boots for his employee" Elsewhere in the account we find debit entries in favor of Antoine Beaulieu. From this allow us
(Continued on page 14)

The 16th Annual *April in Paris* at Cinestudio, Hartford

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT

The sixteenth annual French film festival, *April in Paris*, was shown at Cinestudio on the campus of Trinity College, in Hartford, Conn., from Sunday, April 12 to Saturday, April 18, 2015. The theme of the festival was "Provocation in French Cinema," and the nine films were: *Le Brasier ardent* (The Burning Crucible) directed by Ivan Mosjoukine and Alexandre Volkoff, France, 1923, 122 minutes; *Hiroshima Mon Amour* by Alain Resnais, France, 1959, 90 min.; *Mauvais Sang* (The Bad Blood) by Leos Carax, France, 1986, 116 min.; *L'Image manquante* (The Missing Image) by Rithy Panh, Cambodia, 2007, 92 min.; *La Vie d'Adele* (Blue is the Warmest Color) by Abdellatif Hechiche, France, 2013, 179 min.; *La Venus à la fourrure* (Venus in Fur) by Roman Polanski, France and Poland, 2013, 96 min.; *Camille Claudel 1915* by Bruno Dumont, France, 2013, 95 min.; *L'Avocat de la terreur* (Terror's Advocate) by Barbet Schroeder, France, 2007, 135 min.; and *Le bonheur d'Elza* by Mariette Monpierre, Guadeloupe, 2011, 110 min.

Le Brasier ardent (The Burning Crucible) directed by Ivan Mosjoukine and Alexandre Volkoff, (1923), is a charming and light-hearted film of a love triangle that has a happy ending. The central character is simply named Elle, and she is played by Nathalie Lissenko, who is married to another character simply named Le Mari, played by Nicolas Koline. The third significant character is a detective named Zed, played by Ivan Mozzhukhin, one of the directors of the film itself. Hence, the three characters of the love triangle. But the love triangle would not have existed if Le Mari were not jealous without cause, rooted in his false assumption that his wife, Elle, were secretly in love with another man. So, in order to find the non-existent man, Le Mari hires the best detective in Paris, Zed, and to have him follow his wife. Zed follows the wife, and he reports back to Le Mari that here is no-other man in Elle's life. Le Mari does not believe Zed, and has him to continue to follow his wife. Meanwhile, Elle cannot understand why Zed is following her, a man she dreamt about after she read his book as a detective. A photograph of Zed is on the back of the dust-jacket of the book, a detail

she remembers while telling a friend about being followed by a man she first met in her dreams. A source of tension between Elle and Le Mari is that Elle loves Paris, and does not want to leave the city for his homeland of Argentina where he became a very successful businessman. Another love in the life of Elle are her lap-dogs, which share her very comfortable lifestyle, in part provided by the wealth of Le Mari. As Zed follows the daily life of Elle, and reports to Le Mari, Elle falls more and more for Zed, and he for her. As Le Mari learns the truth, about his wife, her love of Paris, and Zed, and that he truly misses Argentina, Le Mari and Elle amicably part, and while on the ship back to Argentina, he meets a woman, whom we the audience may infer, will become the love of his life. Patrick Miller of the Hart School of Music, University of Hartford, gave another excellent performance on the piano for the silent film, and I hope that he recorded it, since it perfectly fit the tempo and the emotional feel of the film.

Hiroshima Mon Amour by Alain Resnais (1959) is a film that I knew about since I was about fifteen years old, for in 1980, I purchased a copy of the book, *Man and his Symbols, Conceived and edited by Carl G. Jung*, and on page 224 is the sole quote about the film: "The psychological balance and unity that man needs today have been symbolized in many modern dreams by the union of the French girl and the Japanese man in the widely popular French film *Hiroshima Mon Amour* (1959)... And in the same dreams, the opposite extreme from wholeness (i.e. complete psychological dissociation, or madness) has been symbolized by a related 20th century image – a nuclear explosion..." Hence, I anticipated seeing the film on the night of Sunday, April 12, 2015, and I even brought my copy of the book with me, hoping to quote it during the discussion of the film after it was shown at Cinestudio. Unfortunately, I could not figure a means to work the quote into the group discussion after the film, so, I only listened to what everyone else said about the film.

Hiroshima Mon Amour is among the early Nouvelle Vague, or New Wave, films of French Cinema, and it was released to the Cannes Film Festival on May 8, 1959,

four days after *Les quatre cents coups* (The 400 Blows) by François Truffaut, and a year before the official release of *À bout de souffle* (Breathless) by Jean-Luc Godard. The two central characters do not have names other than the pronouns of He and She. He, the Japanese man, is played by Eiji Okada, and She, the French woman, is played by Emmanuelle Riva. The storyline is told in an unconventional manner, an aspect of Nouvelle Vague Cinema, as our two central characters enjoy a few days of casual sex and romance, while they try to understand each other emotionally, an understanding that is filtered by their personal tragedies that occurred during World War Two, tragedies that we the audience see as flashbacks through the eyes of the French woman, whether the flashbacks are of her own personal tragedy in Occupied France, or the after-effects of the bombing of Hiroshima that she sees around her. Significantly for we the audience, there are no flashback scenes through the eyes of the character of the Japanese man.

After the opening credits, we the audi-
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then the following imagined scenario:

Feb. 4, 1846 Regis Daigle: "Antoine go hitch the horses, we're going up river".

Antoine Beaulieu: "Today?"

Regis Daigle: "What do you mean, "Today?"

Antoine Beaulieu: "Well look at my boots, I'm going to freeze my feet if I attempt to go up river in these"

Regis Daigle (exhibiting a bit of impatience) Listen, young man, When you get to the store, pick yourself up a pair of boots and charge it to my account, but you had better go hitch those horses right now, cause we're going up river before you get to digest all those sausages and ployes (pancakes) you just got through eating from my table ten minutes ago".

Being that the same merchant trader record show a day laborers wage being set at 2s 6d and that 2s 6d times 8 equals 1£ there is a likelihood that the new pair of boots cost him more than his week's wages. But if our reading of the record is right, they appear to have been "American boots" and hence regarded as a good investment by these newly Americanized Acadians.

Guy F. Dubay
Madawaska, Maine

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ence initially see the arms of the two lovers, arm in arm, but with an ash falling upon them, which recalls the immense amount of radioactive ash that fell from the sky after the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. Then the ash on the lovers disappears, and as they continue to embrace, the Japanese man asks in a voice-over to the French woman: "What did you see in Hiroshima?" She responds that she saw the hospital, and the museum, which is the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum, which she then describes in detail. Among the displays at the museum are photographs of people who initially survived the atomic blast, with badly burnt skin, as well as artifacts, in particular, clumps of hair from women who suffered from radiation poisoning. While he continues to state, in a voice-over: « Tu n'as rien vu à Hiroshima, » meaning: "You saw nothing in Hiroshima," she continues to describe what she saw there, some of which was in her imagination, such as the survivors of the blast, who attempted to cool themselves from the immense heat of the blast by going into a small pond. She further describes what she sees in her imagination, what we the audience see as a movie-set reconstruction, of numerous victims of the blast with radiation burns in an over-crowded hospital. She also described what she saw during a formal bus tour of the city, with the words in English "Atomic Tour" in the destination sign, led by a smiling Japanese hostess. She then described what she saw in newsreel footage that was shot in a hospital, which we the audience see, of small children being treated for radiation burns on their backs and their hands, as well as an old woman whose eyes were vaporized by the blast.

After her description of the displays in the Hiroshima Peace Memorial Museum, and what she saw in the rest of the City of Hiroshima, we the audience see the lovers in bed, and they continue to talk. A hint to her fear of her own past occurs when she is drinking a coffee, and sees the Japanese man lying face down on the bed, and his right hand is palm-up, which reminds her of the right hand of her German boyfriend that was palm-up, while he was dying, a flash-forward that is shown later in the film.

As they get ready for their day, the Japanese man is dressed casually, while the French woman is dressed as a nurse, which is her role as an actress in an unnamed

anti-war film. (Note the parallel structure here, Emmanuelle Riva, an actress in a classic anti-war film, portrays an actress in an anti-war film.) We never learn where the Japanese man works, but he told her during the bedroom conversation that he studied architecture and politics while in college, so he is likely an architect or an engineer. After they part from the New Hiroshima Hotel, they meet again later the same day, but he is dressed in a business suit, while she is still dressed as a nurse, relaxing during a break between shoots for the film. While they speak to one another, there is an anti-nuke demonstration, which is filmed for the unnamed anti-war film. He presses her for another night of romance, and she runs away from him, and the two disappear into the crowd of demonstrators. We next see the couple enter a house, presumably his house, and she asks him two questions, if he is alone, and where is his wife. He responds that his wife is in Unzen for a few days, so, he is therefore alone. The reference to Unzen is an oblique reference to the other Japanese city that was destroyed by an atomic bomb, for Unzen is Mt. Unzen, an active volcano in the Nagasaki Prefecture.

During their second night of romance, while in bed, he questions her about her earlier love-life, and she tells him about her love affair with a German soldier that occurred in her hometown of Nevers, France. She makes it clear is that he was 23 years old, while she was 18 years old, and we the audience see his death, which occurred as the German army was evacuating France, and he was killed by a bullet from a French partisan. The topic spills into their conversation at a restaurant that has a marquee with text in both Japanese and English that simply says, in English: "Tea Room." As they converse at a table, about 38 minutes into the film, we the audience can see in the distance a tall neon-sign with an advertisement in Japanese, and the advertisement is an elongated triangle, suggestive of the Eiffel Tower. The French woman then tells her story of herself mourning the death of her beloved German soldier, while everyone in Nevers was celebrating the end of the war in Europe, with "La Marseillaise" playing in the streets. (The fourth verse must have truly bothered her: « Tremblez, tyrans et vous perfides l'opprobre de tous les partis, tremblez! Vos projets parricides vont enfin recevoir leurs prix!» Meaning: "Tremble, tyrants and you treacherous people, the disgrace of all parties, tremble! Your parricidal

plans shall one day receive their reward!") She also told him of her public humiliation with other women who consorted with the enemy, notably with dirt thrown upon her, and her long hair cut short. Furthermore, her affair with the soldier effected her father's pharmacy after the war, since no-one would patronize him, he was forced to close his business. The only place she felt safe was in the cellar of the pharmacy, where she hid until she heard of the bombing of Hiroshima, and she knew the war was truly over. She spent three months in the cellar, because Germany officially surrendered to the Allies on May 8, 1945, and Hiroshima was bombed on August 6, and Nagasaki on August 9, 1945. As she recalls to the Japanese man how she clawed at the walls of the cellar until her fingers bled, he slaps her across the face, as if to awaken her out of a trance. She then tells him that after her hair grew to an acceptable length for a woman at the time, her mother gave her money to leave Nevers, and to reside in Paris. In order not to draw attention to herself, she left Nevers at night. The Japanese man then asked her if her husband knows about her painful past in Nevers, and she told him no. He then heartily embraces her, rejoicing in the secret that she told him, and telling her that it is good to be with someone. He then speaks possibly the most famous line of the film: « ...je me souviendrai de toi comme de l'oubli de l'amour même..., » which translates as: "... I shall remember you as the forgetfulness of love itself." He continues his thought, with equally puzzling words: « Je penserai à cette histoire comme à l'horreur de l'oubli; je le sais déjà. » which means: "I shall think of this history/story as the horror of forgetting; I know it already."

Since their relationship has reached its emotional apex, it can only dissolve. She leaves him at the Tea Room, and she arrives at her hotel room, where she remembers her first love, the German soldier, and how they planned to reside in Bavaria after the war. She torments herself with both wanting to remember her first love, and wanting to forget it, and to stay in Hiroshima with the Japanese man. She then takes a walk in the night, and the Japanese man finds her, whereupon he asks her to stay with him in Hiroshima. They then engage in an emotionally tormented game of catch and flight through the City of Hiroshima, which culminates in a staring match at separate tables in a restaurant with the name "Casablanca" on (Continued on page 16)

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the marquee. (The name of the restaurant is in reference to the classic American film from 1942, *Casablanca*, also about love and war, that starred Humphrey Bogart as the American ex-patriot Rick Blaine, and Ingrid Bergman as Ilsa Lund, the woman whom he loved, and who walked out on him, but only after she learned her husband, Victor Laszlo, played by Paul Henreid, was not dead. In contrast to the angst of memory in *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, the words of reconciliation that Rick says to Ilsa is his fond memory of their romance, which they both realize is a thing of the past: "We'll always have Paris.") While another Japanese man tries to engage in a conversation with the French woman, speaking to her in English, the Japanese man (Eiji Okada) simply stares at her, and she at him, while dawn breaks outside. We the audience do not see her leave the restaurant, rather there is a jump cut to her standing in her hotel room, leaning against the door to her room. She finally lets the Japanese man into her room, and sits on the bed, where in sorrow she declares that she is already forgetting him. As he holds her hands, she says: « Hiro-shi-ma, » and he gently puts his finger on her lips. She then continues: « Hi-ro-shi-ma... c'est ton nom. » He then looks upon her sternly, with almost contempt: « C'est mon nom, oui. Ton nom à toi est Nevers. Nevers-en-France. » In English, he says to her: "Yes, it is my name. Your name is Nevers. Nevers in France." So, the Japanese man has the last word, and the film ends.

I remember little of the discussion of the film, other than Prof. Jean-Marc Kehres attempted to get some of his college student to discuss whether the love-affair that the French woman had with the German soldier was the result of an innocent and naive first love, or was it something condemnatory. Prof. Kehres seemed to be on the side of the innocent folly of youth. I also remember that I was unable to work the quote of Jungian analysis of the film as a dichotomy of opposites into the discussion after the film, largely because it is very complicated film that is not simply a pairing of opposites. Yes, the film is of a man and a woman, an Eastern Asian and a Western European, a former soldier and a civilian, but the film is predicated on a brief extra-marital romance, and the romance is an incongruous attempt by the director, Alain Resnais, and the screen-writ-

er, Marguerite Duras, to reconcile the use of a weapon of mass destruction during war, with a personal romance of consorting with one enemy soldier. Also, the characters do not have names, and as the film is revealed, we the audience get to know the characters more and more as individuals, but then in the final scene, they become caricatures, for she calls him, "Hiroshima," and he calls her, "Nevers en France." Since their romance is extra-marital, it has an air of illegitimacy, which calls into question as to why are they indulging into such painful memories, memories that both want to forget. As for the simplistic Jungian analysis that the French woman and the Japanese man are a symbol of unity and wholeness, the film is clear that the couple does not have unity or wholeness, for the film ends in disagreement between the two, and if they were to unite, what would happen to their spouses, who are never seen in the film, and only mentioned once by one another? Again, the two characters that we first see at the beginning of the film, turn into caricatures in the end, vehicles that the director Alain Resnais used to question war, love, memory and forgetfulness, but his success is in the raising of the questions, and not answering them.

Mauvais Sang (The Bad Blood) by Léos Carax (1986) is also released in the English-speaking world with the title of "The Night is Young," a facet of the film that was not mentioned in any of the flyers for the festival, nor in the discussion after it was shown on Monday, April 13, 2015. It is a caper film with a sci-fi premise which is a bit dated today. The central plot, the caper, is about a group of three criminal men, and a girlfriend, who plan to steal a vial of serum from the Darley-Wilkinson Corporation, and then sell the serum to a competing corporation for a huge profit. Their justification for the caper is not for the money alone, but to release a life-saving serum because of a mysterious blood-disease that effects and kills people "who do not love," as said several times in the dialogue of the film. The motivating sci-fi element of the film is the mysterious blood disease, which is likely AIDS, given the film was released in 1986, and the origin and transmittance of AIDS was poorly understood in the early to mid-1980s. The acronym AIDS, or SIDA in French, is never mentioned in the film. There is a minor sci-fi element in the film of a mysterious comet that is passing by Earth, and causing a heat-wave in Paris, followed by a freak snow-squall. The inspiration for the comet

is Halley's Comet, which passed by Earth in 1986, the year that the film was released.

There are two groups of criminals in *Mauvais Sang*. The first set consists of Marc, who is the leader, played by Michel Piccoli, his colleague Hans, played by Hans Meyer, and Alex, who is the central character in the film, played by Denis Lavant. The girlfriend of Marc is Anna, played by Juliette Binoche, and she is significantly younger than Marc, and only a few years older than Alex, hence there is a near romance between Alex and Anna through much of the film. We the audience are introduced to Alex by the slight of his hands, for he is a card-shark who earns his money by running Three-card Monte games in alley-ways and subway stations. When he entertains Anna, he performs innocent sleight of hand tricks that one would see performed by a magician. When he is on the street, he often wears a leather jacket that has a pattern of black diamonds on a yellow background, suggestive of the Jack of Diamonds. The base of operations for the first set of criminals is a small store-front butchery that sells horse meat. The second group of criminals is led by l'Américaine (The American Woman) played by Carroll Brooks, and her two henchmen, Boris, played by Hugo Pratt, and her driver Dana played by an uncredited actor. The base of operations for the second set of criminals is the limousine of l'Américaine, where she is always in the back seat, finely dressed. The tension between the two criminal groups is that l'Américaine is putting pressure on Marc to make a payment of an undisclosed sum of money within two weeks, which is his motivation to steal the vial of serum from the Darley-Wilkinson Corporation. (Maybe Marc and Hans are not so altruistic in their theft of the life-saving serum after all.) Another factor in the tension between the two groups is that Marc suspects that l'Américaine ordered one of her henchmen to kill his colleague Jean. Although we the audience see the assassination of Jean in the Pasteur Station of the Metro in Paris, which occurs in the first full scene of the film, we do not see who committed the murder, because the camera is the eyes of the murderer who pushes Jean off the station platform, and in front of a train. (In my viewing of the opening of the film several times that I found on Youtube, but dubbed in Italian, the back of the head of Boris can be seen near Jean, who also is seen only be the back of the head, moments before he is pushed by the

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camera.) In contradiction to the suspicion of Marc, and to underscore the intertwined and complicated relations between the two groups of criminals, l'Américaine consistently insists to Marc and Hans that she never ordered the hit on Jean, and she almost has a maternal fondness for Alex, and she tells him directly in one scene that she knew his father, Jean, the colleague of Marc. Also, l'Américaine is protective of Alex, and she warns her two henchmen in two separate scenes not to hurt Alex, an order that Boris grudgingly obeys only during her watchful eyes. So, is Alex the son of Jean and l'Américaine? Or is l'Américaine playing on the emotions of Alex? We the audience never discover the truth, and to further complicate the matter, the true identity of the mother of Alex is never mentioned by any of the characters at any time in the film.

Almost outside of the two criminal factions is the girlfriend of Alex, Lise played by Julie Delpy. We, the audience, are first introduced to Alex and Lise when they are together in the woods, and when they leave the woods, Alex is driving an off-road motorcycle with Lise as his passenger. Three-quarters into the film, Lise saves Alex when she rescues him as he is running from the head of the security-detail of the Darley-Wilkinson Corporation, after he stole the vial of serum, and he set-off an alarm. Although Hans is waiting in the get-away car at some distance from Alex, Lise drives the same off-road motorcycle to Alex, and he jumps onto it as it is moving. Although Alex is safe in the get-away, he shoots the head of security nevertheless, with his Smith and Wesson Stub-nose .38 hand gun. The head of security then falls over, presumably dead, an act which makes Lise an accessory to manslaughter, if not murder. (The heartless act by Alex is in contrast to the concern for him by the head of security, who told his men not to fire on Alex, possibly because of his youth.) Since Hans does not know how Lise is significant to Alex, he returns to the base of operations, the store-front, and he tells Marc and Anna, that Alex may have double-crossed the gang. A couple scenes later, when Hans is driving the get-away car with Marc, Anna and Alex as his passengers to meet Charlie at the airport, in order to fulfill their plan to flee the country with the stolen serum, Lise follows them at a distance, on the same off-road motorcycle. Hans notices

that Lise is following them, and he asks Alex who is on the motorcycle, and Alex tells him, and Marc and Anna as well, that Lise is his girlfriend. When the group arrives at the airport, and Alex is lying on top of the car hood, and dying from an injury incurred by Boris, Alex introduces Lise and Anna to one another, trying to act as if nothing had happened, with almost parlor-room formality. Yet, he is dying, and in order to conserve his energy, he practices his ventriloquism, as if his voice were coming from the middle of his chest. After the death of Alex, Lise, who has just lost her only attachment to Marc's gang, is able to leave, for she mounts the same motorcycle, and drives away from the scene, and away from the life of criminals.

Karen Humphreys led the discussion after the film, and an early comment was made by a man who remarked on the sudden feeling of serenity in the first quarter of the film when the camera is looking down upon Alex and Anna, in the center of a symmetrical pattern of webbing as they parachute to the earth. The scene occurs when Marc, Anna and Alex attempt a practice jump from the plane, because Marc plans for his gang to exit France in such a manner, after the vials of serum are stolen from the Darley-Wilkinson Corporation. Unfortunately, Anna has a fear of heights, and although she jumped from the plane, she passed-out while she is still attached to the tether-line, and Alex saves her by hanging onto her tether-line, and attaches himself to her, and Marc cuts the tether-line, and then Alex opens the parachute. Since the movie was made in 1986 with real film that made cameras heavy, and not a digital image from a small electronic camera of today, it is puzzling as to how Léos Carax was able to achieve such an image, since the camera must have been attached to cords within the parachute, above the heads of Denis Lavant and Juliette Binoche. The significance of Alex's act of heroism is that Marc is grateful that Alex saved the life of Anna, and so, he is able to tolerate the puppy love between Anna and Alex that occurs several times in the film. I remarked during the discussion that after the death of Alex, and after Lise departs on the motorcycle, Anna tries to escape the lifestyle of criminals, and as she is running from the dead Alex, and Marc running after her, the film is accelerated to the point that Anna's arms begin to resemble a bird in flight, an image reinforced by the location, a runway at an airport. Karen Humphreys then responded that the bird imagery at the end of the film is

a parallel to the beginning of the film, where the opening credits are intercut with grainy black and white moving images of swans. Prof. Humphreys mentioned that the title of the film has the same title as the second section of the prose-poem by Arthur Rimbaud (1854-1891) *Une Saison en Enfer*, or in English, *A Season in Hell*, although the film has no other connection to the prose-poem.

