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

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

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Le FORUM

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719



Lettres/ Letters

Dear Le Forum;

JUDICIAL MURDER

I read David Vermette's article on Louis Riel with relish. It brought back the memory of an exchange in the Parliament of Canada during the Trudeau administration. The Conservative opposition invited the prime minister to apologize for the internment of Japanese-Canadians during the Second World War. The quick witted Trudeau rose to the occasion. The government would consider such an apology, "on condition that the conservatives apologized first for the executing of Louis Riel!" The distinguished solons were hushed momentarily. The silence was like an eternity. And then the Parliament hastened to move on a less disgraceful subject.

The execution of Louis Riel was a judicial murder. The Canadian Catholic, Metis patriot was tried and convicted by an all white Anglo Protestant jury, and sentenced by a white, Protestant judge. His execution is an indelible stain on the ermine of the bench.

Louis Riel is immortalized in stone in Winnipeg as "the Father of Manitoba (Manitouba)," which means in Algonkian, God's land.

Roger Paradis is a retired history and folklore professor of the University of Maine at Fort Kent.

Dear Le Forum;

Hope all is well, and that you are enjoying our beautiful New England summer weather!

You do a fantastic job with *Le Forum*! I so enjoy it and share some articles with our French Culture Group, we are about 10 members, together now for 7 years, we're a close knit group. And we still meet every Tuesday from 9-10 a.m. at the CoA in Acushnet.

Ray Patnaude from ACA keeps us updated on French Events and we enjoyed our annual St. Jean Baptiste celebration.

Sending our Love and Good Wishes!
Bonne Chance!

Barbara
Acushnet, MA

Dear Le Forum,

Hope the enclosed check will help my subscription — will send more later.

I've so enjoyed the magazine over the past years — the first I got in 2002 when I visited the University with my cousins Virginia Taylor and Priscilla Taylor Grenier that year — Virginia worked in the book store.

In the time before computers I'd go to the Archives in the Laguna Niguel (near my home) where the US census was kept and go through files — Maine — and see these French names I've heard my parents speak of — fun time — census now housed in Perris, California.

I'm sending a copy I have for my grandparents — my Dad was Joseph Francis Coutier but used Taylor.

This has been an interesting and fun time for me

Thanks!

Evelyn R. Joiner
Lake Forest, CA

Remember, you were never taught the political history of the St. John Valley.

When Andrew Jackson pulled out the U.S. Treasury funds out of the Bank of the United States, Daniel Savage of Fish River (Fort Kent, ME. today) foreclosed on the Wilmot & Peters sawmill on that river.

Wilmot and Peters were Fredericton, N.B. lumbermen - you'll biographical sketches on them on line in the Dictionary of Canadian Biography. Wilmot & Peters sought to control lumbering on the St. John River above the Grand Falls. The sluice that they tried to erect to help get the lumber around the falls did not work. So they tried the next step which was to build a saw mill on the Fish river. They hired Daniel Savage to build it.

The economic crisis caused by Jackson pulling out the U.S. Treasury funds out of the Bank of the United States had deep repercussions on the lumber markets. The firm Wilmot & Peters in Fredericton went into receivership. Daniel Savage not having been paid for his work on the saw mill took it over, lock stock & barrel. What better example of the impact of the national or international setting do we have on our own setting here in the St. John Valley.

Some years later Daniel Savage took part in an effort to organize Hanck Plantation as a municipality on the Fish River. A Town meeting washed to effect the move. A British warden of the disputed territory, heard of it, came up river and arrested Daniel Savage

Dear Le Forum;

Thank you for sending me the latest edition of your magazine. I find it very interesting and it gives me a chance to practice my French, which I rarely use since learning it from my parents when I was a child. My parents were both born and brought up in New Brunswick but moved to Maine to have their family. I spent many Summers, growing up, visiting our relatives in the Moncton area. I still have one aunt, a retired Nun, 102 years old, still living, there with whom I correspond.

Some years ago, I wrote a book about my early years and my service in the Air Force and it has been published. I am enclosing a copy and hope you will enjoy reading it.

Sincerely,
Alfred L. Cormier
Brewer, ME

British Parliament, that the actions in Fort Kent were illegal and so the arrest. But then the escape.

Shortly afterwards Daniel Savage sold his interests in the saw mill to John Baker's business surrogate in Fredericton, NB. At the time American were not allowed direct participation in New Brunswick business, They had to work through a New Brunswick partner deemed as your surrogate. So John Baker's acquisition of the Fish River mill went through Frederick W. Hathaway in Fredericton, N.B. Lumber on the St; John flows down to the port of St. John and tall pine shipped for masts and spars to sailing ships found a market in Liverpool and London. So in the Journal of Accounts of A. & S.Dufour, merchant traders at St. Basile, we find even south shore residents being paid in pounds, shillings and pence for their transport of oats and hay to the lumber operations, "Chez Drake" at Portage Lake up the Fish River in 1846.

Yeah, real history of the kind you were never taught since we never want to speak of Andrew Jackson or folk like Wilmot & Peters when we seek to expound on "our history" right here in the St. John Valley.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine



From the Montreal of Old to the New Streets of Gold

by *Denise R. Larson*

with recollections of Helen (Rajotte) Cotter

Beginning in the 1840s and ending nearly a century later, one million French Canadians emigrated to the United States in search of a more promising future. During that time, Canada had experienced a slow national recession due in part to poor agricultural prospects and planning combined with limited and underfunded industries. A worldwide recession that began with the stock market crash in 1929 and continued into the 1930s effectively stopped the southern flow of immigrants from Canada to the United States.

The Rajotte family was among those swept along in the search for a better life. Having been founded in Quebec circa 1660 by Gilles Rageot, who later was appointed as a notary to the civil court, the Rageot/Rajot/Rajotte family moved westward, generation by generation, along the St. Lawrence River, finally ending up on Rue St. Louis in Montreal in the 1920s. The family farm in St. Germain-de-Grantham had not prospered, so my paternal grandfather, Felix Rajotte, had taken a job as a laborer in the city. Other men in the family became dock workers.

Rue St. Louis is a short street in the oldest part of Montreal. Contemporary satellite images of the street show a mix of old and modern structures. At the

time my family lived there, housing was probably in apartments in old buildings. A shipping port, with its noise and odors and quays, is a few blocks away. Within several blocks is Notre-Dame Basilica, where Felix's daughter Rose was married in 1921.

It was after Rose married Antonin that the Rajotte family started to leave Canada. "Tony" found work as a chauffeur in upstate New York. Recruiters for the factories in Connecticut made the rounds in Montreal. Rumors of streets paved with gold went around as well. My grandparents decided to make the move south, as did many of their relatives and neighbors. Bristol, Connecticut, became the destination of choice, thanks to its proximity to the clock factories in Thomaston and the industries in Bristol itself—Ingraham Company, New Departure Manufacturing Company (a division of General Motors), and Sessions Clock Company.

There was work aplenty for anyone willing to put in long hours at tedious jobs. The family prospered. They stayed close together, both in proximity and spirit. On holidays, birthdays, and celebrations of all sorts, my grandfather would play his violin, one of his daughters would accompany him on the piano, and a son-in-law tapped out the tune on spoons. Everybody sang and some danced.



Bruno Rajotte holds his cat on a street in Montreal, circa 1920. (From Rajotte Family Photo Album).

The streets of Bristol were not paved with gold, but the road to Connecticut eventually did lead to bands of gold on the ring fingers of many of the Rajotte clan. They married, built houses, had children, and retired to the good life of a warm home, a backyard garden, and the extended family close by and close knit.

For more information on the economic conditions in French Canada that prompted emigration to the United States, please see the research paper by Claude Belanger at:

<http://faculty.marianopolis.edu/c.belanger/quebechistory/readings/leaving.htm>



Rue St. Louis, Old Montreal (commons.wikimedia.org).



Mountie and Trooper at border between Canada and the United States (commons.wikimedia.org).

“Mr. Zero” of Maine: The Story of Urbain Ledoux

by Michael Guignard

While doing research for a doctoral thesis, I stumbled onto an article entitled “Mr. Zero of Canada” and discovered that “Mr. Zero” had once lived in Maine. After a little more digging, I soon realized he had grown up in Biddeford and had never relinquished his many ties to the Pine Tree State.

That Ledoux was born in Canada was, to use a hackneyed phrase, an accident of birth. His parents had migrated to Connecticut after the Civil War and returned to Canada when textile mills closed after the Panic of 1873. Ledoux was born during his parents’ sojourn in Canada but came to Biddeford before his first birthday.

As a young boy, he exhibited many of the characteristics ascribed to him throughout his life. A cousin of Ledoux’s, who also lived in Biddeford, remembered his energy, infectious smile and his ability to persuade and lead. He attended parochial schools in Biddeford, a seminary in Quebec where he studied to be a priest, and the Collège Marist in Van Buren, Maine, where he graduated at seventeen.

He returned to Biddeford in 1891 and studied law in the offices of two local attorneys. A man of tremendous energy, Ledoux was seldom occupied full-time with only one pursuit, however, and by 1893 was publishing a French-language weekly in Biddeford

called *L’Indépendance*. Two years later, he founded *Le Figaro Illustré*, a social and literary monthly.

By the age of twenty, Ledoux had evinced considerable interest in politics and between 1894 and 1896 served as a secretary of the Republican Party in Biddeford. As a journalist, Ledoux often took trips to Canada to cover the campaigns of Canada’s first French-Canadian Prime Minister, Wilfrid Laurier. In 1896, he campaigned extensively for William McKinley and organized “L’Alliance Canadienne Française” to encourage Maine’s French-Canadians to become naturalized and vote Republican. In March, 1897, two months after becoming a naturalized American himself, he ran for a seat on

the Biddeford City Council, but the entire Republican slate was defeated by candidates of the Citizens Party, a local reform group.

Ledoux’s efforts on behalf of the Republican national ticket in 1896 were soon rewarded, however, when, in July, 1897, he was appointed to the United States Consular Service. His appointment was secured by Maine’s William Frye, President *Pro Tem* of the U.S. Senate at the turn of the century, who was said to have been impressed by Ledoux’s pro-McKinley speeches among Maine’s French migrants.

The appointment was praised by local newspapers, one of which called Ledoux “a particularly bright and well-informed young man”. Alfred Bonneau, the Republican editor of Biddeford’s French newspaper, *La Justice*, however, while conceding that Ledoux was bright and energetic, felt that he was too young to have given sufficient years of dedication and service to the G.O.P. to merit the appointment. Everyone, however, predicted a promising career for Ledoux, who, accord-



Collège Marist in Van Buren, Maine

ing to newspaper reports, was the youngest officer in the U.S. Consular Service.

Ledoux soon was posted to the U.S. Consulate in *Trois Rivières*, Quebec. Ledoux had been recommended for the position by his predecessor at that post, François Belleau, a Lewiston Republican. The State Department apparently agreed that it was important to send another Consul of French Canadian heritage to *Trois Rivières* since Belleau’s predecessor, a Francophobe Yankee from Massachusetts, had literally been driven out of that city by an angry *Québécois* mob.

Ledoux arrived in *Trois Rivières* on August 31, 1897, directly from Biddeford. In an era which predated junior Foreign Service Officer training, Ledoux’s only



Consul Urbain Ledoux

contact with Washington prior to assuming his post was a letter requesting a passport. Two months later, Ledoux was back in Biddeford to marry his fiancée, Carmeline Painchaud, daughter of the famous Pierre Painchaud, founder of Painchaud’s band. He was literally marrying the girl next door, as Carmeline lived at 200 Main St. in Biddeford and Ledoux had resided at 226 1/2 Main St. Miss Painchaud was a musician of much ability who played the organ, sang in local opera performances and was one of the best soloist in York County, according to local newspapers. She had been active in the St. Joseph parish (Biddeford) choir and was a parish organist. The Biddeford-Saco Directory listed her as a music teacher. She had met Urbain while participating in local theatrical performances as both were active in the amateur theatre.

The local press gave extensive coverage to the Ledoux-Painchaud nuptials. The *Evening Journal* carried a 150-line article with a thirty-two word headline calling the wedding “one of the most brilliant ever seen at St. Joseph’s” because special decorations, allowed “only on the occasion of the marriage of persons of distinction or of those to whom the Church desires to show marked favor”, bedecked the altar. The *Daily Journal* called the nuptial “one of the most noteworthy and largely attended Church-weddings” in the area and described how

(Continued on page 6)

(Mr. Zero continued from page 5)

“it was with difficulty that they (the couple) reached the entrance as all present wanted to extend congratulations”. The newspaper wished the couple a happy honeymoon and a safe journey back to *Trois Rivières* where Ledoux was to host a reception for the diplomatic community to present his new wife.

Ledoux’s trip to Biddeford to wed Carmeline was the first of many back to his hometown during his six-year tenure as U.S. Consul in *Trois Rivières*. He often returned to make speeches supporting local and state Republican candidates and in 1900 again strongly exhorted recently-naturalized Franco-Americans to vote for McKinley and “full-dinner pail”. During this period, the *Daily Journal* called Ledoux “an exceptionally bright and entertaining platform-speaker”. This was the first of many instances in which Ledoux’s oratorical skills were praised in print. Later, however, it was to be publications like the *Nation*, *The New Republic* and *The New York Times*, which between 1920 and 1933 carried over 150 articles describing Ledoux’s exploits and praising his work.

The press in Biddeford also covered Ledoux’s activities in *Trois Rivières* which were celebrated as were his efforts to organize theatrical and singing groups in that city. One of Ledoux’s projects reported in detail by local journalists was his hosting of Painchaud’s band on the Consulate grounds for a series of concerts.

In 1903, local newspapers announced that Ledoux had been promoted and was being sent to Bordeaux, France. The Biddeford Record hailed the promotion as “a high tribute to the ability and efficiency of the young man from Biddeford....The appointment was won by his own exertions”. *The Daily Journal* hailed the assignment to Bordeaux as a promotion due to Ledoux’s energy, ability, untiring efforts and his record in *Trois Rivières*. Even Alfred Bonneau praised Ledoux and called his promotion “an honor that makes the Franco population proud”.

Although Ledoux had received his appointment through political connection in 1897, his appointment to Bordeaux did appear to be based on merit. In defending his request for a promotion Ledoux had written in December, 1902:

“I have for the past five years been absorbed in the study of diplomatic relations, international law, history and commerce, foreign language, U.S. diplomatic and commercial relations, U.S. agricultural

and manufacturing resources, etc., in order to qualify myself for a diplomatic career.

I have reason to believe that these studies, supplemented by political and journalistic experience, three years of law, a good college education and perfected knowledge of the language of diplomacy --French--besides five years of experience as consul at this post, should justify my very humble aspirations.”

Less than six months later, Ledoux was assigned to Bordeaux.

But Ledoux was never to go to Bordeaux. While vacationing at his sister’s home in Old Orchard Beach in July, 1903, Ledoux was suddenly informed that Albion Tourgee, the famous author and staunch supporter of the G.O.P., had recovered from an illness and would remain as Consul in Bordeaux indefinitely. Much to his dismay, Ledoux was sent instead to Prague, Bohemia, temporarily, said that Department of State. Three years later, Ledoux was complaining that he had been “forgotten” by the State Department in Prague. He asked for reassignment to a French-speaking post which provided a better salary so that he could pay off debts he had accumulated due to his wife’s illness. When he was assigned to Santos, Brazil, he complained of the State Department’s “pitiless decision” and wrote that the assignment would be Carmeline’s “death warrant”. A month later he resigned from the Consular Service.

According to several Biddeford newspapers, the resignation came as a great surprise to his friends and family in Maine since “he was making a splendid name for himself in the Service.” One Mill City journal printed verbatim a letter from Secretary of State Elihu Root to Ledoux asking him to reconsider his decision to resign because the State Department needed his services, experience and intelligence in Santos.

Ledoux’s homecoming provided the occasion for a big celebration. As he and his family disembarked from the B&M railroad station in Biddeford, they were met by the city’s mayor, several local societies to which Ledoux had belonged, and Painchaud’s band which serenaded the family all the way to the Ledoux home on Main Street. There, Ledoux spoke to a gathering of 200 friends.

In trying to explain the reason behind Ledoux’s resignation, the *Biddeford Daily Journal* quoted Ledoux:

“The Consular Service is pleasant, but not as profitable as it might be. While the government pays what it considers it can afford,

I felt that with my growing family, I should like to try a private business enterprise.”

The *Biddeford Weekly Journal* called Ledoux a “man of ideas” who possessed great “commercial intelligence” and labeled him an “enthusiastic youth whose exuberance was worn down by red tape and time”. Ledoux, the story continued, was regarded as a nuisance by “time-serving barnacles found in every government service” and had incurred the wrath of “bored officials...(who) have been compelled to attend to his persistent recommendations”.

The *Weekly Journal* reporter probably came closer to the truth. In later years when interviewed by *The New York Times*, Ledoux complained of the staidness and conformity of the Consular Service and said only half-facetiously of his former colleagues: “They say that Consuls never quit and seldom die.”

After leaving the Consular Service, Ledoux moved to New York City where he embarked on a number of business ventures and different occupations, some more successful than others. In 1908, Ledoux and an Austrian associate began an enterprise which produced denatured alcohol but the business failed. He soon began to write for the journal *Commercial America* in New York and then went to Philadelphia where he became associated with the Philadelphia Commercial Museum which fostered exports and trained businessmen to trade abroad. The 1910 census shows Ledoux and his family living in Boston with his wife Carmeline, two daughters, Yvette and Lucille, who were born in *Trois Rivières* and Rosa Guttmann who came to the U.S. from Austria as a household domestic. (His third child, Norman, was born in 1911). *The New York Times* had an interesting notice in its July 16, 1910 issue about Ledoux entitled “Missionary and Ex-Consul Home”: “Among those arriving yesterday on the Lusitania was Urbain J. Ledoux, former American Consul at Prague. He had been abroad as a delegate from Boston to the International Congress of Chambers of Congress held in London. He announced that the next Congress would be held in Boston.” In doing research some dates have to be estimated by educated guess given what an author knows of the life of his subject. This source had a date but even without a date, the reader would have known for sure that travel on that ill-fated ship had occurred before May 7, 1915.

Ledoux set out again for Europe with his family in 1911 and stayed almost (Continued on page 7)

(Mr. Zero continued from page 6)

2 years, according to his and daughter Yvette's passport records. Upon his return, according to the *Biddeford Daily Journal*, he "wandered from town to town, an itinerant....among the downtrodden," with "his curly-headed little daughter." During the period, according to the *Journal*, Ledoux washed windows, scrubbed floors and even worked in a Ford tractor plant.

By 1913, however, Ledoux was back in Maine selling real estate in Old Orchard Beach where his two younger sisters, Josephine and Aurise, managed the New Vendome Hotel. Soon thereafter Ledoux managed the Hotel Rochester on Elm Street in Portland apparently unsuccessfully as he was soon in Saco managing a country club that offered golf and tennis. That venture also failed because, according to Biddeford newspapers although the restaurant "put out food fit for royal cuisines" it was "not fully appreciated by Saco palates."

The year 1914 saw Ledoux become associated with editor Edward Ginn who founded the Ginn World Peace Foundation. Ginn had hired Ledoux as his secretary because of the latter's previous journalistic experience, his ability as a speaker and his many international contacts. Ledoux's main task was to preach international brotherhood on college campuses. A year later, Ledoux tried to dramatize his quest for world peace by jumping from New York dock to reach Henry Ford's departing peace ship. He was unsuccessful and had to be rescued by a tugboat. Unlike many articles about Ledoux that never mentioned his background or origins, the *New York Call*, which put out a front page notice of Ledoux being fined \$20 for disorderly conduct for the incident, began its article with the words "Urbain J. Ledoux, Biddeford, Me."

His association with Ginn was terminated by a strange incident. Ledoux in July 1916 had himself committed for treatment at Cowles Sanitarium in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to investigate the plight of Sarah Farmer. Ledoux had apparently become aware of Farmer because it was Edward Ginn who had had her committed to the institution. When Ledoux found Farmer to be perfectly normal, he tried to smuggle her back to her friends at the Green Acre Fellowship in Eliot, Maine who had been trying without success, to get her released from Cowles. He was unsuccessful but his efforts lead to another hearing before a judge which led to her release. Ledoux

earned the undying gratitude of the Baha'i Fellowship and almost every summer, until his death, lectured there while spending summers with his sisters in Old Orchard Beach. Ledoux usually spoke at Green Acre on universal brotherhood and peace.

Always keen for new business opportunities, Ledoux apparently saw one while staking out Cowles Sanitarium. On June 13, 1917, the *Portsmouth Herald* reported that "Urbain J. Ledoux of Biddeford" was opening a hotel on Middle Street in Portsmouth. Like his commercial ventures in Saco, he was unsuccessful and quickly turned his attention to other endeavors.

Ledoux's abrupt departure from the World Peace Foundation did not dampen his work for world peace, however. Because of his work at the Foundation and the contacts he had made speaking around the country under Foundation auspices, Ledoux was named U.S. delegate to a conference on international peace at The Hague. While in Europe, he saw the suffering and poverty caused by the war and returned to America determined to do all he could for America's poor and downtrodden and its veterans. Consequently, in late 1917, he took a position with the U.S. government's War Camp Community Services which helped feed and shelter transient soldiers and alter worked in the War Department's labor bureau. It was in the field of social work that Ledoux found his true calling and soon received national attention and acclaim.

Ledoux's career after World War I is well documented. By googling "Urbain Ledoux—Mr. Zero" the reader can get dozens of "hits" and an extensive list of sources. I will simply highlight his accomplishments and acclaim while stressing his continued attachment to the Biddeford-Saco-Old Orchard Beach area. His Franco-American, Maine roots were hardly ever even hinted at in the national press but local newspapers covered his activities regularly. Grace Tomkinson writing in the *Dalhousie Review* had written, when trying to trace Ledoux's origins and background, that he had "sprung from nobody knows where." Canadian newspapers and magazines were more likely to attempt to make a connection between Ledoux's French Canadian upbringing and his career as a social worker/community organizer. Having grown up in Biddeford, I chuckle at some descriptions of the city of Biddeford found in the literature on Ledoux: "while he was still very young, his parents moved to the

then prosperous mill town of Biddeford, in southwest Maine." Today the city is making a comeback and the downtown area is being rejuvenated, but since the late 1950's when two major textile companies ceased operations in Biddeford-Saco, I have seen few descriptions of Biddeford as prosperous.

As early as 1919, Biddeford's *Weekly Journal* called him a "World Wide Celebrity" for his work with the poor and unemployed of New York City. As head of the Stepping-Stone Mission, Ledoux called for a five-hour workday to reduce unemployment. Worried about growing joblessness and radicalism in America, Ledoux was quoted as saying that his efforts helped "to stamp out Bolshevism in America." Apparently, Ledoux's efforts had an impact on that day's counterculture for a *Weekly Journal* reporter stated that Ledoux's ideas "made a decided impression upon many long-haired men and short-haired women" whose specialty is the bringing about of the millennium when work will be only an incidental matter in the great scheme of things.

In January, 1921 both the *Biddeford Weekly Journal* and *La Justice* reported that Ledoux had led a demonstration of the unemployed in Washington to protest high unemployment. It was the first of Ledoux's several Washington protests.

In early May 1921 Ledoux traveled to Maine again with his daughter Lucille because his mother Octavie (Thibert) Ledoux was gravely ill. She died on May 18 and Ledoux remained in the Mill City until late August helping to comfort his father and two sisters in their distress. During his four-month sojourn in his hometown, Ledoux saw unemployment and suffering occasioned by the deep recession of 1920-1921. He saw the broken condition of his father who had suffered more than a dozen periods of unemployment in his lifetime. He felt that someone needed to highlight the condition of the unemployed. The first week of September, he spoke at the Green Acre Fellowship, perhaps to announce his plans and ask for their support.

Several days later he left for Boston where he hit upon the idea of dramatizing poverty and unemployment with florid tricks of a circus press agent and assumed the mannerism of a ringmaster. Ledoux decided to set up a "slave" auction on Boston Common to "sell" unemployed ex-servicemen. Soon Ledoux's name appeared on the front pages of national newspapers. The headlines screamed "Human Flesh on the Hoof sold (Continued on page 8)

(Mr. Zero continued from page 7)

at auction on.....historic.....Boston Common under the Shadow of the Statehouse” . It was during this campaign that Ledoux acquired the moniker “Mr. Zero.” According to newspaper accounts, one jobless man asked Ledoux “who are you?” Ledoux responded by saying “I am nothing to you but bread and water and shelter.” “Oh, you’re Mr. Zero”, responded the unemployed man. The name stuck and soon the press referred to him almost exclusively as Mr. Zero when describing his charitable work with unemployed veterans and the homeless.

The City Fathers and denizens of Beacon Hill were not amused so Ledoux did not stay in Boston long although he did speak to students at Harvard University before leaving for New York where the reception was even more chilly. Ledoux was arrested after leading a march in Bryant Park and some of the jobless were beaten by New York’s “Finest”. But, there was no slave auction on the steps of the New York City public library, as Ledoux had planned. From New York City, Ledoux traveled to Washington, D.C. in December 1921 during the disarmament conference holding a Bible and a lantern like Diogenes looking for one honest man among the conferees. He marched up and down in front of the Pan American Union building and was arrested although the charges were later dropped. On December 27, Ledoux announced that he had finally found an honest man. He presented his lantern to the aging socialist leader, Eugene Debs.

Ledoux soon returned to New York the following year and established a soup kitchen called “The Tub” at St Mark’s Square and later moved to the Bowery, where he served meals and provided shelter to the unemployed throughout the 1920’s and early 1930’s. His two sisters and his son Norman even volunteered there helping Ledoux with his charitable mission. “The Tub” was a canteen under an old house on the Square. The rent was \$30 a month. The arrangements were simple: bare table, wooden chairs, a bin for old clothes, and a booth by the door where each man coming in gave a meal ticket or a five-cent piece in exchange for a tin coffee cup, a tin bowl for soup and a spoon. Rye bread was piled in dishes on each table. The men took the thick slices and mashed them in the soup. They could have their bowls filled as often as they liked. The accommodations at St. Mark’s Square also provided cots and bunks for the homeless. Ledoux had often criticized churches for not

opening their doors to homeless unemployed men. Curiously, none of the sources that I found praising Ledoux’s work ever speculated why his charitable work did not include women and children. Ledoux financed “The Tub” through contributions from wealthy and prominent individuals, including a Shakespearean actress named Mary White, about whom we will read more below.