Beyond the discussion, *Mauvais Sang* by Léos Carax is a well-constructed film that draws the audience into the life-style of criminals, with some admiration for the sense of comradeship among Marc's gang, but the message of the film is that such a way of life is pointless, with no-one the better because of the thief of the serum from the Darley-Wilkinson Corporation. After Alex escapes from the said corporation with the help of Lise, and he is in his apartment, he uses a hypodermic needle to extract the serum from a vial, and he injects the serum into a raw egg, which he puts into his refrigerator. Later, he transfers the egg to a Russian nesting-doll, and puts it in a locker at a train-station, and he hides the key to the locker by sticking it to a piece of chewing-gum, underneath the bottom of a vending-machine. The film then has a jump-cut to Alex walking to the store-front, when he is hit by the limousine of l'Américaine, and Boris gets out of the front passenger's seat of the limousine, and he takes the pouch that once had the vial of serum from the pocket of Alex's jacket. Boris returns to the limousine, which then drives away. Alex staggers through the door of the store-front, and he acts like nothing had happened to him, although Anna can tell that something is wrong. Later when Alex begins to bleed in the backseat of the get-away car, and Anna notices the blood, Marc then has a climatic shoot-out with Boris, who dies with a grotesquely comical expression on his face, with his neck stuck between the glass of the car-door, and the door-frame itself, while Dana, the driver, fruitlessly tries to close the window, in order to protect himself from Marc's bullets. Nevertheless, the limousine of l'Américaine careens into a body of water, while Hans is able to drive to the airport, where Alex dies of his injuries. With the death of Alex, neither Marc nor Hans can benefit from the sale of the stolen serum, since only Alex knew where he hid it. In short, the message of the film is that crime does not pay.

One element of mystery that Léos
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Carax has in the film is of a young woman dressed in white, who is first seen by Alex while on a bus, about the same time he sees Anna for the first time. He then sees the woman in white again just before he enters the store-front of Marc and Hans, where Anna resides. Near the end of the film, Alex sees her again walking on the road, while he is in the back seat of the get-away car driven by Hans, sometime before his death. Is she a figure of danger or death to Alex? Carax does not make the symbolism clear to the viewer, but he placed the woman in white at two points of the film at are significant to life of Alex in the film.

There was not much discussion on the role of music in the film, possibly because an American audience is unfamiliar with the soundtrack, other than the song by David Bowie, "Modern Love," from his 1983 album, *Let's Dance*, which was a hit when it was released, and can still be heard on rock stations today. Also, the song had a revival in 2012 because it is in the soundtrack of the film *Frances Ha*, directed by Noah Baumbach, and starring Greta Gerwig. (*Frances Ha* is filmed in black and white, and in the style of French New Wave Cinema, and although the central character, Frances Halladay, spends most of the film in New York City, she does have a weekend in Paris. "Modern Love" is a popular song, and it is heard in the trailers for both *Mauvais Sang* and *Frances Ha*.) Nevertheless, the song is often heard, but not understood, since the words express a contradictory sense of hope and despair, buoyed by a driving beat. The contradiction of hope and despair is concisely found in the third verse: "Modern Love walks beside me, Modern Love walks on by... God and Man don't believe in Modern Love." While the song is playing on the soundtrack, Alex leaves the store-front, and he starts to walk down the street at night, first in an almost stagger, then to a brisk walk, then into leaps, and then into a free-style dance, effectively moving from despair to hope. (Noah Baumbach parallels the free-style dance with Greta Gerwig as Frances Halladay, running, sometimes leaping, and somewhat dancing on Catherine Street in the Chinatown section of New York City during the day, while "Modern Love" is heard on the soundtrack. Another difference between the parallel scenes in the two films is that in *Mauvais Sang*, the camera and Alex move from left to right, while in *Frances Ha*,

the camera and Frances move from right to left.) Alex's answering machine has a famous piece of music on it, the opening to the march entitled "Dance of the Knights," from the ballet *Romeo and Juliet* by Sergei Prokofiev. At the end of the film, when Anna tries to run away in grief because of the death of Alex, which is followed by the closing credits, we the audience hear the rather dramatic "Sentimental Sarabande," which is the third movement of *Simple Symphony* by Benjamin Britten. (The first movement of *Simple Symphony*, "Boisterous Bourrée," is heard in the trailer, and somewhere in the film itself.) A song that is intoned by the characters, which means the song is engrained into French culture, and so, not well-known in American culture, is "Parce Que" by Charles Aznavour, first released in 1966. While Hans is driving the get-away car near the end of the film, and when he and Marc and Anna think that they are safe, while we the audience know that Alex is badly hurt, Hans begins to sing "Parce Que." The use of the song is an excellent example of dramatic irony by Carax, because as Hans intones one line, Anna intones another line, followed by Marc, each savoring the moment of heading toward the safety of the airport, where they plan to leave France, and not to be prosecuted for a crime, but the levity is soon gone, with the climactic shoot-out with Boris, and the death of Alex, which changes all of their plans. The final example of parallel structures in the film is the character Charlie, whose appearance effectively opens and closes the caper, for he is in charge of the airport, first seen before the test-jump, and at the end of the film. Charlie is an old friend of Marc, for we the audience first see the two of them fain a fight with one another, like old high-school friends. A French audience would immediately know that Charlie is played by Serge Reggiani, a popular French singer and actor whose big hit "J'ai pas d'regrets" from 1964, is heard in the middle of the film, when Alex simply spins the dial on the radio, and listens to whatever is broadcast on the radio. Reggiani's song is followed by "Modern Love" by David Bowie. The Internet Movie Database lists two other pieces in the film, the song "Limelight" composed by Charles Chaplin, and *Peter and the Wolf*, a musical story by Sergei Prokofiev, neither of which I found in the film, although the soundtrack of the film may have some incidental music from *Peter and the Wolf*.

L'Image manquante (The Missing Image) by Rithy Panh (2007), shown on

Tues. April 14, 2015, is another instance of an odd selection for the festival, chosen only because it is a French production, for it is essentially a documentary about one man's experience of the social engineering and mass-murder committed by the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia from 1975 to 1979. It is a good documentary about state oppression and terrorism of its population, driven by a Communist ideology, as told from Rithy Panh's experience, an experience retold in his documentary with the use of clay figurines, since private ownership of cameras were outlawed by the Khmer Rouge, hence the title of the documentary – *L'Image manquante*, or in English, *The Missing Image*.

Rithy Panh began his documentary with his life in the capitol of Cambodia, Phnom Penh, where he had a comfortable family life of parents and siblings, living together in an apartment. In 1975, when he was eleven years old, the Khmer Rouge took over the government by the force of arms, and his life completely changed. Pol Pot, the leader of the Khmer Rouge, envisioned a completely communal and classless society, without private property. The means by which the society would be engineered was through the relocation of the civilians in Phnom Penh to the countryside, where they would become communal farmers. The Khmer Rouge striped away their individuality by confiscating the clothes that the former city-dwellers carried with them in their baggage, and burnt them, whereupon, the Khmer Rouge issued everyone a uniform of black pants and shirts. Since the city-dwellers were not farmers, famine was inevitable, and an estimated two million Cambodians died because of the forced relocation.

A similar experience of one man's witness to such horrors of social engineering based in Communist ideology is found in the book *Execution by Hunger: The Hidden Holocaust* (1987) by Miron Dolot. He wrote about how the Communist Party effected his life in a village in the Ukraine, from changing the icons of saints in the local Ukrainian Orthodox church with photographs of Communist Party officials, to the confiscation of pistols and rifles since crime would not exist under the new Communist government, to the forced collectivization of farms, as ordered by Stalin, and how the forced collectivization, which included exorbitant taxes on individual farmers paid by the confiscation of all of their grain that ultimately caused the deaths of six million Ukrainian farmers by means of starvation
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in 1933. Although Dolat's book is about a genocide in Europe that occurred more than forty years before the genocide that occurred in Cambodia as artistically portrayed by Rithy Panh, both genocides are similar in that they were committed by military dictatorships, driven by Communist ideology, a political philosophy that is supposed to bolster the rights of workers, but in practice destroys the rights of individuals.

I skipped the film *La Vie d'Adele* shown on Wed. April 15, 2015 because it is about a Lesbian love affair between two young women. It is released in the English-speaking world as *Blue is the Warmest Color*. A volunteer at Cinestudio, Dennis Thornton of Willimantic, who saw the film told me that the affair was certainly not one of a celibate nature.

I also skipped the film, *La Venus à la fourrure*, shown on Thurs. April 16, 2015 because it is based upon the German novella of the same name, *Venus in Fur* by Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, whose surname is the basis of the word "masochist" in English, as well as "masochiste" in French.

Camille Claudel 1915 by Bruno Dumont (2013) is about the famous sculptor, Camille Claudel, played by Juliette Binoche, while she was in a mental hospital, awaiting to talk to her brother, Paul Claudel, played by Jean-Luc Vincent, who has the authority to get her out of the ward. She desperately hopes that he would sign the paperwork for her to leave the ward, and so she could return to work on her sculptures. The head doctor of the ward, played by Robert Leroy, tells members of his staff in various scenes, as well as Paul Claudel himself directly, and more than once, that Camille could leave the ward, and live in safety to herself and others. As the film is revealed, we the audience see the suffering of Camille, the boredom of life in the ward, the pompous insensitivity of her brother Paul, and how the head doctor is trapped by the laws of France that dictated that Camille could only be released from the ward to members of her immediate family, who were at the time, her mother and her brother.

Prof. Jean-Marc Kehres and Dr. Sonia Lee led the discussion after the showing of the film on Fri., April 17, 2015. Prof. Kehres asked a rhetorical question about the use of actual women from a mental ward as extras in the film, and he asked whether or not if their presence in the cast were a form of

exploitation or authenticity to the Camille's life in the ward. He prefaced his question that there were no right or wrong answers. There was not much discussion on his question, as it could be argued either way. (I felt guilty at the authenticity of the casting once Prof. Kehres used the word "exploitation" in his rhetorical question.) Dr. Lee was more helpful in her comments about the film, details that a French audience would more likely know about the lives of Camille and Paul Claudel. The sister and brother are known in the arts in France, for Camille was a sculptor, and Paul was a poet, and Dr. Lee noted that at least one of his poems can be found in nearly every anthology of French poetry that has been published after World War Two. She also said that Camille was effectively protected by the father of family, Louis Claudel, who died in 1913, while her mother and her brother, Paul, were never supportive of her choice of sculpting as a career. Their disdain for Camille became revulsion after they learned that Camille had an abortion, after becoming pregnant by Auguste Rodin, who had an extra-marital affair with her. Dr. Lee said that only Paul visited Camille at the ward, and only seven times over a period of thirty years, from her committal in 1913 to the year of her death in 1943. (The average frequency of the visits is about once every four years and three months.) She also said that there are letters that are in an archive in France that were written by cousins of Paul and Camille, who appealed to Paul, stating that they were willing to shelter Camille, only if Paul would sign the paperwork for Camille's release from the ward, but he refused to do so.

One of the better comments during the discussion came from John Murphy of West Hartford, who commented about a section of the film when we the audience see Paul and Camille Claudel praying, in different areas of the ward, Paul alone in his room, and audibly praying one of his poems, while Camille prays in the chapel, in near silence, as she reads either a missal or a breviary. John Murphy asked the group if the director of the film was trying to inform the audience that God hears the prayers of Paul, but not those of Camille. His question caused some mild laughs from others in the audience, and even from Lee and Kehres, but Dr. Lee responded with a vague answer of probably not.

No one commented on the poetry of Paul Claudel as it is dramatically composed during various scenes in the film. The most notable is in the beginning of the film when the audience first sees Paul Claudel as he

is driving his car to the ward, and the car stalls on a dirt road on a fairly steep hill. Apparently, the carburetor was flooded with gasoline, and while he was waiting for the gasoline to drain from the carburetor, he composes some poetry while he watches the moon rise above the horizon. The subject of poem is not about nature, or the moonrise, but the mystery of the Holy Trinity. Another instance is the already referenced section of film in the contrasting methods of prayer between Paul and Camille Claudel. Apparently, Paul Claudel followed the teaching of Jesus Christ on prayer, as found in Matthew 6:6 – "when you pray, go to your room, close the door, and pray to your Father, who is unseen." All of the poetry composed by Paul Claudel in the film has a religious nature, and personally, I was not impressed by any of it. The poems, or drafts of poems, that the director, Bruno Dumont, selected for the film read like a jumble of phrases from established Catholic prayers, such as the Our Father or the Hail Mary, or the Ordinary of the Mass, (which is the equivalent of the Ordinary of the Missa Extraordinariae Formae of today), or catch-phrases from Catholic teaching, and all Paul Claudel did was mix the phrases together. Anyone can write text in such a manner, and the poetry of Paul Claudel reminded me of the magnetic poetry kits that one can buy at a bookstore, that have about 200 words printed on magnetic strips, so the words can be arranged in any order and stuck on one's refrigerator. Thus, the reader and the viewer of the film can decide which sibling followed the next teaching of Jesus Christ on prayer, as found in Matthew 6:7 – "When you pray, do not use a lot of meaningless words..."

The information that Dr. Lee gave to the discussion group definitely helped everyone to understand the scope of the tragic life of Camille Claudel, but the film festival could have been improved if the film *Camille Claudel* that was directed by Bruno Nuytten, and released in 1988, had been shown on Thurs. April 16, 2015, instead of *La Venus à la fourrure*. (After the discussion, I spoke with a volunteer of Cinestudio, Steve Regis of Willimantic, who told me that Nuytten's film should have been shown during the festival.) Nuytten's *Camille Claudel* is about her life before she was committed to the ward in 1913, so it covers the period of her relationship with Auguste Rodin, first as an apprentice, to a lover, and then a rejected lover, because his wife discovered the illicit relationship. Of
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course, Nuytten's *Camille Claudel* has a different cast of actors, Isabelle Adjani as Camille Claudel, and Gerard Depardieu as Auguste Rodin, but it would have been a good pairing for the festival, especially since it would have still been in the theme of the festival, Provocation in French Cinema, for in the middle of the film is an exhibition of Rodin's sculptures, several of which are of women in erotic poses, and Nuytten suggests that one of the models of the sculptures was Camille Claudel.

I missed *L'Avocat de la terreur* on the afternoon of Sat. April 18, 2015 because I had library duty at the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut on Sat. April 18, 2015, and it would have been a problem to find a replacement librarian for the day. Also, I was not really interested in seeing a documentary about the French defense lawyer, Jacques Vergès, who defended internationally known war criminals, such as Klaus Barbie, the former Gestapo officer in Occupied France who is known as "The Butcher of Lyon," and Slobodan Milosevic, the former Communist politician and later President of Serbia, who was indicted by the International Criminal Tribunal of the United Nations in May 1999 for crimes against humanity during the Kosovo War, and who is known as "The Butcher of the Balkans."

Le bonheur d'Elza by Mariette Monpierre (2011), is the first film in many years that was not from the Province of Quebec which concluded the festival, as it was

filmed in Guadeloupe. The central character is Elza, played by Stana Roumillac, and she is the oldest of three daughters of Bernadette, played by the director of the film Mariette Monpierre. Bernadette is proud that Elza has earned a master's degree in journalism, but she is not happy that Elza is about to leave Paris for Guadeloupe to investigate one Mr. Désiré, played by Vincent Byrd Le Sage, who owns a company that underpays its workers, and who happens to be the true father of Elza. Elza is fully aware of her dual motives, as a journalist wanting to investigate a capitalist who likes to cheat his workers, and as a daughter wanting to meet her true father, a father she barely knew as a young child when he left her mother. Elza truly gets her foot in the door of the home of Mr. Désiré when she uses a false name, and takes a job in the home as a maid, and she is able to pry into his private life as journalist and forgotten daughter. As time passes, however, Elza is no longer able to maintain the ruse, and Mr. Désiré is able to accept her as his daughter, but is not comfortable with her when he learns that she is a journalist investigating him, especially since some of his striking workers have thrown rocks into his house. As the story unfolds, we the audience see that not only is he a greedy capitalist, he is a womanizer, for he has a wife, played by Sophie Berger, and a girlfriend, played by Nancy Fleurival. Of course the relationship between father and daughter does not end happily reconciled, but ambiguously at best. The duplicity of the characters is told against the Caribbean paradise of Guadeloupe.

Mariette Monpierre spoke about her

film after it was shown on the night of Saturday, April 18, 2015, and the one point that I remember among the many that she made, is that she learned in film-school that it is necessary to create drama among the characters. She gave the example of an argument between the father and the daughter, and as soon as we the audience think that they were reconciled, the father re-iterates his misgivings, and re-starts the bickering. She was popular with the students from Trinity College, and I learned from one of the volunteers at Cinestudio, Alicia, who is an undergraduate at Trinity, who told me that Monpierre stayed for about three hours, or until about one in the morning, having a dialogue with the students.

The seventeenth annual April in Paris French Film Festival will be shown at Cinestudio on the campus of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., one week after Easter Sunday, from Sunday, April 3 to Saturday, April 9, 2016. The theme of the festival will be: "A Portrait of the Artist in French and Francophone Cinema." The website for the festival is www.aprilinparis.org. The website for Cinestudio is www.cinestudio.org, and the movie theatre has two telephone numbers, one for show times at (860)-297-2463, and the other is the box office at (860)-297-2544. Although Cinestudio shows ten French and Francophone films during the April in Paris Film Festival every year, the movie theatre shows about another six French language films during the rest of the year, so watching the Cinestudio schedule on-line is easy and recommended to the readers of *Le Forum*.

Sugar House Party in Bristol, Conn., Sat.

April 2, 2016

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, CT

Daniel and Michelle Boucher will host their eighth annual Sugar House Party on Sat. April 2, 2016 from 12 Noon to 5PM at the Swedish Club, 38 Barlow St., Bristol, Conn. It will feature traditional French-Canadian food and folk music. The food on the menu is: eggs, creton (pork-meat spread), patates roti (oven-roasted potatoes), saucisse à l'érable (maple sausage), tourtière (meat pie), jambon dans le sirop (maple-glazed ham), soupe au pois (pea soup), fèves au lard (baked beans), crêpes, and tarte au sucre avec glace à la vanille (sugar pie with vanilla ice-cream). The music will be performed by Franco-American folk musicians Patrick Ross of New Hampshire, Josée Vachon of Massachusetts, and Daniel Boucher of Connecticut, who is also the host. There will be other local folk musicians, plus some story-telling, and maybe a surprise or two, for a full "après-midi français."

For tickets, contact Jam Français LLC, either by phone (860)-614-9970, or the internet, jamfrancais@yahoo.com, or on Facebook. The prices for the tickets are \$27.50 for adults, \$9.00 for children 6-12

years, and \$5.00 for children five years and younger. The prices of the tickets include the Ten-Percent Connecticut Event Admissions Tax. Tickets are non-refundable, and no tickets will be sold at the door. The Swedish Club has a cash bar, and it is handicapped accessible.



Reunion of All Former Students of STS to be held on Friday, May 6th

*By Albert J. Marceau,
Class of 1983, STSHS*

The third annual reunion of graduates, and non-graduates, of all classes of both the high-school and the college programs of St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield, Conn., will be held on Friday, May 6, 2016 in the alma mater.

The cost to attend the reunion is \$50.00 per guest, which includes a dinner, endless hors d'oeuvres, and drinks, both alcoholic and non-alcoholic. The schedule of the reunion itself is: Registration and Tours from 2 to 4PM; Mass in the Chapel from 4 to 5PM; Reception from 5-6:30PM, followed by the Dinner and Program. Like last year, there will be a Memory Lane Display from 2-8PM in the Alumni Lounge. Tickets for the reunion can be purchased through the website, <http://www.stseminary.org>, or by check, written to: "St. Thomas Seminary," with the note: "Alumni Reunion 2016" written in the memo line. The check should be mailed to: St. Thomas Seminary Archdiocesan Center, 467 Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, CT 06002, and the envelope should be noted to the attention of Sandra Moore.

For the convenience of guests who may travel long distances to attend the

reunion, overnight accommodations will be available in the dorms of the seminary, but on a limited basis. In order to reserve a room, please call (860)-242-5573, ext. 2602.

Information about the 2016 Reunion is also available on Facebook, and the website, <http://www.stseminary.org>. Mary Ellen Kunz of the Alumni Reunion Committee can be contacted for questions either by e-mail: stsreunion@aohct.org, or by phone: (860)-547-0513.

The principal celebrant of the Mass will be the Most Rev. Leonard P. Blair, S.T.D., the Fifth Archbishop of Hartford. The liturgy for Friday, May 6, 2016, which is day after Ascension Thursday, is for the Friday of the Sixth Week of Easter, Year C, and the readings will be: Acts 18:9-18, Psalm 47:2-7, and John 16:20-23. The Gospel passage is taken from the extensive teaching of Jesus Christ that occurred during the Passover Seder, which is commonly known as the Last Supper, but should be known as the First Mass. The discourse is found only in the Gospel according to St. John, chapters 14 through 17, and the Gospel reading for the day is about Christ teaching the Disci-

ples to pray in His Name to God the Father.

There will be a few surprises for the up-coming reunion, because the Reunion Committee has not determined who will be the concelebrants, nor the homilist for the Mass, nor has it decided who will be the guest-speaker during the program after the dinner. Also, it has not decided if there will be a silent auction, as was held last year. Thirdly, it has not decided whether to make the tours of the building self-guided, or guided. (For the first two reunions, there were no formal tours of the building, but for the second reunion, committee members Albert Marceau and Mary Ellen Kunz prepared a text for a self-guided tour of the building, with an emphasis on the stained-glass windows in the Chapel.) Lastly, the Reunion Committee must decide on a gift for those who attend the event. Last year, the premium was a dark-blue baseball cap with the first emblem of St. Thomas Seminary. The idea was proposed by committee member Fr. Kevin Donovan, (STSHS 1979), who also proposed to have a premium for the following year to be a similar baseball cap with the second emblem of St. Thomas Seminary that has been in use since 1928.

All alumni of St. Thomas Seminary are invited to the reunion, and it is not necessary to have graduated from either the high-school or the college programs in order to attend the reunion.



Archbishop Leonard P. Blair, S.T.D., was the main celebrant at the Mass for the First STS Alumni Reunion that was held on Friday, May 6, 2016. The other concelebrants, from left to right, are: Msgr. Daniel J. Plocharczyk, Pastor of Sacred Heart of Jesus in New Britain; Auxiliary Bishop Emeritus Peter A. Rosazza, D.D.; Fr. Francis V. Karvelis (who died in St. Mary's Home in West Hartford on May 4, 2015); Fr. James M. Moran, Pastor of the Church of the Incarnation in Wethersfield; Archbishop Emeritus Henry J. Mansell, D.D.; Fr. Robert O. Grady, Pastor of two parishes in Windsor Locks, St. Mary and St. Robert Bellarmine; Fr. Joseph Donnelly, Pastor of Sacred Heart in Southbury; Archbishop Blair, Archbishop Emeritus Daniel A. Cronin, S.T.D.; Altar Server Patrick Kane, (who was in his second year of theology as a seminarian at the time of the photo); Auxiliary Bishop and Vicar General Christie Macaluso, D.D.; and Msgr. Gerard G. Schmitz, Pastor of St. Michael Parish in New Haven. **Photo by Albert J. Marceau taken with his Pentax P3 35-mm SLR camera.**

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Steve Banasiewicz, STSHS Class of 1985, on the left, and Walden Moore, on the right, the last choir director at STSHS, and whose photo does not appear with the other teachers in the yearbook for the Class of 1983, the last graduating class of STSHS. (The yearbook committee was composed of jocks who did not care about the choir, and there was no faculty adviser to the yearbook committee.) Walden Moore, who was signing my yearbook when I took the photo, had two students for his music class in the Spring of 1983, Steve and me, and the class was held in the college library, where there was a baby-grand piano. (The former college library is the current Archbishop O'Brien Library, and the baby-grand piano is now near the side-altar on the Epistle-side of the sanctuary of the Chapel.) It was a very basic class on intervals and basic forms of music. Steve studied piano and organ, and he sometimes played the organ for some of the Masses during the school year. I studied classical-guitar under Steve Benson at the Community Division of the Hartt School of Music, University of Hartford. A couple times while we waited for Walden, Steve would play a piece on the baby-grand, "Variations on 'America' (1891) for Organ" by Charles Ives. I remember the piece because he showed the score to me, and he said that parts of it were difficult to play, because in some sections of the piece, the tremble-clef was in one key, while the two bass-clefs were in a different key. Also, he told me that he could not play the entire piece, because the piano could not accommodate the second bass-clef.

In my original caption, I noted that the closing of the high-school was announced in the second-floor study-hall on Tues. May 24, 1983, but I did not note that the announcement was made around noon, between the first and second sessions on the first day of final exams. (In my copy of school calendar for 1982-1983, the finals were originally scheduled to begin on Wed. May 25, 1983, but I remember that the finals were advanced by one day by the faculty, in order to accommodate for the oversight of the mandatory retreat for the senior class that was held on Thurs. May 26 and Fri. May 27 on Enders Island in Mystic, Conn., which was led by the Spiritual Director of STSHS, Fr. Joseph Donnelly.) Since I had good grades, and I was a senior, it was not necessary for me to take any final exams, but



I happened to be on campus anyway, in order to turn in some extra-credit assignments for my typing-class with Mrs. Diane Boilard. I remember George Finley, the Principal, stood on the study-hall monitor's platform, and Fr. Charles Johnson, the President of the Seminary, stood on the floor next to the platform, slightly behind Finley, while Finley made the announcement that Archbishop Whealon decided to close the high-school. Finley assured the students before him that the bad news had on them while grading the final exams. Later the same day, there was a television crew from WFSB Channel 3, and another from WVIT Channel 30, and the TV crews interviewed some of the high-school students and Fr. Johnson since he was the President of the Seminary. Also on the same day, there was a retreat on the campus of the Seminary for the juniors and seniors from St. Thomas Aquinas High School in New Britain. I knew some of the seniors of STAHS from our days at St. Mary's Middle School in Newington, and I spoke extensively to one in particular, Donald Roberts, as we walked around inside the Seminary. Moments after the two of us reached the top of the flight of stairs from the first to the second floor, and as we stood and spoke outside of the study-hall, Fr. Johnson saw me, and he waved for me to enter the study-hall, in order to hear the important announcement from Mr. Finley.

Walden pulled together a choir for the final high-school graduation ceremony, which was also a Mass, which began at 7:30PM on Tues. May 31, 1983. Among the choristers were Steve and his mother Paula, and a few other voices, and two or three trumpeters, one of whom was Ted Bisley. Since I was in the graduation ceremony itself, I could not be in the choir-loft, so I

played two simple classical-guitar pieces in the sanctuary during Communion. One piece that I played was "Saltarello" by Vincenzo Galilei, the father of the astronomer, Galileo Galilei. After my performance, there was supposed to have been a playing of the recorded-song "Changes" by David Bowie, as arranged by the valedictorian, Mike Peralta, who left a turn-table and an LP near the side-altar on the Gospel-side of the main altar, but the song was never played. Peralta told me after the ceremonies that he could not find an extension-cord in order to play the turn-table. One of the hymns that was performed by the choir was "The Church's One Foundation" with words by Samuel John Stone and music by Samuel Sebastien Wesley. The last piece that Walden played was the recessional, the popular "Toccata" from the Fifth Organ Symphony in F, Opus 42, No. 1 by Charles-Marie Widor.

Walden later became the Choirmaster and Music Director for Trinity Episcopal Church on the Green in New Haven, Conn. Steve transferred to Northwest Catholic High School in West Hartford, where he graduated in 1985, and then went to Ripon College in Wisconsin. Fr. Joseph Donnelly, the religion teacher that the Class of 1983 had for three years, and who was the Spiritual Director of STSHS in its final years, is currently the Pastor of Sacred Heart Church in Southbury, Conn. Fr. Charles Johnson was later elevated as a Prelate of Honor by the Third Archbishop of Hartford, Daniel A. Cronin, and he died on Sept. 22, 2011 at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford, Conn. The Second Archbishop of Hartford, John F. Whealon, who closed STSHS, died on Aug. 2, 1991 also at St. Francis Hospital in Hartford. The organ and its pipes are still (Continued on page 23)

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in the choir-loft of the Chapel, but the pipes were moved to accommodate an elevator that was installed next to the entrance of the Chapel, a renovation that hardly effected the choir-loft, but the placement of the elevator removed the confessional on the Gospel-side of the Chapel, and these renovations were made several years after the closing of the high-school. Also since the closing of the high-school, the former second-floor study-hall has been entirely renovated and it is now a series of small offices for the Office of the Superintendent of Catholic Schools. **Photo by Albert Marceau, taken with his Kodak Instamatic camera.**



May 25, 1983 Mrs. Diane Boilard typing out the last newspaper concerning the closing of the school. It had in the paragraph room, south. Mrs. Boilard is the advisor to the newspaper.

Mrs. Diane Boilard, the French teacher, the typing teacher, and the advisor for the high-school newspaper, *The STS Triumph*. Room 12 is on the third floor of the building, and it was among the least used classrooms at STS, so, it was conveniently used by the newspaper committee. After the closing of STSHS, Mrs. Boilard taught French at Bristol Eastern High School in Bristol, Conn. (A graduate of BEHS is the fiddler Daniel Boucher.) Today most of the former classrooms are now offices for the Archdiocese of Hartford, and Room 12 is the Office for Charismatic Renewal. **Photo by Albert Marceau, taken with his Kodak Instamatic camera.**



More from Maine....
**Reflections on the
 Acadian Deportation**

On August 14, 2014, on the occasion of the Congrès Mondial Acadien, I was invited to speak briefly to a group of Louisiana Acadians at the Centre Culturele Mikesell in Madawaska. In fact the meeting lasted 135 minutes.

The group wanted to know my reasons for calling the deportation a genocide. I gave an earful and exceeded my time by 120 minutes.

I noted first that Acadian boats were all confiscated prior to their condemnation on July 28, 1755, so that there could be no escape. The deportation plan was to erase all trace of an Acadian presence in l'Acadie. The drag net had to be secure.

It was also for this reason that church registers were confiscated and burned, as were the records of the notaries.

Families were broken up on embarkation to hasten their assimilation into the American colonial melting pot. Likewise the reason that the people were dispersed in small groups in the thirteen colonies that were different in language, culture, and religion.

The victims blindsided on their destination, which added to their stress. As it was, they were deported among

former enemies who detested and hated them because of who they were.

The difference in climate contributed to the elevated mortality rate. Ships were overloaded twice their tonnage, and were entirely without ventilation. Once the hatch was battled down, the stench became overwhelming, and the longer the voyage, the likelier that the transports became plaque ridden. No one was allowed to disembark until a doctor declared that the transport was free of contagions, and that could take weeks. In the interim, those who died were simply tossed overboard.

No names were recorded on embarking, only the total number of deportees on each transport for reimbursement. No names were taken when they came ashore. The deportees were not even assigned an identification number. The expectation was that all trace of the nameless people would be lost, forever expunged from the annals of history.

There were two major Acadian deportations. The first was in 1755 from Nova Scotia, 7000 deportees; the other in 1758-1759 from the Saint-Jean (Prince Edward Island), 3400 deportees, and Ile Royal (Cape Breton Island), and from the fleuve Saint-Jean. Both occurred during the hurricane season, in transports that usually exceeded their tonnage, and some of which were unseaworthy. The upshot

was that four transports never made it to port, and the deportees went down to a watery grave. The loss of life far exceeded a thousand souls if we include infants to the age of two who were not included in the count, and children to the age of ten who counted only as half an adult. The loss of Acadian lives did not matter. They were expendable. The plan was to resettle the region with anglo-Protestant settlers from New England. Winslow at Grand Pré and Murray at Fort Edward, heaved a sigh of relief when done, and bid them good riddance.

In 1920 abbé-Thomas Albert, in his superb *Histoire du Madawaska* called the Acadian deportation a "crime de lèse humanité." In 1922, Monseigneur Stanislas Doucette wrote that the plan was to cause "the extinction of the Acadian race." Article 6 of the statu de Rome wrote that to cause the disappearance of a people, in part or whole, was a genocide. By every definition, the deportation of the Acadians was a genocide.

My Louisiana listeners wanted to know why I called the deportation a holocaust. I will speak to that in a later issue of the *Le FORUM*.

**Roger Paradis
 Fort Kent, Maine**

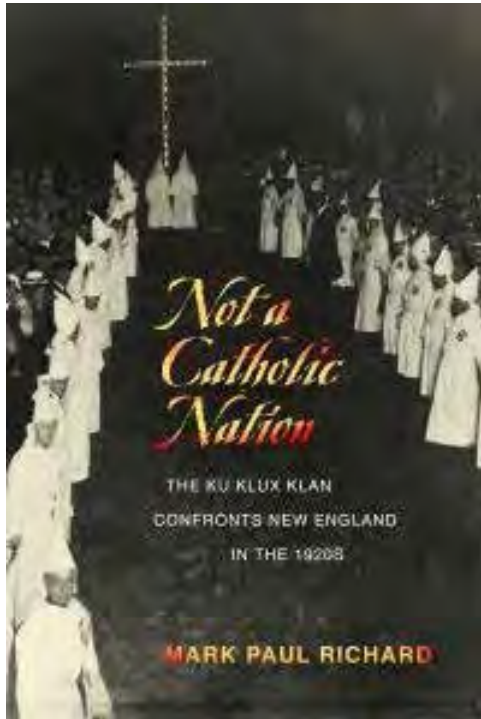


Not a Catholic Nation

The Ku Klux Klan Confronts New England in the 1920s
The forgotten story of Catholic resistance to the rise of the KKK in New England

MARK PAUL RICHARD

- See more at: <http://www.umass.edu/umpress/title/not-catholic-nation#sthash.JGbvfvSe.dpuf>



During the 1920s the Ku Klux Klan experienced a remarkable resurgence, drawing millions of American men and women into its ranks. In *Not a Catholic Nation*, Mark Paul Richard examines the KKK's largely ignored growth in the six states of New England—Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont—and details the reactions of the region's Catholic population, the Klan's primary targets.

Drawing on a wide range of previously untapped sources—French-language newspapers in the New England–Canadian borderlands; KKK documents scattered in local, university, and Catholic repositories; and previously undiscovered copies of the Maine Klansmen—Richard demonstrates that the Klan was far more active in the Northeast than previously thought. He also challenges the increasingly prevalent view that the Ku Klux Klan became a mass movement during this period largely because it functioned as a social, fraternal, or civic organization for many Protestants. While Richard concedes that some Protestants in New England may have joined the KKK for those reasons, he shows that the politics of ethnicity and labor played a more significant role in the Klan's growth in the region.

The most comprehensive analysis of the Ku Klux Klan's antagonism toward Catholics in the 1920s, this book is also distinctive in its consideration of the history of the Canada–U.S. borderlands, particularly the role of Canadian immigrants as both proponents and victims of the Klan movement in the United States. - See more at: <http://www.umass.edu/umpress/title/not-catholic-nation#sthash.JGbvfvSe.dpuf>

"*Not a Catholic Nation* is both original and illuminated by some of the most creative approaches found in recent scholarship in U.S. Catholic history. By opening with an account of the Klan's activities in the state featuring the most extensive boundary with Canada, Richard engages early the trans-national dimension of his story, a major feature of religious and ethnic conflict in the United States but one which has rarely been examined so intimately."

—James T. Fisher, author of *Communion of Immigrants: A History of Catholics in America*

Mark Paul Richard is professor of history and Canadian studies, State University of New York at Plattsburgh. He is author of *Loyal but French: The Negotiation of Identity by French-Canadian Descendants in the United States*. - See more at: <http://www.umass.edu/umpress/title/not-catholic-nation#sthash.JGbvfvSe.dpuf>

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WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE WHITE IN AMERICA?

Breaking the White Code of Silence

A Collection of Personal Narratives



Edited by
Gabrielle David and
Sean Frederick Forbes

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Introduction by Debby Irving
with an Afterword by Tara Betts

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WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE WHITE IN AMERICA is a collection that asks just that. While the literature on "whiteness" has long been dominated by an academic point of view, editors Gabrielle David and Sean Frederick Forbes came to the realization that there was an unmet need for an anthology of personal narratives about white race and culture from the perspective of white Americans. In this conception process, WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO BE WHITE IN AMERICA, was born.

The first of its kind, this collection of 82 personal narratives reflects a vibrant range of stories from white Americans who speak frankly and openly about race, not only as it applies to people of color, but as it applies to themselves. The stories cover a wide gamut of American history from contributors around the United States; from reminiscing about segregation and Jim Crow, to today's headlines of police brutality, politics and #BlackLivesMatters. The variety in style and subject is enormous that is from people of different class and employment backgrounds, but all of these stories have one point in common—they create an absorbing and thought-provoking collection that explores race from a very personal perspective. In the telling, not only do contributors discuss their discomfort in talking about race, they also share big and small moments in their lives that have shaped what it means to be white in America, and how it affects the way they see themselves and others. In answering the question, some may offer viewpoints one may not necessarily agree with, but nevertheless, it is clear that each contributor is committed to answering it as honestly as possible.

With an Introduction by racial justice educator, Debby Irving, and an afterword by African American scholar and poet, Tara Betts, the purpose of WHITE IN AMERICA is to, as Irving points out in her introduction, "break the code of silence" so that we can engage in frank conversations about race. This book is highly recommended for students and teachers, and anyone else interested in seeking an understanding of race from a white perspective. WHITE IN AMERICA is a valuable starting point with numerous references and further readings for a deeper, richer, understanding of race in America.

About the Editors

GABRIELLE DAVID is a multidisciplinary artist who is a musician, photographer, digital designer, poet and writer. She is the executive director of the Intercultural Alliance of Artists & Scholars, Inc. (IAAS), a NY-based nonprofit which she co-founded in 2000, and has served as its Executive Director since its inception, and serves as publisher of 2Leaf Press.

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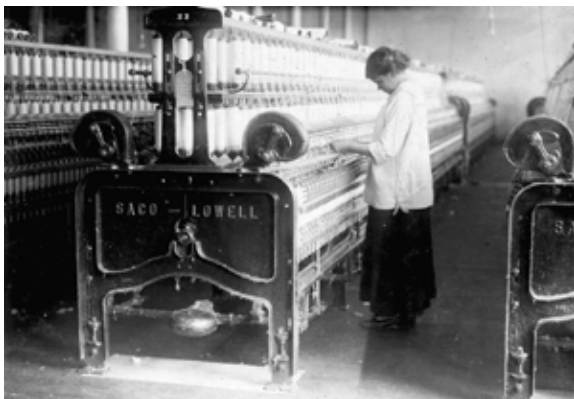
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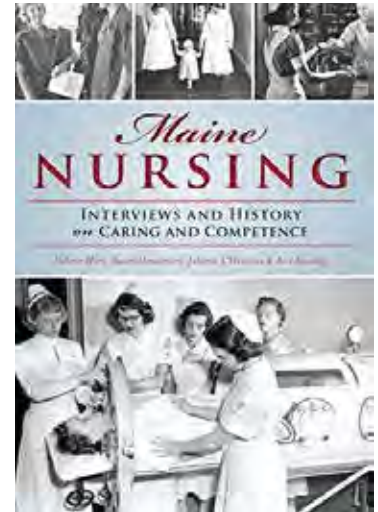


A French Canadian mill worker in the Indian Orchard Textile Mill tending a massive “Saco-Lowell Spooler.” Photo by Lewis W. Hine

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*By Valerie Hart,
Susan Henderson,
Juliana L'Heureux &
Ann Sossong*



Maine nurses have served tirelessly as caregivers and partners in healing at home and abroad, from hospitals to battlefields. The Division of Public Health Nursing and Child Hygiene was established in 1920 to combat high rates of infant mortality in Washington and Aroostook Counties. During the Vietnam War, Maine nurses helped build the Twelfth Evacuation Hospital at Cu Chi and bravely assisted surgeries in the midst of fighting. In the early 1980s, nurse disease prevention educators in Portland rose to the challenge of combating the growing AIDS epidemic. Through historical anecdotes and fascinating oral histories, discover the remarkable sacrifices and achievements of Maine’s nurses.

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More from Maine....

Before Flint, Brunswick was at the Center of a Public Health Crisis

By James Myall

“The privies were all in horrible condition, some being so full that their contents overflowed on the surface of the ground... In some places the narrow space between two closely-set dwellings was used as the receptacle for the most offensive waste materials. Pig sties were next to tenements and cow stables reeking with filth were not far away...Some of the wells and cisterns were too near the privies and pools of decomposing liquid to escape serious contamination. In short we found a condition of affairs utterly inimical to the hygienic welfare of the people inhabiting the neighborhood.”

This description, of a slum filled with the noise and smell of animals, their waste mixing with people’s drinking water, is not of Nairobi, or Sao Paulo in 2016. It’s a description of the conditions in Brunswick, Maine – specifically the “French quarter” of the village, in 1886. One hundred and thirty years ago, Brunswick provided the most egregious example of the health risks that French Canadian immigrants suffered when they found themselves living in overcrowded, poorly-constructed, and neglected neighborhoods. Many, like the Brunswick tenements, were owned and operated by the textile manufacturers for whom the immigrants came to work.

Increasingly, we’ve been hearing stories of tragedy, frustration and anger from Flint, Michigan, where a modern-day health crisis has erupted over the polluted city water supply, which contains dangerously-high levels of lead. Among the accusations leveled at Governor Rick Snyder (whose administration knew of the hazards months before they intervened to help), is that Flint’s inhabitants were simply too poor, and too Black, to merit attention from the state. More than a century ago, the conditions of Franco-Americans in Maine raise similar questions.

The Annual Report of the State of Maine Board of Health for 1886 is littered with references to outbreaks of infectious diseases among the Franco-American immigrant communities, which by this point were found state-wide and growing rapidly – Whooping Cough in Biddeford, scarlet fever in Saccarappa (Westbrook), diarrhea in Waterville, typhoid in Winthrop. A year earlier, in 1885, the board of health had been concerned about the possibility of an outbreak of small pox among Franco-Americans. An epidemic in Montréal that year had resulted in the death of thousands of unvaccinated French Canadians. But it’s



Workers' housing owned by the Cabot Company on the Brunswick shore of the Androscoggin, c.1895. Maine Historical Society/Maine Memory Network

the prevalence of diphtheria in Brunswick in the summer of 1886 that stands out. I spoke with David Vermette, a writer and researcher, about the incident, which he describes vividly in his blog, *French North America*. (*Read excerpts from the interview below, or listen to it in full online*).

“When I started researching genealogy, I consulted the newspaper index at the Curtis Memorial Library in Brunswick, expecting to find some sentimental family pieces, and I did...and then I came across an article that described absolutely appalling conditions in the tenements, and this diphtheria outbreak, and repeated outbreaks of typhoid.

“Frankly, I was shocked and angered. I could not believe what I was reading. I knew my father’s family, in particular, came

from a poor background, but I didn’t really know what that meant. But when I came across that article, by the [Brunswick Telegraph’s] editor, A. G. Tenney, which really hammered the Cabot Manufacturing Company for treating its employees so badly, this really became a special cause for me.”

I asked David why he thought he hadn’t gleaned any of that social history from his family –

“Where I grew up in Massachusetts, to the South of Boston, there were many people with Franco-American names; now I recognize that...but there wasn’t any sense of ethnic consciousness there. Like my family many had moved from mill towns like Brunswick and Biddeford to larger cities – Portland, then Boston, so the sense of ethnic consciousness was lost. Everyone spoke English, whether their ancestors were Irish, Italian or French Canadian. Everyone was middle class.

“I did get this sense that there was some “wrong side of the tracks” aspect to our family, but I couldn’t have put my finger on what that was, until I started doing this research. There was a tendency of people in my family and community to deflect the trauma and horror of what went on then. They’d say things like “well, you know, it was bad for other people as well,” “conditions of life weren’t as good then, standards of living were lower.” Statements to deflect it. But I would point out that people at the time thought they were appalling. Mr. A.G. Tenney is hammering at the Cabot Company, saying

that the conditions in the tenements shouldn’t be tolerated in a civilized society. People at the time thought this was appallingly bad.

“Generally, French Canadian immigrants were housed, as well as employed, by the Cabot Mill. There was also a company store. The company repeatedly denied the existence of the store, but newspaper reports show that workers were sometimes paid not in cash, but in credit for the store, which reveals their denial to be a lie. The immigrants were really tied to the mill – and until around 1900, the Francos were all living together in the tenements. I believe my father was born in one of those, literally in the shadow of the mill, in an apartment my grandfather had taken over from his aunt.

(Continued on page 28)

(Before Flint, Brunswick was at the Center of a Public Health Crisis continued from page 27)

“Today, the number one correlation with outbreaks of diphtheria is poverty, and it’s strongly associated with overcrowding. What you see in Brunswick, at the height of immigration, in the 1880s, is that there were, on average, eighteen people living in a small tenement. That’s the average – I’ve seen more than thirty people living in an apartment that nowadays we’d call a small two-bedroom apartment. How you can even do that is beyond imagining to me. This was an era in which people had large families, but being on a farm [in Canada], is very different from living in a small city, with an average of eighteen people living in apartments close together.

“They’re bringing farm animals from Quebec to Brunswick, and these are also housed, somehow, in pens between the apartments, and this is just creating more odor, more filth, more problems. Also, there was no garbage collection as we know it. So people are just throwing garbage into the river, into the yards. There’s a photo – probably from the early 20th century – where you can see a big dump just down from the tenements, close to the river. It’s very, very bad sanitary conditions. This didn’t happen because our ancestors were slobs but because the company did not provide a sanitary infrastructure for housing their large workforce.”