Upon leaving the Consular Service, Ledoux had complained that an assignment to Brazil would be his wife’s death warrant. Diplomats are well known for exaggerating the truth when trying to get out of an assignment they do not want. But in this case, Ledoux was probably telling the truth. His wife Carmeline died in September 1923 in New York City at the age of 47 “après une longue et très souffrante maladie” wrote the editor of *La Justice*. She was buried in Biddeford in the Ledoux family plot along with her mother-in-law. There is very little written about Carmeline other than she was reputed to be a very talented musician. She came from a very noted musical family that performed together. In 1870 at the age of 18, her father had organized Painchaud’s Band which for over 120 years was a mainstay of the local Biddeford-Saco musical scene. Two of Carmeline’s sisters, Heloise Painchaud Renouf and Corinne Painchaud toured New England giving concerts. One wonders what Carmeline’s life would have been like had she not married and left the city. Those who covered Ledoux and his activities barely mentioned her — “his first wife is dead” curtly wrote one author who in 1931 wrote a book on Ledoux and 20 other Americans whom he considered to be newsworthy in the field of social work.

One enterprising journalist of the Boston Herald interviewed Carmeline and her two daughters and wrote a timely article on September 11, 1921 about the family during the slave auctions on the Boston Commons. All three praised Ledoux for his work among the unemployed even though the author cited that he did not provide financial support for the family. The reporter even traveled to Biddeford to interview Ledoux’s father Joseph who was in his 70s at the time. The elder Ledoux praised his son and insisted he was a “good boy” noting how comforting he and his granddaughter Lucille had been when his mother Octavie died earlier that year. Joseph did let slip however that Carmeline and Urbain were separated.

I did find an item written by Carmeline in the February 28, 1920 issue of the Christian Science *Sentinel* about a phone

call she had received while at work telling her of a serious accident in which “my little boy had been run over by an automobile. My daughter had telephoned to a Christian Science practitioner asking for treatment” Carmeline goes on to say that in effect Norman’s cure was a miracle. She wrote: I am inexpressibly grateful to God for this beautiful healing.” The family at the time was living in Boston, Massachusetts not far from where Ledoux launched his slave auctions a year later. Friends who read earlier drafts of this article would ask about Carmeline since I had practically no information about her. Unfortunately, not much is available about her life growing up in Biddeford or after marrying and leaving the city.

While describing Ledoux’s work at the Tub in 1924, *The New York Times* still cited Old Orchard Beach as Ledoux’s “home port.” In December 1924 in an article entitled “Plans Sojourn in Maine” one *Times* journalist discussed Ledoux’s plans to close “The Tub” because of police harassment. An understanding was reached and the Tub remained open.

When I first started doing research on Urbain Ledoux more than 40 years ago, I interviewed a relative of his in Biddeford, Mr. Hervé Hébert. He remembered Ledoux vividly walking along the pier in Old Orchard Beach with his wife and being addressed as Mr. Ambassador. I asked him about Carmeline and he was the one who told me that Carmeline had died and that Ledoux had remarried. A little more digging uncovered that Ledoux had indeed remarried on July 3, 1930, at Ste. Margaret’s Church in Old Orchard Beach, where he spent summers. (“The Tub” was closed in the summer.) The bride was Ms. Mary White, three years his junior and a Shakespearean actress of some fame who was the granddaughter of a former North Carolina Governor and the daughter of H.P. White who had been mayor of Kansas City, Missouri. Ledoux’s two sisters served as witnesses. The local press took the opportunity to trace Ledoux’s long and illustrious career while covering the wedding. On January 23, 1925, in an effort to gain publicity for his work with the unemployed, Ledoux had announced to a *New York Times* reporter that he would soon marry Ms. White, whom he called the greatest actress in the world. The next day a spokesman for the actress denied the story while at the same time praising Ledoux’s efforts to aid the jobless. Her representative added that she had known Ledoux and his
(Continued on page 9)

(Mr. Zero continued from page 8)

family for a number of years and helped to fund his work. In a 1931 passport application, Mary White noted that she had known Ledoux for 11 years. Urbain Ledoux appears to have been persuasive in both personal, as well as professional, matters. The 1931 trip was apparently to celebrate their one year anniversary and was scheduled to begin on July 4th to France for a month for “rest and relaxation”.

As the New Deal began to replace local relief efforts, Ledoux spent less and less time in New York City. He still summered in Maine but now traveled abroad also, including South America with his new wife where he tried his hand at film making. The New York Times last article on Ledoux before he died was in 1936 praising the charismatic Ledoux for his past efforts to aid the downtrodden. Ledoux’s last two passport applications in 1938 and 1940 listed Old Orchard Beach as his legal residence. His passport file even noted his arrest back in 1921 in New York City.

Ledoux died on April 9, 1941 in New York City but was buried in the family plot after funeral services at Sansouci funeral parlor in Biddeford. Local Maine newspapers as well as the *New York Times* and *New York Herald Tribune* took the opportunity again to detail his long and varied career. In its obituary, *La Justice* called Ledoux one of the most famous Franco-Americans of his time. Editor Joseph Bolduc summarized Ledoux’s life by quoting the insignia on the door of “The Tub”: “To bring a greater measure of love and beauty in the lives of those tormented by life.” One obituary from the April 10, 1941 Brooklyn Daily Caller did note that “Burial will follow in Biddeford, Me.” His daughter Yvette had returned to New York from France to be with her father during his last days. She is really the only one of his three children on whom I have been able to find information. According to the Nov. 8, 1927 New York Times, Yvette was studying painting in Paris and “has been accepted by the Paris public as an accomplished artist.” According to passport records, she returned to the U.S. in early 1941.

According to his naturalization papers Ledoux immigrated to Biddeford in February 1875, at the age of 6 months. Although the Good Shepherd Sisters had not yet arrived in town and St. Joseph’s grammar school had not yet been built, by 1880 children of French Canadian migrants were receiving instruction in the basement of

St. Joseph’s church from lay teachers. Secondary sources note that Ledoux attended parochial schools in the city so in all probability this school is where Ledoux received his earliest formal education—in French. He would have been 8 years old when the Sisters arrived to teach French-speaking students. One secondary source states that Ledoux also attended public schools in Biddeford, which is plausible since he had to have learned to speak English somewhere. Although not a citizen, Ledoux was active in local Biddeford and Maine State politics. It has never been an issue before but after his appointment as a Consular Officer was announced, some alert officer at the State Department probably brought up the issue. Ledoux was naturalized in court in January, 1897, and assumed his post in Trois Rivières in August.

It is often customary to ascribe a person’s motivation and behavior later in life to his ethnic origins, religious upbringing and early environment. Those who have written about Urbain Ledoux are no different. One Canadian reporter noted that many of Ledoux’s traits were due to his Québécois background—“he is the perfect example of the impulsive, warm-hearted, eloquent French Canadian.” *New York Times* journalists wrote the Ledoux often “lapsed into French” when speaking and that “his signs of French antecedents were unmistakable.” Another noted during an interview that he noticed a book, *Imitation du Christ*, at “The Tub” and asked Ledoux about it. Ledoux replied that it had been a gift from his mother while he was in Trois Rivières, more than 35 years before.

In 1957, when writing a book on influential Franco-Americans, Rosaire Dion-Lévesque cited the religious motivation behind Ledoux’s charitable work. Dion-Lévesque related that Ledoux was

raised in an intensely religious atmosphere by French-Canadian parents. His father has worked in Biddeford as a bead-maker, and made rosaries and other accessories for Catholic religious services. As a young child, Ledoux sold these products outside of Church after mass, which he attended daily as a young man, according to Lévesque. Ledoux had studied for the priesthood and 40 years later was described by a *New York Times* reporter observing him at “The Tub” as looking like “a revered father of some parish church.” The *Times* added that Ledoux was inspired by the Sermon on the Mount, read the bible constantly and frequently distributed bibles to the downtrodden whom he served.

Friends from Biddeford with whom I have discussed Urbain Ledoux’s career ask what his profession was and how he supported himself, his family and his work. I explain that Ledoux could have been described as a social worker or, in today’s terms, a community organizer. In his 1931 passport application, Ledoux lists his profession as “philanthropist.” Even though he had been raised in poverty and was never personally wealthy, Ledoux charismatic efforts to aid the poor and unemployed attracted many wealthy benefactors who funded The Tub, the Stepping-Stone Mission and many of Ledoux’s other charitable endeavors.

The headstone in the family plot at St. Joseph’s cemetery in Biddeford is a simple one bearing the names of each adult member of the Ledoux nuclear family. The inscription “Urbain J. Ledoux 1874-1941” shows not even a hint that the Franco-American buried there had once met with a President at the White House to discuss the plight of the unemployed and had occupied the headlines of some of the country’s major newspapers and periodicals for many years.



Homeless and Unemployed Men Eating at Relief Center (The Tub).

Archival photo from Corbis. circa. 1933.



From Maine to Thailand

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

ED. NOTE: This is the tenth 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. 97 pages 40-41.

I hadn't planned to go to Laos, but when I heard I wasn't supposed to go, I wanted to go.

If I'm told not to do something, I want to do it. When my kindergarten teacher tried to teach me English, I resisted her. When my college hall rector turned the lights off at eleven, I bought an extension cord to bring light to my room from the bathroom. When I decided to run for Mayor of South Bend in 1978, many said I shouldn't run and couldn't win, but I did and I won. So when President Kennedy told Americans to leave Laos in 1962, going to Laos became irresistible.

President Kennedy must have had good reasons to tell American citizens to stay out of Laos. I think it was part of his strategy to keep communism out of Thailand. Months earlier he had ordered a few thousand marines to Udorn to send a clear message to the Pathet Lao in Laos: "Don't even think of crossing the Mekong River to Thailand."

I was aware of the cold war and the communist threat, and although I had a ringside seat to the worldwide conflict being played out on the small stage of Udorn, I didn't feel the drama at all. I only felt the drama of teaching my students.

When a group of Peace Corps friends came to visit from Khonkaen, we decided to go to Laos for the weekend. My friend, Art, joined us and we took a bus for the 15-mile trip to Nonkai, a small city on the Thailand side of the Mekong River and hired a small boat to cross over. It was windy, the river was turbulent, the boat rocked scarily, and I was glad that Peace Corps had taught me how to float.

We had left boldly but arrived timidly. My friends, not expecting to go to Laos, had not brought their passports, and I had not thought to bring mine.

To me, crossing the Mekong River to Laos was like crossing the St. John River near my home in Maine to go to Canada. I had not needed a passport to do that. We thought we might be turned back, but there were no border guards to check us. Only a friendly gaggle of vendors selling swaths of brightly colored cloth, trinkets, chicken

pieces and sticky rice, were there to greet us.

We boarded a dilapidated bus that hugged the Mekong for a short ride to Vientiane, the capitol of Laos. On the way we encountered a roadblock manned by soldiers wearing red berets and brandishing their old rifles. This made my blood course a little faster. Maybe this was the border checkpoint where they would ask for passports. But after peering in the bus, they waved us through without a question. The driver said these were Royal Laotian Army soldiers, loyal to the King of Laos, backed by the American government. That was the reason they let us through without interrogation.

Any anxiety I felt melted away quickly as I heard Laotians speak French...

Another few miles and another checkpoint, this one manned by soldiers wearing black berets, neutralists in the dispute between the king and the communists. This time, the bus driver asked us for money to bribe the soldiers and we gave him a few bahts (Thai currency). He stopped, got out, walked to the captain, said a few words, discreetly handed him our bahts, returned to the bus, and drove off. No questions asked. Money was explanation enough.

There were three seemingly coexisting armies in Vientiane, the king's soldiers in red berets, neutralists in black berets, and communists in camouflaged uniforms. They swaggered in the city, displaying their guns, seeking to keep and to get more power. I remember these soldiers scrutinizing us as we walked about. They knew we were Americans by our dress and demeanor and probably wondered what we were doing in Laos. But they didn't bother us. When I asked a red beret soldier for directions, he smiled and gave me directions. That was it.

Any anxiety I felt melted away quickly as I heard Laotians speak French in shops and restaurants and in a hotel lobby. I immediately felt at home and less a stranger. Laos had been a French colony until the middle 1950's, and I should have realized before I arrived that French would still be an important language in Vientiane. I had learned English in school, but French was my mother tongue—a tongue which evoked deep feelings of family, home, friends and community in northern Maine. It felt good.

My memories of Vientiane are of friendly people, not oblivious to the three armies in their midst, but wise in knowing that whoever ended up on top would not much affect their day-to-day living at the bottom.

In 2002, my wife, Rolande, and I visited our friend, Art, in Laos, married to a Laotian woman and living in Vientiane. The daily life of the people had not changed much, they were still one of the poorest in the world, and the replica of the French L'Arche de Triomphe still dominated Vientiane. But the communists held the reins of government and American influence made English more important than French. Added to the general misery was the suffering of unexploded bombs, grenades and mines maiming and killing hundreds of people each year—a legacy of the Vietnam War. (Thousands of bombs were dropped in Laos to interdict supplies on the Ho Chi Minh trail and thousands more were dropped by American planes returning from aborted bombing runs over Hanoi, to safely land in Udorn.)

The people of Laos seemed no better off than they were more than 40 years ago when I first crossed the Mekong River with no passport. My government's interest in the people of Laos had more to do with the threat of global communism than with helping them. Today some U.S. assistance trickles in, and some non-governmental organizations (NGO) are helping people deal with the killing legacy of unexploded ordnance. But it's a minuscule effort compared to the challenge. *(Continued on page 11)*

The Watchmaker's Desk

Submitted by Terry Ouellette

Ste. Agathe Historical Society

Joseph Reginald Gerard Plourde was born April 7, 1929 'dans les concession de la petite montagne a Ste-Agathe, Maine.' He was one of 15 children born to Pierre and Madeline (Ouellette) Plourde. His parents had a large farm. Life wasn't easy with all there was to do on the farm, and everyone was expected to pitch in and help.

Suddenly, one Sunday afternoon in September of 1944, life as Reginald knew it, took a turn which would forever change the course of his life. Reginald and some friends were bicycling to a movie house in the next town of Frenchville, when he was hit by a car, which resulted in extreme damage to his left leg.

After spending a few months in a local hospital, it was determined that his leg could not be saved. An infection had set in. A doctor from a Portland hospital was called in and he had to tell Reginald and his parents that his leg would need to

be amputated, so the infection would not spread. So, with great sadness and courage, Pierre and Madeline had to make the decision to send their young son to Portland for the amputation. After spending a few more months in the Portland hospital, Reginald was released and sent home.

What could a boy missing one leg do on the farm? Another decision that Pierre and Madeline would have to make. It was decided that Reginald would leave home again and go to school in Bath, Maine to learn watch repair. Reginald was a good student and found that he really enjoyed this new endeavor.

During this same time, Reginald was traveling back and forth to Boston by train to be fitted with an artificial leg. Since his leg was amputated above the knee, it was very difficult to get use to, but through hard work and perseverance, he quickly learned to walk very well. After completing



his schooling, Reginald decided to go to Connecticut with a friend who was also a watchmaker. Things were going well, but he longed to come back to Ste-Agathe. He returned home and got a job at a Madawaska jewelry store repairing watches. After a while, Reginald wanted to start his own watch repair business. Unfortunately, with Ste-Agathe being such a small town, he was not able to make a living. In 1948, his parents stepped in again and purchased a jewelry/gift store in Groveton, New Hampshire. There was a paper mill in that town and for a while business was pretty good. He made a lot of friends there, including Fr. Heon, the parish priest, who all went out of their way to help Reginald settle in. Fr. Heon was especially good to him and always helped and encouraged him so he would not be so lonesome for his family back home.

Right before he moved to New Hampshire, Reginald met a girl who he had become very close to. He missed her. She would write to him almost every day. In July of 1949, Reginald asked Francoise Martin to marry him. They became engaged and made plans to marry in the fall of 1950. So when the time came, Reginald borrowed Fr. Heon's Packard and came to Ste-Agathe. On November 14, 1950, Reginald and Francoise were married and after a few days, moved to New Hampshire. They lived there for a short time, but Francoise missed her family and friends who had moved to Connecticut. With her first child on the way, in September of 1951, they moved to Connecticut to be close to family.

Reginald went to work at Pratt & Whitney. About this time, he purchased his watchmaker's desk, and set up a side business of repairing watches at home, at night. Eventually, Reginald would work for Benrus Watches and finally at Timex, always doing watch repair at home on the side. After some years, Reginald

(Continued on page 12)

(From Maine to Thailand continued from page 10)



Typical boat crossing Mekong River.

We need to do more than cross a river to understand and help on another. We need to cross into each other's culture and into each other's hearts. The world is small they say, but the distance between hearts and understanding remains large.

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.

(The Watchmaker's Desk continued from page 11)

retired from Timex and set up shop, full time, at home, until 1997, when he finally retired and moved back to Ste-Agathe.

Reginald moved his desk, all his tools and parts inventory to Ste-Agathe. It didn't take long that he was repairing watches for townspeople, as well as Robert's Jewelers in Madawaska. He had come full circle.

Their daughter Carole had also moved to Ste-Agathe from Connecticut a few years before. In 2003, she purchased the home that Reginald's father, Pierre, had built in 1950. Reginald had never lived in the home because he was away in New Hampshire when it was built. When Carole bought the home, Reginald and Francoise moved into the home as well. Reginald continued to repair watches until arthritis set in and his hands could no longer work with such small tools. He was able to sell all his tools and inventory, all except for the desk. The desk was donated to the Ste-Agathe Historical Society.

Reginald passed away on August 12, 2011.



**50TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
CENTER- FRANCOISE & REGINALD PLOURDE
L-R: PAUL, CAROLEE, FRANCOISE, REGI-
NALD, TOM & JIM**





Father Ponsardin

by Michael Guignard
Alexandria, VA

In most histories of St. Joseph's parish in Biddeford, Maine, there is very little written about the parish's first pastor, Jean François Ponsardin. The St. Louis Alumni Association in its history of St. Joseph's parish and St. Louis High School says merely that Franco-Americans in Biddeford in 1870 "obtained from Bishop Bacon of Portland a priest of French origin to cater to their spiritual needs. This priest, Father Ponsardin, (1870 - 1877), built St. Joseph church in 1873 at a cost of \$125,000." St. Joseph parish histories also gloss over the parish's first pastor's seven-year tenure, praising the new priest as a dedicated Francophone, one of us, with not even a hint of any unpleasantness.

Father Ponsardin's introduction to Biddeford was not as smooth as local histories would have one believe, however. Born in France in 1833 and ordained in the Diocese of Verdun in 1857, Father Ponsardin served as a priest in Thillot, France. In 1869, he wrote to the Bishop of Rimouski in Canada offering his services in what had been ten years earlier New France. He arrived in Rimouski in August 1869 but not finding an assignment that pleased him, went to Montreal offering his services to the Sulpician Fathers. In September, he contacted Bishop David Bacon and soon found himself ministering to Franco-Americans in Nashua, New Hampshire. (Maine and New Hampshire were one diocese until 1884). In January, 1870 while Bishop Bacon was attending the First Vatican Council in Rome, the administrator of the diocese, Monsignor O'Donnell, transferred Father Ponsardin to Biddeford to minister to a new French parish in the city, St. Joseph's. The Irish-American pastor in the city protested but to no avail.

Until 1870, Catholics in the city had been ministered to by itinerant priests and after 1857 by Irish clergymen at St. Mary's parish. In 1869 as their numbers increased, French Canadian migrants urged Bishop Bacon to allow them to form their own parish. As proof of their determination, the Franco community of 1,700 souls collected \$1,900 to begin financing the new parish.

Soon after Father Ponsardin arrived in Biddeford, he was inexplicably forbidden to say mass and dismissed. Diocesan records make no mention of why these actions were taken saying simply

that Ponsardin left the city to minister in New York. When Bishop Bacon returned from Rome, he recalled Father Ponsardin to St. Joseph's and transferred the Irish pastor at St. Mary's to another parish.

Within 3 years of purchasing an old Methodist church at the corner of Bacon and Alfred Street (where the Central theater used to be and where the police station is now), parishioners had outgrown the building. Permission was granted to build a new structure where the church currently stands. In his first five years as pastor, Father Ponsardin guided his flock with little apparent controversy. With the change of Bishops in Portland, however, things started to heat up. On October 6, 1877, Ponsardin initiated an appeal to the Archdiocese in Boston against the new Bishop, James Augustin Healy for money he believed to be owed to him for church construction costs. Bishop Healy suspected Ponsardin of financial irregularities pointing out that after 4 years of construction the new church consisted of only a finished basement and 4 bare walls exposed to the elements. Archbishop Williams of Boston wrote Healy about Ponsardin on October 13 advising "you must be careful with him as he is determined apparently to push matters as far as he can." Nevertheless, on October 18, the Bishop dismissed Ponsardin as pastor at St. Joseph's and forbade him from saying Mass. Eight days later, Bishop Healy wrote to the parishioners of St. Joseph's parish telling them that because of financial difficulties, he was dismissing Father Ponsardin as pastor and appointing Father Pierre Dupont who was coming from Trois Rivières to head the parish.

On November 2, the Archbishop in Boston refused to hear Ponsardin's appeal and Ponsardin then appealed to Rome. The appeal itself is on file at the Chancery Library in Portland and is entitled "Documents Relatifs à la Cause du Révérend Jean François Ponsardin Curé de Biddeford contre Monseigneur James Aug. Healy, Évêque de Portland, Rome, le 17 décembre, 1877"

Bishop Healy travelled to Rome himself to plead his cause in 1878. Later that year, in a letter to Cardinal Simeoni dated Sept. 6, Healy complained about having been insulted by Ponsardin at his diocesan headquarters and wrote "for two years in



spite of my counsel, my prayers and my threats he neglected to pay interest on the debts" debts that he took on personally without the authorization of Bishop Bacon."

During the next three years, charges and counter-charges were traded by Bishop Healy and Ponsardin who throughout most of that period could not say mass in Biddeford. His successor Father Pierre Dupont had arrived in the city in 1877 and had been tending to a growing flock of parishioners at St. Joseph's. Final resolution was arrived at with Father Ponsardin accepting a rather generous financial settlement and agreeing to leave the diocese. Bishop Healy had threatened to resign if the settlement had been made more generous.

Father Ponsardin then travelled to Leadville, Colorado, a tough mining town in the 19th century. In Colorado, Father Ponsardin was reputed to be the owner of a silver mine. He was also the pastor of Sacred Heart of Jesus parish which ministered to all of the French population in the area. In 1884, the Sacred Heart church and property were sold and Father Ponsardin returned to France, according to a February 10, 1966 Denver Catholic Register article. The archives in Portland have two entries for Father Ponsardin after his departure from Maine. The first, dated June 3, 1887, states that "Father Ponsardin had been suspended in Denver and that he had sued in the civil courts both his bishop and the archbishop." The second, dated January, 1888, states that he "had lost his ill-gotten fortune" and that he had returned to France and was living in Halles-par-Stenay, Département de la Meuse. I am not sure if the reference to

(Continued on page 14)

Remembering Mademoiselle Grenier*

By Gérard Coulombe
Fairfield, CT

My third and fourth grade teacher's name popped up in my head the other day just because I had been reading David Brooks' piece in the New York Times Op Ed page several years ago, the day before a presidential election.

Brooks was not prognosticating on the outcome of our national elections for President of the United States. He had written, instead, a piece on a Harvard longitudinal study of a group of its male students that had started back in the middle 1930's. One of the study's conclusions, Brooks reports, is that "The positive effect of one loving relative, mentor or friend can overwhelm the negative effects of the bad things that happen" and can contribute to longevity.

Of course, I was not part of that study because I would have been too young. I was born in 1931, and I would never have gone to Harvard out of Saint Louis High School. But had I not had Mademoiselle Eva Grenier at Saint André's as a third and fourth grade teacher, I might have been standing in the back of the classroom like a lot of older boys when we moved up to the 5th grade taught by the Brothers of the Sacred Heart, ignored by the teachers, not being taught, for having become a constant, misbehaving grade school attendee, awaiting for permission from my

parents to drop out of school because, finally, I was old enough to work in one of the mills.

The boys who stopped learning in grade school because they needed the practical education of hard knocks and not one of book learning did so because the road to success, the road they had adopted early on in life, was not in the culture of the times a necessarily deplorable one. It was a choice one made as a responsible youngster when one became old enough to do the manly thing and go to work in one of the mills. It was a choice that many of my classmates made. Being old enough to go to work in the mills as their parents had done as youngsters was something some of us looked forward to doing as contributing members of our family.

In second grade, I easily might have learned not to pay attention in school, frightened as I was by the downright scary behavior of our second grade school teacher, a nun, whose persuasive "keep them in line" disciplinary technique was to command the undisciplined student to march down the center aisle to stand in front of the class to face her. Upon the miscreant's arrival, sister grabbed him, who was frequently taller, by the arms and swung him around to face the class.

Once positioned, the student's punishment was to stand there, cringing in

anticipation of the boxing of the ears—the slam of the palms of sister's hands across the ears. The consonant blows would hurt if not puncture the eardrums and left a painful reverberation in the brain that was not only terrifying for us who watched but also physically felt. The echo of the noise made us boys, courageous enough to watch and cringe with sympathetic pain that was deeply felt in the testicles.

Mademoiselle Grenier was a lay teacher. As my third grade teacher, she took a liking to me. But I did not know that. Like my classmates, I feared Mademoiselle Grenier because she was strict without being sadistic. For example, the method used by Mademoiselle Grenier to teach composition, known in French as "dictée," was to read to us from a hand held text, starting in front of the class and then proceeding up and down and then crossing horizontally between the rows of desks as she read. In her right hand, she held a knuckle buster, an old bobbin with a ball in the middle upon which rested an elastic held, narrow piece of wood the length of the bobbin, which she used to pinch a distracted student's ear.