As Vermette noted, and the Maine Board of Health recorded, the diphtheria outbreak not only began among the Franco-American community, but claimed all its victims there. Dr. Onésime Paré, a Franco-American doctor supplied the Board with a list of mortalities that makes for difficult reading – dozens of children. David believes his own great-grandmother probably saw her neighbors’ children “dying all around her.”

So what about the response to this tragedy? Apart from Tenney, the editor of the Telegraph, and the reports to the Maine Board of Health, it was fairly muted.

“It’s hard to judge the Franco response, because Brunswick didn’t have a French-language newspaper. The one voice we have is that of Father Gorman, of St. John’s parish, who is reported to have said that he was burying more babies than he was baptizing. On the side of the dominant English-speaking part of the town, we have Tenney’s response, but I don’t see much on the part of the town [authorities]. In fact, I’ve read one source that said that efforts to



Mill Street, Brunswick, 1936. Pejepscot Historical Society/Maine Memory Network

build a new sewage infrastructure to address the situation were resisted. Then, as now, people didn’t want to spend money. Another Franco-American researcher, Michael Guignard, looked into Bowdoin’s response [then home to the Maine Medical School] and found nothing. It was only when visitors to the town started noticing the smell, that they did something about it. The Town ordered the Cabot Company to clean up the mess, but they ignored it, and the company was fined \$100, which even in that time was a pittance compared to what the company made. There were no consequences for the Cabot Company. I don’t think they cared at all, because they would get another fresh supply of French Canadians in the spring.”

Do you see any parallels to the present crisis in Flint?

“I think the parallel exists, and I became angry about the situation in Flint because it mirrors the situation in Brunswick in the 1880s. You have a population of African-Americans that was attracted to Flint by the industries – but I think these populations just become invisible. You have a tendency among the dominant English-speaking population to see the African- or Franco-Americans as others, and when they don’t have political clout, they don’t have a voice. And that leads to the situations we see in Flint today, or in Brunswick in the 1880s.”

The epidemic among Brunswick’s Franco-American community in 1886 is a stark case of corporate neglect. While the crisis in Flint is not identical – the blame in that community lies with local, state and federal government – the parallels that do exist remind us that there always have been, and always will be, groups and communities on the margins who can be overlooked with tragic consequences. The

long history of this pattern reminds us that our ancestors, were probably part of that overlooked group, at one point in time.



About James Myall

While I currently work for an Augusta-based non-profit, I spent four years as the Coordinator of the Franco-American Collection at the University of Southern Maine. In 2015, I co-authored "The Franco-Americans of Lewiston-Auburn," a general history of that population from 1850 to the present. I was also a consultant for the State Legislative Task Force on Franco-Americans in 2012. I live in Topsham with my wife and two young daughters.

Visit James’ Blog at:
<https://myall.bangordailynews.com>

Visit David Vermette’s Blog at:
<http://frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com>

French North America

Québécois(e), Franco-American, Acadian, and more

by David Vermette

**The Children's Strike
In A Gilded Age Mill**

"A little child shall lead them," the Bible says. And so it was in Brunswick, Maine in 1881 when young boys not only participated in a strike at the Cabot textile mill – they caused the strike.

This curious tale is reported in the August 12, 1881 edition of the local newspaper, *The Brunswick Telegraph* (beginning on page 2). According to this report, drawn together from local sleuthing as well as from other newspaper accounts, a strike broke out among "the operatives in the spinning and mule rooms of the Cabot Company's cotton mill...These strikes left the weavers short of working material and the mill was shut down."

In response to the strikes that occurred on a Thursday in early August and again the following Monday, the *Telegraph* reports that the mill was closed apparently for the better part of a week, although the *Telegraph's* account leaves the chronology uncertain.

The observation that young boys started the strike at the mill, extraordinary by modern lights, is tossed off at the end of the article in a single sentence. The strike began when "boys 8 to 14 years of age struck for higher pay, got it, and thus led to strikes in [the] spinning and mule rooms." It was the success of the children's strike that led the adults to hope for similar results.

The fact that it was the boys' example that led the adult workers to strike is attributed to a report in the *Bath Times* "prepared by a reporter after careful enquiry." However, "the operatives do not appear to have had any concerted action and moved apparently without leadership," the *Telegraph* reports.

A.G. Tenney, the editor of the *Telegraph* and most likely the writer of the article in question, suggests a motive for the boys' strike: "It is stated that the wages in the mill have been rather under than above the average of the cotton mills of this State, – that some of the young children work at \$1.00 per week, and some as low as 8 cents per day, but this latter statement we are unwilling to accept." Tenney gives no reason for his incredulity regarding the

wages paid, although he attributes these figures to "outside talk."

Tenney also reports that the workers demanded a ten percent raise, which they seem to have believed would put their pay in line with the wages at comparable mills in nearby Lewiston and Lisbon.

Don't Call It a Company Store!

The *Telegraph* mentions that the grocery store "commonly known as the factory store" closed for at least one day in response to the strike. The proprietors of the mill, says Tenney, "denied all connection" to the store operated by "Messrs. Adams Bros." The closure of the store in concert with the mill lock-out raised suspicions regarding this denial, notes Tenney.

The workers apparently had no doubt about the connection between the store and the Company since, reports the *Telegraph*, "some wicked wag...suspended [on the store] a red flag inscribed 'Store closed,' 'Small pox.'"

The *Telegraph* also mentions "the payment of help through the system of orders" to the Adams's grocery store, a system which, Tenney reports, many observers opposed. He attributes to the system's opponents "the general belief...that

cash should be paid and the purchases made by the workman wherever he chooses to trade." This "system of orders," well-known enough to invite comment in the town, refutes the Cabot Company's denial of "all connection" between the store and the mill.

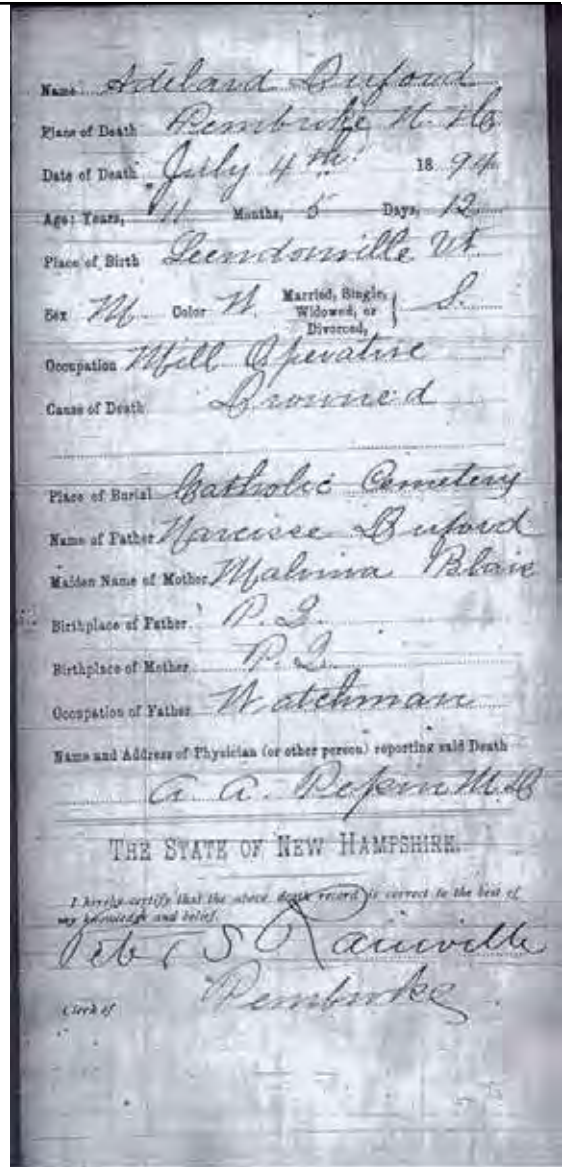
Another effect of the strike was that Benjamin Greene, the local agent of the mill, the face of the Cabot Manufacturing Company in the town, and the richest man in Brunswick, gave 30 day's notice to vacate to the residents in the company-owned tenements. Tenney justifies Greene's action, stating that the notice to the tenants may have been "done as a measure of precaution if the strike holds on."

As a rule, the mill workers in Brunswick in this period were housed in com-

pany-owned tenements. They were, to quote an 1885 *New York Times* piece about New England's French-Canadians elsewhere in the region, "the despair of sanitarians." This was due not to our ancestors' slovenliness but rather to the failure of the likes of the Cabot Company to build an adequate infrastructure to house a population measured in four figures.

In fact, just a month before this strike, the *Telegraph*, generally a friend to neither Mr. Greene nor the Cabot Company, had featured a lengthy piece about a Typhoid outbreak in these self-same tenements which was blamed on the Cabots' malfeasance.

(Continued on page 30)



1894 Death Certificate of Adelard Duford
"Age: 11" "Occupation: Mill Operative"
Thanks Janine LaFleur Penfield

(The Children's Strike In A Gilded Age Mill continued from page 29)

“French” = “Mill Worker”

The piece also makes clear that to be “French,” that is to say to be one of the French-Canadian immigrants in the town, is to be a mill worker in 1880s Brunswick. The paper reports that as early as the Wednesday following the Monday lock-out “several French families had left” implying that they did so in response to the strike. Tenney then states that on further investigation this report was shown to be untrue, but he notes that “some [French families] contemplate leaving.”

He also reports that, “no disturbance has occurred, the French people walking

about the village, and lots going blue-ber-rying.” That was not an unwise move given the situation with the company grocery store.

The circumstances of the Franco-American workers in Brunswick in this period are by no means uncommon in the history of 19th c. Labor. Here we find an imported, foreign labor force housed by the same company that employs them, that then pays them, at least in part, not in cash but in orders from the company store.

The system of keeping the workers in a state of dependency appears to have faced some opposition within the town since it inhibited a potential market for local housing and retail trade. This was no small loss to the local economy since per the 1880 U.S. Census the Franco-American population of Brunswick comprised more than one-fifth

of the town's headcount. But the Franco-American workers were in a closed circuit where the Cabot Company was *their all*.

It is not surprising that the French-speaking workers had recourse to the only tool at their disposal – the strike – but that they did not use it more often. Of course, strikes in that era came at great personal risk. Especially when the thirty-day eviction notice arrives at the worker's apartment as soon as the strike begins.

And in August of 1881, this risk was run because some eight-year-olds found out that the eight-year-olds over in Lewiston were pulling in perhaps a penny more than their measly dime a day.

Visit David Vermette's Blog at:
<http://frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com>

(N.D.L.R. The following two articles are from past issues of *Le Forum*, Page 8, février 1987 & page 10 mars 1987, in hopes that others may have had or heard about a similar experience. If you have, please contact *Le Forum* and share your story. *We are collecting stories about deportation.*)

Mémère: The Life of a Franco~American Woman

By Anne Lucey

The phone rang at 22 Westland Avenue. It was the winter of 1958.

Amedée, fatigued from the long day with the Biddeford Water Works pick and shovel crew, was plunked down in the big battered arm chair in their livingroom. Claudia his wife had just delivered him his nightly beer. She was sipping a glass of inexpensive wine.

Claudia rushed to the phone.

"Allô?"

"Madame Emond, you are the lucky winner of the Biddeford Chamber of Commerce-sponsored trip for two to Bermuda. Can you be down here at the office in half an hour so we may take your picture?"

Upon hearing this request, Amedée sprinted from his chair to ready himself for the photo-taking session.

Less than half an hour later Amedée and Claudia were posed in front of a refrigerator carton stuffed full of small white entry forms.

Claudia had filled out the blanks three weeks before with her older sister, Marianne,

who lived five miles out of Biddeford on Hills Beach, one of those little-liked spots by the summer tourists who prefer the dazzle and gaudiness of Old Orchard Beach or the "haute" displays of wealthy cottages of Kennebunkport. Hills Beach was lined with the modest cottages of Biddeford residents.

"If you win, you bring me; if I win, I'll bring you." Claudia and Marianne had made a compact.

Amedée forced Claudia to renege on her promise. He was her husband and he would accompany her to the sunny shores of Bermuda.

The *Biddeford Journal* staff photographer snapped his camera. The following day the photo ran with the caption proclaiming the winner of the vacation prize. Claudia Emond had filled out only two entry blanks.

Amedée forced Claudia to renege on her promise. He was her husband and he would accompany her to the sunny shores of Bermuda.

Her life had rarely collided with luck so easily as it had this time.

However, her childhood is now an era of wonderful memories. Claudia's entry into life was directed by a sache{emme, a midwife by profession, at her parents' farmhouse on a 100-acre tract in Thetford Mines, Québec. She was the last of 12 children her mother Bellesemere had borne.

The farm was a spacious one, but Claudia's father Eugene Nazare Breton used the land for subsistence farming. There were chickens, cows, pigs and horses, enough to keep the dozen well-fed and happy.

"J'ai une belle enfance; jamais les troubles,"

Claudia recalls today.

She was a child without a care. She grew up on the farm with her parents, three sisters and one brother. The seven others were married and gone. Some had children before Claudia was born.

Any wandering person who knocked at the Breton door was offered food and drink, and even a bed.

One frigid winter evening as the Bretons were uttering grace for the meal they were about to consume, a curly long-haired vagabond knocked at the door, asking for a hot meal. Bellesemere set an extra place and all indulged in the hearty fare.

"May I stay the night?" asked the hobo who sought harbor from the frigid night's air.

Breton answered: "Yes, if you give me permission to cut your hair." He feared the spread of lice in his home.

With that answer the long-haired hobo dropped his fork, picked up his hat and sped out the door, fearing the possible spread of cold on a newly cut head of hair.

If Breton was an ingratiating host, he was also a stern father. Claudia loved her father, but was always afraid of his eyes. He never raised his voice to discipline his children. And by Numbers 11 and 12, he had mastered the art of disciplining with his eyes and his subdued, but deep voice.

"Tit Toot!" Breton called to Claudia
(Continued on page 31)

(*Mémère: The Life of a Franco-American Woman continued from page 30*)

his youngest. "Open the cellar door for me."

Claudia, not to be disrupted from play, passed the chore on to her older sister Pauline. Breton turned his attention to Claudia, gazing at her with his dark brown eyes: "Not Pauline, you!"

Little Claudia hastily fulfilled the task. Breton continued his work. Everything was straightened out.

Because the land and livestock were not so obedient, Breton had to leave the farm and find work in order to save a small bundle to take back to Thetford Mines. Between productive seasons, Breton took his family to Biddeford where he and Bellesemere would work in the textile mill. In 1899, Edmund, the eighth child, was born in Biddeford. He was the only one of 12 to be born outside of the *Ia province* de Québec.

Bellesemere had always toiled on a farm. So prior to Edmund's birth she tried her hand as a weaver at York Mills. Breton, too, worked in the *moulin*, thanks to the help of his cousin Theod Sevigny who was a boss there.

But the work in the mill was part-time. When Bellesemere and Breton had earned enough money to get them through a few seasons, they would return to the farm in Thetford Mines with their family.

Thetford Mines had asbestos mills rather than textile mills. The town was named for its cavities that had been mined of the rich deposits of asbestos, the mineral found deep within the town's bosom. Asbestos can be readily made into long, flexible fibers and used as fireproofing material, cement and insulation.

However, before the mineral was ready for consumer use, it had to be extracted from beneath the slightly rolling hills of Thetford Mines and environs.

Thetford Mines had asbestos mills rather than textile mills. The town was named for its cavities that had been mined of the rich deposits of asbestos, the mineral found deep within the town's bosom. Asbestos can be readily made into long, flexible fibers and used as fireproofing material, cement and insulation.

The boys of the Breton family learned the process first-hand. One worked in the mines, chipping away for the mineral which was later hauled to the mill in town. One worked in the mill, operating the machine

that crushed the rocks into smaller pieces so the loose asbestos fibers could be removed. Another worked on "the line" stuffing the soft fibers into shipping packages destined for manufacturers' plants.

Those who worked in the mill would arrive home after a day's work looking as if they had been swimming in a flour barrel. No one actually knows how their lungs looked from breathing in the hazardous fibers. Innocent cars, trucks and buildings were showered every day with the white powder.

Asbestos brought economic prosperity to the townspeople. It also brought asbestosis, a lung disease caused by the inhalation of fine particles of the mineral. The last Breton son who died was Nazare, in 1973 at Thetford Mines-where he underwent heart surgery believed to have been warranted by working so closely with asbestos.

But back on the Breton farm, the family lived wholesomely. Bellesemere made butter and sold the surplus as an extra avenue of income. The children combed the fields in search of blueberries, picking the blue and mauve beads for ma's pies and more income for the family.

When they were not romping the fields and fishing in the stream on the land, the three youngest daughters, Claudia, Pauline and Marianne, were attending the one-room schoolhouse. These girls never got past the eighth grade, yet they were the only three of 12 to receive any formal education.

Breton and Bellesemere were unable to write even their own names, forcing them to sign documents with an "X."

Placing no emphasis on education, Breton and Bellesemere allowed Claudia to stay home for two years when they moved to Biddeford once again. Claudia, ten at the time, claims she had a great desire to continue school. But Bellesemere would keep Claudia close to her side during school hours. When the schoolchildren in town were released by the afternoon bell, Claudia also was unleashed to play with the children. . .

Bellesemere kept Claudia at her side not because she needed her daughter's help with the household chores, but because of a violent crime that had occurred in 1923 at Five Points, Biddeford's busiest intersection of roads. The victims were two eight-year-old girls who were walking to school. The assailant was a man who attempted to rape them. Because their bodies were too small for sexual intercourse, the girls were ripped

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THE WORLD OF MAINE ACADIANS (L'Acadie des Terres et Forêts)

John Quincy Adams thought Shepard Cary of Aroostook was a hick., but Shepard Cary got William H. Cunliffe of Woodstock to move up to Fort Kent and Cunliffe hired the earlier settlers of the St. John valley to work in the lumber camps. This was at the time when Regis Daigle of Madawaska took up oats and hay as far up the Fish River as "Chez Drake" in Portage Lake. The 1850 U.S. census lists Melzar Drake up there in 1850 where he head the Cary operations in the woods. That same year Regis "Bonhomme" Daigle, a member of the Board of Assessors of Madawaska Plantation (1846), brought a load of farm produce "Chez Perley". The Perley brothers of Fredericton, were then lumbering on Perley Brook above Market Street in Fort Kent.

But Cary had gone to Washington as U.S. congressman where the Jacksonian Democrat from Houlton ran into the Boston Brahmin of the old Whig era who had survived President Jackson's pulling out of the U.S. Treasury Funds from the Bank of the United States. But as noted, Cary hired Cunliffe and Cunliffe hired the earlier French settlers to Winter into the woods allowing the crews to be back in time to perform their Catholic Easter duties.

Ha! They jibbered and jabbered in French in the lumber camps of Cary & Cunliffe, and the Acadians brought home lice from those lumber camps. Yeah, the Acadians had their priests and their lice, and they used all their sacramentals in their swear words. You never heard a Hafford, or a Jackson of a Gardner used the word "Chalice" in a godforsaken oath! But "Calice de tabernacle à deux étage!" worked well as the Acadian women worked to delight their husbands fresh out of the woods.

"Canuck" and "têtes carrés" met in the Maine woods. Yeah they met for six generations from the first Cunliffe drive to the incorporation of the Van Buren Madawaska Corporation organized under U.S. Federal authority during the second world war.

And, "Calice de Kriss des pooh encore!" Antoinine Maillet wrote it all out in her novel, "Les Crasseux" Oh History! Such incredible history! You can only tell it as fiction!.

***Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine***

(*Mémère: The Life of a Franco-American Woman continued from page 31*)

open with a knife.

Bellesemere feared for her young Claudia and would not risk having her walk the route to school. Without objection, Claudia remained at home for two years.

The Bretons returned to Thetford Mines only to leave again for the United States one year later, in 1926. This time Breton's destination was Berlin, New Hampshire, where the trees grew in patches as thick as clover. This small northern New Hampshire town was inundated with French-Canadian emigres who flocked there to reap the employment opportunities of the lumbering trade.

Breton brought Bellesemere and his four last daughters with him to the area. By this time two of the daughters, Marianne and Elysee, had married, and their husbands joined the Bretons in their cabin deep in the piney woods of New Hampshire. There the eight of them lived with only a wood's love to insulate them from the frigid air and snowy cold. Their water source was a hand pump outside the cabin.

The women remained at the cabin while Breton and the husbands worked in the woods of Success, the township to the east of Berlin and bordering Maine. The area's largest employer, Brown Company, was located in Berlin.

Breton and the other men worked with others in the thick woods felling trees to be hauled by horse and wagon to the Berlin mill. When the 10-hour day was over, Breton and his sons-in-law went to the mill to sign out. It was at the mill, preparing the newly felled trees for paper pulp that young Amedée Emond worked. He, too, was a Québécois and a farmer, but his roots were in St-Henri Lévis, an area opposite the Fleuve St-Laurent from Québec City. Emond was born on his father's farm in 1901. And he lived there on the prosperous farm until his late teens, when he became anxious to see the continent and make some money of his own. He was the youngest of the boys and could have inherited the farm from his father as his other brothers lived in towns and were apathetic to farming. Emond's mother died bearing her twelfth child, when Emond was only 14.

So it was natural for him to leave his known surroundings and find work in the United States. Emond worked a short stint in the northern tree-lined rivers of Duluth, Minnesota, where he mastered the art of log-

driving. Unhappy with this, Emond found decent wages and acceptable employment in the Brown Company of Berlin. It was closer to home than was Minnesota.

By the time Breton had introduced himself to this young man, Emond was 25 and single.

"You are going to be my son-in-law," Breton told Emond upon first meeting with the tall, young eligible Québécois.

"Who told you that?" Emond undoubt-



Claudia Breton Emond was married to Amedée

edly was caught off his guard.

"I have two girls at home." And Breton had the last word Emond arrived at the Breton cabin that same night with his friend from the *moulin*, Joe Dusty (who now runs a jewelry shop in Lewiston). Emond played cards with Pauline, the second youngest of the family, and Claudia with Joe.

The next evening Emond arrived at the Breton's camp alone. He had had his eye on Claudia despite his card game with Pauline the night before. So, Claudia it was for tonight's card game. And so it was to be for many card games to come.

Emond was Claudia's second boyfriend. She was only 16 and her last beau

had been her first cousin whose adult-chaperoned relationship had lasted seven months.

An economic slump forced the Success woods operation to close, and forced Breton and Emond out of jobs. Undaunted, the entire Breton family and Emond packed into two cars (one belonging to Emond and the other to Marianne's husband) and headed for Biddeford where the textile industry was open for employment opportunities.

Emond was Claudia's second boyfriend. She was only 16 and her last beau had been her first cousin whose adult-chaperoned relationship had lasted seven months.

"There's work down here for you. Come with your daughters," Theod Seigny, the cousin-boss had written to Breton.