As she walked and dictated, we wrote in our copybook. She looked and read what
(Continued on page 15)

(Father Ponsardin continued from page 13) ill-gotten fortune "sa fortune mal-acquise" alludes to his silver mine or to the financial settlement that he received when he left Maine. This was the last original reference I have found on St. Joseph's first pastor. No obituaries seem to exist, at least in the U.S.

Meanwhile St. Joseph's church was finally completed in 1883. The new church was dedicated in an elaborate ceremony with dozens of priests who arrived by train and were met by Curé Dupont. The party, in procession, made its way from the train station along Elm Street to the Church accompanied by Franco bands and societies. A high mass capped the festivities. Newspaper reports claimed that most of the French community had turned out for the ceremony.

The saga of the founding of St. Joseph's parish was not the last time that a curé at St. Joseph's would clash with a Bishop of Portland. Curé Dupont clashed repeatedly with Bishops William O'Connell and Louis Walsh over many issues,

including who owned parish property. The intensity of the battles is captured in an entry in Bishop Walsh's diary the day after Curé Dupont died. Bishop Walsh hurried to St. Joseph's rectory as soon as he heard of Dupont's death to rummage through the deceased's personal belongings. There is found "many of the personal and official letters and documents showing the part of Fr. Dupont in the bitter fight against the Bishops and priests during the past ten or more years and incriminating his very seriously." (Walsh, Diary, Dec. 10, 1915)

What is ironic is that Maine's Corporation Sole law, which made the Bishop of Portland the legal owner of the property of all parishes in the state of Maine, had been enacted in 1887 to avoid the battles that had occurred between Bishop Healy and Father Ponsardin that had inevitably spilled over into Maine's legal system and its courts.

Luckily when St. Louis High School was founded in 1929 the Bishop of Portland, John Murray, and Curé Joseph LaFlamme

at St. Joseph and Curé Arthur Décary at St. André's were all on the same page. These amicable relationships were not always the rule in Maine as the Bishop of Portland sometimes balked when parishioners asked permission to build a school or other parish institution fearing that he and the diocese would be saddled with the debt as Corporation Sole. The smooth opening of the new high school was a good omen and presaged a very successful forty-one years of operations under the tutelage of the Brothers of Christian Instruction, including its last 3 years when the school became a coed regional high school with the Good Shepherd Sisters joining the faculty.

Sources for this article can be found at the diocesan library in Portland. I wish to thank diocesan librarian and archivist, Sister Rita-Mae Bissonnette, for her assistance. The information on Father Ponsardin in Colorado was sent to me by Kathy Michlich of the Diocese of Denver.

*(Remembering Mademoiselle Grenier**
continued from page 14)

we were writing over our shoulders, as we wrote what she spoke; when she spied an error, she quickly whipped down the bobbin clapper onto the desk in a sudden, unexpected stroke. The noise caused us all to sit up straighter than we had been. We all feared the instrument of her punishing wrath would come down on our desks. The comeuppance was such that we would try all the harder to keep our noses and eyes on our copybooks, careful not to let her see too much of what we had written down for fear of being hit across the knuckles of the free hand which properly lay upon the desk while the other held the pen with the nib. Under these conditions we quickly learned the proper spelling of most words and learned to appreciate a properly constructed sentence.

One day, Mademoiselle Grenier told me that I was to stay after school. Although I feared it was a punishment, it was not corporal for anything I might have unwittingly done. When I met her after class, she told me that I was to accompany her to the library. We walked to the MacArthur Public Library on upper Main Street, where she introduced me to the librarian working the desk in the children's room. Then she told me that I was to take out as many books as was permitted and that she was to approve them before I could check them out.

While she went about her business, returning and selecting more books to read herself, I went about picking out a collection of books without any more guidance than what I thought I would take home and return myself, unread. But it wasn't going to be that way. Mademoiselle Grenier looked at each of my selections, set aside what I would take home, and placed on the cart those children's books I was not to take home. Mademoiselle arranged for me to get a li-

brary card and signed for it herself. On our walk together up Main to the public library, she would ask questions about each of the books I had signed out. Her attention to me would never amount to a waste of her time.

At the end of the school year, I was looking forward to fourth grade without Mademoiselle Grenier. But I was not so lucky. On the first day of school, Mademoiselle walks into our classroom whereupon she informs us all that she had asked to teach 4th grade and she would be our teacher for another year, like it or not. With one fourth grade teacher, what choice did we have? None.

Instruction was in French throughout lower and upper school. Mademoiselle Grenier and I never had a conversation about why it was she was going out of her way to make sure that I became acquainted with the MacArthur Library. She wisely left it up to me to discover why it was that I should learn to read in English.

Mademoiselle Grenier and I resumed our weekly walks to the library and I got to enjoy them as much for the opportunity to visit the library and check out books that I really wanted to read as for the opportunity to walk downtown with a woman who had time to push me to read. Some of my favorite books of the period were illustrated biographies of famous people, artists, Italian and Dutch among them. In that way I got to learn something about art, which connected me, in a small way, with a world different from what I was used to or would ever get to know on my own.

Then we moved up to fifth grade. The Brothers of the Sacred Heart taught in the upper grammar school. Some of the brothers had a reputation for being rough and tough to keep the boys in line. In those days, whatever happened, it was our fault and our parents were supportive of the instruction and discipline that

came our way were we to step out of line.

Between sixth and ninth grade, I attended a novitiate. A novitiate was a school where one trained to become a religious. Much later in life, I discovered that I was not the only one leaving the three Catholic parishes in my hometown to attend seminary or novitiate. I have a brother-in-law who told me years later that he had taken a train by himself to Saint-Hyacinthe, Québec to attend seminary and had returned home to Maine on the same train the following morning.

I stayed affiliated with the novitiate in Winthrop, Maine, for two years, but spent a good portion of that time in a hospital bed because I had been diagnosed with Leggs-Perthese disease which required being immobilized.

I graduated from Saint Louis High School in 1950. Like most Catholic kids in town, we went to school where our parents meant for us to go. Choice was not something we talked about at home. I never forgot Mademoiselle Grenier. Some years later, while on leave from the military, I tried visiting Miss Grenier at her home on Pool Street near Clifford Park, but she was not at home.

As people in Biddeford knew each other, as people will in a small town, Miss Grenier would see my mom around town, and in that way kept in touch. Like many of my classmates who would not have gone to college without the GI Bill, I was blessed with that opportunity and took it. Home on winter break, married with children, one time, I decided to visit Miss Grenier. She came to the door of her home when I rang the doorbell, saw me and exclaimed with a smile, "I know you!" No embrace, just a shake of the hands.

*From: A Memoir: Leaving Maine:
A Franco American's Exile. [w. 1646]*

“Rose the Bum” or Murder on Wentworth Street

*By Gérard Coulombe
Fairfield, CT*

I needed a haircut, so I had hitched a ride to Kirksville, in the Northeast corner of Missouri where, in the early 1950's, I was stationed as an airman at the Air Force early warning, air defense site on Route 63 outside of town.

While I sat in the barbershop waiting

my turn for a haircut, I turned to the magazine rack where I found an issue of the Police Gazette. I scanned the cover where I read a teaser headline about a hometown man with a familiar name who was serving time for murder.

I turned to the pages inside and read

the story about this man I knew from the time I was growing up on the streets of Biddeford. Apparently, he had been sentenced to Maine's State Prison after he was convicted of bludgeoning his wife to death with a hammer while she was sitting at the dining room table in their home.

When we were kids, the whole town and countryside was our playground. None of us were restricted to the yard, or street or block, or neighborhood, or parish. Biddeford, a town with a population of about 18,000 or fewer souls was all playground. Our playground extended from the woods of
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“Rose the Bum” or Murder on Wentworth Street continued from page 15)

Clifford Park to beyond Westbrook Skating Rink in the East, and from Jerry Shaw’s Estate to the woods behind his house, way into the outlying farm country toward the Kennebunks and then along the Saco River and the twin city of Saco, even as far as Old Orchard Beach that in its early days was reachable by electric cars and later by bus or even train from Biddeford.

As kids we played war games on wooded lots or in the environs of stone outcroppings that we made out to be fortresses for our war games. There was one such redoubt at the corner of Bradbury and Cutts. We played war there, maybe cowboys and Indians. At the time we lived in the apartment above my grandparents. My grandfather, Joseph Coutu, a retired teamster, owned the left side of the two-story duplex. His side had the barn and a small, grassy yard with flowers around the granite foundation and a fenced in front yard with a crab apple tree partly hanging over the sidewalk.

The house was in the shadow of the parish church steeple. In his retirement my grandfather spent a good part of the day either sitting on his lawn swing bench or in an old, brown, wooden chair that sat in the opened bay of the barn that had sheltered the horses that had pulled the carts that carried the bales hauled from the freight yard to the mill when he worked as a teamster for the Pepperell.

In those days he whittled, slept, and awakened, surely, by the tolling of the bells, announcing that someone from the parish had died. Biddeford people, particularly French-Canadian folks like us, were well informed about who, in the parish, was ill or near death. Parishes were closely knit. People knew each other, most walked everywhere in town to conduct their business or do their shopping. In those days, there was the A&P on Main. But there was also a small grocery store on practically every block.

Every city or town had its fables and horror stories. People had their newspaper delivered to their doors by a newsboy who was given a route by the newspaper distributor. I shouldered my sack, and walked house-to-house, apartment-to-apartment along my assigned route, and often hand-delivered to the customer awaiting my arrival. The hardest part of the newsboy’s job was to catch the customer at home in order to collect. Some people hid behind the locked door. I could hear them breathing.

Like most boys in town, I was aware at an early age of the taunting games played by boys whenever they spied Rosenbaum the newspaper hawker coming down the street. More often than not, everybody within earshot heard Rosenbaum before they saw him coming down the street as one approached the corner he happened to be working at the time.

“Journal, here, get your Journal,” was Rosenbaum’s newspaper chant while holding and waving the newspaper aloft from one hand while the other held the strap or bottom of his newspaper bag. The heavy bag leaned on his hip and kept dragging him toward the ground while the hand held aloft with the paper acted as a counterweight to the load he carried, the strap, heavy, on the counterbalancing shoulder.

“Journal, here, get your BiddeFORD Daily JOURNAL here,” he sang even as he sold and collected the coins placed in his hand. He was a character out of Dickens, and we boys were often less charitable and veritable characters ourselves out the famous author’s novels.

Some of us shamefully crossed the street to avoid Rosenbaum. I think our parents knew him. They might even have been aware of the taunts that many boys, particularly when as boys or groups of boys, never alone, were on the street.

Upon hearing the chant, “Rose the Bum! Rose the Bum!” or the “Rose the Bum” derogatory crack, he would not always respond. His first reaction, his consistently responsible reaction was to ignore the taunts. He hunkered down under the load of his newspaper bag, always one paper, folded and in hand ready to pass along, and the other either under the bag or in the bag pulling out another paper to hold up, folded or to be folded when sale followed sale, particularly when mill hands came out or approached the mills for the next shift.

The taunt was shameful, but all too frequently provocative, probably prejudicial enough in our ignorance to be anti-Semitic, lacking any understanding of what the taunt meant in its context. It was a cry we picked up and stupidly repeated.

Rosenbaum might make a move toward the kid who got too close or close enough for him to grab by the arm or collar. It was an episode of villainy that I witnessed growing up, not one that I would have engaged in or one that inwardly caused me to feel kinship with Rosenbaum, the *bête noire* of these episodes, because I had my own

problems with kids who feeling superior in any way believed it fair game to intimidate by word or deed the neighborhood kid who bullies perceived to be the weaklings in a group of kids.

The magazine story told the story of Rosenbaum who had come home, had had an argument with his wife, and had, in a fit of rage, bludgeoned her over the head with a hammer. That’s my version of the story as I recall now, having seen newspaper clippings sent to me.

But it was not at all as simple as that. I found it fascinating at the time that a former manager of the Central Theatre in town who had moved on to become a police photo technician figured in the story.

The essential is this. On the evidence, Rosenbaum was convicted. Sentenced. And while serving time, another man, also in jail, confessed, identifying himself as the guilty party. The story goes, as best as I can recall, that he had heard of this Rosenbaum, had happened to be passing through Biddeford, thought that a visit to the Rosenbaum home would net him a good sum of money, found himself in the house with Rosenbaum’s wife in the kitchen, and when threats failed to get him what he wanted, he struck her repeatedly on the head with a found hammer.

The confession, having been examined and proven, got Rosenbaum out of the penitentiary.

While sitting in the barbershop, I remember thinking of Rosenbaum and the place he had held in the story of my home town and the possible rush to judgment that occurred, in part fueled by a folkloric mish-mash of stories most probably ingrained in the minds of those in town who gathered the facts and arrived at judgment.

I had known Rosenbaum as a kid and as a newsboy while waiting for our batch of papers, his to hawk and mine to deliver to apartment or house in my neighborhood.

I had my haircut, and went on my way, back to the Radar Station in Missouri.



Franco-American Retired Army Officer Shares Belgium Memory

By *Juliana L'Heureux/CONTRIBUTOR*

Franco-American veterans have consistently spoken about how their experiences as native French speakers assisted their military careers and experiences afterward.

Donald Dubay is a retired US Army Colonel who was born in Lewiston and grew up in New Auburn, Maine. He and his wife Gail now live in North Carolina. Although he spoke French while growing up, he didn't realize how being bilingual would help his Army experiences.

Dubay recently responded to a blog about a World War II oral history group discussion held in Topsham. Of particular interest was how Robert Freson, of Harpswell, who grew up in Belgium during World War II, spoke about the German occupation of his country.

Freson's war memories reminded Dubay about a ceremony he and his wife attended with their son, in Belgium, where appreciation about American liberators are remembered with an annual ceremony honoring US Army airmen, called the "Royal Flush Crew" ..

This annual ceremony remembers American airmen rescued in Fouleng, Belgium on April 17, 1944, after their B-17 Flying Fortress World War II bomber aircraft crashed in a farm field occupied by German troops.

The Dubays were visiting their son and his family who were living in Belgium when they had the opportunity to observe the ceremony. The crew was flying back to England after performing a bombing mission in Germany. As they were flying over occupied Belgium and toward the English

Channel, the plane was fired upon and hit by German artillery and crashed.

On April 13, 2012, the Dubays stood on the ground of one of those farmhouses(,) which had been occupied by the Germans(,) when the plane had crashed with the airmen, 65 years earlier.

A Belgian Resistance group helped the crewmen who parachuted to safety and hid them. Only one man, Staff Sargent Charles Johnson, was taken by the Germans before the Belgians could move him because he was badly wounded, and had a broken back. Amazingly, SSgt. Johnson managed to give a 15 year old boy named Gheislan Bonnet a chocolate bar before the Germans captured him. Mr. Bonnet, now an 84 year old man, attended the memorial ceremony. He spoke with the Dubays who were able to converse with him in French.

Another man, Antonia de la Serna, who was 10 years old at the time of the crash, also witnessed the entire event and attended the ceremony.

"We were touched by the way the Belgians celebrate the memory of the Royal Flush crew, every year on the 13th of April. They spoke about being grateful to the Americans who gave their all to liberate their country, that was not their own. By memorializing the Royal Flush crew every year they ensure that the children of Fouleng will carry forth the story to future generations."

As a native French speaker, Dubay says his bilingual ability helped him to learn other languages during his Army career. Although Dubay grew up speaking French at home and in elementary school, he says his interest in being bilingual didn't mean much



Col. Donald Dubay

1964 University of Maine Graduate

until he went into the Army, after graduating from the University of Maine.

"Children who grow up being multi-lingual are able to learn other languages more easily. In my case, it helped me to learn Hungarian at the Defense Language Institute in California. Vietnam interrupted whatever the Army's plans were for using Hungarian, but I did find French useful in Vietnam. A few years later, the Army accepted me into the Foreign Area Officer program, with a North Africa and Middle East specialty. My first assignments were in North Africa's former French colonies, in Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria where I spoke French almost exclusively with the locals. I did brush up my fluency via a tutor at the American Embassies," he says. He also learned Arabic dialects common in North Africa. Being multi-lingual helped make learning Arabic a bit easier.

"Franco-Americans should continue to build on their natural bi-lingual ability because, often, unexpected opportunities arise where being able to speak French helps to bridge cultures and share special memories," says Dubay.



*l to r:
David
(Don's
son),
Antonia de
la Serna &
Don.*



*Don and
his wife
Gail Dubay,
photo was
taken at
Jordan
Pond in
Acadia*

Save the date

Tuesday May 23, 2017 at USM LAC FAC in Lewiston from 5-7:30 PM with reception



FRANCO-AMERICAN COLLECTION at the University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn College (USM LAC)- Contacts **Doris Bonneau** dbbonneau1@gmail.com and **Juliana L'Heureux** juliana@mainewriter.com

USM's Franco-American Collection preserves and promotes the culture and heritage of Maine's Franco-American population. It holds a wealth of research materials, and it sponsors a variety of events that celebrate and promote the history and culture of Franco-Americans.

Please save the date and join us to recognize 100 years of Franco-American Veterans History.

When: Tuesday May 23, 2017 from 5-7:30 PM

Where: University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn College the Franco-American Collection
51 Westminster Street in Lewiston Maine <https://usm.maine.edu/franco/overview>

What: Reception, exhibits, recognitions, presentation and panel discussion

Why: To capstone the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) project to digitize the history, experiences and artifacts of Franco-American Veterans from all campaigns with a focus on World War I, World War II, Korean Conflict, Cold War, Vietnam, Bosnia, the Middle East, Iraq and Afghanistan

Special Guests: Ambassador **Charles Franklin Dunbar** of Brunswick, ME, who will introduce the guest and honored speaker **Colonel Donald Dubay USA-Ret.** They will speak in both French and in English to briefly describe their shared experiences serving with the United States diplomatic missions in the Middle East. Colonel Dubay will be the guest speaker to describe his historic service with the US Army. Colonel Dubay is a native of Lewiston, he grew up in Auburn, a graduate of Edward Little High School and the University of Maine in Orono. He and his wife Gail Schnepf Dubay live in North Carolina and visit Maine frequently. During his Army career, Col. Dubay served during the Vietnam War, in the Middle East and during the First Gulf War (Operation Desert Storm).

Panel Discussion will honor [Severin Beliveau](#) Maine's honorary French consular who will speak about his father's World War I experience as an officer in France; Major Adam Cote will speak about serving in Iraq and Afghanistan; Bert Dutil- USA veteran, will speak about serving as a French army interpreter in the Korean conflict and Hon. Paul Dionne will speak about his experience in Vietnam.

Representatives from Edward Little High School and the University of Maine will be among the VIP guests. This event is free and open to the public. **Please save the date!** Merci Beaucoup!

Remarks of Severin M. Beliveau

20th Biennial conference of the American Council of Quebec Studies Portland, Maine November 3, 2016

Monsieur Richard, merci pour cette présentation. Je n'aurais pas au faire mieux. C'est un véritable plaisir, et en plus un honneur d'être ici ce jour avec vous. Mes amis, I will be speaking to you in English, but I also wanted to begin in French, the mother tongue for so many of us, whose survival is of such consequence for the future of our community in Maine. I want to greet our visitors from *Québec*, from *Acadie*, from away. *Bonjour*. I want to thank Mark Richard and the American Council for Quebec Studies for inviting me to speak to you today on a subject that has occupied me for many years. After reviewing your conference program, I am honored to be addressing such an impressive audience of Franco scholars from diverse and outstanding academic institutions in the United States and Canada.

I would like to speak with you today about *la réalité Franco du Maine*—the reality of the French in Maine—to which your meeting over the next few days can make an important contribution. I hope to do our story—*notre histoire*—justice. Because Francos in Maine have not always had justice in the past. I speak as a Franco myself, and I speak as a lawyer—*un avocat*—an advocate. Many of you are historians, and as historians you know that the past only becomes history when one tries to understand what it means to us now and in the future, when it leads to a renewed recognition. A renaissance. One of the things generally missing from political debate these days is a sense of historical context. That is probably because few people these days value history. Even the education establishment in our country tends to diminish the importance of teaching history. A liberal arts education is deemed superfluous; the thinking is we should teach skills that will prepare a student for a job—like selling insurance. I hope the story I will tell will contribute to a renewed recognition.

And I will speak frankly. Apparently our ancestors spoke so bluntly that the word

for direct honesty—“frankness”—derives from them.

So speaking frankly, just as Canada has not always been a friendly place for French Canadians, Maine has not always been a friendly place for Francos. For much of the last century, Maine was governed by a Republican, Anglo-Protestant establishment. The Franco-American identity, the culture, the language, the history, both Québécois and Acadian was often not welcome in Maine's governing circles and in the workplace. Seventy-five years ago even Maine's public schools, even the University of Maine, played the same kind of role as part of an Anglo-Protestant establishment that the University of Georgia or Mississippi played in their states. And in Maine, as in Georgia or Mississippi, the Klan hovered in the shadows, hiding in their sheets.

In Maine we were the targets of hate instead of African-Americans—in communities like Rumford where I grew up. My father, who was also a lawyer, who became the first Franco American to serve on the Maine Supreme Court, told me often about watching a cross burn above the Androscoggin River near Rumford on a ledge overlooking the tenement buildings occupied by Franco mill-workers. This was in the 1930s when Owen Brewster, a Klan member, was first elected Governor of Maine, then one of its senators in Washington, and where here in Portland the KKK held one of the largest parades in Portland's history promoting white supremacy and anti-immigration policies.

Forty years ago when students at the University of Maine wanted to learn more about Franco-Americans in Maine, they discovered that the University knew very little. The faculty had other interests. So students began to do the research for themselves. They began with a simple question. Where, they wondered, where was French—their mother tongue—to be found. They discovered that it was a language in Maine homes: first between couples in the bedrooms, then



more publicly in the kitchens, but less in the living rooms and still less outside the home. Why did it hide outside the home?

It turned out there were reasons. For example, in 1919, the Legislature enacted a law entitled “Relating to duties of State Superintendents of Schools and Providing for the Teaching of Common School Subjects in the English Language.” The law forbade the speaking of French in Maine public schools. Even in foreign language classrooms, students were taught “Parisian” French, not our French, the Maine French their families spoke. This is the reason that native French-speaking teachers had difficulty getting jobs teaching French in public schools—the authorities didn't want them to “corrupt” the students. Some schools in the Saint John Valley bent the rules and allowed children to speak French in their free time, for example, at recess on the playgrounds.

Many of you here today will recognize the story I am telling. You may also recognize that this is not only a distant memory. Today many Franco students are still taught that Maine French is the dirty French. In the last election for governor, the state's leading newspapers refused to endorse either the conservative Republican Franco candidate or liberal Democratic Franco candidate and dismissed both in language that has historically been used to denigrate Franco Americans. Nevertheless there have been many changes. Maine is becoming a Franco-American homeland. The 1919 law was repealed in 1969. I was in the Legislature then. I remember when my friends Elmer Violette and Émilien Lévesque sponsored “An Act Permitting Bilingual Education.” In speaking for the bill, Elmer and Émilien spoke French on the floor of the State Legislature. They were the first ever to do
(Continued on page 20)

(Remarks of Severin M. Beliveau
continued from page 19)

so. That was an important day in our story. Today more and more Francos represent their communities in the legislature and in town and city councils. My friend Mark Dion represents Portland in Augusta. Jim Dill represents Old Town and Orono in the Maine Senate. Ken Fredette is the House Minority Leader and Mike Thibodeau is the President of the Maine Senate. Mike Michaud represented the Maine's Second Congressional District in Washington, and Bruce Poliquin now represents the Second Congressional District. Paul LePage, the Governor of Maine, is a Franco American whose first language is French. There is a Franco day at the Maine legislature where business is conducted in French and the Franco legislative caucus is a powerful and effective voice promoting issues helpful to the Franco community. These are dramatic changes in the political world and could not have been contemplated years ago. Once upon a time, Franco Americans were almost always Democrats, but now we are Republicans and Democrats. We are the swing vote in the state. You cannot win a state election without us. As the largest demographic group in the state, we have the power to shape a future for the state, political, economic, and cultural. Will we have the confidence to use that power effectively and wisely?

Maine is the most "French" state in New England. We are now established. It wasn't always so. When French Canadians came from Québec to Maine, where our Diaspora began, it was not an easy move. Québec was unhappy—often angry, some even felt betrayed—to see us leave. As a political leader said at the time: *Laissez les partir, c'est la cannaille qui s'en va*. Many hoped that Maine and New England would be a temporary home. Many of us settled temporarily. For many of us home remained Québec or Acadie. We were also Americans, proud citizens of this state and of the United States—many of us died in our new county's wars, beginning with the Civil War—but we had another home nearby. Because nativism has always been a disease in the United States, many of our fellow citizens hoped we would go home as well. For them as well, we were *la cannaille*, though they would not have known how to translate the French. And for us? If France had been the cradle for French Canadians, Québec and

Acadie were the source and cradle for us. I am using English translations for the French words *bureau* and *sources*. Many of you may notice how poorly these translations convey what the French words can mean, *des mots qui touchent au coeur*. But with all due respect and affection for Québec and French Canada, for Franco-Americans today, Maine is our home and must be our source for *des mots qui touchent au coeur*. Because here is where our stories now live. Can Maine become our New France?

This brings me back to my subject, to Maine's French reality—not only as a past but as a present and particularly as a future. An inevitable reality in the United States, an inevitable constant is assimilation. For many of us "assimilation" is a dirty word, but it remains a pervasive reality in the United States. Today I would like to try to appropriate the word in a way that rethinks the reality that it has so often named. What might it mean if it were *l'assimilation*, in French but in our French, Maine French. In either English or French that word "simile" means "like." But in what ways should we be "like"?

Maine is the most "French" state in New England.

Franco-Americans are French and American but as French becomes American, can American also be French. Assimilation has its advantages but it also has its challenges. As Franco-Americans join the mainstreams of American culture, do we bring French with us or do we leave it behind? In the past we have often felt—and have been taught by an Anglo culture to feel—that the price of being American has been to leave French behind. And that has been a high price to pay. One of the benefits of assimilation is that it offers the promise of leaving the past behind. America, in its most imaginative sense, is always *about to be*, and as a promise that can be very powerful. Any culture has its wounds, its traumas—some inflicted from without and some from within—and who wants to be wounded? But if we know anything as Americans, if we know anything as Franco-Americans, it is that forgotten wounds still bleed and that cultures need to heal. As cultures heal, as

Franco-American culture heals, it has and will have a healing power and that can be its future.

I am generalizing but let me give you a number of examples. Let me begin with the story of the French language in Maine. I have discussed ways in which it was suppressed. As a result, many Francos taught their children to forget French and to live without their mother-tongue. Even many of us who remembered our French, became awkward in French from disuse. When you learn that French will be held against you, that your French is the bad French and that the world expects you to speak English, your French will become awkward. As a result a current narrative, both within and outside Maine's Franco communities, is that our French is in decline and that it is dying. Even reporters from Québec call us on a regular basis to see if it is time to write the obituary. But let me offer you a different narrative, one based on the census and on a demographic study that the University of Maine's Franco-American Centre conducted for the Maine legislature. In the 1970s approximately 23% of Maine residents self-identified as Franco-American. When asked whether their grandparents were of Franco decent, however, the figure is increased to 30%. In 2012, approximately 50% of Francos said that they spoke French. This suggests a different narrative, not of decline and imminent death, but of survival despite suppression. It is a narrative that speaks to the courage of my community, and it offers Maine a renewed opportunity.

Since the beginning of the century, Maine has become the home of many Francophone immigrants, the new Mainers. Despite some nativist reaction—as American as apple pie though not as *tarte aux pommes*—these new Mainers, our new neighbors, can make Maine a New France as well. Together we can join—Maine can join—the Francophone world in ways that can enrich us all. Will Portland—as well as Lewiston—embrace this bilingual possibility. I hope and believe that it will. Portland is now the home of thousands of French speaking immigrants from former French African colonies and services are now conducted in French in many churches.

Let me offer you another narrative. For much of its history Maine has imagined that geography places it north of Boston, if you like, at the end of the road in Northern New England. It has not reimagined this geography in a way that understands the role
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Troy Jackson Remarks on MLK Day January 16, 2017



Good Evening and thank you for being here tonight. I would like to thank the Maine NAACP for asking me to participate in this celebration of Dr. Martin Luther King. It is a unique privilege to speak at an event of his remembrance, not least of all because of the orator he was, but because of his unmatched contribution to the world. As I thought about what to say tonight I realized it is challenging to find words that haven't already been said about Dr. King. So I thought it might be most meaningful if I tried to view this from the lens of who I am.

That is to say, I am a middle-aged, working class, rural white man with mixed ethnic heritage from the farthest corner of northern Maine. Committing those words to paper brought home the salience of the superficial differences between my life and that of Dr. King, or any person of color, or many New Mainers. And if I'm honest with myself and with you, the sheer weight of history and lack of interaction between

communities like those and my own meant that for much of my life I was ignorant to the enormity of race as an unsettled issue.

But the increased visibility of hate and racism that weighs on each of our minds tonight should expose it to anyone who has somehow avoided acknowledging it. It should expose this is a question of national importance that reaches back to the settlement of North America by Europeans and then the creation of the United States. It should expose what many white Americans may find discomforting but need to accept: that the achievements of the civil rights movement were not the end of the story. It should expose that battling hate and racism is a greater part of our future than it has been of our past. And it should expose what I can only imagine all people of colour have long known: that words on a piece of paper claiming you are safe and equal do not make you safe and equal so long as the power structures still refuse to ensure your safety

and acknowledge your equality.

When I pair these truths against the story of my life, how can I not admit my complacency? As a white man, of course I have seen the dark heart of racism among people who would never reveal their inner thoughts to a person of colour, or admit the implications of those thoughts to themselves. Of course I have heard the unspeakable words. Of course I have heard the destructive rants and the relentless diatribes. Of course I have seen white men be racists and white women be bigots and white children repeat these sins as though
(Continued on page 22)

*(Remarks of Severin M. Beliveau
continued from page 20)*

Maine can play in developing the economy of a region that includes Québec and the Canadian Maritimes. Attempts to build an East-West Highway have been unsuccessful for many valid reasons. And now? Quebec in the last few years has improved Route 73 from Quebec City to St. Georges in Beauce. It would like to continue the improvements of Route 73 from St. Georges to the Maine border where it meets Maine Route 201. Route 201 follows the path of the Old Canada Road that brought many French Canadians to Maine and to New England, to Waterville, Augusta, Lewiston, Rumford and Biddeford, but 201 does not provide the access Maine needs to Quebec and that Quebec needs to Maine and New England. If Quebec improves 73 to the border will we meet Quebec at the border? Will Maine become fully part of a Francophone region? I think we should meet Quebec at the border and write a new story, a new history of regional partnerships.

But let me return to assimilation and its challenges. As Francos assimilate—and we will, we are—what aspects of Maine

culture will we identify with? For example, what will we do with our anger? Because of course our history has produced an anger and that lives within our communities and ourselves. One possibility which we can observe in Maine today is an identification of our anger with the nativist anger that was once directed against us and is now directed at the New Mainers from other parts of the world. Once we were the immigrants—once the Klan marched against us—now the nativism that was directed at us is directed at others whom some of us treat as legal and illegal aliens? When our anger becomes nativist, that too is a form of assimilation. Perhaps we even identify with the nativist passion for the good old days as it is nostalgically remembered. Let me remind you because at times we need to remind ourselves that the good old days, if they were ever good, were not often good for us. Let me also remind you that even a conservative Republican like Paul LePage, a Franco who has adopted much of his party's nativist rhetoric, also as a father and I believe as a Franco, has adopted a Jamaican son. Our assimilations can move toward the most progressive aspects of American

culture—toward the freedoms and equality that American culture is always struggling to realize as our future—or it can move toward the most reactionary qualities of American culture, what nativism so strongly values. Our anger can be directed toward injustices or it can perpetuate injustice. When we follow the news of the presidential campaign in our own country, we see the message—the appeal to fear. This fear of people who are different—different in language, customs, religion, and the way they live—have always been a fertile field for politicians to exploit. Now it is Muslims. In the '20s, it was the Francos. Now it is Hispanics.

As Francos I believe we are at a crossroad. What will our communities become? I believe if we remember who we are, who we have been, our stories and our histories, we will work for what is best in America, what Lincoln called a “new birth of freedom.” We will do that as Franco-Americans, we will do it in French and in English, and that is the mission for which I am, have been, and will be, an advocate. As my son's former boss, Barack Obama believes, we can be the future we are waiting for. Thank you very much. *Merci bien.*

Open Hearth Cooking

by George Findlen, Ph.D., CG, CGL
Madison, WI

The following is the second of three excerpts taken from the draft of a book the author is writing of his Acadian ancestors. The book traces his lineage from immigrant Barnabé Martin and Jeanne Pelletret in Port Royal / Annapolis Royal in Acadia / Nova Scotia to Marcel Martin and Jane Levasseur in Hamlin Plantation, Aroostook County, Maine. This excerpt comes from the chapter on René Martin and Marie Mignier, who married in 1693. Their farm, Beausoleil, was on the north side of the Annapolis River directly opposite Pré-Ronde.

To understand the life of René Martin and Marie Mignier, we have to understand living in a one-room house with an open hearth. For those of us who have always cooked on an electric or gas stove and have always kept warm with forced air from a gas or oil furnace, understanding open-hearth

living takes effort. Fortunately, several historians are stepping forward to help us understand this important part of our past.¹

The hearth was where everything happened. Everything. All meals were cooked there. Just as important, many tasks involved in preserving food to store for future use was done there as well. Ham, sausages, fish, and eels were hung in the chimney to smoke. Water was boiled in that hearth to wash dishes, to do laundry, and to bathe. Apples and all herbs were hung to dry from the ceiling in front of the mantle in easy reach for Marie. Fire rendered lard, melted candle tallow, and thawed snow and ice when the well froze. On a cold day, René would come in to warm himself before returning to whatever he was doing outdoors. In the evening, René would have used light from the hearth's fire to see while he carved a new wooden spoon for Marie to use in cooking. Marie would have

*(Troy Jackson Remarks
on MLK Day continued from page 21)*

they were without weight. And of course, these have so many times been people I know and love, people I respect and admire, people I know to be good and full of love despite this ability and willingness to also harbour hate. Scarcely anything has been such a conundrum in my life; little else is so difficult to reconcile definitively. Indeed, it's just as scary to say these words as it is to know they will be heard.

So that's why I want to say to each of you hear today that I have a commitment to you. As the leader of Maine's Senate Democrats, my caucus, my friends and family, my supporters, and my powers are committed to beating back not only the tide of hate but the sea from which it came. I do not want a person of colour to experience hate any more than I want someone else to create it. I do not want a person of colour to experience violence any more than I want another to choose to be violent. I do not want a person of colour to be oppressed any more than I want a person to choose to be that oppressor. In my imperfect understanding I do not know what the future will bring but I do know it can only be made better if we abolish hate and establish equality.

There is no greater stain on our Earth standing in the way of all we could be than inequality is. It is present in the story of nearly anything and everything and when it is reined in somewhere it reappears elsewhere, never really withdrawing and certainly never intending to.

Last year I was very proud and excited to support and work for Senator Bernie Sanders during his presidential campaign. I did that because Sen. Sanders spoke of defeating inequality, even when he didn't say that word. During that time, I was often mistaken for being a "class reductionist" – which would have I meant I saw economics and class as the root of all inequality without making room for race, gender, or anything else. That isn't so.

What I believe is no matter what kind of inequality we're talking about, whether it be racial inequality, income inequality, gender inequality, inequality will always be the story of someone who is powerful choosing to oppress someone who is not. There is no greater imperative, no greater challenge, and no greater opportunity than there is in eliminating inequality by lifting all those who are powerless together, without reducing our stories or ignoring the unique origins of our burden.

I supported Senator Sanders because I heard this message in his words. But he

used light from the fire to see while she darned the stockings for the children. In the winter, family stockings were dried near the hearth. We have no document telling us how Marie or her mother gave birth, but if she gave birth as her mother's mother probably did on Île-de-Ré, she gave birth to all her children standing before the hearth, the midwife seated on a small stool before her.² (I doubt that she would have followed the Mi'kmaq practice of going into the woods with a single woman to help her.³) The traditional cradle would have been not far from the hearth during the day, especially during the winter. Today, our stoves have several burners to let us cook several things at the same time. In René and Marie's time, hearths were built wide to permit several fires, one fire for each pot or pan. Before René or Marie banked the fire at night, loosely covering several hot embers with ash so they still would be hot enough to start the next day's fire come morning, Marie would have heated water to fill a sheep's bladder or heated a brick to warm bedding.⁴

Some things were better done out-
(Continued on page 23)

was not the one who taught it to me. In my interpretation and understanding of him, there was no one who ever saw the invasive roots of inequality for what they were as did Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.

Dr. King is introduced to schoolchildren through his "I Have a Dream" speech. I believe he would have recognized that a happy, inclusive, peaceful America would be one where all dreams have equal footing and opportunity. That is the basis of his historic speech at the national mall all those years ago. How many dreams are now slipping from the eyes of so many Americans, so many of you in this room because of inequality? How many dreams are vanishing as America wakes to increased racial inequality, gender inequality, and that which I have felt most kept by, economic inequality?

White Mainers, black Mainers. New Mainers, Mainers who have lived here for centuries. We have a common struggle. We have so much more in common with each other than we do with our oppressors. I am not saying anything you haven't long known if you are in this room tonight. But many people do not yet realize this. In my imperfect understanding, I have to believe they will one day see inequality for what it is. I have to believe they are open to this story. My pledge to you is to tell it. That is what feels most right in my heart. Thank you.

(Open Hearth Cooking continued from page 22)

doors over an open fire pit. Making soap, making candles, washing wool freshly shorn in spring, doing summer laundry, scalding the carcass of a hog to remove its bristles, or cooking pork blood to make blood sausage in the fall were all better done outside the house.

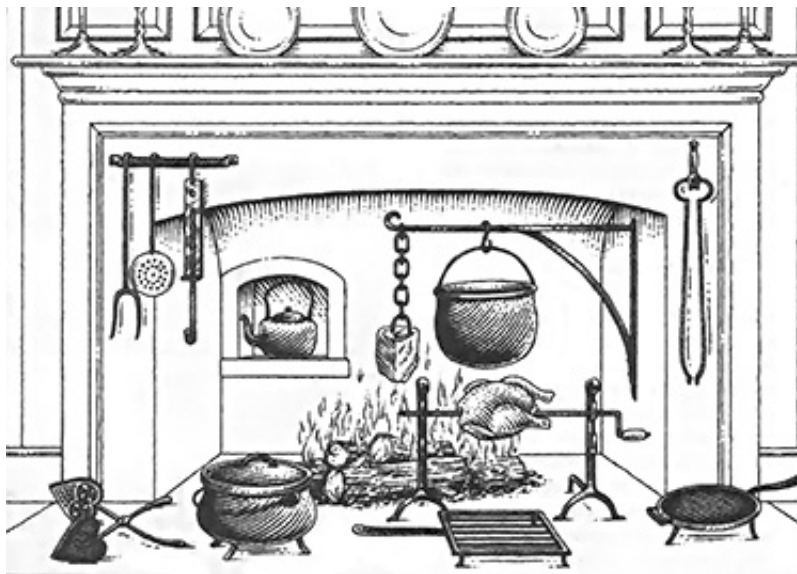
Near the hearth, Marie would have had her basic cooking tools. She might have had a basket of woven ash splints hung from the ceiling in which to keep eggs. She'd have had an earthenware crock on the mantel or a small wooden box with leather hinges for its lid to hold her salt for seasoning dishes she cooked. Besides wooden or earthenware mixing bowls, Marie's two most important preparation tools were a good knife and a mortar and pestle. She used the first to cut meats and vegetables; she used the second to grind sugar, herbs, and spices. Early in her marriage, her mortar and pestle may have been wooden ones. Later, after a good harvest, she may have had the money to buy a carved stone one or a brass one.⁵ Her tools would have included a long-handled skimmer for removing meats from a stew, a long-handled spoon for stirring and tasting, a long-handled spatula for turning pancakes and meats on the skillet, and a three-pronged fork for toasting slices of bread. She'd have a small long-handled shovel to move embers, a poker to move sticks and logs, and a wide wooden paddle to move loaves of bread in and out of the oven.⁶

Marie would have started married life with René with at least two pieces of cookware. She may have had them from her first marriage, or she may have gotten them from her parents. The most important, the one for most meals, the *chaudron*, would have been a largish pot-bellied black iron pot with a lid and a thick handle like one finds on a milk pail. The handle, the *anse*, usually made of iron, enabled her to hang the pot from a chain over a fire to control the amount of heat on the pot. The pot also had three stubby legs about two inches long to enable it to stand on a pile of hot embers on the hearthstones. She'd have used that pot for soups and thicker ragouts.⁷

The second essential piece of cook-

ware was a skillet. It had a long handle and often had three splayed legs, about five inches long, to let it stand over a stick or two of burning wood on the hearth stones. Because of its shape, it became known as a "spider" in the American colonies. She'd have used it for cooking pancakes and sautéing small cuts of meat. In time, instead of letting it stand on its legs, she might have bought an iron frame which she put over the fire and on which she put the skillet. Likewise, in time, she might have acquired a flat skillet with a handle that permitted her to hang the skillet over a fire.⁸

With these two cooking pans, she could survive. But if she started housekeeping with René in a house without a bread oven, she'd have had to have a third pot to



survive. It would have been called a baking pot. It differed from a *chaudron* in that it had straight sides and a concave lid to hold hot embers. She'd have preheated it over the fire, lifted up the lid, dropped in her shaped *boule* (round loaf), put the lid back on, and covered the top and sides with embers for the baking period.⁹ In time, she likely had a *bouilloire* (kettle) when she needed hot water, and she may have had an earthenware pot to sit on a three-legged ring of iron over a fire in which she made her soups.¹⁰

A 1686 document on what Richard Denys would give to a missionary priest on coming from Quebec to serve Mi'kmaq and French residents at Miramichi tells us what was essential kitchen equipment at that time:

"four tin dishes, two large and two medium.

six tin plates of those which are not stamped.

one pot and its spoon.

a tin tankard (?)

a frying pan.

six plain napkins.

two tablecloths.

six dishcloths.

one tart dish.

a little kettle."¹¹

This list is likely like what we might read if someone had made a list of what was in René and Marie's home when they married.

Our experiences with fireplaces do not prepare us for the hearth. Our fireplaces are for show and some warmth. In 1693, when René and Marie married, the hearth was where several tasks were done at the same time. With our stoves, we turn a knob to control the heat delivered by each burner. Then, hearths were wide, up to nine feet wide, providing space for several fires on the stone or tile floor, each delivering the heat needed for a pot, each needing to be tended when cooking or banked at the end of the day.

They would have eaten seated at a table with a wooden bench to sit on. Their ancestors might not have had that luxury. René's and Marie's parents may have started married life eating from a wooden bowl with a wooden spoon, especially for soups, as their ancestors had.¹² By the time that René and Marie married, earthenware plates to eat on, bowls to serve food, and mugs to drink from were in use as we know from the excavation at Bellisle.

Not only René and Marie would have done all their food preparation in an open hearth. So would their children and grandchildren for the next one hundred and twenty years. Jean-Baptiste Martin and Marie Brun, and Simon Martin and Geneviève Bourgoin would cook over an open fire all their lives. Our family would not have a stove until the fifth generation, that of Basile Martin and Archange Thibodeau, in the early- to middle-1800s.¹³ Today, their descendants still use cast iron skillets to fry meat, cook *ployes* (buckwheat pancakes), and toast bread.

(See page 24 for the sources for this article)

Le Patrimoine * Heritage

Notre Dame de la Chandeleur The Groundhog Day You Don't Know.

Par Kent Beaulne dit Bone

February contains four religious feast days that fall on fixed dates, marking the beginning, the middle, and the end of the month. They are *Notre-Dame de la Chandeleur*, Our Lady of Candlemas on Feb 2nd, the feasts of St Blaise, Feb 3rd, St Valentine on Feb 14th, and St Mathias, Feb 24th. The month also contains an extra day every fourth year known as Leap Day.

Candlemas also known as Groundhog Day, and Valentines' Day are the most familiar. Candlemas marked the time spring planting traditionally began. The day has become an American tradition in which a groundhog or woodchuck comes out of hibernation. If he sees his shadow, he returns to his burrow foretelling six more weeks of bad weather.

Feb 2nd, Candlemas is a feast of the Roman Catholic and Anglican churches, commemorating the Purification of Mary. In the Eastern (Orthodox) Churches it commemorates the Presentation of Christ in the Temple. In accordance with Mosaic Law,

Mary presented Jesus in the temple of Jerusalem and made an offering to symbolize her purification forty days after his birth. The feast can be traced to the fourth century and was marked by a procession and the blessing of candles, to symbolize Christ as the Light of the World.

The name Candlemas comes from the tradition of blessing candles and distributing them to worshippers. The day in Spanish is called *Candelaria*. The French call it *Chandeleur*, from *chandelle* (candle). In Quebec, Canada and the west of France, as in other Catholic countries, candles blessed on February second were attributed with specific powers such as protection against danger notably storms and lightning. Among the French Creoles of the Mississippi Valley, blessed candles as well as palm is burned during storms.

Not only was La Chandeleur a Christian Feast day, but also popularized by pancake supper and *les veillées* (evening

gatherings). If the French Canadians and French believed in the value and aid of the blessed candles, they gave nearly as much credibility to eating crêpes at *Chandeleur*.

Saute crêpette dans ma poelette.

Jump little crepe in my skillet.

Un demi-cent fera bé mon content.

A half cent will make me content.

A la Chandelou les crêpes roul partout.

At Candlemas the crepes roll everywhere.

A verse from a song associated with Chandeleur at Poitou, France.

Eating crêpes on Candlemas was seen as a symbol of luck and became a guarantee for prosperity, good times and money for the year.

In France there are two kinds of crêpes. One type made of dark flour was served during times of penitence. The other a sweet crêpe made with eggs was prepared during festivals and holidays. At Rennes in

(Continued on page 25)

(Open Hearth Cooking continued from page 23)

(Endnotes)

1. An excellent introduction is Fiona Lucas, *Hearth and Home: Women and the Art of Open-Hearth Cooking* (Toronto: James Lorimer, 2006). Her focus is on surviving hearths at Canadian heritage sites which are used for demonstrations and teaching. Government House in Fredericton, New Brunswick, and the kitchens at Fortress Louisbourg are among those photographed in the book. Because kitchen pots and pans were similar in all of Western Europe in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, David J. Eveleigh's *Old Cooking Utensils*, No. 17, *Albums on Antiques and Collecting* (Princes Risborough, Buckinghamshire: Shire Publications, 1986), is very useful, describing and showing photographs of what would have been in French and Acadian homes as well as in American Colonial homes.

2. Jacques Gélis, *History of Childbirth: Fertility, Pregnancy and Birth in Early Modern Europe*, trans. Rosemary Morris (Boston: Northeastern University Press, 1991), 127: "Until 1925, in the Charente, it was again to a bar of wood fixed across the chimney that the laboring woman clung, with her back to the hearth where some vine-branches were burning. The woman was held up by assistants while the midwife, sitting on a low chair, took care of the delivery." Gélis, whose book was first published as *l'Arbre et le fruit* in 1984, cites Marc Leproux, *La Vie Populaire, Contributions au folklore charentais* (Paris: Presses universitaires de France, 1958), 2: 15.

3. Dièreville, *Relation of the Voyage to Port Royal in Acadia*, 146. Also, Chrestien Le Clercq, *New*

Relation of Gaspesia, with the Customs and Religion of the Gaspesian Indians, transl. and ed. William F. Ganong (Toronto: The Champlain society, 1910), 89-90.

4. Lucas, *Hearth and Home*, 7-8. The sheep's bladder was the seventeenth century equivalent of a soft rubber hot water bottle which has since been displaced by the electric heating pad. A heated brick performed the same function.

5. Eveleigh, *Old Cooking Utensils*, 3, 7. Her ancestors most likely used a wooden one, and early Acadian settlers may have as well due to the abundance of wood. See Piponnier, "From Hearth to Table," 341.

6. Piponnier, "From Hearth to Table," 342.

7. The Lodge company makes a Dutch oven which is a modern version (with straight sides and no feet) of the *chaudron* (cauldron) Marie would have used. An image is available at https://secure.lodgemfg.com/storefront/product1_new.asp?menu=logi&idProduct=3948. The pot had only three legs, not four, because the hearth stones were irregular in shape. With four legs, the pot would always wobble on the hearth. Lucas, *Hearth and Home*, 10-11, says that "The Acadians called the basic stew or soup pot a *coquemar*, the Canadiens a *chaudiere*, the English a *kettle*, the Americans a *cauldron*." Conversations with colleagues in several places of New Brunswick and a check of the terms in a French dictionary of antiquated terms suggest that *chaudière* and *chaudron* were more commonly used. See *chaudière*, *chaudron*, and *coquemar* in Marcel Lachiver, *Dictionnaire du monde rural: les mots du passé* (Paris: Fayard, 1997), 435, 436, 505.

8. In Tuscany and Burgundy in the Middle ages, the iron skillet was one of the most common metal cooking utensils in rural homes. See Françoise Pipon-

nier, "From Hearth to Table: Late Medieval Cooking Equipment," in Jean L. Flandrin, Massimo Montanari, and Albert Sonnenfeld, eds., *Food: A Culinary History from Antiquity to the Present* (New York: Penguin Press, 2000), 341. The book was initially published in French as *Histoire de l'alimentation* (Paris: Fayard, 1996). Sonnenfeld is the editor of the English language edition published by Columbia University Press in 1999.

9. The Lodge company makes a Lodge Logic Camp Dutch Oven which is a modern version of the *chaudron* (cauldron) Marie would have had. An image is available at https://secure.lodgemfg.com/storefront/product1_new.asp?menu=prologic&idProduct=3969.

10. The earthenware pot was the most common cook pot of the Middle Ages. It survives as the *cassoulet* pot in southern France and as the bean pot on New England. See Piponnier, "From Hearth to Table," 340.

11. Memorandum of the articles which are to be delivered to Monsieur Thury as he shall have arrived at the dwelling of the River Ste. Croix, 17 October 1786, in Document 10, Deed of Sale by Richard Denys of his establishment at Miramichi to the Recollets, 16 October 1686, in Ganong, ed. "Historical-Geographical Documents Relating to New Brunswick," *Collections of the New Brunswick Historical Society* 3, no. 7 (1907): 26.

12. Piponnier, "From Hearth to Table," 344-345.

13. "À Propos: Nos Bâtiments," *Village Historique Acadien* (www.villagehistoriqueacadien.com/nosbatiments.cfm/: accessed on 29 November 2013), Ferme Cyr, 1852. The house contains a fine working example of an early cast iron stove in the Upper Saint John Valley, installed around 1820.

*(Le Patrimoine * Heritage continued from page 24)*

Bretagne, (Britany) crêpes are made with milk and buckwheat flour and eaten with apple cider or white wine. At Ploermel, some are made of wheat flour, but more often of rye flour.

In Perche, another region of France, the first crêpe is given to the chickens to make them fat. In Poitou a person fries his own crêpe with a piece of gold in his left hand. The first one is thrown on the armoire. It is said there, "he who does not know how to handle the skillet, does not know how to handle the plow". At Caen in Normandy, proof of skill consists of tossing the crêpe up the fireplace chimney out into the yard.

In Quebec, Canada, at Iles-de-Madeleine, a ring is placed in a pancake and whoever gets it will marry in the coming year. In Islet County Québec there is a custom of collecting flour from the neighbors to make crêpes de la Chandeleur. Presenting themselves at the door of the house a group of revelers sang the following ve Chandeleur. Presenting themselves at the door of the house a group of revelers sang the following verse.

Nous venons vous voir aujourd'hui.
We come to see you today.

Mettez quelque chose dans notre panier.

Put something in our basket.

Si vous ne donnez rien.
If you give us nothing.

Le diable vous emportera.
The devil will carry you away.