By this time, many of the Breton children lived in Biddeford. None of them ever transformed their French first names or surnames to American nicknames—except Edmund LaBarre, the son of Claudia's oldest sister. Edmund had eyes as black as ebony, which led to his French nickname "*Ti Noir*." Because the English could neither fathom nor pronounce such an appellation, Edmund became "Blackie."

Claudia remained Claudia. She was named for one of her deceased brother's wives. And as was the tradition in naming Québécoise females, Claudia received Marie as her middle name.

And because many Québécois males received "Joseph" as their middle names, so, too, did Emond.

Other French-Canadiens who moved to Biddeford Americanized their first names. Pierre Contoir, "small boss" at York Mills, was now "Pete." He was in charge of the night shift. Despite his Americanized name, he continued speaking in his native tongue. After all, most of his workers spoke the same language.

Claudia knew that as well as every other Québécois who had migrated to Biddeford in search of employment. She and her family, like every other Franco-American family, spoke French at home, at play and at work. Some never learned formally how to speak English. Claudia, learned word by word. Later in her life, it was the age of television that introduced her to and taught her the English language. Emond, less enamored of TV—viewing than Claudia, could speak and comprehend little English.

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Emond did not work in the *moulins*. He acquired a job with the foundry in town, while Breton worked odd jobs. But Breton's daughters worked in the textile industry. Claudia hitched up with York Mills in 1927, working 64 hours each week as a weaver.

Her weekly income was nine dollars. As a weaver, Claudia was required to stand before the giant looms from six in the morning until five-thirty in the afternoon—a skill she was forced to learn on her own. Lunch-time was 30 minutes long; the two other breaks were 10 minutes each.

Claudia quit her weaving job after one year for a four-month respite in Thetford Mines with her parents. This left Emond as a boarder with Claudia's sister, Elysée's tenement that he carried on a correspondence relationship with Claudia. Emond continued his sweat and muscle labor with the foundry. Claudia merely enjoyed the farm and its bountiful rewards.

When Claudia returned to Biddeford,

she was 16 years old. Emond, 26, asked her to be his wife. One day after Christmas, 1927, at six-thirty in the morning, the two were wed at St-André's Church on the north side of town where only Claudia's family attended. Even though Emond had sent money to his father for the trip to Biddeford from St-Henri, Papa Emond never showed up.

It was at the age of 16 Claudia had a miscarriage. She had been jumping rope, as a girl her age was apt to do. The jarring motion of the exercise forced her to naturally abort.

Both Claudia and Emond now lived in his room at Elysée's apartment. This was to be the first time Claudia had ever left home and had ever been alone with Amedée.

A short time thereafter, Claudia and her husband moved to a place of their own—a three-story walk up on Hill Street where they lived for a year and a half. This wood, chipped-paint apartment building was so close to another that Claudia could

nearly reach into the window of the adjacent building. Children roamed the streets and played kick-the-can with an energy that made the tin can's journey echo between the buildings on either side of the narrow, yet heavily travelled street.

It was at the age of 16 Claudia had a miscarriage. She had been jumping rope, as a girl her age was apt to do. The jarring motion of the exercise forced her to naturally abort. Claudia and Amedée moved often, once in the middle of the cool, dark night because their apartment building had burned beyond repair.

To be continued in mars, 1987

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Mémère: The Life of A Franco-American Woman **By Anne Lucey**

Continued from fevrier. 1987

During the Great Depression they lived with sister Marianne in her and husband René's apartment at Five Points. They had one child and by now Claudia and Amedée had one child, Leopold, born in 1929. All six lived together under one roof in three small rooms.

By this time, Claudia's parents, Bellesemere and Breton, were living permanently in Thetford Mines. They had made no commitment to reside forever in the United States, whereas Claudia and Amedée were intent upon remaining in New England. The law required aliens to leave the United States for no longer than six months at one time. Amedée had no cause to violate this rule; Claudia did. Her mother contracted cancer in 1933. Claudia went to Thetford Mines to care for her mother. By this time Claudia had borne all four of her children. They remained home with Amedée. For more than six months, until her mother's death, Claudia gave Bellesemere loving care. Her mother was 67 years old.

Claudia returned to Biddeford. The

death of her beloved mother deeply affected the 22-year-old mother of four.

But that is all Claudia recalls from the Depression era. "It was so dark during this time; it was blank for me. It was hard to live; I can't remember a thing."

However, things improved. In 1935, Claudia began working again, this time as a winder in the Bates Mill, which was formerly the York Mill. The duty performed by the winder involved taking the thread and attaching it to the machine—the first step in the textile making process. This task was learned by Claudia during unpaid training sessions. The job "was easy," but it still meant Claudia worked 40 hours each week on her feet, except for the half-hour supper and 20-minute breaks. She worked the second shift, from 3 to 11, forcing her to be away from home and her four children.

Claudia joined the organizing union at Bates, CIO, with the coming of Franklin Roosevelt. She joined, because "they protected us in seniority," yet she never went to meetings unless "trouble was brewing."

Twice the workers struck, without pay for two or three weeks at a time. Claudia walked out, but she never walked the picket line. "We always got a few more pennies when we struck."

The "big boss," Joe Hill, was in charge of the whole room—slashers, warpers, spoolers and winders. He spoke only English. The "small boss" was in charge of the second shift. He spoke French. Thus, Claudia worked in a Francophone atmosphere.

At home, too, she spoke only French with her husband, three daughters and one son. Their names reflected the Franco influence: Léopold: Thérèse, a name chosen by Bellesemere; Jeannine Andréanne, the middle name so given because of Claudia's love for la paroisse St-André; and Anita, given her by her godfather and Claudia's brother.

Caring for a family while working second shift was an arduous task. It was a heart-rending and often guilt-laden chore: "When you work eight hours in the mill and you come home and have to make supper
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and clean house—that was my life. I wasn't bad for my children; I loved my children."

Despite such plaguing problems of poverty, Claudia maintained cleanliness. To her, poverty was no excuse for filth. But the battle was difficult for a mother who had to work second shift, eight hours each day, 40 hours each week to bring home roughly \$19.

Life in the city was quite unlike life in the rolling open land of Thetford Mines. "It's hard to raise four kids in a four-room apartment. There was no formal bathroom, just a toilet. We had to wash up in a sink."

Claudia's role as a parent was more strenuous to act out than her role as a care-free Québécoise. The farm was the idyllic place to raise a family; the city could be a hellhole.

The tenements in which the Emond family resided were often infested with bed bugs, those slithering insects that burrowed themselves into the three mattresses of the Emond household: one on which Claudia and Amedée slept; one on which the three daughters slept; and one on which Léopold slept.

No matter how often Claudia cleaned or how furiously she attempted to fumigate the four-room apartment of the blood-sucking insects, the children usually awakened with red bites and scratchiness.

Lice were another problem. Claudia's children were infected with the hair-attaching insects, probably caught from other children at school. A special strong soap was used to extract the adult lice; whereas, a thin-toothed comb was used to pull the slicky eggs from the scalp.

Despite such plaguing problems of poverty, Claudia maintained cleanliness. To her, poverty was no excuse for filth. But the battle was difficult for a mother who had to work second shift, eight hours each day, 40 hours each week to bring home roughly \$19.

The greatest battle of perseverance loomed ahead. Because Claudia had left the United States for more than six months to care for her dying mother, the U.S. Immigration officials caught up with her in 1938. She was ordered to obtain her papers in Montréal and pay an eight-dollar fee.

Claudia ignored the requirement, fig-

uring she could escape the red tape, based on her nephew's avoidance of the same requirement. He had been naturalized as a U.S. citizen shortly thereafter.

"I thought they were going to accept me as they had accepted my nephew." Such was not the case. Her nephew, in fact, had never lost his permit by violating the six-month depanure law as Claudia had.

In 1938 she was hauled into the Portland city jail by immigration officers who were to have her deported to Thetford Mines the following day.



Thérèse Emond à Sherbrooke



Bellesemere Breton

The cinderblock cell in downtown Portland was hardly a bon voyage party. Amedée remained in Biddeford with the four children, too ignorant to fight for the release of his wife. He was to be the sole guardian for the next couple of years.

Claudia was sent via train to Thetford Mines. She lived there with her sister for eleven months. During this time, as she had always done in Québec, Claudia did not work. Her full-time job now was worrying about the family she had left motherless.

Meanwhile, Amedée continued working at Saco Lowell foundry, an armaments manufacturer, and as a father of four. Soon there were to be only three.

Thérèse, the oldest daughter, had been

born in Thetford Mines, during February nine years ago when Claudia and Amedée had taken their two-week vacation there. Thérèse was brought over the border into the U.S. at the age of three by relatives who were carrying fraudulent papers for her so she could be united with her true family.

This deception caught up with Therese on her ninth birthday when Amedée attempted to cross into Canada with his children so he could be permanently united with his deported Claudia. With an automobile packed to the roof with all their worldly belongings, the Emonds spent the night in the auto at the Derby Line, Vermont.

Thérèse, the oldest daughter, had been born in Thetford Mines, during February nine years ago when Claudia and Amedée had taken their two-week vacation there.

The next day, they were denied entry into Canada. Thérèse was deported on the spot.

She was brought to Sherbrooke to meet Claudia who had found employment there in a wealthy household as a maid. It was here she was a boarder and employee for wages of two dollars per week.

Because Claudia's job was such, Thérèse was unable to stay with her mother. She stayed at the Sacre-Coeur convent in town where she lived and was schooled.

The immigration officer who had escorted Therese to her mother happened to be the same officer who had warned her to obtain her papers in Montreal lest she face deportation.

He recognized her immediately at this second meeting and informed her she was eligible to return to the United States if she obtained her papers.

Not to risk losing again the chance for a U.S. permit, Claudia travelled to the heavily populated city of Montréal. She gained her papers and was on a train and back in Biddeford in time to spend Christmas of 1940 with her family.

By this time, Anita, the youngest, barely recognized her long-gone mother. Jeannine, the second youngest, had been her surrogate mother.

Thérèse, the other daughter, was unable to join the family for the holidays. She was required to remain in Sherbrooke, at the convent, until the following June.

Once the family was together, life

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(Mémère: The Life of A Franco-American Woman continued from page 34)

resumed as it had before the unwelcome interruption. Amedée was finally naturalized in 1943, and Claudia in 1944.

Thérèse, the other daughter, was unable to join the family for the holidays. She was required to remain in Sherbrooke, at the convent, until the following June.

She returned to Bates Mill as a wind-er. She would have remained there until retirement age, but the mill was gradually phasing out workers, leading to the closing of its doors in 1957. Hundreds of workers were left jobless. Claudia, who had worked with the company for 20 years, received no material display of gratitude. In lieu of 40 hours of work and forty-five dollars per week, she received unemployment checks.

The benefits ended after one year. Two weeks after this deadline, Claudia had a new job. But the commute to this job made things difficult. Claudia did not drive. Her new employer, Claristas, was located in Dover, New Hampshire. A former Bates Mill car-pool friend had found them a job at this electronics company run by anglophone bosses.

Again, Claudia worked the three-to-eleven shift and was able to share a ride with a fellow employee. But, Claudia was not given the job, she earned it after taking a written test of her skills. She was placed in the packing room in the beginning, preparing the electronic gadgets for shipment.

After a few months in the packing room, Claudia was moved here and there to do any and every job. This lasted for five years, until 1963 when the employees struck against Claristas. Workers here were not as lucky as those who had gained "a few pennies more" after a strike at Bates Mill. Many were laid off from Claristas. One worker to lose a job was Claudia's friend who drove them back and forth to New Hampshire each day, a total of two hours of driving.

Good luck stepped in and joined with Claudia's 20-year experience as a wind-er-sb(!) immediately acquired employment with the Pepperell Mill, a textile factory located within the five-story-high, fort-like bricked walls that bordered Main Street of Biddeford. The work was the same but by 1963 textile mills had refined the process of cloth-making into a fast-paced job. "If the machine stopped for five seconds that was good." And because the machine moved

rapidly, so too did Claudia. The pressure in competing with the machine sent her home every night at 11 with leg cramps; "I was so sick." Often, she was unable to sleep until long after midnight.

It was second shift, again, but this time three to eleven was "eight hours straight." Unlike at Bates, the workers at Pepperell were given 10 minutes for supper, and two ten-minute breaks.

But the wage was more than she had ever amassed in one week—one hundred and forty dollars (by 1970). Seven years after she joined Pepperell, Claudia left. The second shift was no way to live now that she was alone.



Amedée et Claudia Emond 1967



Claudia Emond

By this time Claudia was 59 and husbandless. Amedée had died in 1969 of leukemia which had ridden him to bed and made him grotesquely skinny. A man who had always been tall and thin, Amedée shrank to 80 pounds.

His last few weeks were spent at Webber Hospital in Biddeford. Claudia squeezed in visits to her dying husband around her shift at the mill. She had to work; the medical bills were soaring every day. Amedée's last gasp for air was witnessed by Claudia who took him in her arms where he died in peace.

His body and soul were prayed for, buried and marked with lavishness. Claudia spared no expense: death announcement cards with a photograph of Amedée (taken at Jeannine's wedding) were ordered in bulk. His casket was top of the line, not only on the outside, but on the inside, which was the backdrop for the Instamatic snapshots of Amedée in an open casket.

He was buried at St-Joseph's cemetery, property of Claudia's parish on the south end of Biddeford. The cemetery lies one mile from Claudia's home, permitting her to visit his gravesite every warm night. Engraved on one half of the polished black marble headstone are:

***Amedée Joseph Emond
1901-1969***

On the other half:

***Claudia Breton Emond
1911-***

She is prepared for the end.

But Claudia had been through a life where she was forced to prepare for everything. Her four children had survived childhood; only one had made it past the eighth grade and had graduated from Biddeford High School.

All were married and had three or four children each by 1970. To these grandchildren, Claudia was "Memay," because they were unable to pronounce with French accents, "Mémère."

Of course, the grandchildren's parents had never had trouble pronouncing words in French; that was their first and only language. It was English they were forced to learn from little schooling and much street practice. By adulthood, English was their first language with their families. When Claudia and her children got together, talk buzzed in French. Claudia was capable of understanding and speaking English, but was embarrassed and self-conscious about using it.

In the meantime, Amedée's medical bills had to be paid. His hospital was covered by insurance; the doctor was not. Claudia religiously met her monthly bills with the money earned from her job at the Maine Line Shoe Shop in North Berwick. A half-hour commute was involved, but by this time Claudia was able to drive and work the day shift. For 40 hours each week and

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one hundred dollars. Claudia glued the rigid back piece to the inside of leather shoes.

After one year with this company, Claudia was 60 years old. More than half of her life had been spent in front of a company machine. These machines expected total dedication. In return she received a weekly check. No company ever presented Claudia with a gold watch or a bouquet of flowers or a "thank you" for her service.

The time had come to enter another line of work. So Claudia signed on with an elderly, well-to-do couple who resided in a comparably modest home in Biddeford Pool, Biddeford's better half.

The man was legally blind and ailing, and the wife was equally healthy. Presence of any wealth they had was never exhibited; they were utterly avaricious. Claudia, for her four-hour per day services of meal preparations and house cleaning, earned \$1.50 per hour. For two years Claudia tended to the old man and woman. When Claudia attempted cooking a wonderful and hearty meal for the two, they would instruct her to serve them mold-covered bread and soup. Food was not to be wasted.

Claudia, for her four-hour per day services of meal preparations and house cleaning, earned \$1.50 per hour. For two years Claudia tended to the old man and woman. When Claudia attempted cooking a wonderful and hearty meal for the two, they would instruct her to serve them mold-covered bread and soup. Food was not to be wasted.

Yet money was abundant in their invested stocks, bonds and funds. Claudia left their employment two years later in 1973 making \$1.51 per hour. The man and woman died a few years thereafter, childless, unable to take their wealth with them and incapable of giving it to anyone.

To Claudia, her own home was her greatest asset. Amedée, with his two hands, had transformed their \$2,000 shack into a comfortable, modern three-bedroom home. The literal shack they had purchased in 1957 was an afterwork project for Amedée each night. He did the construction, the plumbing and the electrical wiring. Before the acquisition of the ramshackle building, they had never dared dream of purchasing a home of their own. However, by the end of the shack's metamorphosis, Amedée had died.

This was Claudia's sole inheritance.

And life was now good to her. She was a heavy woman who ate good food often and performed strenuous work and exercise seldom.

Life was routine: leisure was the theme; bluecollar labor a thing of the past. Her youngest daughter Anita, closest to Claudia in proximity, visited daily. Telephone communications were frequent.



La Famille Breton 1936

The call to Anita in the evening of cold January 1973 came as no surprise. The message did: Claudia was stricken with a blood clot in her thigh which had paralyzed her. She was rushed to the hospital in town and later transferred to Maine Medical Center in Portland where open heart surgery was performed the next day.

During the operation, Claudia was pronounced medically dead. She recalls hearing the doctors' voices, but all from a vantage point high above the sterile table. She did not resist death. But the electric shocks to her heart changed her desire for life. She came back to life and the surgery was successfully completed.

The enormous medical bills were covered by Blue Cross/Blue Shield. To better alleviate her financial situation, Claudia was deemed disabled and made eligible for benefits.

It was here that Claudia's life of toil and labor ends. Her greatest worry now is confirming receipt of her benefits and food stamps, and determining how each new U.S. president will affect those benefits. Claudia is a devout Democrat.

However, loyalty to Catholicism comes first. She has lived her 76 years

steeped in deep faith. The pope, the bishop and the priest are all to be revered. When the parish priest paid his annual parishoner visit to Claudia last year, he asked her to donate a spare overstuffed chair for an ailing *bon-homme*. Without question, she obliged. Hers is a religion where no questions are asked.

She is healthier now and better rested than she has been since her marriage. Life is to be enjoyed. Beano is a favorite pastime and television is her best friend: always there to speak to her in French or English. Her family visits her often and always on holidays, especially for Noël. Christmas is a time of traditional French-Canadian celebration. The family as a whole sings, talks and eats *tourtière* and sweets until the wee hours of the night, and until the presents are unwrapped. *Le réveillon* is the centerpiece of the holiday season.

Other nights Claudia retires at midnight with her large black rosary beads rotating between her fingers. Her bedroom is a storehouse of religious trinkets. Above the bed's headboard hangs a foot-and-a-half-long crucifix, inside which is housed a swatch of clothing allegedly taken from the cloak of an unknown saint.

The bureau beyond the bed serves as a display counter for a red velvet-cloaked replica of the Baby Jesus, known in Catholic circles as the Little Priest Jesus.

Claudia is alone in bed tonight, as she has been since 1969. On one of her bedroom walls hangs the only picture of Amedée and her together. Yet, the photograph was made of two separate photos of the two and pieced together.

For Claudia, her life was complete. It was beautiful and it sometimes was ugly. Yet, for all her woes, she knows in her heart she did all that was possible to survive a difficult and trying life.

Anne C. Lucey is a 1980 graduate of the University of Maine, where she majored in Journalism. Currently, she is a Junior High School teacher at the John Graham School, Veazie, Maine. A Social Studies teacher, she also teaches French, which she introduced into the curriculum last year. Anne Lucey lives in Orono, Maine.

French North America

Québécois(e), Franco-American, Acadian, and more

by David Vermette

Illegal Immigration in the 1920s: French North Americans and the Myth of the Master Race

Plus ça change plus c'est la même chose.

This familiar saying leaps to mind while reading a page one story from *The Gazette of Montréal*, April 2, 1929. The article reports that, pursuant to the Immigration Act of 1924, significant numbers of the French-Canadian element in the USA could face deportation.

The Canadian-born resident who came to the States prior to July 1924 had no worries. Those who arrived after that date sans proper documentation must leave the country and go through proper immigration channels or face deportation with no possibility of readmission to the USA.

The article reports that among those who were sent back to Canada to obtain proper documentation was an 18-month-old baby girl born in Montréal and adopted by a family in New Hampshire.

Since no dangerous 18-month-old must slip through the net, the article reports that, "*Federal officers throughout New England are now receiving their preliminary instructions, and within another two months the machinery for the investigation of every Canadian in the country will be perfected.*"

The article also states that, "*The Washington authorities make it plain that French-Canadians are not alone involved. Canadians from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario will be subjected to as rigid an examination as those from Quebec.*"

Evidently there were suspicions that French Canadians were being singled-out for possible deportation. The considerations that led to the 1924 Immigration Act justify these suspicions.

The purpose and effect of this legislation was to exclude "undesirable" aliens from immigrating to the USA. Alarmed by the growth of Jewish immigrants as well as those from Southern and Eastern Europe, Congress moved to forbid certain groups from entering the country legally and to impose quotas on others. Canadians were not subject to the quota system, as the 1929

article in *The Gazette* mentions, but were required to file papers.

The debates surrounding the 1924 act strike the modern reader as both shockingly frank and uneasily familiar. In a time when reticence or self-deception regarding one's racism was less prevalent than today, Senator Ellison DuRant Smith of South Carolina, for example, permitted himself this utterance:

Who is an American? Is he an immigrant from Italy? Is he an immigrant from Germany? If you were to go abroad and some one were to meet you and say, 'I met a typical American,' what would flash into your mind as a typical American... Would it be the son of an Italian immigrant, the son of a German immigrant, the son of any of the breeds from the Orient, the son of the denizens of Africa?... I would like for the Members of the Senate to read that book just recently published by Madison Grant, *The Passing of a Great Race*. Thank God we have in America perhaps the largest percentage of any country in the world of the pure, unadulterated Anglo-Saxon stock; certainly the greatest of any nation in the Nordic breed. It is for the preservation of that splendid stock that has characterized us that I would make this not an asylum for the oppressed of all countries, but a country to assimilate and perfect that splendid type of manhood that has made America the foremost Nation in her progress and in her power...¹

The Senator recommends Madison Grant's *The Passing of the Great Race* or *The Racial Basis of European History*, published in 1916. The alarm regarding the immigration of supposedly inferior "stock" into the USA was the wellspring of Grant's book. The author provided statistics to Congress which contributed to setting the 1924 law's immigration quotas.

Jonathan Spiro, a professor of history at Castleton State College in Vermont, finds that Grant "popularized the infamous



Canadians Face Deportation as Illegal Aliens: The Gazette of Montréal, April 2, 1929

notions that the blond-haired, blue-eyed Nordics were the 'master race' and that the state should eliminate members of inferior races who were of no value to the community." Translated into German in 1925, Grant's book was welcomed by the Nazis. According to Spiro, Adolph Hitler referred to it as his "bible."

In light of his pseudo-scientific theory of blond, "Nordic" dominance, the following excerpt from Grant's *meisterwerke* comes as no surprise.