Various Acadian communities in the Canadian Maritime Provinces had long celebrated Candlemas and le Courir de la Chandeleur, the Candlemas run. It is now experiencing a revival. This type of house to house run, is known by anthropologists as a "begging quest". Similar begging quests are Halloween, Christmas Caroling, Mumming, La Guillonée, and the rural Mardi Gras Run of south west Louisiana. In the past, a group of revelers with a leader, went house to house collecting food and other goods for the poor and for a communal supper. Today the goods are donated to local food banks for distribution to the needy. A similar thing has happened with the Montreal Guillonée. The revival was due in part to cuts in the

Canadian Employment Insurance, as well as a renaissance of Acadian pride and culture. Prince Edward Island is the only place where la Chandeleur is run with a wooden rooster set on a pole. There are many theories about the original of this accessory but it seems plausible it is associated with the Carnaval-Mardi Gras celebrations of other regions of the world.

Growing up in DeSoto in a French Creole family, we always ate pancakes for supper on Groundhog Day. We assumed everyone did. We were told that if you don't eat pancakes that day, we would get "the seven years itch". We thought it meant we would scratch for seven years. In fact it means one will have seven years of hard times, scratching out a living. The term came from the French the ancestors spoke. It may have come about as a result of generations of folks sitting on their porches watching the chickens scratch for a living. Uncle, Babe Portell used to say he always ate pancakes for Groundhog Day, "parce que je veut pas la gratte a sept ans". Well I don't want the seven year itch non plus, so I always eat pancakes that day.

It is still a tradition in our family for everyone to show up at Betty Bone's house in DeSoto for a pancake and sausage supper. Sometime neighbors or friends come over. They don't understand why we were doing it, but they loved the free meal, and you can feed a lot of folks with pancakes. Although the tradition is based on thin crêpes, the thicker pancakes have become an accepted American adaptation by many Creoles.

Cyrilla Boyer at Racolla, still makes crêpes for Chandeleur, staying true to the tradition as it was handed down in her family. Doris Ann Bequette, descended from an iron mining family, related that her mother would make the pancakes that day. Her grandfather would flip his pancakes up in the air, making them land back in the skillet every time. The flipping seems to have been an important part of the ritual.

Ray Brassieur, a Cajun from east Texas notes that in interviewing folks Old Mine MO and Prairie du Rocher IL a common theme was to eat seven pancakes to prevent the seven-year-itch. He states that his own family always ate pancakes on Groundhog Day and flipping them was an acquired skill, the kids were determined to become masters.

Ray writes in his doctoral thesis Expressions of French Identity in the Mid-Mississippi Valley. "It is amazing to consider

the many generations of Mississippi Valley French folks, separated by great distances of time and space, all compelled by tradition to eat crêpes, year after year, on the same day, all confident that they had done their part to maintain proper order in the universe".

This may not be an exclusively French ritual. The late Ladonna Herman, who grew up in St Louis, said both her grandmothers made crêpes on Feb 2nd. She said they were observing Candlemas, not Groundhog Day. Her German grandmother married a Frenchman, while her French grandmother had married a German. Both ethnic groups were and still are, plentiful in St Louis. Her grandmother Burst would have the grandchildren line up and then flip the crêpes into their plates. This would have been in the 1930s.

A question that comes to mind; how did the Christian holyday of Candlemas with its food element, evolve into the secular semi-holiday of Groundhog Day. The answer may be television and that Pennsylvania groundhog named Phil.

The Oxford Book of Carols, first published by the university in 1928, includes Candlemas Eve, from an old church hymnal book and attributed to R. Herrick.

Article previously published in the Missouri Folklore Society Journal, and Ozark Watch Magazine, Missouri State University, Springfield MO.



A New England Mardi Gras – The International Snowshoe Convention of 1925

February 12, 2017 Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Quebec, Sports

By James Myall

“Fun for all, and all for fun,” was the verdict of one local newspaper; “a Mardi Gras” reminiscent of the pre-prohibition era, according to another. On the weekend of 7-8 February, 1925, eight hundred French Canadian snowshoers descended on the city of Lewiston, Maine (population 30,000), for two days of revelry and winter sports. The festivities, which included the construction of an ice palace, athletic competitions, and a parade through the city, marked the first international snowshoe convention between the United States and Canada.

Gagné had been a snowshoe enthusiast in Quebec and set about organizing a club in Lewiston. Le Montagnard (“the Mountaineers”) took its name from a noted club in Montreal and received its modest collection of first uniforms from its sister club. Even as the organization was in its infancy, however, Gagné’s ambition reached further. He proposed that the Lewistonians invite the Canadian raquetteurs to a convention the following year.

The decision to host the convention was controversial. Even some of Gagné’s fellow club members feared that Lewiston



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The program included a mock attack on city hall by the Canadians, followed by the firing of “cannon” in its defense by the hosts. The “attack” forgiven, the snowshoers held races in 100-, 220-, 440- and 880-yard runs, as well as a three-mile run and three-mile walk, in City Park in the afternoon. Later conventions would include more innovative contests, including hurdling. After a baked bean supper at the Armory, there was another “attack” by the Canadians, this



Panorama of the 1925 Snowshoe Convention, Lewiston City Hall, 1925. City Park and the Ice Palace are visible at left.

Snowshoes had been developed by Native American societies thousands of years before they were observed by the first French settlers in Canada, who labeled them raquettes for their resemblance to tennis rackets (a sport very much en vogue in France in the sixteenth century). The utility of the snowshoe in Canada’s harsh climate was soon appreciated by the French colonists, especially the *coureurs de bois*.

Snowshoeing became an organized sport in 1840 with the foundation of the Montreal Snowshoe Club; by 1907, the practice had spread throughout Québec, and in that year some twenty-five clubs united to form the *Union Canadienne des Raquetteurs* (Canadian Snowshoeing Union).

The first permanent American snowshoe club, however, was not organized until 1924, in Lewiston. The founder, a recent émigré from Québec, was Louis-Philippe Gagné. Gagné had arrived in Lewiston in 1922 from Quebec City, where he had been a sports editor for the newspaper *Le Soleil*. He came to Lewiston to work for local publication *Le Messenger* and would proceed to become its editor in due course.

was not equipped to hose such a gathering, and that the Montagnard did not have the experience. Gagné himself would later admit that, as club secretary, he manipulated the vote to get his desired result.[i] Hundreds of visitors from Quebec arrived via the Grand Trunk on specially chartered trains, vastly outnumbering the American contingent, which numbered, at most, a few dozen. The visitors were greeted by the mayor of Lewiston, Charles Brann, and the governor of Maine, Owen Brewster.



Ice Palace, Lewiston City Park (now Kennedy Park), 1925. Image: Androscoggin Historical Society/Maine Memory Network

time against the ice palace that had been constructed in the park:

The evening was featured by a parade and a fireworks exhibition in the ice palace in the city park, the like of which was never before seen in this city, if in any Maine or New England city. The spectators thronged the streets and stood about the city park, completely surrounding the ice palace, forming a mass at least 100 deep. In fact, so many were on the streets that it almost seemed as if every person in the town able to get outdoors was on the scene.[ii]

Despite the fact that the convention was held during the Prohibition era in the United States, the *Lewiston Daily Sun* made clear that the snowshoers had little respect for the legislation. Describing the weekend as a “Mardi Gras,” the *Sun* called the festivities “a revival of the pre-Volstead days” (the Volstead Act was the piece of congressional legislation that enforced the Eighteenth Amendment and outlawed the sale of alcohol) and gave examples of the Canadians, if not the Americans, finding something to fill their flasks. The effects
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were also clearly described. There were amorous scenes described as being reminiscent of a “mutual petting party” and pranks that included false fire alarms, street cars lifted off their tracks, joy rides taken in hearses and women’s lingerie worn as headgear. Despite such antics, the review of the paper was positive—“visitors found girls ‘safe and sane and kind for gentlemen to handle’” ran one headline, and “‘fun for all and all for fun’ is the snowshoers’ motto,” read another.[iii]

on their hikes but also maintained downtown clubhouses on Lisbon Street. Like other organizations of the time, many of the clubs were initially only open to men. Some groups opened women’s auxiliary branches, like Les Dames Montagnards, but women’s clubs, such as la Gaité and l’Oiseau de Neige (the Snowbirds), were also formed. The continued tradition of the conventions helped cement the relationship between Franco-Americans and Canada, and the snowshoe clubs continued to conduct all their business in French into the late twentieth century.



Snowshoers, Lewiston, Maine, c1930. Arsène Cailler at left. Image: University of Southern Maine, Franco-American Collection/Maine Memory Network.

The success of this 1925 convention led to the formation of more snowshoe clubs in Lewiston—among which was Le Diable Rouge (the Red Devils). Existing social clubs, the Institut Jacques Cartier and the Cercle Canadien also created snowshoe teams, forming the other founding members of the American Union in 1925. Lewiston remained the spiritual home of snowshoeing in the United States, even as the movement expanded to Franco-American communities throughout New England, and numerous other conventions were held in the city, both national and international. By 1979, there were thirty-four American clubs and more than two thousand members. At one point, Lewiston alone had more than a dozen clubs.

As the reports of the 1925 convention make clear, snowshoe clubs were more than simply athletic associations, and they acted more as social groups, meeting year-round. Many clubs had lakeside chalets outside the city from where they would embark

Notes:

[i]. Louis-Philippe Gagné, Untitled (Speech to the 1950 Snowshoe Convention). Manuscript. Lewiston, 1950. FAC, Louis-Philippe Gagné Papers.

[ii]. Lewiston (Maine) Daily Sun, “Canadians Had Good Time and Saw That Homefolk Did Also,” February 8, 1925.

[iii]. Ibid.

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.

Why Are Franco-Americans So Invisible?

By David Vermette

“Why are we so invisible?” I’ve heard this question wherever Franco-Americans gather, be it through my social media contacts, at conferences, or at my occasional speaking engagements. The history of Franco-Americans is all but left out of the historical accounts on both sides of the border. It couldn’t be more missing among the history of U.S. ethnic groups. And it is largely unknown in Québec.

For example, Maine is among the top three Francophone states but this fact is all but unknown outside its borders and to a large degree within them. I received an e-mail from a mover and shaker from that state who wanted to discuss the “lack of diversity” in Maine. When I responded that about one-quarter of the state was Franco-American/Acadian, and suggested that people with a unique linguistic and cultural heritage counted toward the diversity in the state, the conversation came to a screeching halt. A group that reflects the actual cultural diversity of the region has been subsumed into whiteness. They’re “non-Hispanic White” per the U.S. Census and therefore do not count towards diversity in 2016.



Our long history throughout North America is connected with various narratives of U.S. history: the “French-And Indian War,” the War of 1812, Westward expansion, Industrialization, Nativism, (Continued on page 28)

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the story of the Roman Catholic Church in the USA, etc. Any one of these narratives should include either Franco-Americans or our *Canadien* and *Acadien* forbears. With the exception of the “French-And Indian War” narrative, where they figure as bitter enemies, they’re almost completely missing.

For example, one-third of the participants in the Lewis & Clark expedition were Francophones but one never hears of this. Sometimes they’re mentioned as a faceless, nameless herd: “the French voyageurs.” The fact is, Lewis & Clark couldn’t have managed without them.

The invisibility extends, in fact, to a history wider than the Franco-Americans in the Northeast USA. The cloak of invisibility falls over all of the descendants of the former *Nouvelle-France*. I use this term *Nouvelle-France* in the sense in which it embraces the entirety of the former 17th and 18th c. French sphere of influence in North America including *l’Acadie*, *le Canada* (both the St. Lawrence valley and the Great Lakes region) and *la Louisiane* (the territory roughly corresponding to the USA’s Louisiana Purchase south of the Great Lakes).

If one totals up these descendants of *Nouvelle-France* on both sides of the border they number some 20 million people. It’s hard to hide a population of 20 million under one’s hat but so far the writers of history, beyond specialists in certain areas or topics, have performed the disappearing act.

There must be reasons for this invisibility. Yes, our population tends to be localized in the Northeast, the Great Lakes region, the Gulf Coast and a few other pockets. But other groups, such as Scandinavians in the upper Midwest, were also localized without becoming invisible. I don’t accept the explanation that this invisibility “just happened.” This is not an explanation.

How We Became Invisible

There are several reasons why I believe that the story of the Northeastern USA’s Franco-Americans has become invisible.

1) We are associated today with Canada and therefore beneath the notice of most Americans.

The term most often used to describe us in American English is “French-Canadian” and both sides of this hyphen present obstacles in the minds of many Americans. *Québécois* of a nationalist bent make a dis-

inction between Québec and Canada but that’s a finesse of which most Americans are unaware. A “French-Canadian” is simply a type of Canadian for them.

To most Americans, Canada is the USA’s little brother: the USA can beat him up and fail to take him seriously, but they would defend him if a bully from another neighborhood came along. Most Americans are ignorant as to the geography and history of Canada. A current, photogenic Prime Minister notwithstanding, Canada represents little more than clichés about beer, hockey and people who say “eh.” When a presidential candidate arrives on the scene who scares one party or another the “I’ll move to Canada!” drumbeat begins, but most of that talk is fatuous.

This attitude, that Canada is nothing more than the 51st state, explains why I was laughed at by an (East) Indian-American when I suggested that one could emigrate from Canada. “That doesn’t count!” she laughed.

“It counted enough,” I answered, “when the Ku Klux Klan burned the ‘French-Canadian’ school in Leominster, Massachusetts in the 1920s. They were quite sure that we were ‘other’ enough to count back then.”

“Wow, I didn’t know about that,” she said quietly.

“No one does,” I replied.

2) Our *Canadien*/*Acadien* ancestors were in North America long before the United States and today’s Canada existed.

This complicates matters because historians, thinking in terms of today’s political geography, want to tell the story of the USA or the story of Canada. But our people’s tale does not fit neatly into that geography. They settled large parts of the USA before it was the USA, as the numerous French place names throughout the USA’s midsection testify: Detroit, Des Moines, Vincennes, Terre Haute, Des Plaines, St. Louis, New Orleans to name just a few.

The English speakers who write the histories of the USA and Canada write them from the standpoint of today’s national borders. They write about these countries as separate entities while in fact the histories and populations of the two countries are intertwined.

For example, there were large and important exchanges of population originating from both sides of the border:

- The *Acadians* deported and scattered among the 13 colonies in the 1750s.

- The Loyalists escaping the nascent USA who settled in what is now Ontario and other future Canadian provinces in the Revolutionary War period and who were instrumental in the founding of English-Canada.

- The Creoles of Louisiana whose homes were bought by the Americans in the Louisiana Purchase (including the descendants of the aforementioned *Acadians* who ended up there).

- The *Acadians* in Northern Maine who became Americans when the Webster-Ashburton Treaty settled the USA’s Northeastern border in the 1840s. (Hint to the geography challenged: there’s territory east of Maine; not everything east of Maine is Atlantic Ocean.)

- The *Canadiens* and *Acadiens* who came in droves to the USA in the 1840-1930 period and whose descendants number some 10-12 million U.S. citizens today.

Since the story is told as two separate nations – either as Canadian History or as U.S. History – these interconnections are missed. North of the border, the need to emphasize a common Canadian nationhood, always a fragile construct, does not favor the story of a Franco-Canadian nation that crosses existing borders. While in the USA, the history of “French-Canadians” seems to be the history of a foreign country.

3) *We do not fit into the existing narratives of U.S. settlement history.*

The established narratives are as follows:

a) Native Americans/First Nations – the original human inhabitants of this continent. The majority of Americans tend to know little about them but increasingly feel they ought to.

b) Jamestown/Plymouth Rock – by this I mean the history of the 13 British colonies before and during the American Revolution. These colonies included a range of ethnic groups such as the Dutch, Germans, and Scots-Irish but this is generally told as an English history.

c) Ellis Island – this is my shorthand for 19th-early 20th c. emigration from Europe, both before and after Ellis Island was established, including emigrants from Ireland, Italy, Greece, and Jewish populations from Russia and Eastern Europe and other peoples from many lands too numerous to mention.

d) People of Color – this frame has emerged relatively recently in its current form. This narrative includes the African
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slaves who were brought to these shores forcibly. It includes the Hispanic peoples either those who settled parts of the USA before it was the USA, or those who entered the country from points south. It also includes East Asian immigration, mainly although not exclusively to the West. It also includes many other more recent emigrants from non-European countries. Native Americans are sometimes brought into the people of color narrative. Native Hawaiians and Native Alaskans might fit into this narrative but, sadly, their story is largely invisible as well.

There is simply no room for Franco-Americans in these narratives. Although many have First Nations ancestors, they don't fit precisely into that narrative. They were the bitter opponents of the Jamestown/Plymouth Rock bunch. There was no Ellis Island, no Statue of Liberty to greet them when and where they crossed the border. They're not people of color either.

When certain allowable, accepted narratives have been established, what doesn't fit into these schemes becomes invisible.

4) *Our national character.*

The notion of a "national character" is old-fashioned but in fact culture exists. There is a difference between a generalization and a stereotype, and there are fair generalizations that can be made about coherent

cultural groups. And generally speaking, the culture of the Franco-North American populations has emphasized tenacity, reliance on our own, and a certain insular quality.

The anthropologist Horace Miner, studying a rural Québec parish in the 1930s, noted that someone from the next parish over was regarded almost as a foreigner. This tendency to fragment into smaller (and frequently squabbling) units has discouraged a telling of the story in its proper breadth. The history of Franco-Americans, when it has been told, tends to be parochial, i.e. the story of Woonsocket Francos, or of Maine Acadians, or even of individual families.

The national character also emphasizes humility, another old-fashioned notion. This anachronism is heard again and again in Franco-American conferences. A Maine Acadian wrote to me, "We were taught that you don't speak well of yourself. You let others speak well of you." In the USA of Donald Trump and Kanye West, this trait is radically counter-cultural. If we don't speak our piece then who will speak it for us?

Raising a Franco Ruckus

In her book *Moving Beyond Duality*, psychologist Dorothy Riddle posits that making people invisible is a form of depersonalization. I've been told in no uncertain terms that my family's and my entire people's experience is insignificant

and beneath notice and that I should forget all about identifying as a Franco-American. The message here is, "People don't know about you because you don't count."

Addressed to any other ethnic group this notion would be insulting at the very least. It's the invisibility, whether it's our own doing or someone else's or some combination of the two, that makes statements like this socially acceptable. In fact, the converse is true: we haven't counted in the eyes of the wider culture because the story has remained untold.

I'm tired of being called a "quiet presence." I'm tired of blending into a pale, beige background labeled "non-Hispanic White." It's un-Franco-American to do so, but perhaps it's high time we raised what one of us called "a Franco ruckus." Let the ruckus commence!

An edited, French language version of this piece has been published in the book Franco-Amérique edited by Dean Louder and Éric Waddell (Septentrion, 2017). David Vermette is currently working on a book called A Distinct Alien Race: A Social History of Franco-Americans to be published by Baraka Books of Montreal in 2018. More information on the book is available at frenchnorthamerica.blogspot.com.

STS Alumni Reunion Will Be Held on Sat., May 6, 2017

By Albert J. Marceau, Class of 1983, STSHS

All graduates, and all non-graduates, of all classes of both the high-school and the college programs of St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield, Conn., are invited to attend the reunion that will be held on Saturday, 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 from 3 to 5PM; Mass in the Chapel at 5PM; Reception at 6PM, and the Dinner and Program at 7PM. The reunion is scheduled to end at 11PM. There will be a Memory Lane Display in the Alumni Lounge.

The primary means to purchase tickets for the reunion is through the website, <http://www.stseminary.org>, then scroll to "Saint Thomas Seminary Alumni," and then

click the link to "Latest News," which will connect to the Eventbrite page to purchase the tickets on-line. The secondary means to purchase the tickets is by writing a check, written to: "St. Thomas Seminary," with the note: "Alumni Reunion 2017" 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 "Alumni Reunion." The deadline for the purchase of tickets is Thurs. May 4, 2017, and no tickets will be sold at the door.

Overnight accommodations will be available in the dorms of the seminary, for the convenience of guests who may travel long distances to attend the reunion. The cost of a single-bed dorm-room is \$40.00 per night, and a suite, which is the size of two

dorm-rooms, is \$95.00 per night. In order to reserve a room, please call either Elena O'Halloran or Alicia Fleming at the Event Sales Office either at (860)-242-5573, or directly at (860)-913-2602.

Further information about Reunion 2017 is also available on Facebook.

The principal celebrant of the Mass will be the Most Rev. Leonard P. Blair, S.T.D., the Fifth Archbishop of Hartford. The secondary celebrant will be Most Rev. Peter A. Rosazza, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop Emeritus. The liturgy for the reunion will be for the Saturday of the Third Week of Easter, Year A, and the readings will be: Acts 9:31-42, Psalm 116:12-17, and John 6:60-69.

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.

(See photos on page 44)

How to Tell if Your French-Canadian Ancestors Include Acadians

George L. Findlen
Certified Genealogist sm &
Certified Genealogical Lecturer sm

Researchers tracking French-Canadian ancestors back into Canada often make the assumption that all persons who have French surnames and live in Canada are French-Canadians. For most descendants of French-Canadians, that is true. Most Quebecois immigrated to Canada in the seventeenth century and remained there until a descendant immigrated to the United States to find work in the nineteenth century.

Upstate New Yorkers and New Englanders of French-Canadian descent often ask me, “Why even ask if some of my ancestors are Acadian? Aren’t all French-named people in upstate New York and in New England mill towns French-Canadians? They all came from Quebec. Some even ask, What are Acadians doing in Quebec and New England? Didn’t all the Acadians go to Louisiana?”

The answer to these questions is Le Grand Dérangement, a systematic effort by the British to remove all French from Acadia, today’s Canadian Maritimes, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick. That ethnic cleansing was part of a war between England and France. Started in 1755, it was called the Seven Years’ War in Europe, the French and Indian War in the American Colonies, and the War of the Conquest in Quebec. It ended in 1763 with the British conquest of Canada.

Most deported Acadians were scattered among the Atlantic coast English colonies, from Massachusetts to Georgia, and some were sent to prisons in England. However, not all Acadians were deported during those war years. Some Acadians managed to reach Quebec between 1755 and 1758. (See the maps at Canadian-American Center, “Explanatory maps of Saint Croix & Acadia: Acadian Deportation, Migration, and Resettlement,” University of Maine (<https://umaine.edu/canam/publications/st-croix/acadian-deportation-migration-resettlement>)). When the war was over, others made their way to Quebec as well. Father Pierre-Maurice Hébert’s book, *The Acadians of Québec*, trans. Melvin Surette (Pawtuck-

et: Quintin, 2002) and André-Carl Vachon’s book, *Les deportations des Acadiens et leur arrive au Québec, 1755-1775* (Tracadie-Sheila, Nouveau-Brunswick: Éditions La Grande Marée, 2014) both detail where groups of Acadians settled. The children of these Acadian refugees intermarried with French-Canadian families already established in Quebec, and their descendants are in Quebec today. Over a century later, some of the descendants of these Acadians, with other Quebecois, migrated to the US.

An effort to trace a family with a French name back into Quebec, then, may lead not only to French-Canadian ancestors; for some, the effort may lead back to Acadian ancestors as well. The question for researchers who trace their ancestors from the US back into Canada becomes, How can I tell if my ancestors include Acadians? To find out, read on.

What follows is based on two assumptions. One, your family has lived in upstate New York or in one of the New England states of the US for some years. Two, you are tracking your family back through the US to Quebec. I give these assumptions because researchers tracking French-Canadian families from the Upper Midwest back to Quebec will have to use different resources than those used by researchers tracking French-Canadian families from New England back to Quebec.

First, two definitions. An Acadian is a person of French ancestry born south of the Notre Dame Mountains which mark the southern edge of the eastern end of the Saint Lawrence River Valley. Any French person who lived in what is today Nova Scotia (including Cape Breton Island), Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and eastern Maine between 1636 and 1755 is an Acadian. A French-Canadian is a person of French ancestry born in the Saint Lawrence Valley.

Now for the steps. Followed, they will tell you whether your French-Canadian ancestor has Acadian roots.



Step One: trace your family back to the border. That involves old-fashioned American genealogy. Get a copy of your parents’ marriage certificate, civil or religious. That will usually tell you the names of your grandparents. Interview your parents’ brothers and sisters if they are still alive to determine where your grandparents grew up. That will tell you what New England town office or parish church to go to for a copy of their marriage. For French-Canadian families in New England mill towns, their grandparents frequently grew up in the same town or in an adjacent town. Once you have an idea of where your grandparents grew up, go get a copy of their marriage certificate, civil or religious. Repeat the process until you get to the last marriage celebrated in the US. Many New Englanders descended from French-Canadians are the third generation born in the US and the fourth generation to live in the US. Thus, the typical French-Canadian researcher should have to obtain only three marriage certificates before crossing the border. If you are fortunate, the last marriage certificate will identify the immigrant’s parents and birth place in Quebec.

Step Two: cross the border. This is the hardest task since it requires knowing the names of the parents of the immigrant, including the mother’s maiden name, and the immigrant’s village of origin. Taken together, those three bits of information are the Holy Grail for those trying to locate French-Canadian ancestors in Canada. Without the names of the immigrant’s parents, researchers cannot look up the next generation in the ancestral line. Without a place of origin, researchers do not know where to look for original documentation of the next link in an ancestral line. Without the names of the parents of the immigrant or a birth place and date, researchers cannot confirm which person of many with the same name is the correct one.

In the next several paragraphs, I will mention two sets of books that are com-
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monly used to track our ancestors once we cross the border. One set is called *AThe Blue Drouin* because of the blue binding of the set. The proper reference is to the *Répertoire alphabétique des mariages des Canadiens-français, 1760-1935*, 61 vols. (Longueuil, QC : Services généalogique Claude Pepin, 1989-1990). The set lists marriages only by groom's name, so *The Blue Drouin* is sometimes referred to as *AThe Men Series*. A 64 volume set, carrying the same title is referred to commonly as *AThe Red Drouin* because of the red binding of the set. This set lists marriages only by bride's name, so *The Red Drouin* is sometimes referred to as *AThe Women Series*.

Back to the second step.