The Dominion [of Canada] is as a whole handicapped by the presence of an indigestible mass of French Canadians largely from Brittany and of Alpine origin although the habitant patois is an archaic Norman of the time of Louis XIV. These Frenchmen were granted freedom of language and religion by their conquerors and are now using those privileges to form separatist groups in antagonism to the English population. The Quebec Frenchmen will succeed in seriously impeding the progress of Canada and will succeed even better in keeping themselves a poor and ignorant community of little more importance to the world at large than are the Negroes in the South. ²

Thus spake Hitler's Bible. However, the "mass of French Canadians" were not "largely from Brittany," although some of their ancestors were Breton. Even by Grant's specious definitions the Canadiens were not generally of "Alpine" origin. He was neither the first nor the last to draw a comparison between the Canadiens and African-Amer-

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(Uncle Luc continued from page 3)

studies for the priesthood. After 3 years in San Antonio Luc had acquired many new friends there and chose to finish his studies for the priesthood in San Antonio. He visited home only once during those years, at the death of his mother on 23 December 1930. He was ordained an Oblate of Mary Immaculate priest at Saint Mary's parish in San Antonio on June 4, 1938. He celebrated his first mass at Sainte-Marie parish in Manchester several days later. One final year of studies in Texas would follow.

As was the tradition at the time, after ordination within a Catholic Church priestly order such as the Oblates, and following completion of his post-ordination studies, Father Luc was required to write to the Superior General of the Oblates in Rome to receive his first assignment as a new ordained OMI priest. At the time of Luc's ordination the Superior General of the Oblates was a French Oblate, Père Théodore Labouré. As a bilingual Franco-American from Manchester, Father Luc thought it would be a courtesy to write to Père Labouré in French to request his first assignment as a newly ordained Oblate. While awaiting Père Labouré's response with an assignment, Father Luc accepted a temporary assignment from his superiors in Texas, that of curate in an Oblate parish of the Southwestern Province, i.e., Saint Louis Cathedral in New Orleans, a mere six-week assignment from June to July 1939.

Father Luc received word from Rome in July 1939. Impressed with Father Luc's bilingual "credential", Père Labouré asked the newly ordained Father Luc to join his administrative staff as his personal secretary, for a typical seven-year stint. Father Luc was soon packed and sailing to Europe.

As secretary to the Superior General of the Oblates, while headquartered in Rome, Father Luc traveled to several areas of the world with Père Labouré, whose responsibilities as Superior included visiting the many Oblate missions and seminaries in Europe, North America, Central America, South America, Africa, Haiti and the Philippines.

The outbreak of WWII found Père Labouré and his staff in Rome. As a French citizen, Père Labouré was obliged to return to France. As the only priest on Père Labouré's staff who was not French, Father Luc was offered immediate passage to the U.S., a last opportunity to escape soon to be war-torn Europe. Father Luc consulted Père Labouré further as to his assessment

of the war and how long it might last. Père Labouré's response was optimistic, i.e., perhaps not more than a few months. History of course would prove otherwise. Based on Père Labouré's assessment, however, Father Luc opted to stay on as part of Père Labouré's staff. They would return to the French Oblate community in France for the duration of the war, headquartered in Marseilles where the Oblate community was founded by Bishop Eugène de Mazenod in 1816, the future Saint Eugène de Mazenod.

As an American staying in German occupied France, Father Luc would need to change his identity. With forged identify papers in hand, Father Luc Miville became Père Louis Bernard, a French citizen. His forged papers would afford him relatively safe passage within France, from one Oblate house to another, fulfilling his duties to Père Labouré who continued to travel to and from various Oblate houses in France throughout the war.

The Gestapo however were aware of the presence of an American among the French Oblates and would frequently arrive unannounced at Oblate houses throughout France inquiring as to the presence of their American confrère, Father Luc Miville. The superior of the house would of course deny that Father Miville was present, offering one reason or another to explain his whereabouts, even though at the time of at least one such visit by the Gestapo, Father Luc was present. The ruse was successful and Father Luc, or "Père Bernard" was not unmasked.

Père Labouré, Father Luc's superior, who had been ailing for some time, died in Paris on February 28, 1944. In the meantime, the Oblate Vicar General, Père Balmès, was appointed acting Superior General of the Oblate community. As Father Luc put it, "I was out of a job", until a new Superior General was elected. That would not occur until after the war.

In March 1944, Father Luc was certainly still not free to leave France, so in order to get him out of circulation, Father Luc was given a temporary assignment at an Oblate seminary at La Brosse-Montceaux, a hamlet near Montereau (Seine et Marne Department), approximately 80 kilometers southeast of Paris, near the famed Fontainebleau. There the Oblate community ran a seminary in an 18th century chateau which had been willed to them by the family who owned the chateau until 1934. The seminary at La Brosse-Montceaux continued to function openly as such despite the war and (Continued on page 39)

(Illegal Immigration in the 1920s: French North Americans and the Myth of the Master Race continued from page 37)

icans, a move that, in his racist scheme, was a means of killing two birds with one stone.

Nor did the large-scale immigration of this "indigestible" French Canadian community into New England escape Grant's notice. On the contrary, in his first chapter, where he sets out the alleged danger facing his imaginary master race from the immigration of their "inferiors," Grant writes:

During the last century the New England manufacturer imported the Irish and French Canadians and the resultant fall in the New England birthrate at once became ominous. The refusal of the native American (sic) to work with his hands when he can hire or import serfs to do manual labor for him is the prelude to his extinction and the immigrant laborers are now breeding out their masters and killing by filth and by crowding as effectively as by the sword. Thus the American sold his birthright in a continent to solve a labor problem. Instead of retaining political control and making citizenship an honorable and valued privilege he intrusted (sic) the government of his country and the maintenance of his ideals to races who have never yet succeeded in governing themselves much less any one else. 3

Grant's master race theory assumes, of course, that the measure of mastery is not only governing oneself but also lording over others. This revealing remark is but one draught from his witch's brew of half-baked science, Social Darwinism, and old-fashioned Anglo-American jingoism.

Through such rancid reasoning is legislation passed that would require federal agents to hunt out every undocumented 18-month-old Canadian baby.

After WWII when the consequences of Grant's theories are well known, some Americans have learned to be embarrassed about their sensitivities regarding Anglo-Saxon racial and cultural "purity." Modified, modernized versions of Grant's naked racism are clothed with fig leaves about national unity as well as by economic arguments.

I'm not sure that I prefer these latter-day versions to the overt stance of Anglo-Saxon supremacy held by Grant and his acolytes. At least they were honest.

Notes

1. Speech by Ellison DuRant Smith, April 9, 1924, Congressional Record, 68th Congress, 1st Session (Washington DC: Government Printing Office, 1924), vol. 65, 5961-5962.

2. Grant, Madison. *The Passing of the Great Race or The Racial Basis of European History*, 4th Ed. New York: Scribner's, 1921, 81.

3. Grant, 11-12

(Uncle Luc continued from page 38)

attendant hardships, as well as the presence of a Gestapo regional headquarters based at Mélnun, headed by Corporal Wilhelm Korf (a former profession of Geology at Magdeburg University in Germany) a few kilometers from the Oblate seminary. Corporal Korf had a well established reputation of using torture to extract information from his prisoners. He had blonde hair, cut very short, light blue eyes and wore an obviously tailor made Gestapo uniform, and presented a stereotypical picture of a brutal and merciless roughneck.

At Father Luc's arrival at La Brosse-Montceaux, the residents of the seminary consisted of approximately 20 professional staff (priests and brothers) and 80 seminarian-students. Father Luc took on a variety of assignments there, including private tutoring of Latin to seminarians as well as other students from the village of La Brosse-Montceaux.

But there were other, more covert activities going on at the seminary. A few of the staff and students were secretly working with the French underground, i.e., the "Résistance", to help defeat the Germans. Father Luc was quick to become involved and his bilingual skills enabled the Oblates to set up a clandestine short-wave radio communication in a sub-basement of the seminary, with the French government in exile in England to facilitate the planning of nighttime parachuting of arms onto farm fields in and around La Brosse-Montceaux. After retrieving the parachuted canisters containing the guns and munitions, the canisters and parachutes were taken to the seminary where the canisters were emptied of their contents. The empty canisters and attached parachutes were then dropped into a dry well on the seminary property. The guns and munitions were taken to the local cemetery and hidden in a host of mausoleums there, again, under cover of night. In this fashion the Oblate community of La Brosse-Montceaux was responsible for receiving and hiding, over the course of a few weeks in the spring and summer of 1944, approximately six tons of parachuted arms. These would eventually be secretly transported to Résistance workers in Paris and were destined to play a role in the liberation of Paris.

All went well until July 1944 when a local agent of the Résistance, with the code name of "Renard", was arrested by the Gestapo of Mélnun, after having been betrayed as a Résistance worker, possibly by Joseph Joanavizzi, aka "Monsieur Joe", who was a

wealthy and powerful merchant thought to have been a double agent between the Gestapo and the network of Résistance workers. In the process of questioning, under torture, a notebook was found on "Renard"'s person with information implicating the Oblates in the secret procurement of arms. That notebook also contained the names père Albert Piat, frère Jean Cuny, père Christian Gilbert, frère Joachim Nio and frère Lucien Perrier, all Oblate staff of La Brosse-Montceaux.

The Gestapo and Corporal Korf of Mélnun were only too well known for the merciless torture. Elderly villagers of La Brosse Montceaux there today still recall Korf's name and readily associate it with torture, recalling him only a "le tortionnaire".

Under torture, then, "Renard" revealed further damning evidence clearly unmasking the Oblates and their activities at the seminary on behalf of the Résistance. As a consequence, Corporal Korf orchestrated a surprise raid on the seminary.

The morning of Monday, 24 July 1944 was dawning as another hot and humid summer day at La Brosse-Montceaux. At approximately 5:00 AM, as priests and seminarians were beginning to assemble in the seminary chapel for morning prayers and mass, several trucks carrying German soldiers armed with sub-machineguns, lead by Corporal Korf in his chauffeured staff car, descended across the seminary grounds and quickly had the seminary/chateau surrounded.

Father Luc, ever vigilant for potential trouble, had not yet left his room for chapel but was suddenly aware of the commotion taking place outside. When he realized what was happening he attempted to escape through the window of his second floor bedroom on the rear side of the chateau, and once on the ground, try to make a quick run into a nearby woods. However, he was spotted by a German soldier who fired a blast of his sub-machinegun at the building in the direction of Father Luc, who quickly fell back into his room unharmed. As the soldiers had not yet made it to the second floor of the chateau, Father Luc left his room and ran to a room down the hall, that of Brother Duval, who had already left for chapel. Father Luc managed to remain in hiding in that room until approximately 9 AM when he was discovered by a soldier who was part of a larger group doing a methodical search of the chateau for other seminary staff or students.

Meanwhile, Corporal Korf had made his way to the front entrance of the chateau and was met there by the superior of the sem-

inary, Père Henri Tassel. Korf ordered Père Tassel to request that everyone in the chateau assemble on a small grassy courtyard near the front of the chateau. There the Oblates were confronted by Korf, who brought along his informer, Résistance agent "Renard", handcuffed and showing signs of brutal torture. The previous evening "Renard" had revealed the clandestine activities at the seminary, as an outcome of torture, and the inadvertent written notes in a booklet found on his person. However, "Renard" was actually unable to visually identify the seminary staff whose names were in the booklet. He was subsequently returned to the Gestapo prison at Fontainebleau and along with 32 other Résistance workers was taken into a nearby woods a few days later and shot.

At this point, Korf addressed the group in French, at first calmly, asking that someone from the group please step forward and tell him where the arms were hidden. As superior, Père Tassel protested to Korf that no one in the group knew anything of arms. Korf, now enraged, persisted. He announced that he would torture and kill every last priest and seminarian one at a time, unless someone in the group came forward with information regarding where the arms had been hidden.

Under the blazing July sun, Korf was evidently getting uncomfortable and removed his military jacket and rolled up the sleeves of his crisp white shirt. He continued to press for one of the Oblates to come forward with information in order to spare everyone from being tortured and murdered. He finally ordered fathers Albert Piat and Christian Gilbert, as well as brothers Jean Cuny, Joachim Nio and Lucien Perrier (the names he got from the notebook found on the person of "Renard") to step forward. They were all taken via a back entrance into the basement of the seminary.

In a continuing rage, Korf continued to press the group remaining in the courtyard for information about the hidden arms. The Oblates responded with silence. They prayed the rosary and were urged by Père Tassel speaking in whispers to "Say nothing, do not say anything".

In the meantime, a methodical search of the seminary and grounds was being carried out.

In the basement, meanwhile, the five victims singled out by Korf were being interrogated under torture. Brother Joachim Nio was the first to emerge from the basement and appear before the Oblates on the outside. There was a collective gasp when *(Continued on page 40)*

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they spotted him bent over, hobbling slowly, with the aid of a walking stick, in obvious terrible pain. He made his way towards Korf and stood before him. Korf mockingly ordered him back to the basement to get him some wine, which Brother Nio did.

The interrogation of the other four priests and brothers continued and each would appear in turn to return the courtyard to the horror of their confrères.

The next victim to emerge from the basement was Père Christian Gilbert. He made his way out to stand before Korf. Turning to the group and shouting at them in a voice choking with rage, Korf asked again, "Where are the hidden arms?!" Shoulder to shoulder, the Oblates again responded with silence.

"Very well then" shouted Korf, "I will start by killing Father Gilbert. I will then kill a second, a third, a fourth and the fifth, and more, until you tell me where the arms are hidden." He signaled to a soldier standing nearby to bring Père Gilbert forward. Stepping back several feet from Père Gilbert, Korf ordered a soldier to bring him a sub-machinegun which he methodically inspected to be sure it was loaded.

Their hearts filled with horror and pity, the Oblates were helpless to intervene. In the terrible silence which engulfed them, the only noise which could be heard was the whirring of a camera being operated by a German soldier from the Wehrmacht's division of war cinematography filming the entire event!!

Addressing Père Gilbert one last time, Korf persisted, "So, so you still do not want to tell me where the arms are hidden?" Père Gilbert, in a calm, steady and clear voice responded, "Sir, I wish only to see a priest." From within the group, Père Delarue shouted, "Père Gilbert, we give you final absolution!" With that, the priests in the group raised their arms in unison and bestowed a final blessing upon Père Gilbert, only moments before Korf fired a blast of his sub-machinegun into Père Gilbert's chest. Père Gilbert fell to his knees and then onto his back, without uttering a sound. Korf then circled the body before him on the ground and coming full circle fired an additional round from his pistol into Père Gilbert's head. Then turning to the stupefied onlookers he announced with arrogance and contempt, "It is your fault he is dead."

As the internal search of the chateau continued, Father Luc was discovered in the room where he had taken refuge, and from

where he had observing the developments outdoors. With the barrel of a sub-machinegun in his back he was ordered to join the rest of the community in the courtyard. On his way out, Father Luc later noted, the soldier accompanying him out of the chateau ordered him to stop momentarily in the foyer of the chateau where there was a piano which the soldier paused to play what was apparently a tune he'd heard and learned as a child. Father Luc then joined his confrères in the courtyard. There Father Luc saw the bodies of Père Gilbert and Frère Cuny, and he learned that another three confrères were still being interrogated in the basement.

Over the ensuing several hours, Frère Perrier, Frère Nio and Père Piat were to suffer the same fate as Père Gilbert and Frère Cuny.

After these first five killings, Korf coolly announced that he was prepared to go on to as many more killings as needed until someone came forward with the information he wanted about the hidden arms. He then ordered the group to line up in rows of 10 each. Father Luc took his place at the head of the first row, expecting shortly to become the sixth victim.

However, before Korf could continue, a Wehrmacht staff car appeared on the property. An obviously high-ranking German military officer, heavily decorated, wearing a gold monocle, and smoking a cigar, got out of the car. Along with his staff, he looked with cold indifference at the five bodies on the ground before him and at the assembled priests at the far end of the courtyard. Korf, in his rolled up shirt sleeves, drenched in sweat and still carrying a sub-machinegun, greeted them and had a brief conversation with them, the substance of which seems to have been that he was ordered to stop the killings, after which the German high officer and staff returned to the car and left the scene.

Korf ordered the 10 Oblates in the first row to remove the 5 bodies and dump them in a well at the far end of the property. Father Luc was one of the five. As this was taking place Korf added in disdain, "Throw their bodies in the well and be quick about it. It is not my fault, after all, it is yours!" The bloodbath appeared over. However, Korf then added that for good measure he was going to kill 5 more Oblates of the 10 who had helped to remove the bodies. Père Tassel immediately intervened and begged Korf to desist. It worked, though Korf had Père Tassel taken as a hostage. Korf then left the scene in his car with his personal entourage to have dinner in the nearby

village of Villeneuve-la-Guard. He did not return. The innkeeper at the inn where Korf stopped later recalled that Korf ordered the best food and wine that could be had, boasting, "because I have just killed 5 priests".

It was late afternoon and at this point the surviving Oblates, who had been standing in the blazing July sun for nearly 12 hours, were in various stages of collapse, having gone without water or food since 5 AM, in addition to having witnessed unspeakable horrors. The soldiers left behind to guard the Oblates as their prisoners until they could be removed to the prison at Fontainebleau, then ordered some of the Oblates into the refectory area where they were ordered to prepare quantities of food and drink for the soldiers. By early evening, two trucks had arrived at the seminary to transport the Oblates to the Fontainebleau prison. Père Delarue prevailed upon one of their drunken captors to allow him to retrieve consecrated hosts from the chapel tabernacle which had been left untouched during the extensive pillaging of the chateau throughout the day. Père Delarue distributed communion to the Oblates as they boarded the trucks. The Oblates were then transported to the Fontainebleau prison. They would be held there until transfer could be arranged to the Royal-Lieu barracks, a WWI military barracks in Compiègne. They were held there for several days under near starvation conditions. Father Luc administered final rites to a number of his Oblate confrères who subsequently died in Compiègne.

The Oblates' departure from the Compiègne holding prison, with intended destination of the Buchenwald concentration camp in Germany, and certain death, was scheduled for August 25. However their departure was delayed several days due to the train having been sabotaged by Résistance agents who were discretely following developments at a distance. August 25 is also the day on which Paris was liberated, made possible in part by the arms received by Résistance workers from the Oblates at La Brosse-Montceaux. The train taking the Oblates, in cattle cars, bound for Buchenwald, left Compiègne on Thursday, August 31.

However, on nearing the town of Péronne, approximately 132 kilometers northeast of Paris and 70 kilometers from the Belgian border, as the railroad station and tracks had been destroyed by Allied bombing a few days earlier, the transport to Germany was halted. The following

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day, Friday, September 1, their German captors, suddenly taken by confusion and panic as the Allies quickly made their way across northern France towards Péronne, abandoned their captives and left in hasty retreat. By 3 PM, the Red Cross arrived in Péronne. At 6 PM the next day, church bells announced the liberation of Péronne. The American Army was on the scene the same day, and ironically one of the first American soldiers who greeted Father Luc was Ferdinand Gosselin, of Manchester, NH! He was chief petty officer in the Navy, having been reassigned to the European War theater in France to serve as an interpreter. Ferdinand Gosselin helped orchestrate getting word back to Father Luc's family in Manchester, that after four years of silence, and though far from well, he was alive.

The five victims of La Brosse-Montceaux are still remembered every July 24 in ceremonies held on the former seminary grounds, commemorating their supreme sacrifice. In addition to a large granite memorial which stands in the courtyard where the murders took place, 5 small, white stone crosses, bearing each victim's photo, mark the very spots on the grass where they were murdered by Wilhelm Korf.

After the liberation of France, and following a period of recuperation, at the Oblate's Vicar General's request, Father Luc was assigned to the Oblate Paris headquarters at 18 rue de l'Assomption. There he worked (with the equivalent rank of Captain in the American Army, "with pay") in a special project to assist in the repatriation of French

prisoners of war who had been conscripted under duress to work in the munitions factories in Germany, essentially as slave laborers. This required extensive travel to and from France and Germany. This post-war assignment in Paris also required Father Luc to report regularly to the Vatican's Nuncio to France, Archbishop Angelo Roncalli. The two became close friends and maintained a correspondence even following Father Luc's permanent reassignment to the U.S. in 1952. In 1953 Archbishop Roncalli was elevated to Cardinal of Venice, and he was subsequently elected Pope John XXIII in 1958.

Father Luc returned to the U.S. for the first time since liberation in the early spring of 1945. He was subsequently joined there by other French Résistance workers who with Father Luc toured extensively in the U.S. and Canada recalling for their audiences their harrowing adventures in France throughout the war.

After the war, Corporal Wilhelm Korf was found and arrested and tried in a military tribunal in Paris on 9 December 1953. The tribunal condemned him to death, a sentence which was later commuted to life imprisonment at hard labor. For reasons unknown to me, he was released from prison in 1960. Korf's name also appears in the records of the proceedings of the Nuremberg trials in which the atrocities he was responsible for in France, including those of La Brosse-Montceaux, are documented.

Father Léo Deschatelets, a Québécois, was elected as the new Superior General of the Oblates in 1947. Father Deschatelets asked Father Luc to

stay on as part of his new administrative staff which Father Luc agreed to do.

In 1952 Father Luc asked Father Deschatelets to be reassigned stateside, back to the southwestern province of the Oblates in Texas, where his Oblate adventures had started in 1927. Before returning to the U.S. Father Luc vacationed briefly in Spain and England. Like in most of his travels, Father Luc traveled by ship. He arrived in the port of Québec City on Christmas morning 1952. From there he returned to Manchester to reunite with his family, arriving in his family home in time to visit with his father, Joseph François Miville a few days before the latter's death in May 1945.

Over the next 40 years Father Luc served as curate in Oblate parishes throughout Texas and Colorado. He also taught Spanish at the Oblate seminary in San Antonio, his alma mater. He semi-retired in 1990 at St. Mary's parish in San Antonio where he had been ordained in 1938. Stricken with cancer in 1992, Father Luc died on October 19, 1992 in San Antonio after imparting a final blessing on his last surviving siblings, Bernadette and Emile, who were accompanied to visit Father Luc in Texas by a niece, Yvette (Miville) Smith and myself.

Father Luc's missionary cross was temporarily "retired" for a few years but eventually presented in Father Valentine Kalumba on February 20, 2005 at the time of his profession into the Oblate community of Zambia, Africa. I have not a doubt that mon oncle Luc would be very pleased.



Photo by Virginia Sand taken March 23, 2016.

Palm Weaving

My Mom, Albertine Albert-Pimperal weaving a palm at 89 yrs. old in her Waterville kitchen, despite arthritic hands.

— Submitted by Virginia Sand

Coin desjeunes...



Compère Bouki pi Compère Lapin A Franco-African Folktale of the Missouri Ozarks.