Let us take an easy scenario. In this devoutly-to-be-wished circumstance, the immigrant came to the US not yet married, met a girl in one of the mill towns, and married. The civil marriage certificate does not provide the parents' names and says only *ACanada* as the place of origin; however, the entry in the parish register of the church in which the marriage was celebrated provides the names of the parents, including the mother's maiden name. You are now almost across the border. In a variant of this scenario, the ancestor married in Quebec before immigrating to the US. Family lore has told you consistently what the immigrant's wife's surname was. You cross your fingers and turn to the blue and red *Drouin* books and find them. The couple's entry names their respective parents. You are likely the border. In another variant of this scenario, the ancestor married in Quebec before immigrating to the US. However, the surname of his bride remains unknown. The civil death certificate of your immigrant ancestor becomes your hope, but it says only *ACanada* for the village of birth. However, a search for the civil death certificates of that ancestor's known brothers and sisters is profitable: one of the sisters' death certificate identifies not only her parents, including her mother's maiden name, but also the family's village of origin. You are definitely across the border.

Now, let us take a frustrating scenario. Your immigrant ancestor was single when he came to the US for work, his civil marriage entry names neither his parents nor his village of origin, and his religious marriage entry is one of the few which does not name his parents. Do not yell, *A Brick Wall!!* yet.

Locate that ancestor's known brothers and sisters. Look for their religious marriage certificates. Canon law required naming a person's parents, and the parish register marriage entry which does not include the names of parents is rare in francophone parishes. One of your ancestor's siblings' marriage entries may name the parents. You cannot find an immigrant's brothers and sisters? Look at the baptismal entries in the parish register for the immigrant's children. Parents commonly asked their brothers and sisters to serve as godparents. Once you have the names of the parents of your immigrant ancestor, you may be able to cross the border.

Note that each major source of an evidentiary document has its pluses and minuses. Civil certificates of birth, marriage, and death are more universal. It is rare not to find a civil birth, marriage, or death certificate on file for a person who was born, married, and died in upstate New York or in a New England state after 1900, sometimes earlier. That is the plus of civil registrations. They have a minus, however, in that they are more likely than parish register entries to have omitted information. Parish register entries also have their pluses and minuses. They usually record the parents' names for baptismal and marriage entries. That is their plus. But many parishes in New England do not permit searchers or representatives of genealogical societies to examine or copy registers. Thus, there may no published list of abstracts of the marriages that were celebrated at many Catholic parishes in New England. More parishes in Maine and Rhode Island have permitted genealogical societies to make abstracts of marriages than parishes in other states. New Hampshire is close behind Maine and Rhode Island. Massachusetts has some, while Connecticut, Vermont, and New York have few.

Step Three: trace the family back to its progenitor in Quebec. Once you have successfully identified your ancestor's parish of origin in Quebec and the names of his parents, your task of tracking your ancestors becomes easy. Your first tool of choice is the paper or microfiche copy of *Gabriel Drouin et al.'s* published list of marriages celebrated in Quebec between 1760 and 1935. Copies of the sixty-one volume *Blue Drouin* and of the sixty-four volume *Red Drouin* sets are at the Franco-American genealogy societies in Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, and Rhode Island. The New England Historic Genealogical Society in Massachusetts owns a copy of those two

sets as well.

Once you clear the year 1760, use the *PRDH* to get each preceding generation back to the progenitor of that surname in Quebec. The full title of this work is *Répertoire des actes de baptême, mariage, sépulture et des recensements du Québec ancien* (Montréal: Presses de l'Université de Montréal, 1980-1990). It is a product of the Research Program in Historical Demography for which the French abbreviation is *PRDH*. The forty-seven volume *Répertoire* is often referred to as *Athe RAB* of the *PRDH* or just *Athe RAB*. The printed set covers the 1621 through 1765 period of the French régime. The database, which now contains Quebec baptisms, marriages, and burials up through 1849, can be searched on-line at www.genealogie.umontreal.ca for a modest per-record-found fee. The *PRDH* will enable you to construct your lineage all the way back to the progenitor in Quebec.

Step Four: look for Acadian names. After you have finished tracing your line back to the progenitor, it is time to begin checking your growing list of French-Canadian ancestors for those who descend from Acadians. The task is a continuous decision-making loop. Take all the names of your ancestors born in Quebec between 1760 and 1810 or who married during those years. If you were born around 1950 and your ancestors each married around age 25, then you have up to 59 surnames of your 64 great-great-great-grandparents to look up.

Look up your parents' surnames on the list constructed by Brenda Dunn of *Parks Canada* and Acadian Genealogist Stephen White. You can find he list in print in Stephen White, "Acadian Family Names," *Je Me Souviens* 28 (Autumn 2005): 13-17, and online at Yvon Cyr, "Acadian Family Names 1700 to 1755 and Variations," *Acadian.org* (<https://www.acadian.org/genealogy/families/acadian-family-names/>). If neither of your parents' surnames are on that list, look up your grandparents' surnames on the list. Repeat this process until you have identified all your ancestors who married after 1755. If none of your ancestors' surnames are on the list constructed by Brenda Dunn and Stephen White, then none of your French-Canadian ancestors include Acadians.

On the other hand, if one of your French-Canadian ancestors who married in Canada after 1755 is on the list of Acadian surnames in Table 1, then your ancestry may *(Continued on page 36)*

POETRY/POÉSIE...

THE LANGUAGE CRISIS TODAY

L'Académie française
does not recognize my language, filled
with *archaïsmes* such as
asteur and *haler*,
ancient words from old
French still used.

The phonetic spelling
or our oral language,
sneered at by langue purists
is not our fault.

The words *ployes* and *câlisse*
are not in Le Robert or
the Harper Collins.
I cannot spell
the words of my native language
but can spell "buckwheat pancake"
and "Body of Christ"
perfectly.

By Danielle Beaupré

ARGUMENT

If you want to spread
the French language
in America,
start with Maine.

Don't come
with fancy literature,
we can't read it.
Bring no materials
from far away Francophone countries,
ça dit rien à nous autres.

Surtout do not try to teach us French.
on parle français.
On est français.

Begin with what
we have, speak to us—
we are listening.

By Danielle Beaupré

Souvenirs

Ces étoiles qui brillent
Au firmament des souvenirs
Sont comme des voiles blanches
Sur l'océan de ma mémoire

Le vent qui chuchote
Dans les feuilles mortes
Me parlent du passé
De ces beaux soirs d'été

J'entend toujours ta voix
Dans la chanson du vent
Qui se promène à ma porte
Et me rappelle de toi

Ces beaux soirs d'été
Si longtemps passer
Sont un baume à mon cœur
Qui me remplit de bonheur

Tous les amies de jadis
Que je chéris, même aujourd'hui
Sont toujours dans mes pensées
Comme une Flamme Parfumée!

Souvenirs

Those stars that twinkle
In the cosmos of my memory
Are like white sails
On the ocean seen long ago.

The whispering wind
In the rustling leaves
Talk to me of those
Peaceful summer nights.

I still hear your voices
In the song of the wind
Dancing at my door
Reminding me of you, all

Beautiful summer nights
Of so long, long ago
Are a balm to my heart
That fill me with love.

My friends of yesteryears
That I cherish even today
Are forever in my heart
Like a fluttering flame.

par / by Adrienne Pelletier LePage

Glory

With the ecstatic crowd,
he watches Glory passing by,
He imagines the brave fallen
lost on distant fields.

Among the soldiers marching past,
are men with missing limbs.
He salutes these valiant martyrs
to the heroic cause.

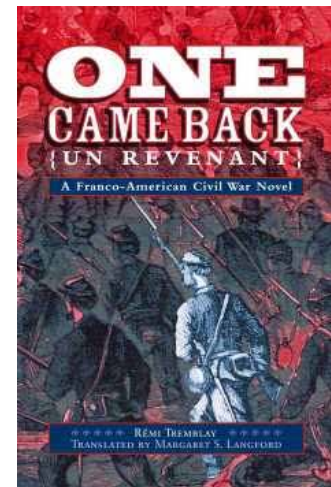
He does not see what they still see
or hear the sounds they hear:
mortars' whistle; rifles' crack,
and cries of wounded men.

At fourteen, he dreams of soldiering
with rifle and rucksack—
he fears no battle dangers
or perils he might risk.

Witnessing gallant volunteers
strengthens his resolve.
Like them, he'll fight for the Union.
He'll find a way in time.

In 1861, Rémi Tremblay watched the Woonsocket Volunteers, survivors of the Battle of Bull Run (First Manassas) parade through the streets. The sight of these valiant men dazzled him. He would have enlisted immediately, if he could have, but he was only fourteen. Of the volunteers who had enlisted three months earlier, many did not return. Here Eugène, the young hero of Tremblay's **Un Revenant** (English title: **One Came Back**), reacts just as the author did when he was a boy.

by Margaret S. Langford



BOOKS/

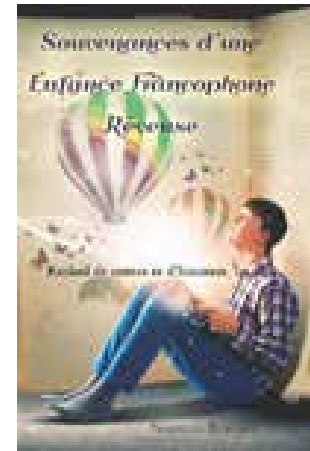
LIVRES...

Souvenances d'une Enfance Francophone Rêveuse

Norman R. Beaupré, Biddeford, Maine

L'auteur se sert de son pouvoir d'imaginer et de ses expériences du vécu afin de tisser la toile de sa dernière oeuvre qui se veut l'expression d'une créativité sans borne et sans hasard de rêves inaccessibles. Il s'est donné à son oeuvre avec plein entrain et avec la passion d'écrire tout comme s'envole la pensée libre de toute contrainte. Un jour, il s'est assis devant son ordinateur et a donné libre cours à sa pensée créatrice et en rédigea toute une liste de titres pour des contes et des histoires tout aussi spontanés que les idées lui parvenaient sans savoir où mèneraient ces titres. Ceci fut le très début de ce recueil de contes et d'histoires qui se centre, en grande partie, sur la Francophonie à laquelle l'auteur

est fier adhérent. Ceci est un effort de sa part pour obtenir le résultat d'une imagination à l'oeuvre face aux exigences d'une créativité qui se veut hors des confins de l'exactitude de l'oeuvre déjà pleinement formée. Tout fut conçu par le mode de la pensée suggestive pour ensuite devenir oeuvre écrite. L'auteur a donc tâtonné dans ses pensées encore brutes, ensuite manié l'argile de la pensée devenue de plus en plus vive, et même a-t-il mâchonné les mots qui lui serviraient à bien s'exprimer. Le raconteur doit délibérer longtemps avant de capter l'essence de son conte ou de son histoire. Vous lecteurs/lectrices vous en serez les juges si il a bien réussi ou non, car l'auteur a fait son possible



de vous entretenir et vous inspirer par le biais du raconteur.

ISBN 978-1-62550-300-8

Paperback

Format: 6 x 9 in - 204 pages

Language: French

Published by Llumina Press

Available on Amazon

The Fallen Divina: Maria Callas

Norman R. Beaupré, Biddeford, Maine

Norman Beaupré spent over two years preparing for this novel listening to several of Callas' operas, reading her biographies as well as other texts dealing with her singing, following the chronology of her life so as to make the entire work coherent with the facts about her life and her career as the world's most celebrated opera diva. At the height of her singing career, she was internationally known for her high notes and her dramatic flair that she lent to her many performances across the world.

The author worked hard at bringing to his work a credible sense of historical reality. The voice of the novel is that of a young man from the northern part of Maine whose Acadian mother married a man of Greek descent. He then goes to Boston on to New York City then to Paris where he gets to meet la Callas and obtain private conversations with her when they discuss operas, performances, voice, composers and conductors. How does he manage to have those conversations since the opera diva was then a recluse and shut off from the world?

Through the palate and the stomach with Greek, French and Italian recipes that the young man has learned over the years, much as we see in "Babette's Feast."

ISBN 978-1-62550-233-9 Paperback

Format: 6 x 9 in - 290 pages

Language: English

Published by Llumina Press

Available on Amazon



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

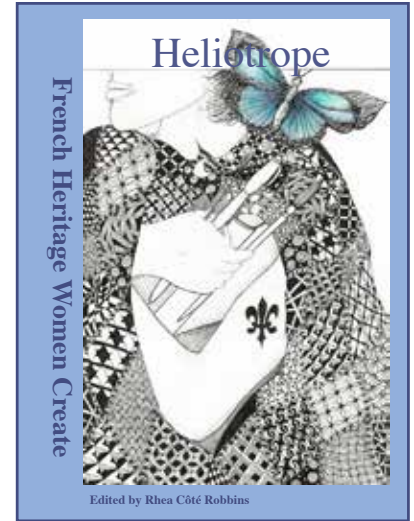
In 2000, he became Professor Emeritus after 30 years of teaching Francophone and World Literature at the University of New England. Traveling extensively, he spent two sabbaticals in Europe where he got the inspiration for several of his books.

**BOOKS/
LIVRES...**



**Heliotrope--French Heritage Women Create
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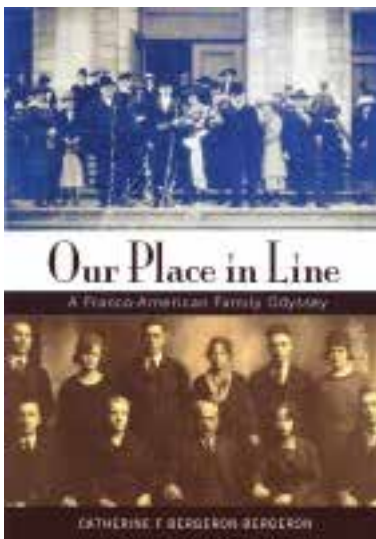
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The book is available on Amazon.com
Heliotrope: French Heritage Women Create



The Franco-American Women’s Institute, FAWI, celebrating its 20th Anniversary. The Franco-American Women’s Institute promotes the contributions of the French heritage women’s lives—past, present and future through its online presence and publishing their creativity. For FAWI’s 20th Anniversary, an anthology, Heliotrope—French Heritage Women Create, of written works and visual arts was published to mark the present, active, creative lives of the women of the French heritage culture. This anthology presents a snapshot of the French heritage women’s lives as they exist in the present. This anthology incorporates the lives of the women who make up this cultural heritage—in print and it offers to the present and future generations a vivid compilation of voices and visuals to express modern-day, French heritage women and their creative works. The anthology builds bridges of insight and understanding for all who read and view the works. Annie Proulx is featured as well as many other women of French heritage.

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**Our Place in Line:
A Franco-American Family Odyssey
By Catherine F. Bergeron**

origins with ancestral profiles representing a broad cross-section of Old Regime France. The narration also provides a blueprint for Quebecois descendants to trace their specific ancestral participants in the century-long French and Indian Wars. Witness this personal account of Francophone heritage profiling several families who settled in the manufacturing communities of Lewiston and Auburn, Maine, following the great nineteenth and twentieth century French-Canadian migration to the United States

of Journalism graduating in 1973. Our Place in Line A Franco-American Family Odyssey is the culmination of a personal quest to find her family roots and that of her husband, Dan. Both descend from common Bergeron ancestry that originated in Picardy, France, centuries ago. Dozens of vintage pictures and illustrations help trace other family surnames in both their lineages including, Ste. Marie, Lafond, Ouellette, Skandal/Skandel/Scanlon, Aube, Larin, Campagna, Lepine and Lariviere.

About Catherine F. Bergeron:

Born in Lewiston, Maine, and a life-long resident of Auburn, Maine, Catherine F. Bergeron-Bergeron holds a liberal arts degree from Northeastern University College

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/673999>

Our Place in Line is a 20,000-year odyssey of daring, imagination, and endurance offered to those who seek to trace their earliest roots from ancient Gaul to the twenty-first century United States via Feudal France and Colonial Quebec. This is a comprehensive exploration of surname

Recipies/Recettes

Potato Doughnuts

3/4 c. sugar
2 eggs
1 c. mashed potatoes
1/2 c. sweet milk
1 Tbsp. baking powder
2 1/2 c. flour
1 1/2 Tbsp. shortening
1/2 tsp. salt
1/8 tsp. nutmeg

Beat mashed potatoes; add melted shortening, beaten eggs, and milk. Sift dry ingredients and add to the liquid. Dough should be soft yet firm enough to roll. Separate into 2 parts and roll each out to thickness of 3/4 inch. Cut with doughnut cutter and cook in deep fat (365°F). Fry to golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper. Dust with powdered sugar or sugar and cinnamon mixture.



Beignes aux patates

Ingrédients:

1 tasse de patates pilées
2 tasse de sucre
2 3/4 tasse de farine
1 c. à thé de sel
3 oeufs
1 tasse de lait
4 c. à thé de poudre à pâte
2 c. à table de beurre

1- Faire cuire et pilée les patates
2- Mélanger, les oeufs, le sucre, le lait et le beurre (ne pas utiliser de mixette)
3- Ajouter les ingrédients secs
4 - Ajouter les patates pilées
5- Mettre au réfrigérateur, quelques heures

6 - Faire un puit de farine sur votre table de travail, y verser une partie du mélange, pétrir jusqu'à ce que la pâte ne soit plus collante, en faire une boule, rouler et faire les beignes.

7 Cuire dans l'huile jusqu'à ce que les beignes soient dorés!

FRENCH ONION SOUP

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

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

Serves 4

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



1. Melt butter or margarine in a 4-quart saucepan. Stir in sugar. Cook onions over medium heat for 10 minutes, or till golden brown.
2. Stir in flour until well blended with onions and pan juices. Add water, wine and beef broth; heat to boiling point. Reduce heat to low. Cover and simmer for 10 minutes.
3. Cut four 1 inch thick slices of bread from the loaf. Toast the bread slices at 325 degrees F just until browned, about 10 minutes. Reserve the remaining bread to serve with the soup.
4. Ladle soup into four 12 ounce, oven-safe bowls. Place 1 slice toasted bread on top of the soup in each bowl. Fold Swiss cheese slices, and fit onto toasted bread slices. Place soup bowls on a cookie sheet for easier handling.
5. Bake at 425 degrees F for 10 minutes, or just until cheese is melted.

Potage d'oignons français

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

Cuisinier lentement pour obtenir la couleur et le goût. Le sucre et le bouillon colorent les oignons.

Pour 4 personnes

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

1. Faites fondre le beurre dans une grosse bouilloire. Puis ajouter le sucre en brassant. Faire cuire à feu doux pendant 10 minutes ou jusqu'à couleur marron d'or.
2. Ajouter la farine en brassant avec les oignons et le jus dans la bouilloire. Ajouter l'eau, vin et le bouillon au bœuf; chauffer au point bouillant. Baisser la chaleur au feu doux, couvrir et cuisiner pour 10 minutes.
3. Trancher 4 tranches de pain un pouce épais. Grillez-les au four à 325 degrés F. Réservez le pain restant pour servir avec le potage.
4. Dispenser le potage dans 4 vaisseaux de 12 onces qui ne sont pas en danger de dommages du micro-wave. Placez une tranche de pain grillé sur le potage dans chaque bol. Pliez les tranches de fromage suisses et placez-le sur les tranches de pain grillées. Il sera plus facile si vous placez les bols de potage sur une feuille de biscuit.
5. Cuisez au four à 425 degrés F pour 10 minutes ou jusqu'à ce que le fromage ait fondu.

Bon appétit!

(How to Tell if Your French-Canadian Ancestors Include Acadians continued from page 31)

include Acadians. I say Aamay because some names, like Martin, have both several Quebecois branches and two Acadian branches, none of which are related.

Once you have identified an ancestor whose surname may be Acadian, then look up that person's ancestors. The tools for this task are Adrien Bergeron's *Le Grand Arrangement des Acadiens au Québec*, 8 vols. (Montréal: Éditions Élysée, 1981) for persons born to a marriage which occurred after 1714. For persons born to a marriage which occurred before 1714, use Stephen White's *Dictionnaire Généalogique des Familles Acadiennes, Première Partie, 1636-1714*, 2 vols. (Moncton: Centre d'Études Acadiennes, 1999), which will take you all the way back to the progenitor in Acadia.

Now that you have the four steps for determining whether any of your French-Canadian ancestors are Acadian, a caution and a warning are in order.

First the caution. Keep in mind name changes. Most French-Canadian pioneers had dit names. Those who research Martins know that at least one line of the descendants of the Acadian Martin-dit-Barnabé, became ABarnaby in upstate New York. Then there is the problem of spelling variations. Aroostook County, Maine, descendants of Jacques Miville-dit-Deschênes have records giving them as AManville and AMainville. Then there are translations. Many descendants of the Roy-dit-Bonifaces of Hamlin, Maine, are known as AKing, some Levesques in Caribou, Maine, are known as ABishop, and a Paré family in Lowell, Massachusetts, became APerry. In all three translation cases, ethnic prejudice was at play, and the surname changed because its holder needed to become English to order to advance in the world.

Finally, there is the ever possible mangling of name spelling by a town clerk who could not speak French and was unfamiliar with French spelling. American-French Genealogical Society member Patty Locke tells the story of an ancestor named Lanctôt whose surname was recorded as ALong Toe, a person whose name was Boutin becoming AButton, and someone whose name was LeBaron becoming ABaron. Wise searchers will always be on the look out for name changes. In fact, searchers working with civil birth, marriage, and death records

should ask an acquaintance who neither speaks nor reads any French to pronounce the family name in French, and then ask the acquaintance to spell the name in English. Do not forget to thank your acquaintance for helping you find your ancestor before you return to the town office.

An invaluable resource for researchers working with Quebec records is René Jetté and Micheline Lécuyer's *Répertoire des Noms de Famille du Québec des Origines à 1825* (Montréal: Institut Généalogique J. L. Et Associés, 1988). The first half of the 201-page book lists every French-Canadian patronymic found in a Quebec document between 1621 and 1825. For all surnames having one or more dit names or alternate spellings, those forms of the name are given with the date of its first appearance in an official document. The second half of the book changes the order, listing every dit name or alternate spelling followed by its patronymic. An invaluable resource for researchers working with American records is Marc Picard, *Dictionary or Americanized French-Canadian Names: Onomastics and Genealogy* (Baltimore, Maryland: Clearfield, 2013).

Second, the warning. Do not get misled in The-Name's-the-Same-Error. Too often, the son has his father's name, two first cousins have the same name, and an uncle and nephew have the same name. For each marriage found in a list of marriage abstracts made from a New England source, go get a civil marriage certificate from the town in which the marriage occurred. For each marriage found in a répertoire des mariages made from a Quebec source, go make a photocopy of the entry from the microfilm of the parish register. Look at the witnesses' names. Are the witnesses a parent or other relative? Look at the places. Are they the towns family members have told you that ancestor lived in?

Making sure you have the correct person is particularly necessary for any name given in Adrien Bergeron's eight-volume *Le Grand Arrangement des Acadiens au Québec* (Montréal: Éditions Élysée, 1981) and Bona Arsenault's six-volume *Histoire et généalogie des Acadiens* (Montmagny: Éditions Leméac, 1978). We must always be grateful to those who have prepared the comprehensive genealogies that enable us to make a first draft of our ancestries, but we must also be cautious of works published before the wide use of personal computers which find errors and before the expectation that researchers provide sources.

Talk to researchers who have worked with Bergeron and Arsenault and also with microfilmed parish registers: each has a story of an error in Bergeron and Arsenault. The way of catching and stopping the spread of errors is to look up each date and name on an original source or an official copy of an original source.

The warning to confirm every marriage in an original record is particularly relevant for French-Canadian research. Monseigneur Cyprien Tanguay started something wonderful when he undertook his monumental effort to produce his *Dictionnaire généalogique des familles canadiennes depuis la fondation de la colonie jusqu'à nos jours*. His work stimulated the curiosity of many people wanting to know more about their origins, and that is good. However, his work has also had the effect of leading many to amass nothing more than hundreds of names, and that is not good. Veteran French-Canadian researcher Joy Reisinger says that all too many searchers spend their time researching names instead of researching people. I agree. And that is why I urge readers to ask, for every marriage we find, AIs this really the right person? How do I know? Can I find another document that will confirm this?

An ancestryCa list of names should never be an end in itself. It should be the beginning. Census information, deeds, wills and other probate documents, court documents, notarial documents in Canada, photographs, and family heirlooms all have a story to tell. It is the sum and interaction of all those stories that tell us who our ancestors are. It is these stories that help us define who we are.

*George Findlen is a retired college administrator. In addition to volunteering at the Wisconsin Historical Society Library and serving on the board of the National Genealogical Society, he researches and writes articles on aspects of his blended Acadian and French Canadian ancestry. He also gives talks to genealogical societies. The author thanks Joy Reisinger, Certified Genealogist, for twenty years editor of the journal, *Lost in Canada?*, and Patricia Locke, Research Department Chairperson for the American-French Genealogical Society. Both read drafts of the article and made valuable suggestions for its improvement. Initially published in 2005, the article has been revised for publication in *Le Forum*.*

“Can I?”

**By Joe Arsenault
Research Associate**

In a September 2009 guest lecture at the University of Maine, Severin Beliveau described in personal terms a history of the Franco fait in Maine. Severin, in talking about his own family's journey to Maine, put his story into a larger context of immigrant struggles with both the new and old countries. I was there when he delivered that lecture. Recently I watched a recording of his talk. While I engaged most of the talk the way I do most talks, there was a moment when what he said took me out of my orbit, so to speak. Without particular emphasis, Severin said, “New England, where our Diaspora began, ... was not an easy move. Quebec was unhappy—often angry, some even felt betrayed—to see us leave. As a political leader said at the time: “*Laissez les partir, c'est la canaille qui s'en va*”; “Let them go, it's the riffraff that's leaving.” As he spoke this, something in me winced. It was not outrage or sadness or shame; it did not connect vividly to any family myth. Besides, I am Acadian, ancestral from New Brunswick. I winced more the way one might when someone sings off pitch. Something in what Severin said sounded wrong to my ear. I feel that the French statement has been misrepresented in English.

Oh, do I now? Yes, I do.

This is surprising, even to me: What is this impulse I feel about words that otherwise say and mean nothing to me? And yet I feel a case should be made, that the political leader should be defended against what avocat Severin says he's saying in English.