Par Kent Beaulne dit Bone, at the Old Mine-La Vieille Mine au Missouri

Ah ben, c'est bon de vous dzire. Une fouès c'étaient un bouki pi un lapin. Ah well, it's good to tell you. That's how the old Créole folktales started. There are French words sprinkled throughout this story, but the reader should be able to figure out their meaning.

There was a *bouki* (hyena) and a *lapin* (rabbit). Well, Compère Bouki and Compère Lapin were always going in together as partners. This time they planted some wheat. Their partnership went well in the spring and early summer while it was still cool. When it came time to harvest the wheat, it was hot. Lapin was hot. About nine o'clock he got real hungry too, and started scheming on how to get out helping harvest. He was always scheming, him. *Ben*, all of a sudden he raised his head and cried out, "Hè Bouki, viens donc icitte, vite! So Bouki goes over to him and says, Oh what's the matter with you, hollering like that? Someone just came by and wants me to go and be *parrain* (godfather) for a baby that needs baptized right away". Lapin tells him. "Ah Bon Gieu, you can't refuse helping out at a baptism, that would be a mortal sin". Bouki says. "Go do your good deed and I'll see you when you get back, me".

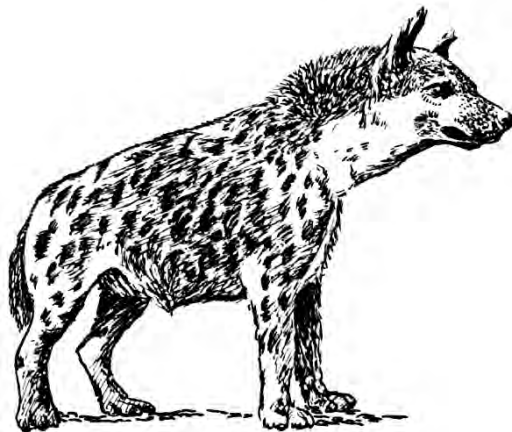
Well Lapin headed off down the lane. As soon as he was out of sight, he backtracked through the woods and snuck into Bouki's spring house where they kept milk, cream, and butter. It always stayed nice and cool down there. Lapin starts eating on a pound of butter, but he didn't eat too much cause he didn't want Bouki to notice that some of it was missing.

When he returned to the field Bouki asks him what they named the *fillot* (god child). "They named him *Entamé*, (just started)". Lapin tells him. *Ben, quiens donc!* Well there, c'est un *nom drôle pour un fillot*.

says Bouki.

The next day those two are harvesting wheat again. *Ben*, it wasn't long before that lazy Lapin got hot again and decided he was gonna play the same trick on Bouki and slip away and eat on his butter some more. So he raises his head and hollered out, "Hè Bouki, viens donc icitte, vite! What you want this time, you"? Bouki asks. "Well there's another family that needs me to go and be *parrain* today. Oh well, go on and go, you. You can't refuse to help out at a baptism." Says Bouki.

So Lapin heads down the lane, slips



through the woods and goes down into poor Bouki's spring house again. This time he ate till half the pound of butter was gone. After a while Lapin went back to the wheat field, where Bouki was still working. Well Bouki asks him what he named his fillot this time. "I named him *Moquié Mangé*, (Half Eaten). Hmm, c'est un *nom drôle pour un fillot*," Bouki says. Well I ain't never heard a *fillot* called that before, me".

A while later Bouki says "Ben, let's go eat some supper now". When Bouki gets back to his house he tells his Old Lady to go and get some butter out of the spring house. When she comes back she tells him there is only half a pound of butter left. "Don't say anything about it, it's that Lapin that snuck down there and ate half the butter. He's up to his old tricks again, him. I'll get even with

that old outlaw, me."

Some days later Bouki asks Lapin to come help him shore-up his *puits* cause the walls of the well were caving in. Lapin tells him "I don't need your well water, me. I lick the dew off the grass every morning and night". Now Bouki says "If you don't help me shore up my puits, we're gonna half to separate as partners then. You go your way and I'll be better off". So Bouki cribbed the mud walls of his well with logs, without Lapin's help and decides he's better off without that rabbit anyway.

Now Lapin was lying about not needing well water. He goes and cuts some gourds and hollows them out and dries them. Every night he sneaks over to Bouki's well with the gourds tied around his neck. He fills them up, carries them home and empties them into barrels in the cellar. *Il est si canaille, Lapin, lui.*

Time goes by and one Sunday afternoon the *psites boukies* were playing in the field with the *psites lapins*. *Il faisait bien chaud*. The little *boukies* got real thirsty and asked Lapin for some water to drink. "I don't have any

water you bunch of dummies," Lapin tells them. Now one of the *psite lapins* tells the little *boukies* about *les gros barils d'eau caché dans caveau*. Now the *psites boukis* are gonna make sure their pop hears about barrels of water hidden in the Lapin's cellar.

When Bouki hears about this, he says, "I'm gonna trap that outlaw Lapin tonight. He ain't gonna play me for a fool no more. I'm gonna guard my *puits* with my *fusil*". So he sits himself down near his *puits* with his shot-gun and waits for dark and Lapin. Pretty soon he falls asleep and starts to *ronfler* real loud. Now that wascally wabbit Lapin has been waiting and watching in the woods. When he hears Bouki snoring he says to himself, "I don't have to be scared of Bouki tonight". So Lapin fills up his gourds and
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(Compère Bouki pi Compère Lapin
continued from page 42)

takes all the water he wants. Before he takes off, he goes and slaps Bouki in the mouth real hard, then *tout suit*, he's *parti gone*. Poor dumb Bouki. He didn't even wake up, he was sleeping so sound. [Sounds like Buggs Bunny, don't it!]

Quiens donc! In the morning Bouki wakes up and sees Lapin's tracks right there in the dust beside him. "Well I'll set a trap and catch that Lapin tonight", Bouki says. "He ain't gonna make a fool of me again." So Bouki made *une grosse catin à la gomme*. A doll made of gum-tree sap. Also known as the tar baby in the Uncle Remus stories. He makes her real sticky and dresser her up to look like a girl, with *une robe*, and *une garde d'soleil*. That's a bonnet. Lapin is never gonna get loose from that catin once he touches it, Bouki thinks. He knows Lapin won't be able to resist a pretty girl. Then he sticks a *gros patate* in her hand, sets *catin à la gomme* in the path to his *putis* and goes off to bed, him. He was so confident knowing Bouki loves potatoes.

After dark Old Lapin comes down the lane to steal some more of Bouki's water. He gets real startled to see a pretty young catin standing there in the *piste*, (*path*). "*Bonjour psite fille*", he says to her. "*Donne-moi une bouchée de ta patate*." Well she doesn't say anything, she just stands there and smiles at Lapin. Well Lapin isn't too happy that she won't share her *patate*, he just wanted a bite. He tells her how rude she is for not answering him. He just can't stand it, him, so he says, "If you don't give me a bite of your *patate*, I'm gonna slap your mouth". Catin didn't say nothing so Lapin slaps her real hard with his front *patte*, and it sticks to her face. He tries and tries to get his paw unstuck but it's stuck real good. "If you don't let go of my *patte*, you, I'm gonna slap you with my other one *psite fille*". Well she

don't say nothing, her. She just stands there ginning at him. Lapin isn't used to this. He is used to dealing with dumb old Bouki and always getting his way. So he hits her with his other front *patte* and that one gets stuck real good too. "If you don't let go of *mes deux pattes*, I'm gonna thump you with my back ones" he says. *Catin à la gomme* just stands there and this makes Lapin *ben faché*, but she won't let go so he kicks her with his back paw. Well you know how hard a rabbit can kick with those big back feet. Now he's stuck for sure, two front *pattes* and one back *patte*. *Ben il dzit*, "*lâche mes trois pattes* or I'm gonna kick you again. Quines donc, she didn't let go, so he kicks her with his only free *patte*. Now all four feet are stuck to Catin, the gum-doll. Well Lapin says to her "*si tsu lâches pas mes quatre pattes, je vas te donner une coup de tête*". Catin just smiles, so he butts her real hard with his head. Well that was the wrong thing to do, I tell you. *Il est bien collè, lui*. Lapin just keeps getting dumber and dumber, he hits her with his *queue blanc*. Well now he's a mess. There's no way for him to get out of this, so he spends the night like that stuck to her. [Picture ole Buggs Bunny.] He was real embarrassed and had lots of time to think about the hopelessness of his situation.

So in the morning Bouki comes along and says, "hey Lapin, I have you now and I'm gonna throw you down my *putis*." "Oui, says Lapin. Bouki, is that why you trapped me? Oh boy! If you throw me down you *putis*, I can drink whenever I want". So Bouki says, "well then I'll put you behind some logs in the *chuminée*, me". "Oh I wouldn't want to be in a better place than the fireplace" Lapin says. "Winter's coming you know and everyone will be out cutting wood with their *passe-partout*, working real hard and I can just stay there and keep real warm, me". "Ah ben then, I'm gonna throw you in those tall wet weeds over there, all

covered in cold *rosée*", says Old Bouki. "*O Bouki, jette-mouè pas dans la rosée, comme c'est frêtte à matin, et je vas geler là dedans*. Now Bouki figures if Lapin don't want to be thrown in the cold, wet, weeds, that is exactly where he will throw him. He pulls Lapin off the gum-doll, puts him in a sack and tosses it as far as he can, thinking he is punishing that wabbit real good. [In the English versions of this story, Wabbit is thrown in the briar patch.] That Old Bouki is such so dumb. It doesn't take long for Lapin to wiggle out of that sack. Then he jumps once, twice, three times, real high. *Il était si content, lui*. "Oh Bouki", he says. "*tu est si bête toé*. You are so dumb, you. If you had thrown me in the *putis*, I would have drowned. If you had put me in the *chuminée*, I would have burned up, me. Don't you recall when you asked me to help shore up the walls of your well and I told you that I could drink the *rosée* in the morning and at night. *J'cheus jusse dans mon pays à c't'heure*". Well I'm in my country now, *Embrasse mes taches!* Kiss my spots! Now I'm *parti gone*, me.

This is written as told to me en américain, in the way the old Creoles talked, by Ida Polite-Portell of the Old Mines, Washington County, MO. She heard the stories first en français as a child in the first decade of the 1900s.

The old Créoles called the English language, américain, the language spoken by their neighbors, immigrants to Franco-Spanish, Louisiana.

This is a follow up to a previous article in Le FORUM about African Folktales re-told in English and in French in former slave states.

The word catin is an old word for a doll, or a little girl. It has a different meaning in modern French.

La Ferme Pepinoise

Par Virginie L. Sand-Roi

L'été arrive encore à la Ferme Pepinoise à Warwick, Québec (Canada). Ca c'est le temps quand les touristes et les villageois visitent la Ferme Pepinoise. En effet, un jour ensoleillé en juillet, quatre amies ont décidé de faire une promenade à bicyclette à la Ferme Pepinoise. Leurs prénoms étaient Lisa, Lin, Virginie, et Diane. Aussitôt qu'elles sont arrivées à la Ferme

Pepinoise, elles ont parqué leurs bicyclettes à la grange. Ensuite, les filles sont allées en quatre directions différentes, pour explorer les parts certaines de la Ferme Pepinoise :

Lisa, elle, est allée dans la direction de la mare de grenouille. Là, par la mare, elle regardait une grenouille perchée sur une grande roche pendant que une autre grenouille sautait vers des roseaux. Lisa



remarquait la jolie couleur verte des grenouilles et les taches sur leur peau. Puis elle voyait les nénuphars verts flottant sur
(Continued on page 44)

(La Ferme Pepinoise continued from page 43)

la surface de la mare. Tout à coup, Lisa a décidé de ramasser un roseau pour montrer à ses amies.

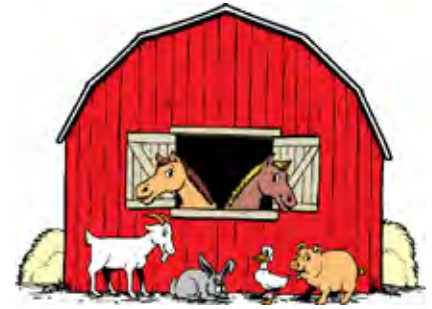
Lin, elle, a trouvé une mare de canard sur la ferme. Là-bas, elle regardait une cane avec ses cinq canetons. Deux des canetons nageaient dans la mare pendant que les autres trois canetons marchaient autour de la mare. La cane, elle, se fixait sur le nid par la mare avec un autre œuf couvant. En plus, Lin voyait les roseaux partout. Tout à coup, elle a ramassé un roseau pour montrer à ses amies plus tard.

Virginie, elle, a découvert un jardin potager. Là, elle regardait une grande lapine brune avec trois lapereaux bruns. Tous les

lapins mangeaient les carottes et la laitue dans le jardin du cultivateur Pepinoise. Donc, Virginie ramassait une carotte pour montrer à ses amies plus tard à la grange.

Diane, elle, faisait une promenade à la pâture de vache. Là, elle regardait deux vaches mangeant l'herbe et les fleurs des champs pendant que leurs mamelles paraissaient prêtes à exprimer le lait. Tout à coup, Diane a entendu les cloches à sonner et puis elle a remarqué une clochette autour du cou de chaque vache. Ensuite, Diane ramassait des fleurs des champs pour partager avec ses amies.

Plus tard, aussitôt que les quatre amies se sont retrouvées à la grange de Pepinoise, chacune racontait sa petite aventure et montrait sa petite moisson : un roseau, une



carotte, ou des fleurs des champs. Ensuite, les quatre amies se montaient leurs vélos pour suivre leur prochaine aventure de l'été.

Voilà, un jour de l'été à chez la Ferme Pepinoise.

Pepinoise Farm

By Virginia L. Sand-Roy

Summer arrives again at Pepinoise Farm in Warwick, Québec (Canada). This is the time when tourists and locals visit Pepinoise Farm. In fact, one sunny day in July, four girlfriends decided to ride their bikes to Pepinoise Farm. Their names were Lisa, Lin, Virginie, and Diane. As soon as they arrived at Pepinoise Farm, they parked their bicycles at the barn. Then the girls went in four different directions to explore certain parts of Pepinoise Farm:

Lisa headed over to the frog pond. There, by the pond, she watched a frog perched on a large rock while another frog leaped towards some cattails. Lisa noticed the pretty green color on the frogs and spots on their skin. Then she saw green lily pads floating on the surface of the pond. All of a sudden, Lisa decided to collect a cattail to show her friends.

Lin found a duck pond on the farm. There, she watched a mother duck with her five ducklings. Two of the ducklings were swimming in the pond while the other three were walking around the pond. The mother duck was sitting on a nest by the pond, with one more egg hatching. Moreover, Lin saw cattails everywhere. Suddenly, she cut a cattail to show her friends later on.

Virginie discovered a vegetable garden. There, she watched a large, brown mother rabbit with three brown baby rabbits. All of the bunnies were feasting on carrots and lettuce in farmer Pepinoise's garden. Therefore, Virginie collected a carrot to show her girlfriends later on at the barn.

Diane walked to the cow pasture. There, she was watching two cows eating grass and field flowers while their udders appeared ready to express milk. Suddenly,



Diane heard bells ringing, and then she noticed a small bell around each cow's neck. Following, Diane picked some field flowers to share with her girlfriends.

Later, when the four girls met back at the Pepinoise barn, each one recounted her little adventure and showed her little harvest: a cattail, a carrot, or a few field flowers. Afterwards, the four girls mounted their bicycles to follow their next summer adventure.

There it is, a summer day at Pepinoise Farm.



Regard en arrière

Par Camille Lessard

Publié dans *La Survivance* de 1946 à 1947

Moulin à scie

Entre les deux ponts où était sise notre demeure, se trouvait aussi la scierie de Jos. Butin. Je connaissais par coeur toutes les machineries de ce moulin car il n'y avait pas un coin où je n'avais pas trouvé moyen de me faufler.

Gamins et gamines du village venaient s'enterrer dans les tas de bran de scie du moulin tout comme et il y avait autant de puces dans notre bran qu'il y en a sur les plages.

Nous jouions à la cachette dans les nombreuses cages de planches et le sorcier ne nous aurait pas trouvé excepté quand une planche mal équilibrée dégringolait avec nous.

En ai-je décollé de la bonne gomme d'épinette sur les billots qui, le printemps, arrivaient à la scierie par voie de la rivière et, l'hiver, sur des bob-sleighs trainés par de vigoureux chevaux de travail au harnais desquels étaient attachées des rangées de grelots!

Et l'écluse près de la quelle tant de billots étaient "jammés"! Nous nous risquions parfois à nous promener sur ceux qui étaient le plus rapprochés de la rive mais l'instinct de la préservation nous empêchait d'essayer d'imiter les prouesses de "divers".

Et la "ganway" où nous glissons si imprudemment quand aucun anduite n'était aux alentours pour nous arrêter!

Et le cri strident de la scie ronde mordant à pleines dents dans le coeur de nos grands arbres, je l'ai encore dans les oreilles, aujourd'hui. Mais est-ce le grincement de la scie que j'entends ou bien la plainte de l'arbre?

Et les croûtes (écorces) de billots! Ai-je pris plaisir à les regarder sortir à l'épouvante, l'une n'attendant pas l'autre, par les ouvertures du haut de la scierie! Presque toutes les familles achetaient un ou plusieurs voyages de ces croûtes afin d'alimenter le feu de leur fourneau amorti de la sève de bois vert. Une de ces croûtes, au vol plus rapide que les autres, atteignit un jour, à la jambe, mon grand-père maternel et, de la blessure qui ne guérit pas, il succombait un

an plus tard.

Et les belles rangées de billots bordant la route! Je grimpais sur la plus haute que je parcourais à la course pour sauter sur la rangée suivante et recommencer le même jeu tant que je n'étais pas trop essoufflé. D'autres fois j'y prenais place pour regarder sans me lasser le va-et-vient des voitures. J'aurais désiré les suivre et m'en aller au bout des routes. . .

Et la fournaise alimentant les engins de la scierie! Me suis-je arrêtée souvent et longtemps devant es portes! Je tissais toute un trame dans cette contemplation. La venture énorme du monstre devait avoir emprunté son feu à l'enfer. Mais je faisais ressembler les langues de flamme à de magnifiques draperies d'or. Les étincelles c'était les bébés des étoiles; la fumée un nuage sombre; et le chauffeur avec sa grande pelle ses mains noires et sa figure rouge, ah lui c'était l'image du diable tout pur!

Si chacune de nos pensées, même celles de l'enfant, est une cellule vivante, combien de trillions de quadrillions une cellule humaine peut-elle contenir? . . .

Le blond était saoul!

Quelque fois les amants de la bouteille cachaient leur provision de liqueur dans les rangées de billots ou les cages de planches. Ils devaient en faire leur deuil quand, dans leur jeu, les gamins découvraient ces trésors enfouis, car le plus souvent on prenait plaisir à baptiser les pauvres billots à coups de bouteille.

Une après-midi, mon frère Pitou, alors âgé de 10 ans, arriva à la maison pouvant à peine marcher. Comme il n'était pas en état de parler, ma mère l'envoya coucher. Le lendemain il avoua en pleurant (il avait une pour bleue de manger une raclée) que le whiskey qu'il avait bu avait été pris à même une bouteille qu'il avait trouvée cachée sous des billots.

Une autre fois un incident beaucoup plus drôlatique se produisit. Les gamines de Madame Boutin trouvèrent un gros flacon de gin dans une cage de planches. Qu'en faire? Elles ont une inspiration. Elles se glissent

furtivement dans l'étable où était attaché, à sa crèche, Le Blond, cheval de leur père. En étouffant de rire elles versent la liqueur forte dans un plat à avoine et en font boire le contenu au Blond. Leur coup fait, elle détachent le licou de l'animal en grimpaient sur la crèche et le pousse dehors.

Cet exploit accompli, les espiègles font un détour pour arriver innocemment à la maison. Nonchalamment elles se dirigent vers la porte donnant sur la cour et se mettant à crier: "Viens donc voir, maman, on dirait que le Blond est fou!"

L'animal, si tranquille d'ordinaire, agissait réellement d'une manière extraordinaire. Il hennissait sur tous les tons, il essayait de grimper ses pattes de devant dans les arbres, il ruait, il se roulait, puis il se mettait à galoper, la queue droite sur le dos, la crinière au vent, le poitrail bombé par en avant, tout comme le jeune poulain qu'il n'était plus, prise de peur, envoya ses fillettes chercher leur père.

M. Boutin arriva à la course avec ses employés. On essaye d'approcher le Blond et comme une forte odeur de gin parfume l'air, un des hommes de dire au patron: "Ton mau . . . Blond il n'est ni malade, ni fou, il est saoul!"

Je ne sais comment la vérité se fit jour sur cette espièglerie mais cet incident me revient si fortement à la mémoire, ce soir, que j'en ai encore le fou rire.

Je l'échappe belle

Un après-midi, vers cinq heures, alors que la brunante arrive, en hiver, je grimpai au deuxième de la scierie pour y attendre mon père qui y "clairait" la petite scie. Comme il faisait trop sombre pour que je m'aperçusse que la scie tournait à pleine vitesse, je m'élançai pour aller me placer aux côtés de mon père. plus vite que la pensée ce dernier me saisit par les épaules ou la tête, me saisit par les épaules ou la tête, je ne sais trop, me faisant sauter par-dessus la petite scie. Dire que sans sa présence d'esprit, j'aurais aujourd'hui les jambes coupées et peut-être autre chose! Mon père tomba assis, le visage blanc comme un drap. . . net, bien entendu. . . "Ma petite vlimeuse, si je te reprends encore à remonter ici, c'est à moi que tu auras affaire!" Je me le tins pour dit.

Une nuit, des voleurs pénétrèrent dans le magasin de M. Georges Turcotte, député au fédéral, et y déroberent argent et marchandises. Un tel exploit, dans un village perdu comme le nôtre, eut l'effet d'une

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(Regard en arrière

Par Camille Lessard suite de page 45)

bombe sur la population. Immédiatement on retint les services de deux gardiens de nuit dont mon père fut un. Comme les gardiens étaient forcés de dormir de jour seulement, mon père alla se coucher un matin mais oubliant d'enlever les cartouches de la carabine qu'il utilisait. Mon petit frère Pitou, voulant faire son homme, s'empara de l'arme et me visant, m'ordonna de me lever les bras ou qu'il alla tirer. . . Sans attendre une protestation de ma part, il leva la gachette et le coup partit. . . une balle siffla assez proche de ma tête pour que je sentisse le déplacement d'air qu'elle provoqua en passant, comme un souffle. . . Le bruit du coup de fusil réveilla mon père, comme vous pouvez vous imaginer, et si vous pensez que mon petit frère eut envie de remettre la main sur une autre arme à feu, après ce jour là, vous vous trompez énormément. . .