The case I apparently strongly feel needs to be made goes roughly as follows: Whereas, in this English, the voice seems angry and disdainful and entirely without empathy for those who are leaving; and furthermore whereas, in this English, the political leader seems to be saying good riddance since those leaving are already known to community and society and circumstances to be worthless lowlifes (this in particular is carried by the word riffraff); in this French, however, the voice sounds like the anger and rage of sorrow in betrayal, not the indifference of disgust; and furthermore, in this French, it seems as if the politician were only now admitting defeat and giving

up on them, saying what might be better rendered in English by: “Let them go, for they've already given up on themselves and so we can't save them now.”

What strikes me false about riffraff for *canaille*? Somehow *canaille* feels to me complex and entangling whereas riffraff feels purely pejorative; and *canaille* also feels to me to imply a far deeper continuing connection between the speaker and the people he's breaking off from. *Canaille* for me carries abandoning, betraying, giving up on, in ways that are sinful and shameful to the traitor. These traitors' decision already shows they can't be trusted, that they have lost their scruples, their loyalty, pride, dignity, faith—their place among us: “Let them go, we cannot save them now, for they have already lost and destroyed themselves.” All these variances and nuances and more seems conveyed to me in this French. But none of it in this English for me.

Now I wish to come to a full stop to underscore that I have no idea what I'm talking about here. If you asked me to translate the French or explain myself as above, but in French, or just tried chit-chatting with me in French about the weather, the weekend, or anything else, I couldn't do it. I couldn't even answer your French with my English. I can't do it.

And certainly, to feel so strongly with no basis whatsoever is but a terrifying inward confusion. I don't know what I'm talking about but I'm sounding to myself like a self-righteous expert. How should or could I have come to take such a loud and strident position on a matter I have no voice for or in?

I am a fraud. A French fraud. A Franco fraud.

But I'm still here, now with this panic and punning I've just articulated, feeling exposed beyond all possible excuse or self-protection.

So let me continue.

An impression begins to form, with no clear connection to what's gone before. But if you'll indulge me: At first a thin line, almost phosphorescent, appears, hovering as a veil or curtain or drying sheet, in the middle of my head, suspended from a line with anchors at my forehead and at the back of my skull. I hear giggling and shouting. “Can I? Can I?”

We are playing, my brother, one sister and me. We are making fun of our grandparents' noises. They are cross, talking of someone who'd once been a friend of some

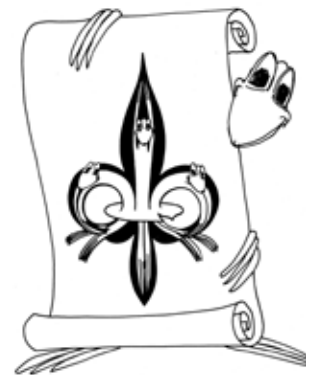
kind. This much we knew. But in a rage we didn't understand, they declaim the rogue. The rage seemed as much a howl, as if in pain. And frightening in some way, but safe as long as we didn't get too close.

As always, their sounds were more mud and grunt than words. But there was enough a distortion of something we knew to fashion a new teasing tool. We ask “Can I...?” of each other as an insult: “Can I go outside?”, “Can I ride your bike?”, “Can I go inside to pee?” The requests are never heard in full as we respond to quick the insult, charging at and attacking one another. “How dare you call me—,” “But I was just asking....”

We get carried away by our cheznangians, carry them into the house, repeating, “Can I? Can I?” to each other, not noticing how near the grandparents we've come. They stop us. “What are you saying?” *mère-mère* demands. We didn't know. We were just playing. “Stop your foolishness. Be quiet before I put you in chairs,” she threatens. And we felt ashamed and stop.

Here the impression fades. Is this a memory? An invention? Is something here found? Recovered? Reactivated? It involves something unwilling arising, fraught with feeling, full of family and connections I can't trace though they pull at something from somewhere. Is this a word? *Est-ce un mud?*

So finally now I listen again to the severing Severin describes: “Quebec was unhappy—often angry, some even felt betrayed—to see us leave.” Betrayed, yes. That's it. And it was here, in the lecture all this time. Why didn't I notice this before? Betrayal, yes, that's much the complexion of the feeling I miss in riffraff. And certainly unhappy, being angry because we made them angry, because we betrayed them, because we'd become traitors. Not riffraff, however correct, but loved ones, lost to some imagined transgression, a border crossing, a passage out from a culture for which there is no hope for return.



GENEALOGY/GÉNÉALOGIE

WHO WAS PIERRE LANGUEDOC SOMETIMES KNOWN AS LANGDO OF FRENCHVILLE, ME

*By Allen J. Voisine
itismo9@aol.com*

I always seem to like a mystery in genealogy. I guess it is in all our natures as a genealogist and in what we find in our own families or others. We have sometime pursued a mystery for years. I being of predominately French-Canadian descent enjoy tackling these brick walls however few there have been because of the great record keeping of the priests who performed the baptisms, marriages and burials for our ancestors on this side of the ocean for over 400 years. However, in the time period of 1860 – 1908 in Ste. Luce, Frenchville, ME, there was a Belgium priest by the name Charles SWERON, who in writing the marriage acts, wrote them as though he were writing an English agreement, that is the date the ceremony performed, parties involved and witnesses, and his name as the officiant with no mention of parents. The witnesses were usually the father of the groom and bride but it was not always the case.

I found the marriage of Pierre LANGUEDOC and Anna COTE on the 8th January 1872 with the witnesses being Charles Devot (sic) and Ermenegd (sic) COTE. Charles may have been a friend of Pierre's in absence of his father. An added note the second witness's first name was actually spelled Hermenegilde. I next looked in the 1880 Frenchville census and found Pierre and his wife and their four children in the household of Charles DAVAUST (sic), it states that his relationship to the head of the household as adopted son. He is not mentioned in the 1870 or 1871 censuses. In the 1860 Census for Township 18, Range 5 (now part of Frenchville) I find a Peter ENGLISH (sic) 11 years old living with the DEVEAU's. Next I looked in the 1900 Frenchville Census in hoping if I could see if I could find an indication of when he was born and found him and his second wife Marie [VAILLANCOURT] and his eight children from his two marriages. It states that he was born in June of 1849. I also looked at his civil marriage record of this second marriage since it occurred in 1892, when

civil registration for all births, marriages and deaths became mandatory for the State of Maine and it stated his parents were Amable LANGDO and Henriette DALTON. In the 1851 Census in St-Alexandre, Quebec I find Charles DEVEAU and his wife Marie MARQUIS and 3 year old son Pierre. Note that this census was done so late in the year that the ages may have indicated as though the year was 1852 not 1851.

I then went on to search for a Pierre born in Quebec and found him within the area where he lived in census and I found a Pierre Inconnu. A priest often wrote this when parents were unknown which often indicated that a child was born out of wedlock. I found that he was baptized at Rimouski, Quebec on the 7th June 1849 born two days prior in Ste-Cecile du Bic and his godparents were Charles DEVEAUX (sic) and Marie MARQUIS. I again looked in the same census for a LANGUEDOC in the Rimouski area. I found a Pierre LANGUEDOC living in Ste-Cecile du Bic with a wife by the name of Marie VERSAILLES with two domestics, one being Henriette ALTON (sic). I looked for another ALTON (sic) and I find a Scholastique married to Edouard LEBEL and looked for her parents and found her married under the name of HARTON and that her parents are shown as Jean-Marie and Marie-Scholastique ROBINSON. I then looked for a baptism of a Henriette HARTON and found a Henriette-Eliza baptized at St-Roch-des-Aulnaies on the 9th January 1822 born the preceding day to the same couple that had Marie-Scholastique. She is eventually died and was buried as found in the Basilique Notre-Dame in Montreal parish registers in 1898.

In looking for Pierre LANGUEDOC who was 70 years in the census of 1851 proved to be more difficult for the reason being when he was married to Marie VERSAILLES on 31 October 1849 at Rimouski, no parents are listed and either of them were shown to be widowed at the time of marriage. Priest's on occasion when a person

was old enough to marry and was free to do so, due to the fact of his advanced age and as in this case because he was not married prior that parents were not necessarily written in the official church record. I could not find a baptism under Pierre LANGUEDOC. I proceeded to look for possibilities with last name variants or "dit" names and I found a Pierre CHARPENTIER, being born and baptized the 10th of January 1782 at St-Laurent a parish located in the Montreal banlieue (suburbs), to Pierre[-Henri] and [Marie-] Angelique BOUIN [dit DUFRESNE]. I then pursued his death record but could not find his death under CHARPENTIER but did find his death as Pierre LANGUEDOC on the 2nd October dying two nights prior on the 30th September 1854 in the Basilique Notre-Dame in Montreal parish registers at the age of seventy-two years.

To sum up my exhaustive research on his parentage my conclusion is the he is the Pierre with no surname given that was baptized at St-Germain, Rimouski, Quebec on the 7th Jun 1849 and born two days before. In further research I have also concluded he is the son of the non marriage union of Pierre CHARPENTIER also known as LANGUEDOC, whose parents were Pierre-Henri CHARPENTIER and Marie-Angelique BOUIN dit DUFRESNE and Henriette-Eliza HARTON whose parents were Jean-Marie HARTON & Marie-Scholastique ROBINSON.

In conclusion I remember what my second mentor/friend Guy F. DUBAY told me when I first started on my own genealogy almost 40 years ago, what his mentor told him and as I translate for you "You have to bother people if you are going to do genealogy". In being persistent as a pit bull or jokingly in my case, a pit frog, even with people long since past when we can sometimes can find the answers to what we are looking for.



GENEALOGY/GÉNÉALOGIE



L'ADN et la généalogie

par Ken Roy

Si vous avez passé des années à documenter votre ascendance généalogique et vous êtes intéressés à faire des tests ADN encouragés par les annonces que vous avez vues à la télévision, vous devrez décider ce que vous voulez prouver avec vos tests ADN. Les tests ADN eux-mêmes ne vous diront pas qui sont vos ancêtres. Vous avez encore besoin de faire la recherche généalogique traditionnelle. Les tests d'ADN peuvent toutefois établir la validité de votre recherche et vous aider à résoudre les murs de brique.

Si vous voulez prouver vos lignes directes à la France par exemple, les tests offerts par Ancestry.com ne seront pas utiles pour établir votre ligne paternelle ou maternelle directe. Family Tree DNA (FTDNA) est l'une des seules entreprises à offrir les tests ADN-y (ligne paternelle) et ADNmt (ligne maternelle). Si vous regardez leur site autour des jours de fêtes, vous pouvez trouver des remises pour leurs tests d'ADN. Vous pouvez aussi généralement obtenir 20 \$ en rejoignant un projet de nom de famille.

L'an dernier, j'ai pris le test ADN-y de FTDNA et leur test Family Finder ou leur test d'ADN autosomique (ADNat) qui est équivalent au test offert à la télévision par Ancestry.com comme Ancestry DNA. Le test ADN-y a confirmé ma recherche de ma ligne paternelle à Antoine Roy dit Desjardins, à son père Oliver Roy et à son grand-père Jean Roy en France. Notez qu'il

n'est pas possible de prendre la ligne d'Antoine Roy plus loin que ses grands-parents, Jean Roy et Marie Boucquenier, puisque les deux n'étaient pas mariés selon le dossier de baptême de leur fils, Olivier Roy en 1604 dans les registres de St André à Joigny dans le département de l'Yonne, France.

Le texte latin pour l'entrée du baptême est comme suit:

Anno quo supra ego subsignatus baptismi Olivarius filius Johannis Roy et Maria Boucquenier non ex legitimo m(at)r(imon)io sperrito. Cuius susceptor fuit Olivarius Calende, testers vero fuerum Stephanus et Perretta Vallee

Traduction française:

L'an ci-dessus (1604), je soussigné ai baptisé Olivier, fils de Jean Roy et de Marie Boucquenier, non issu de mariage légitime. Son parrain a été Olivier Calende, les témoins ont été Etienne et Perrette Vallée.

Traduction anglaise:

In the year shown above (1604), I the undersigned have baptized Olivier, son of John Roy and Mary Boucquenier, not born of a legitimate marriage. His godfather was Olivier Calende, the witnesses were Stephen and Perretta Vallée.

Signature: Ollivier Callendre (the godfather)

Le test ADN familial de Family Finder a été un peu décevant en le sens qu'il montre des correspondance ADN à des personnes qui pourraient être mes 2^{ième} au 4^{ième} cousins, mais qui sont de différentes générations parce que la communauté française en Nouvelle-France et en Acadie était une petite communauté autonome, en autre mots ils pourraient être 2^{ième} cousin, mais il y a 6 générations de différence. En conséquence, vous ne trouverez peut-être pas leurs ancêtres dans votre arbre généalogique. Si la personne qui vous contacte en raison d'un test ADN familial de Family Finder qui vous montre comme un ADN correspondant à leur test d'ADN n'a pas fait leur recherche généalogique, il pourrait être difficile de trouver exactement où vous êtes parents à cause du groupe ethnique étroitement unie à partir de laquelle vous descendez tous les deux.

Les résultats d'un test d'ADN autosomique pour les groupes ethniques étroitement unis dans lesquels les lignes généalogiques croisent fréquemment (c'est-à-dire qu'une personne est liée à une

autre personne le long de plusieurs lignes généalogiques), le test atDNA peut exagérer la relation. Par exemple, l'ADNc peut indiquer une relation de 2^{ième} au 4^{ième} cousin tandis que la relation réelle peut être de 3^{ième} au 5^{ième} cousin, ou elle peut indiquer une relation qui est de plusieurs générations de différence. Les Acadiens et les Canadiens-Français répondent aux critères «étroitement liés» puisque les villages acadiens et ceux de la Nouvelle-France sont souvent isolés et ne comptent que quelques familles étroitement apparentées.

Alors que ma composition ethnique est 100% européenne, elle montre 49% en Europe du Sud, 21% en Scandinavie, 15% en Europe occidentale et centrale, 13% en Isle britannique et 2% en Finlande et en Sibérie du Nord. Je m'attendais à une composition ethnique qui ressemblait plus à la composition ethnique de ma femme qui montre 100% d'Europe occidentale et centrale, mais je me souvient qu'une de mes lignes ancestrales ne montrait pas un père, qui est supposé être irlandais.

J'ai rejoint les projets Nom de famille Roy et ADN Héritage Français à FTDNA. Alors que j'ai trouvé plusieurs correspondant dans le projet du Nom de famille Roy, il n'est pas évident comment ils se rapportent à mes correspondant ADN-y, donc j'ai contacté une couple des mes correspondant du test ADN-y, puis utilisé le projet ADN Héritage Français pour trianguler l'ADN d'Antoine Roy dit Desjardins. Vous pouvez en apprendre davantage sur le projet ADN Héritage Français sur le site Web <https://www.familytreedna.com/groups/frenchheritage/about>

Le projet ADN Héritage français a pour objectifs :

De retrouver les signatures ADN particulières des noms de familles d'origine française, ainsi que celles des premiers arrivants et ancêtres hommes ou femmes établis dans les anciennes colonies ou sur d'autres continents; d'établir un catalogue de ces signatures. Une première compilation se trouve à <http://triangulations.ca> ou à <http://miroise.org/catalogue/>

Vous pouvez consulter les résultats du projet ADN Héritage Français comme un graphique à <https://www.familytreedna.com/public/frenchheritage?iframe=ycolored>

Les résultats de Roy dit Desjardins sont à la page 3 et ma triangulation des lignes Roy, Desjardin, Lozier, et Voisine sur

(suite page 43)

GENEALOGY/GÉNÉALOGIE



DNA and Genealogy

By Ken Roy

If you have spend years documenting your genealogical ancestry, and are now interested in doing DNA testing encouraged by the ads you have seen on TV, you might need to decide what you want to prove with your DNA test(s). DNA testing itself will not tell you who your ancestors are. You still need to do the traditional genealogy research. DNA tests can however, substantiate your research and might help you solve brick walls.

If you want to prove your direct lines back to France for example, the tests being offered by Ancestry.com will not be helpful in substantiating your direct paternal or maternal line. Family Tree DNA (FTDNA) is one of the only companies current offering the Y-DNA (paternal line) and mtDNA (maternal line) tests. If you watch their site around holidays you can find discounts for their DNA tests. You can also typically get \$20 off by joining a surname project.

Last year I took both FTDNA's Y-DNA and their Family Finder or autosomal DNA (atDNA) test which is equivalent to the test offered on TV by Ancestry.com as Ancestry DNA. The Y-DNA test substantiated my research of my paternal line to Antoine Roy dit Desjardins, his father Oliver Roy and grandfather Jean Roy in France. Note that it is not possible to take the Antoine Roy's line further back than his grandparents, Jean Roy and Marie Boucquenier since the two were not married according to the baptism

record of their son, Olivier Roy in 1604 in the registers of St André in Joigny in the Department of Yonne, France.

Latin text for the baptismal entry is as follows:

Anno quo supra ego subsignatus baptismam Olivarius filius Johannis Roy et Maria Boucquenier non ex legitimo m(at)r(imon)io sperrito. Cuius susceptor fuit Olivarius Calende, testers vero fuerum Stephanus et Perretta Vallee

French Translation:

L'an ci-dessus (1604), je soussigné ai baptisé Olivier, fils de Jean Roy et de Marie Boucquenier, non issu de mariage légitime. Son parrain a été Olivier Calende, les témoins ont été Etienne et Perrette Vallée.

English Translation:

In the year shown above (1604), I the undersigned have baptized Olivier, son of John Roy and Mary Boucquenier, not born of a legitimate marriage. His godfather was Olivier Calende, the witnesses were Stephen and Perretta Vallée.

Signature: Ollivier Callendre (the godfather)

The Family Finder autosomal DNA (atDNA) test was a bit disappointing in that it shows DNA matches to people who might be my 2nd to 4th cousins, but are many generations removed because of the tight knit French community in New France and Acadia, in other words they might be 2nd cousin but 6 times removed or more. As a result you might not find their ancestors in your current genealogical tree. If the person contacting you due to a Family Finder test that shows you as a DNA match to their DNA test has not done their genealogy research, it might be difficult to find exactly where you are related because of the close-knit ethnic group from which you both descend.

Autosomal DNA (atDNA) test results for close-knit ethnic groups in which genealogical lines cross frequently (i.e., a person is related to another person along more than one genealogical line), the atDNA test can overstate the relationship. For example, the atDNA may indicate a 2nd – 4th cousin relationship whereas the actual relationship may be 3rd – 5th cousin, or it may indicate a relationship that is several generations removed. The Acadians and French-Canadians meet the “close-knit” criteria since Acadian villages and those in New France were often isolated and contained members of only a few closely-related families.

While my ethnic makeup shows 100% European, it shows 49% Southern Europe, 21% Scandinavia, 15% Western and Central Europe, 13% British Isle, and 2% Finland and Northern Siberia. I expected my ethnic composition to be more like my wife's ethnic makeup which shows 100% Western and Central Europe, but then I remembered that one of my ancestral lines does not show a father, who is rumored to be Irish.

I joined both the Roy Surname and French Heritage DNA projects at FTDNA. While I found several matches in the Roy Surname project it is not obvious how they related to my Y-DNA matches, so I contacted a couple of the close matches in my Y-DNA test results and then used the French Heritage DNA project to triangulate Antoine Roy dit Desjardins' DNA. You can learn more about the French Heritage DNA Project at <https://www.familytreedna.com/groups/frenchheritage/about>

The French Heritage DNA Project has the following objectives to:

1. Establish “Benchmarks” (modal signature) and triangulated ones for our oldest ancestors against which we will be able to test relationships and validate our genealogies; a Catalogue of Validated Ancestral signatures is in development at <http://triangulations.ca> or at <http://miroise.org/catalogue/>

You can view the French Heritage Y-DNA results as a chart at <https://www.familytreedna.com/public/frenchheritage?iframe=ycolored>

The Roy dit Desjardins results are on page 3 and my triangulation of the Roy, Desjardins, Lozier, and Voisine lines on <http://miroise.org/catalogue/tri0130/> Dr Jacques Beaugrand has verified the Y-DNA signatures and Denis Beauregard has verified the genealogy. The related triangulation of the Losier-Roy-Desjardins line is also shown on <http://miroise.org/catalogue/tri0134-losier-roy-desjardins/> and the Voisine-Roy-Desjardins line on <http://miroise.org/catalogue/tri0135/>

You can find my genealogy research on my web site – Our Roy and Boucher Family, Their Genealogy at <https://www.royandboucher.com/tng/index.php>

Some recommended readings

If you want to read more about the different DNA tests, I recommend **DNA & GENEALOGY-A BRIEF PRIMER** by Martin Guidry at <http://freepages.genealogy.roots-web.ancestry.com/~guedrylabinefamily/>

(Continued on page 42)

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

**LAMARRE
(Lamore)**

FAMILY #2

Les Familles LAMARRE

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.

Claude-Charles Lamarre [dit L'Éveillé], born circa 1715 in France, died in PQ, son of Claude Lamarre and Marguerite Caron from the village of Bailleul-s-Thérain, department of Oise, ancient province of Ile-de-France, married of 8 September 1749 in Beauport, PQ to Louise-Geneviève Tardif, born 1715 in PQ, died in PQ, daughter of François Tardif and Geneviève Giroux. Bailleul-s-Thérain is located 5 miles southeast of the city of Beauvais.

| | | | | | | |
|----|----------------|--------|------|------------------------|-------------------|-----|
| A | Claude | circa | 1715 | Marguerite Caron | France | 1 |
| 1 | Claude-Charles | 08 Sep | 1749 | Geneviève-Lse. Tardif | Beauport | 2 |
| 2 | Augustin | 05 Feb | 1781 | Françoise Dancause | Rivière-Ouelle | 3 |
| | Germain | 28 Oct | 1782 | Théotiste Dubé | Rivière-Ouelle | 4 |
| 3 | Norbert | 16 Oct | 1826 | Victoire Tremblay | Eboulements | 5 |
| 4 | Charles 1m. | 26 Aug | 1805 | Charlotte Bérubé | Rivière-Ouelle | |
| | " 2m. | 05 Nov | 1821 | Judith Michaud | Rivière-Ouelle | 4A |
| | Bernard | circa | 1810 | Séraphine Roussel | Rivière-Ouelle ! | 6 |
| | " | 12 Jan | 1835 | " " | Rivière-Ouelle | |
| 5 | Philippe | 10 Jan | 1965 | Sara-Cécilia Servant | Rivière-Ouelle | 5A |
| 6 | Nicaïse-Jean | 11 Feb | 1833 | Marie Martin | Rivière-Ouelle | 9 |
| | Joseph | 28 Jan | 1878 | Flavie Madore-Laplante | Rivière-Ouelle | 6A |
| 9 | Pierre | 23 Jun | 1856 | Olympe Soucy | St.Pascal, Kam. | 14 |
| 14 | Pierre | 08 Mar | 1886 | Hélène Levesque | St.Philippe, Kam. | 14A |

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

| | | | | | | |
|-----|------------------|--------|------|------------------------|--------------------|-----|
| 4A | Germain | 17 Jul | 1849 | Catherine Vaillancourt | Frenchville | 4B |
| | Théophile-Alphée | 24 May | 1859 | Elisabeth Vaillancourt | Frenchville | |
| | William | 12 Aug | 1861 | Geneviève Dumont | Frenchville | 4C |
| 4B | Joseph | 14 Feb | 1888 | Flavie Nadeau | Ft.Kent | 4D |
| 4C | William | circa | 1884 | Madeleine Bossé | Ft.Kent ! | 4E |
| 4D | Agnès | 07 Jan | 1907 | Maxime Picard | Fairfield(IHM) | |
| 4E | Joseph | 26 Dec | 1911 | Délia Labbé | Wallagrass | 4F |
| 4F | Edmond-J. | circa | 1938 | Priscille Dufour | Maine ? | 4G |
| 4G | Welman-J. | 19 Jul | 1975 | Shirley-Ann Spongberg | Skowhegan(NDL) | |
| 5A | Arthur | 21 Sep | 1889 | Alma Servant | Nashua, NH(SFX) | |
| 6A | Charles | 31 Oct | 1910 | Rosa Wright | Biddeford(St.And.) | |
| | Pierre | 27 Dec | 1915 | Alexina/Exina Morin | Biddeford(St.And.) | 6B |
| 6B | Éva-Rose | 28 Dec | 1935 | Edouard Jacques | Biddeford(St.And.) | |
| | Rita | 03 Sep | 1938 | Jean-L. Belaire | Biddeford(St.Jos.) | |
| | Anita | 29 Jan | 1944 | Marcel Gagné | Biddeford(St.Jos.) | |
| 14A | Eustache | 29 Oct | 1923 | M.-Calra Caron | Nashua, NH(SFX) | |
| | Louis-Philippe | 03 Sep | 1938 | Blanche-D. Charette | Old Town(St.Jos.) | 14B |
| 14B | Adrien-J. | 29 Dec | 1957 | Patricia-A. Ouellette | Old Town(St.Jos.) | |
| | ----- | | | | | |