Crachat de couleuvre, etc.

Je me suis reposée sur des meules de mil fraîchement coupé, j'ai aidé à tous les travaux de la fenaison, par des jours de pluie, j'ai dormi sur des tasserries de foin, mais je suis encore à chercher la source de ces "crachats de couleuvre" qu'on trouve accolés aux tiges de foin, dans les champs. Pourrait-on m'en donner une explication ? Cette substance imite parfaitement le crachat d'une personne en bonne santé, mais si cela était il faudrait, pour chaque champ, une armée de cracheurs et des artistes habiles pour ensuite disposer ces crachats autour des tiges de foin. Je n'ai encore jamais su que les couleuvres, crachaient. . . alors quoi ? . . .

Sirop de sauterelle

Avez-vous remarqué, à la campagne ou n'importe où, le jeu des sauterelles ? Quand elles sont immobiles, elle dégagent une sorte de liquide ressemblant à la mélasse par la couleur, mais quant au goût. . . je ne sais. . . C'était un bon passe temps pour nous, enfants, que d'attraper des sauterelles, de la tenir entre nos doigts et de leur commander : "Donne-nous ton sirop ou on va te tuer !" . . . Naturellement, la sauterelle, étant tenue immobile, ne se faisant pas prier pour donner du sirop et cela en si grande abondance sirop que nos tabliers et robes en étaient tachées. . . Mais je vous assure que le passe-temps n'était pas agréable pour personne quand on retournait à la maison barbouillés de sirop de sauterelle des pieds à la tête. . . Pauvres mères, ce qu'elles en arrachent avec leur

nichée ! . . .

Dans le fond du banneau

Le jardin que nous avions, à l'arrière de notre maison, n'était pas assez grand pour nous permettre d'y avoir une récolte de patates suffisante pour durer jusqu'à l'automne de l'année suivante. Alors, mon père obtenait l'autorisation d'un cultivateur — il fallait que ce fut toujours de l'autre côté du village, — de semer un lopin de terre en pommes de terre pour notre famille. Quand le temps arrivait de faire la récolte de ce légume, il fallait bien, n'est-ce pas, que les enfants aillent donner un coup de main au père. Mais pensez-vous que j'étais assez brave pour traverser la ville, juchée sur le devant de notre banneau ? (Un banneau est un wagon à deux roues seulement). Vous vous trompez ! Ayant une peur bleue des moqueries, je m'étendais dans le fond du banneau, le matin, en m'en allant aux champs, de sorte que personne ne pouvait y soupçonner ma présence. Le soir, si le banneau était rempli de patates, je faisais un détour d'un demi-mille, éreintée que j'étais par de longues et dures heures de travail, afin de trouver un pont pour regagner ma demeure sans être obligée de passer dans le village. . . La peur du ridicule nous fait faire bien des bêtises. . . quand on est jeune. . .

Refuge de Quêteux

Deux de nos voisins étaient M. Georges Breton et sa digne épouse qu'on appelait familièrement la Mère Pauline tandis que son mari c'était le Père Georges. Braves gens s'il en fut ! Ils occupait une assez grande maison comprenant immense cuisine, vaste chambre à coucher et hangar attendant. Lui était gros et gras avec une figure épanouie par un perpétuel sourire. Comme contraste, sa femme était très haute de taille, maigre comme une branche sèche, avec un esprit très éveillée et, pas la langue dans sa poche, comme elle disait. . . Comme revenus (leur enfants mariés étaient partis pour les États) le Père Georges confectionnait des raquettes, durant la mauvaise saison, et j'allais souvent m'accroupir sur mes petits talons tout près de lui, pour le regarder faire son travail et lui tendre, quand il en avait besoin, les bouts de babiche qui trempait dans un seau à ses côtés.

Pour ne pas rester en arrière des activités de son vieux, la Mère Pauline faisait l'élevage des serins qu'elle devait vendre pour une chanson, à cette époque lointaine. En plus, elle fabriquait du savon de pays

dans d'immenses chaudrons qu'elle installait dans son jardin. Je lui aidais souvent à charroyer le bois qu'il fallait pour tenir les marmites bouillantes puis, toutes deux, la grande maman et la petite gamine, on s'asseyait sur un bout de planche, les genoux repliés à la hauteur de la poitrine, et elle me jasait. . . ce qui me mettait fort orgueilleuse d'être considérée comme une grande fille. . .

Ces braves gens avaient un grand jardin qui leur fournissait amplement tous leur légumes pour l'année, légumes conservés dans leur cave en hiver. Ils possédaient également une vache, un cheval, des poules, une couple de cochons, de sorte que, leur maison étant tout payée, leur vie était suffisamment assurée.

Dans un coin de leur immense cuisine se trouvait ce qu'on appelait, dans notre bout du village, un "bed". C'était un grand coffre qui, dans le jour, servait de banc et, la nuit, une fois ouvert, formait lit. Ce "bed" était le lit des quêteux. . . et dans la belle saison il était souvent occupé. Le soir des quêteux je m'empressais à aider ma mère plus que coutume : bien qu'allant à l'école et apprenant rapidement, je n'avais pas encore appris à lire des romans ! Je ne me faisais pas prier pour bercer de toute me force, dans son ber, le petit baillard qu'était alors frère Albert, aujourd'hui d'Edmonton. Je ne perdais pas mon père de vue et, quand je le voyais prendre son chapeau, dans un bond j'étais à ses côtés. La seule objection de ma mère était : "Ne veille pas tard, Pierre, car il faut que cette enfant se couche pas plus tard que 10 heures." Je n'entendais pas la réponse de mon père, car déjà j'étais dehors. Dans deux minutes nous étions assis sur un des coffre du Père Georges et ce n'était pas long que le drame ou la comédie commençait. Le quêteux du jour était le roi de la veillée, par ses récitations : aventures de chasse, de pêche, de fantômes, de feux-follets, de loups-garoux, de chasse-galerie, de batailles de chantiers, de tempêtes sur grands lacs, de guerre, de carnage, et que sais-je ? Quelque fois, c'était des contes de fées que ces quêteux allongeaient à l'infini, suivant leur fantaisie. . . J'étais fascinée par ces récits comme le papillon de nuit l'est pour la flamme mais, pour mon cerveau en formation, cela aurait pu avoir un désastreux effet car mes nuits d'après contes étaient remplies de cauchemars : mes parents devaient venir me secouer pour chasser la vision qui troublait mon sommeil.

Un des quêteux que je me rappelle, (Suite page 47)

Postcards from the Past...

Tucked away at the bottom of a closet was an old cardboard box. Crammed into the large brown box was the postcard collection of Tante Marie-Dora. Among the usual scenic cards and souvenirs from motels were a few gems of history and family travels. I am extracting these special postcards and, with the help of *Le Forum* readers, would like to add a page of background information and reminiscences about the people, place, and times shown in the cards. If you or someone you know has ever seen or heard the Orchestre Famille Brault at Val-Morin Lodge 38, I would appreciate hearing the story. Please send it to *Le Forum* for all of us to enjoy. Thanks.

Denise (Rajotte) Larson



"Orchestre-Famille Brault" at "Val-Morin Lodge 38"
The music stands are labeled "Denise," "Carmen," "Rita," and "Paulette."
There is a man at the piano, a young lady at the drums, and an older lady to her right.
On reverse: "Made in Canada" (no date, no photo credit)

I believe this card was printed ca. 1949. The bibliotheque et Archives nationales Quebec has a duplicate of this postcard in its collection but little information about it.

Val-Morin is a vacation destination in the Laurentides (Laurentian mountains) of Quebec. First settled in 1851, railroad service started in 1892. The area became a popular ski and winter sports area for people from Montreal, New England, and New York.



(Regard en arrière

Par Camille Lessard suite de page 46)
 avait été baptisé par nous : "Le Braillard". À chaque fois qu'il entrait dans une maison, il avait une salutation larmoyante pour êtres et choses à portée de sa vue. Ainsi on entendait : "Bonjour M. le Maître, — Bonjour Madame la Maîtresse, — Mamzelle la petite Maîtresse, — M. le petit Maître, — M. le Chien, — Madame la Chatte, M. le Poêle, Madame la Table. . . et ainsi de suite jusqu'à ce que tous les êtres et objets aient été salués. Après une telle salutation, Le Braillard commençait sa supplication : "Voulez-vous me donner la charité, s'il vous plaît, pour l'amour du bon Dieu de la bonne Ste Vierge, du bon Saint Enfant Jésus," . . . et tous les saints connus et inconnus du ciel et de la terre y passaient. Comment pouvait-il se rappeler tout cela ? Si nous, les enfants, baissions la tête en pouffant de rire, devant une si longue litanie, Le Braillard ne semblait pas s'en offenser. Il était sans doute ac-

coutumé au sourire inoffensif des petits. Ce quêteux-là ne savait pas de contes ni d'histoires. Ainsi quand il passait pour sa quête annuelle je n'allais pas passer la veillée chez le Père Georges où, quotidiennement, les hommes du voisinage s'assemblait pour jouer aux cartes, quelques fois aux pommes, en saison propice. Je me gardais également d'y aller quand c'était le tour de La Cateau car cette dernière donner des poux ! "Oui, nous assurait la Mère Pauline avec un grand sérieux, La Cateau jette des sorts sur les enfants trop curieux." Mais quelles sortes de sorts ?" demandions-nous tout épeurés. "Des poux! des poux gros comme des punaises et piquants comme des chardons. Si une fois vous en attrapez vous ne pourrez plus vous en débarrasser !" "Mais vous et Père Georges devez être pleins de poux, car vous la gardez à coucher !" "Non, on est ses amis, nous, elle ne nous jette pas de sort." Et, à bout de patience ou de raisons. . . la Mère Pauline

nous tournait le dos mais elle était sûre de ne pas être dérangé par la marmaille tapageuse du voisinage lorsque La Cateau passait, car on avait trop peur d'attraper des poux !

Poux de La Cateau, Salutations du Braillard, contes à faire dresser les cheveux sur la tête récités par tous ces chevaliers de la route qui ont mystifié et enchanté mon enfance, j'éprouve, à vous évoquer aujourd'hui, le même émoi qui a fait frissonner mon coeur d'enfant, émoi qui a sans doute contribué à rendre mon imagination d'adulte si élastique. . .

[À SUIVRE]

*Joshua Barrière
 Québec, Québec*

Poésie/Poetry

Les cœurs, les fleurs, et les étoiles

Par Virginie L. Sand-Roi

Les roses rouges de l'amour,
Les cœurs roses de l'espoir,
Les étoiles d'or de la paix,
Mon amie, Lin, illumine les étoiles de la généalogie,
Et cultive un kaléidoscope des amitiés.

Tournesols de la compassion,
Les larmes de la joie,
Les chansons du rieur,
Mon amie, Martha, fertilise les jardins de l'amitié,
En cultivant la communication au cœur de la paix.

Les grand-mères sont les gardiennes
Du cœur de chaque culture,
En illuminant les étoiles
Des prochaines sept générations,
Mon amie, Diane, arrose les plantes des cinq générations,
En semant les graines de la tradition, de la langue française, et de la culture.

En volant par les ciels étoilés
Et les tunnels des rayons du soleil,
En nourrissant et en préservant la culture
Sur les couvertures piquées de mosaïque du temps,

Hearts, Flowers, & Stars

By Virginia L. Sand-Roy

Red roses of love,
Pink hearts of hope,
Gold stars of peace,
My friend, Lin, illuminates the stars of genealogy,
And cultivates a kaleidoscope of friendships.

Sunflowers of compassion,
Tears of joy,
Songs of laughter,
My friend, Martha, fertilizes gardens of friendship,
Cultivating communication at the heart of peace.

Grandmothers are the Keepers
Of the heart of each culture,
Illuminating the stars
Of the next seven generations,
My friend, Diane, waters the plants of five generations,
Sewing seeds of tradition, French language, and culture.

Flying through starlit skies
And sunshine tunnels,
Nurturing and preserving culture
Over patchwork quilts of time,

En chérissant la famille, les amis, et les animaux de compagnie,
Mon amie, Lisa, cultive la culture franco-américaine avec la lumière du soleil,
En protégeant les racines de la culture de l'extinction.

En voyageant par un univers des arcs-en-ciel,
En dansant de l'étoile à l'étoile,
En s'asseyant sur les plages du verre de mer,
En regardant au soleil,
En voyant une palette brillante des couleurs
Sur son jardin des fleurs et des amis,
Mon amie, Louelle, rayonne du cœur d'or
A une vision de toute humanité tenant les mains sous les étoiles.

Les violettes, les pétunias, et les pensées,
Les fleurs des champs des amis et de la famille,
Les cœurs violets de la créativité,
Les étoiles de la destinée,
Les lapins de la joie,
Les vents de la passion
En pirouettant et en rond
Par toute de la création,
En préservant la culture pour les générations futures,
Moi, je cultive les sols de la diversité culturelle, l'amour de la langue,
En arrosant les racines de l'indigène s'ils ne se dessèchent pas.



Cherishing family, friends, and pets,
My friend, Lisa, cultivates the Franco American culture with sunshine,
Protecting the roots of culture from extinction.

Traveling through a Universe of Rainbow Skies,
Dancing from star to star,
Sitting on sea-glass beaches,
Looking up at the sun,
Seeing a bright palette of colors
On her garden of flowers and friends,
My friend, Louella, radiates a heart of gold
To a vision of all humanity holding hands under the stars.

Violets, petunias, and pansies,
Field flowers of friends and family,
Purple hearts of creativity,
Stars of destiny,
Rabbits of joy,
Winds of passion
Twirling round and round
Through all of creation,
Preserving culture for the future generations,
Me, I cultivate the soils of cultural diversity, the love of language,
Watering the roots of the indigenous so they don't wither away.

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

Les Familles Fecteau

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.

Pierre Filteau (Feultaut & Fecteau), born 1641 in France, died in 1699 in PQ, son of Robert Feultaut and Marguerite Brochet of the town of St. Georges-de-Montaigu, department of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, married at Québec city on 22 February 1666 to "Fille-du-Roi" Gillette Savard, born in 1651 in France, died 1703 in PQ, daughter of François Savard and Jeanne Maron of the parish of St. Aspais, in the city of Melun, department of Seine-et-Marne, ancient province of Brie, France. St. Georges-de-Montaigu is located 17 miles south-southeast of the city of Nantes. (Continued from page 32, Vol. 38 #1, Fall/Winter Issue, *Le Forum*).

			(wid. of Rose-Alma Filteau)			
		Henri	30 Jan 1939	Viviane Roy	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	39E
		Ronaldo	09 Apr 1945	M.-Rose Gosselin	Lewiston(SPP)	
39D		Thérèse	28 Dec 1946	Paul-Émile Ouellette	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
39E		Louise-A.	18 Oct 1958	Louis-P. Chabot	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
		Robert	21 Mar 1959	Patricia Lancaster	Jay(St.Rose-Lima)	
40A		Philomène	23 Aug 1902	Paul Paquet	Biddeford(St.And.)	
41A		Louis	22 Nov 1886	Adéline Paquet	St.Étienne, Lévis	41C
		Emma	26 Nov 1901	Amédée Marois	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
		Odile	06 May 1902	Jean Gagné	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
		Louis	26 Jul 1909	Eméline Viens	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
41B		Zénaïde	26 Dec 1894	Joseph-Edmond Turgeon	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
		Aurélie	03 Jun 1901	Joseph Sylvain	Biddeford(St.And.)	
		Louis-M.	23 Jun 1902	M.-Louise Fortier	Biddeford(St.And.)	
		Délia	28 Jul 1902	George Lambert	Biddeford(St.And.)	
		Alexina	27 Mar 1913	Jean-Baptiste Perron	Biddeford(St.And.)	
41C		Rosanna	22 Jan 1912	Désiré Bélanger	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
		Délia	29 Jun 1914	James-J. Gagné	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
46A		Marie !	20 Jun 1887	George Lachance	Waterville(JOP)	
		(b.5-11-1865 St.Victor)			(Vital & Sophie Poulin)	
46A		M.-Emma	11 Feb 1888	François-H. Lessard	Waterville(JOP)	
		(b.2-12-1866 St.Victor - d.17-9-1945 Wtvl.)				
46B		Anastasie	25 Sep 1904	Joseph Bisson	Skowhegan(NDL)	
		(b.20-11-1873 St.François)				
47A		Odias	23 Jul 1923	Belzémire-M. Dubois	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
47B		Alphonse	17 May 1920	Aurôre Pruneau	Biddeford(St.And.)	47C
47C		Gérard-P.	14 Nov 1942	Rita-M. Couture	Lewiston(SPP)	47D
		Paul	26 Jun 1954	Carmen Lachance	Lewiston(SPP)	
47D		Richard-P.	01 May 1965	Irène-R. Poulin	Lewiston(SPP)	
		Robert-G.	17 May 1969	Anita-L. St-Hilaire	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
		Daniel-Roger	24 Sep 1976	Susan-Dorothy Bisson	Auburn(St.Louis)	
48A		Albertine	06 Sep 1909	Joseph Simard	Somersworth, NH	
52A		Alma	27 Sep 1909	William Montanbeau	Berlin, NH(St.An.)	
56A		Émile-Phy.	08 May 1916	Éva-M. Bean (Lefebvre)	Bingham	56B
56B		Althéa	07 Sep 1942	Adélarde Roy	Bingham(St.Peter)	
59A		William	16 Jun 1913	M.-Valéda Doyon	Waterville(SFS)	
59B		Alice	20 May 1906	Georges-J. Croteau	Lewiston(SPP)	
		Mathilda	12 Mar 1909	Alfred Ouellette	Lewiston(SPP)	
61A		Barthélémi-Chls.	05 Apr 1900	Adianna Roy	Somersworth, NH	61C
		"	2m. 25 Jun 1923	Nellie McCarron	Somersworth, NH	
		Marie	21 Jan 1907	Georges Demers	Somersworth, NH	
61B		Eugénie-M.	16 Jul 1917	Edouard Godbout	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
		Eméline-M.	04 Apr 1921	J.-Louis-L. Gilbert	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
		Herménégilde	19 Jun 1922	M.-Anne-Rose Couture	Augusta(St.Aug.)	61D
61C		Albina	23 Nov 1925	George-Arthur Morin	Somersworth, NH	
		Emma	06 Oct 1941	William Morin	Somersworth, NH	
		Laurette	07 Jun 1947	Léopold Roy	Saco(NDL)	
		Anna	23 Dec 1959	Armand-Marcel Talbot	Saco(NDL)	
61D		Normand-J.	30 May 1931	M.-Claire-Lse. Cormier	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
		Thérèse-M.	28 Nov 1946	Richard-J. St-Pierre	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
		Bernard-L.	26 May 1947	Fernande-P. Doucette	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
63A		Imelda	19 Apr 1915	Samuel-H. Lewis	Lewiston(SPP)	
		Georges	01 Aug 1927	Yvonne Beaudet	Woonsocket, RI	
		Maurice	31 Oct 1927	Carmen Nault	Lewiston(HC)	
		Edilbert	27 May 1932	Alice-A. Gauthier	Lewiston(HF)	
		Raoul-Paul-L.	10 Nov 1934	M.-Rose-Délina Poirier	Lewiston(HC)	63B
		Léona	04 Jul 1938	Charles-E. Levesque	Lewiston(SPP)	
		Edmond-J.	25 Nov 1948	M.-Ange Levesque	Lewiston(SPP)	
63B		Shirley-Jeanne	10 Sep 1955	Gérard-Robert Violette	Lewiston(HF)	
		Doris-C.	19 Aug 1961	Raymond-J. Bussière	Lewiston(SPP)	
64A		Beatrice	01 May 1937	Oliva Cusson	Berlin, NH(AG)	
		Gérard-J.	31 Dec 1938	Thérèse-Yvette Garon	Berlin, NH(AG)	64B
		Rita-Éva	06 May 1939	Henri-Philippe Bergeron	Berlin, NH(AG)	

Finding Your Quebec & Acadian Ancestors

Saturday May 7, 10 - Noon
Franco-American Centre - University of Maine
Crossland Hall (Across from the Alfond)

Learn how to research your Quebec & Acadian roots and tell your family's unique story from professional genealogist Bob Chenard.

Bob is a retired federal employee who has over 45 years experience with Franco genealogy. He has written many articles and several books on the subject.

He has written genealogy articles for *Le FORUM* since 1989 and has taught classes and made presentations to many groups and societies. He also was a director and an officer in two Maine genealogy societies and received the coveted MGS award for Excellence in Genealogical Service in 2008. Bob did both undergraduate and graduate studies at UMO during the 1950's and early 1960's.

The upcoming program is free and everyone is welcome. Please contact Lisa Michaud at Lisa.Michaud@umit.maine.edu or 581-3789 to register. Seats are limited to 25, so reserve today!

OUTLINE
for U of M FAC genealogy class

1. INTRO

- a. Relationships and pedigree
- b. Ahnentafel system
- c. Primary vs. Secondary records
- d. Anglicized family names
(see GenWebQuebec at rootsweb.ancestry.com/canqc/alias/Angloabc)
- e. "dit" names and given names
- f. History

2. SOURCES

- a. family (parents, grandparents, etc.)
- b. Vital Records (town & state)
- c. Census records (US vs. Canada)
 - i. US 1850-1940 (best one is 1900)
 - ii. Canada 1851-1921 (best one is 1901)
- d. Gravestones and cemetery records
- e. Church records
- f. Libraries (local and state)
- g. Internet (cautions.....)
 - i. Ancestry.com
 - ii. FamilySearch.org
 - iii. rootsweb.ancestry.com
 - iv. IGI
 - v. novascotia.ca/archives/acadian/results.asp?Search=
- h. Bible records

3. OTHER

- a. genealogy programs for computers (Windows PC vs. Macs)
- b. geography/maps/parishes/towns/settlements
- c. genealogy forms (pedigree & family group sheets)
- d. recording your findings (source, book, page, place, etc.)

4. BOOKS & RECORDS available in this (FAC) library

5. QUESTIONS

- a. email: rechenard@roadrunner.com

Franco American Studies



FAS 101: Introduction to Franco American Studies

This course examines the French cultures of North America, emphasizing the peoples of Maine and the Northeast region. No knowledge of French required. Pinette: T/Th 9:30-10:45am

This course fulfills the General Education Cultural Diversity and International Perspectives Requirement.

FAS 250: Exile, Migrations and Communities

This course explores the impact and implications of exile and migration with a focus on Acadian peoples. Okin: Online

This course fulfills the General Education Cultural Diversity and International Perspectives Requirement.

FAS 459: Colonial Canada

This course studies Canada's history from New France to 1850, emphasizing political, social and economic developments and relations with the Amerindian peoples. Ferland: MWF 10-10:50am



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THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

MISSION

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

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

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

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

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

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

OBJECTIFS:

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