Other Lamarre families not fully traced:

| | | | | | | |
|----|------------------|--------|------|-----------------------------|--------------------|------------|
| A1 | Rémi | | 18__ | Mathilde Lamadeleine | PQ | DROUIN? A2 |
| A2 | Ovila | 30 Jun | 1902 | Orise Roy | St.Malo, Compton | A3 |
| | | | | (Thomas & Clémence Lemieux) | | |
| | Napoléon | 16 Apr | 1917 | Mathilda Mongeau | St.Malo, Compton | A4 |
| A3 | Thomas | 26 Aug | 1942 | Irène Bolduc | Stornoway, Front. | A5 |
| | Roméo-Léo | 30 May | 1951 | Irène Lemieux | Westbrook(St.Hy.) | |
| A4 | Pauline-Anne | 24 Feb | 1941 | Pierre-E. Neault | Biddeford(St.Jos.) | |
| | Maurice | 25 Sep | 1948 | Rita Bellefeuille | Biddeford(St.And.) | |
| A5 | Thérèse-C. | 30 May | 1964 | Fernand-R. Hughes | Lewiston(SPP) | |
| | ----- | | | | | |
| B1 | Philippe-J. | before | 1925 | Marie Saucier | St.David, Me.? | ARCH B2 |
| B2 | Bernice | 29 Jun | 1946 | Roland Michel | Lewiston(St.Mary) | |
| | Normand-J. | 11 Nov | 1947 | Florence-Andréa Fortin | Lewiston(St.Mary) | B3 |
| | Marie-May | 15 Apr | 1950 | Lawrence Couillard | Lewiston(St.Mary) | |
| | Joan | 08 Aug | 1953 | Raymond Abbott | Lewiston(St.Mary) | |
| | Ruth | 05 Sep | 1955 | Richard Duchêne | Lewiston(St.Mary) | |
| | Philippe-J., Jr. | 24 Nov | 1960 | Lorraine-H. Bolduc | Lewiston(SPP) | |
| | Joan | 29 Jan | 1966 | Roland-A. Labadie | Lewiston(SPP) | |
| | Gilman | 11 Feb | 1967 | Élize Lavoie | Lewiston(SPP) | |
| B3 | Linda-M. | 30 May | 1970 | James-D. Schreppe | Auburn(St.Louis) | |
| | Joyce-M. | 05 May | 1973 | Gérald-Réginald Côté | Auburn(St.Louis) | |
| | Carol-M. | 05 Jun | 1976 | Michael-Léo Fortier | Auburn(St.Louis) | |

(Continued on page 42)

| | | | | | |
|-------|------------------|--------|------|-------------------------|-----------------------|
| C1 | Calixte | | 18__ | Julia Marcotte | _____ DROUIN? C2 |
| C2 | Anselme | 18 Oct | 1896 | Amanda Baron | So.Berwick(St.Mi.) C3 |
| C3 | Eléonore-M. | 12 Jan | 1920 | Jean-Bte. Guérin | Sanford(St.Ig.) |
| | Ovila | 27 Jun | 1921 | Venelda Clément | Sanford(St.Ig.) C4 |
| | Bernadette | 26 Aug | 1929 | Alphonse Dion | Sanford(St.Ig.) |
| | Marguerite | 04 Sep | 1933 | Léo Lemieux | Sanford(St.Ig.) |
| | Almoza 1m. | 30 Nov | 1933 | George Robitaille | Sanford(St.Ig.) |
| | " 2m. | 30 Dec | 1961 | Adélar Lapointe | Sanford(St.Ig.) |
| | Gertrude | 25 Aug | 1934 | George-J. Faucher | Springvale(ND) |
| | Mélanie | 01 Sep | 1934 | Aimé Richard | Sanford(St.Ig.) |
| C4 | Sylvia | 22 Jun | 1946 | Roland-A. Gauthier | Sanford(St.Ig.) |
| | Gabrielle | 28 Jan | 1950 | Robert Légere | Sanford(St.Ig.) |
| | André | 26 Jun | 1965 | Lorraine Jacobs | Springvale(ND) |
| ----- | | | | | |
| D1 | Adolphus cert. | 20 Apr | 1885 | Lizzie Cormier | Ft.Fairfield D2 |
| D2 | Frank | 01 Aug | 1927 | Patricia-E. Tétreault | Lewiston(SPP) |
| ----- | | | | | |
| E0 | Arthur | | | | |
| E1 | Arthur, Jr. | 05 Aug | 1900 | Clara Lebourd(ais | Brunswick ! ARCHE2 |
| E2 | Cécile | 04 Aug | 1924 | William Lafelly | Brunswick(SJB) |
| | Margaret | 20 Jun | 1927 | Ernest-Léon Rivard | Brunswick(SJB) |
| ----- | | | | | |
| F1 | William before | 1958 | | Irène Pelletier | Biddeford ? F2 |
| F2 | Christine-D. | 28 Jul | 1978 | Robert-R. Pelletier | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| ----- | | | | | |
| G1 | William | | 18__ | Joséphine Veilleux | Whitefield, NH G2 |
| G2 | William | 15 Apr | 1907 | Anna Mateau | Biddeford(St.Jos.) G3 |
| | Alma | 01 Jan | 1913 | Alfred Gaumont | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| | Wilfrid 1m. | 29 Jan | 1917 | M.-Anne Viger | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| | " 2m. | 16 Apr | 1949 | Anna Béland | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| G3 | Rosalie | 20 Apr | 1925 | Roland Bernier | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| ----- | | | | | |
| H1 | Louis before | | 1870 | M.-Céline Chabot | Chicopee, MA H2 |
| H2 | Présilda ! | 15 Sep | 1890 | Eugène Alie | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| | Louis ! 1m. | 27 Nov | 1890 | Philomène Ducharme | Biddeford(St.Jos.) H3 |
| | " 2m. | 30 Apr | 1901 | Jeanne Villandry | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| | Victoria | 13 May | 1901 | Calixte Brousseau | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| | Napoléon | 26 Sep | 1911 | Albertine Alié | St.Geo.-Windsor, PQ |
| | Mathilda | 21 Nov | 1915 | Louis-J. Morin | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| H3 | Apolline-Édesse | 01 Feb | 1915 | Stanislas Gendron | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| ----- | | | | | |
| J1 | Thomas-C.before | | 1891 | Elmire Samson | Fall River, MA J2 |
| J2 | Thomas-L. 15 Feb | | 1960 | Diane Pétrin | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| ----- | | | | | |
| K1 | Joseph | | 18__ | Adèle Anna | _____ DROUIN ? K2 |
| K2 | Ambroise | 24 Aug | 1880 | Céline Turcotte | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| ----- | | | | | |
| L1 | Arthur | before | 1893 | Anne Dehêtre | Westbrook! DROU ? L2 |
| L2 | Napoléon | 16 Jun | 1902 | M.-Louise Guérette | Brunswick(SJB) L3 |
| | Florien 1m. | 28 Jul | 1913 | M.-Anne Therrien | Brunswick(SJB) L4 |
| | " 2m. | 27 Feb | 1927 | Laura Renaud | Lewiston(SPP) |
| | Ludger | 29 Jun | 1935 | Anne Cormier | Lewiston(SPP) |
| L3 | Jeanne-M. 1m. | 15 Sep | 1930 | Louis-D. Thibault | Lewiston(SPP) |
| | " 2m. | 10 Nov | 1966 | Origène Gilbert | Lewiston(SPP) |
| | Irène | 29 Jun | 1940 | Léon Pellerin | Lewiston(SPP) |
| | Carmen | 29 Jun | 1940 | Arthur Bélanger | Lewiston(SPP) |
| | Émilien | 19 Jan | 1946 | Lorraine Fortier | Lewiston(SPP) |
| L4 | Roland-J. | 23 May | 1936 | Annette-Médora Bonsaint | Brunswick(SJB) |
| ----- | | | | | |
| M0 | | | | M1 | |
| M1 | Ludger | 04 Feb | 1907 | Fédora Vermette | Brunswick ARCH M2 |
| M2 | Fernand-Gérard | 23 Aug | 1935 | Ruth Moore | Brunswick(SJB) |
| | Régina-Rose-A. | 28 Nov | 1935 | Léo-Charles Mercier | Brunswick(SJB) |
| | Raymond 03 Jun | | 1950 | Marie Bousquet | Lewiston(SPP) |
| ----- | | | | | |
| P1 | Théophile | before | 1892 | Geneviève Chassé | Winn ! P2 |
| P2 | Félix | 21 Jul | 1913 | Délia Deschamps | Auburn(St.Louis) P3 |
| P3 | Léo | 31 May | 1941 | Thérèse Blanchette | Jay(St.Rose-Lima) P4 |
| P4 | Rita-M. | 14 Nov | 1964 | Ronald-Alfred James | Auburn(St.Louis) |

[dna_genealogy_brief_primer.html](#) and the Beginners' Guides to Genetic Genealogy on the International Society of Genetic Genealogy (ISOGG) Wiki http://isogg.org/wiki/Beginners'_guides_to_genetic_genealogy

References

Beginners' Guide to Genetic Genealogy http://isogg.org/wiki/Beginners'_guides_to_genetic_genealogy

DNA and Genealogy – A Brief Primer http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~guedrylabinefamily/dna_genealogy_brief_primer.html

<http://www.legalgenealogist.com/2015/02/02/2015-most-bang-for-the-dna-buck/>

It contains several considerations on what you might want to accomplish with a DNA test. From what I have read, Family Tree DNA is the only company who will not sell your DNA data to a third party.

I Have the Results of My Genetic Genealogy Test. Now What? https://www.familyreedna.com/pdf-docs/Interpreting-Genetic-Genealogy-Results_web_optimized.pdf

Author's Background

My name is Ken (Kenneth C) Roy and I grew up in Upper Frenchville, Maine on the border to New Brunswick, Canada. I attended high school and college with the Oblates of Mary Immaculate in Bucksport and Bar Harbor, Maine and then Natick, Massachusetts. After leaving the seminary, I did a year of graduate work at Central Connecticut State College in New Britain, CT and then joined the US Army where I served for six years as a logistic officer, including one year in Vietnam with the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile). I then went to work for Electronic Data Systems (EDS) where I was a system software developer on the IBM mainframe.

I have been doing genealogical research for over 34 years and have had a web site presence for over 11 years using The Next Generation (TNG) of site building software to dynamically create and display the web pages from several databases.

My Web Sites

[Our Acadian, French-Canadian, and Maine Ancestors](#) <https://www.royandbouchier.com> (my primary web site)

(L'ADN et la généalogie suite de page 39)
<http://miroise.org/catalogue/tri0130/> Le Dr Jacques Beaugrand a vérifié les signatures ADN-Y et Denis Beauregard a vérifié la généalogie. La triangulation de la ligne Losier-Roy-Desjardins correspondante est également à <http://miroise.org/catalogue/tri0134-losier-roy-desjardins/> et la ligne Voisine-Roy-Desjardins sur le site Web <http://miroise.org/catalogue/tri0135/>

Vous pouvez trouver ma recherche généalogique sur mon site web - Notre famille Roy et Boucher, leur généalogie à <https://www.royandboucher.com/tng/index.php>

Quelques lectures recommandées

Si vous voulez en savoir plus sur les différents tests ADN, je recommande **DNA & GENEALOGY-A BRIEF PRIMER** par Martin Guidry au site Web http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~guedrylabinefamily/dna_genealogy_brief_primer.html et les guides de débutants à la généalogie génétique sur la Société internationale de généalogie génétique (ISOGG) Wiki http://isogg.org/wiki/Beginners'_guides_to_genetic_genealogy

Les références

Guide de débutants à la généalogie génétique (en anglais) http://isogg.org/wiki/Beginners'_guides_to_genetic_genealogy

ADN et généalogie - Une brève introduction (en anglais) http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~guedrylabinefamily/dna_genealogy_brief_primer.html

J'ai les résultats de mon test de gé-

néalogie génétique. Maintenant quoi? (en anglais) https://www.familytreedna.com/pdf-docs/Interpreting-Genetic-Genealogy-Results_web_optimized.pdf

Informations sur l'auteur

Je m'appelle Ken (Kenneth C) Roy et j'ai grandi à Upper Frenchville, au Maine, à la frontière du Nouveau-Brunswick, au Canada. J'ai fréquenté l'école secondaire et le collège avec les Oblats de Marie Immaculée à Bucksport et à Bar Harbor, dans le Maine, puis à Natick, dans le Massachusetts. Après avoir quitté le séminaire, j'ai fait une année d'études supérieures au Connecticut State College à New Britain, CT, puis j'ai rejoint l'armée américaine où j'ai servi pendant six ans comme officier de logistique, y compris un an au Vietnam avec la 1st Cavalry Division Airmobile). Je suis ensuite allé travailler pour Electronic Data Systems (EDS) où j'étais un développeur de logiciels système sur le mainframe IBM.

Je fais de la recherche généalogique depuis plus de 34 ans et j'ai eu une présence sur le web depuis plus de 11 ans en utilisant logiciel TNG pour créer dynamiquement et afficher les pages Web de plusieurs bases de données.



The Maxime and Elise (Bouchard) Roy Family circa 1917

Mes sites Web

Nos ancêtres Acadiens, Canadiens Français du Maine <https://www.royandboucher.com/> (Mon site Web principal)

[Nos familles Roy et Boucher https://www.royandboucher.com/tng/index.php](https://www.royandboucher.com/tng/index.php) (Mon site Web de généalogie TNG)

Cimetières dans le Nord du Maine <https://www.royandboucher.com/maine/cemeteries/index.php> (mon site Web de recherche de base de données de cimetière créé à l'aide de la recherche en un seul étape du Dr Morse <http://stevemorse.org/create/create.html>) Toutes les personnes inhumées dans ces cimetières sont incluses car les informations proviennent de pierres tombales existantes dans les cimetières.

Nos ancêtres vétérans acadiens, canadiens-français et du Maine (mon site Web de recherche de bases de données des vétérans créé à l'aide de la recherche en une seule étape du Dr Morse <http://stevemorse.org/create/create.html>) Ces bases de données ne sont pas non plus complètes. Si vous avez des renseignements sur d'autres vétérans de votre famille dans le nord du Maine, n'hésitez pas à me contacter par l'intermédiaire de mon site Web.

(LAMARRE, continued from page 42)

| | | | | | |
|-----|----------------|---------|--------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| | Louise-Annette | 16 Oct | 1965 | James-Marvin Page | Auburn(St.Louis) |
| | Anita-Yvonne | 27 Apr | 1968 | Normand-Wilfrid Guay | Auburn(St.Lou- |
| is) | | | | | |
| | Carmen-Sylvia | 15 May | 1976 | Richard-R. Castonguay | Auburn(St.Lou- |
| is) | | | | | |
| R1 | Ambroise | | 18__ | Philomène _____ * | PQ R2 |
| | | | | (*M.-Delphine Longtin ?) | |
| R2 | Marie | 27 Nov | 1893 | Joseph Soucy | Somersworth, NH |
| S1 | Napoléon | | | | S2 |
| S2 | Alphonsine-M. | 06 Aug | 1928 | Raoul Têtu Lewiston(SPP) | ARCH |
| U1 | Thomas | | 19__ | Elsie Lagacé | ARCH U2 |
| U2 | M.-Anne | 08 July | 1929 | Arthur-K. Lombard | Madison(St.Seb.) |
| V1 | Thomas | | 19__ | Jane Hunter (Chassé) | V2 |
| V2 | Elvin | 15 Oct | 1928 | Yvonne Bérubé | Madison(St.Seb.) |
| ZM1 | Pomela | 1m. | 18__ | Hormidas Cloutier | DROUIN ? |
| | " | 2m. | 24 Aug | Marcel Pinette | Brunswick(SJB) ARCH |
| ZM2 | Edouard | 17 Nov | 1941 | M.-Hélène Leclair | Manchester, NH(St.Geo.) |

(DNA and Genealogy continued from page 42)

[Our Roy and Boucher Families https://www.royandboucher.com/tng/index.php](https://www.royandboucher.com/tng/index.php) (my TNG genealogy web site)

[Searchable Cemeteries in Northern Maine https://www.royandboucher.com/maine/cemeteries/index.php](https://www.royandboucher.com/maine/cemeteries/index.php) (my cemetery database search web site created using [Dr Morse's One-Step Search http://stevemorse.org/create/create.html](http://stevemorse.org/create/create.html)) Not all people buried in those cemeteries are included because the information is from existing headstones or tombstones in the cemeteries.

[Our Acadian, French-Canadian, and Maine Veterans](#) (my veteran database search web site created using [Dr Morse's One-Step Search](http://stevemorse.org/create/create.html)) These databases are not complete either. If you have information on other veterans in your families from Northern Maine, please contact me via my web site.

Photos from the History of STSHS

By Albert J. Marceau, STSHS Class of 1983

Saint Thomas Seminary
High School



Bloomfield, Connecticut

The aerial photograph of the grounds of St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield, Conn., is taken from the introductory brochure entitled: "Saint Thomas Seminary High School Bloomfield, Connecticut," which is printed in green ink in the original brochure. The brochure is printed on white paper, 9 inches by 15 13/16 inches, and it is a trifold with four faces per side. The six photographs in the brochure are in black and white, and text is in black ink, with bold-face headings in green ink. The brochure is undated, but it must have been printed in the Fall of 1978 or in the early months of 1979 as the photos were taken from my copy of the brochure that I received one day in February or March, possibly April, 1979, when Mr. George Finley, the biology and chemistry teacher at STSHS, came to my school, St. Mary's Middle School in Newington, Conn., in order to promote enrollments to STSHS. (I was the only student of SMMS Class of 1979 to go to STSHS, because Mom and Dad sent me there.) As such, the brochure is written for eighth and ninth grade Catholic

boys and their parents to consider STSHS as an option other than the local public high-school, or a co-ed Catholic high-school.

In the aerial photograph, the viewer can see the main driveway to STS which loops in front of the building. Next to the main driveway is the sidewalk, which is the brilliant white line in the photo. The secondary driveway is partial obscured by the trees to the right of the building, and near Archbishop O'Brien Hall, as it was called in my freshman year at STSHS from Sept. 1979 to May 1980, when the students at the STS Junior College resided there. Both driveways and the sidewalk are connected to Bloomfield Avenue in Bloomfield, Conn. The viewer can see the overall symmetry of the building, for in back of the tower is the main chapel, which is perpendicular to the offices and residences of the priests on the south side of the building, facing the viewer, and the classrooms, not seen, on the north side of the building. The two wings parallel to the chapel are dormitories, as well as the wings perpendicular to the chapel, left and right of the two wings on the south side of building. The wing on the south side on the left housed the college library on the first floor, the high-school library on the second floor, and the chemistry lab and science lecture room on the third floor. The wing on the south side on the right housed the Green Lounge on the first floor, the main study hall on the second floor, and the spare study hall on the third floor. Left and in back of the main building is the gymnasium, and beyond the gymnasium are the tennis courts.

Today, the land north of the tree line, which is a lawn in the photograph, must have

been sold by the Archdiocese of Hartford, as one can see condominiums north of the Seminary. Also, much of the interior of the building has been renovated, so where the college library once was, is now the Archbishop O'Brien Memorial Library, the former high-school library is now the Office of Religious Education and Evangelization, and the former Chemistry Lab is now the Office of the Catholic Mutual Group. The former Green Lounge is simply renamed Alumni Lounge but with new carpentry and drapes, while the former main study hall has been completely renovated, and it is now the Office of the Superintendent of Catholic Schools, and the spare study hall is simply a lecture hall, minus the desks.

When George Finley gave his presentation to the eighth grade boys of St. Mary's Middle School in Newington one day in the spring of 1979, he was accompanied by an honor student, a junior, Tom Curis of the Class of 1980 STSHS. Finley had a slide presentation of STS, and among the slides was a color slide of the aerial view that was reproduced on the brochure, and shown here. Finley remarked that he hired a pilot to fly over STS, and Finley himself took the aerial photograph of the Seminary. At times, Tom Curis gave a description of what depicted in a particular slide. Some of the slides portrayed the joking around that occurred between the students and faculty, such as a photo of Finley himself in the hallway on the second floor beneath the tower, which was the darkest section of the second floor, and Tom Curis behind him, with his right hand making a peace-sign behind the head of Finley, as if Finley had a pair of rabbit-ears. Of course, the slide gave an opportunity for Finley and Tom Curis to banter between themselves for their audience.



The introductory brochure also featured athletics, such as "Tucker Ball" as the name of the game was told to me by Francisco Feijoo, Class of 1982 STSHS during our conversation of Thurs. March 16, 2017. I always thought the game in the photo was soccer, until Fran corrected me. Fr. Thomas Campion was the head of athletics at STSHS, and he created "Tucker Ball" which is based upon flag or touch football. Notice the soccer post in the background, but a football is in the air. The only student who could be identified in the photograph is Fritz Dupree, who also appears in the Study Hall photo. (I definitely remember Fr. Campion, and I played soccer, baseball,

and basketball for gym class at STSHS, but I do not remember Tucker Ball. Also, I definitely remember the nickname for Fr. Campion was Tucker, as he liked to tuck his shirts tight, even his liturgical vestments were tailored to be snug against his body, but none of the students ever dared to call him Tucker to his face, as he could have a mean temper.) Notice that of the four students in the photo, only two may be wearing the required double-sided gym shirt – the dark-haired student facing away from the camera may be wearing it yellow-side, while Fritz Dupree may be wearing it blue-side, with part of the logo visible.

(Continued on page 45)

(Photos from the History of STSHS continued from page 44)

Some students of the Class of 1982 STSHS in their freshman year, in the main student hall on the second floor on the south side wing, portraying in the brochure what students do at STSHS, study! The student on the lower left-hand corner is Andrew St. Pierre, and in front of him is John Jakubauskas Jr., aka "Yak," who resided at the Seminary. In front of Yak may be Paul Travers, according to Francisco Feijoo, whom I interviewed with a copy of his photo on Thurs. March 16, 2017. I told Francisco that left of Yak is Neil Adakonis, but he did not agree with me, and he could not identify who is seated there. Left and one row in front of Yak is Francisco Feijoo himself, in a light-colored suit, and left of him is likely Fritz Dupree, who is facing the camera with



a pen in his mouth. Francisco told me that Dupree resided at the Seminary, but he did not return after the end of his freshman year. Directly in front of Francisco is likely Mike Burnette, who also did not return after freshman year. (The departure of Fritz Dupree and Mike Burnette and six other freshmen of the Class of 1982 is cited in the class history within the yearbook for the Class of 1982.) Francisco could not identify the

two students who are seated in front of and in back of Fritz Dupree. The desks were made of clear varnished wood, with steel legs fixed to the floor, with a clear-varnished wood seat also fixed to the floor. The visible hole on the upper right-hand side of each desk is designed to hold a cylindrical glass inkwell. Sometime after May 1983, when the high-school closed, all of the desks in the main study hall were removed, and the space has been renovated to house multiple offices and cubicles for the Office of the Superintendent of Catholic Schools for the Archdiocese of Hartford. (Thanks to Francisco Feijoo, STSHS Class of 1982, now the chef at Costa del Sol Restaurant in Hartford, for identifying four of the students in the photograph, and confirming two I recognized – Andy St. Pierre and Yak.)



Fr. Joseph Donnelly and three students of the Class of 1982 portraying what

happens a STSHS, the priests give lectures, and the students listen to them! The three students in the photograph are, from left to right, Neil Adakonis, Mark Nevins, and Marc Michaud. (Yes, I can identify these students just by the back of their heads.) It is puzzling as to what Fr. Donnelly is teaching here before a room of freshman, for in the late 1970s, he taught religion to the sophomores and juniors, while Fr. James Leary taught religion to the freshman and the seniors, at least to May 1981 when Fr. Leary did not return to STSHS as a teacher. (Fr. James Leary was replaced by Fr. Robert O'Grady as a religion teacher, but neither taught the Class of 1983 senior religion, as

it was the only class to have Fr. Donnelly for religion, four days a week, for sophomore, junior and senior years.) It is difficult to determine which classroom on the second floor is photographed here, possibly Room 5 or Room 6, but notice the tubular-steel folding chairs with the collapsible desks, which I vaguely remember in Room 5 when I was a freshman, from Sept. 1979 to May 1980. Notice also the chalkboard in back of Fr. Donnelly is made of slate, as all of the chalkboards in STS were made of slate. Today, Room 5 is named Conference Room 2A, and Room 6 is the Office for the Foundation for the Advancement of Catholic Schools. The metal numbers to the two classrooms were removed years ago, but outline of the original numbers can be found in the varnish of both doors.

A HIGH SCHOOL SEMINARY . . .

is a school which offers its students an education in college preparation subjects and which provides them with special opportunities for growth as Christian gentlemen. Its unique purpose is to create an environment in which students who are making tentative choices about their future lives can more easily give some consideration to the Catholic priesthood as a possible life for them.

Almost all the graduates of St. Thomas Seminary High School continue their education on the college level. Some continue thought and study for the priesthood; others pursue vocations in many other fields. In every case.

"... the seminary is a school of interior silence where the mysterious voice of God speaks out. It is a training ground in the difficult virtues. the dwelling place of Christ the Master."

Pope Paul VI

The back of the introductory brochure summarized the purpose of St. Thomas Seminary High School in Bloomfield, Conn., in two paragraphs, and closed with a quote from Pope Paul VI, who held the office from June 21, 1963 to August 6, 1978. When the brochure was published in the fall of 1978, or early 1979, it was necessary to explain the purpose of a high-school seminary, for about two years earlier, Laurence Cohen of the Hartford Courant, wrote an article entitled "Seminary Seeks Enrollment Boost" (Aug. 18, 1976,

p. 17) which noted the junior seminary system of four years high-school and two years college was in decline in the U.S. Cohen quoted Rev. David M. Murphy, the former executive director of the seminary division at the National Catholic Education Association in Washington, D.C. as saying the Archdiocese of Hartford was: "one of the last two or three places in the country" to retain the junior seminary system. On Tues. May 24, 1983, Archbishop Whealon closed STSHS, and the last graduation ceremony was held in the main chapel of the Seminary on the evening of Tues. May 31, 1983.

Trefflé Jacques Lessard

5 Mar-Val Terrace F-8 • Winslow, Maine 04901•

Phone: (207) 616-0725 • E-mail: tref1213@gmail.com

25 Juin, 2016

Études françaises, francophones et québécoises

Cher Compagnons,

D'être francophone le français était la seule langue parlée dans notre maison ici à Waterville, Maine, États-Unis d'Amérique. Tout le quartier ne parlait que le français. J'ai fréquenté une école paroissiale locale où l'enseignement se faisait en anglais le matin et en français l'après-midi.

Je me suis toujours demandé combien de mots apparentés existent dans notre vocabulaire ayant la même orthographe et signification. Cela m'a incité à la recherche et compiler un livret de plus de 3000 mots identiques. Je suis étonné que tant de francophones ne se rendent pas compte de cette abondance. Ce livret est tout à fait essentiel pour les gens qui aiment écrire en français ou font des traductions et en particulier pour les étudiants qui étudient cette belle langue romantique. Avez-vous déjà demandé combien de mots apparentés se trouvent dans notre langue ? N'est-ce pas incroyable? Je suis heureux d'avoir maintenant ce livret à disposition, même pour moi-même. Je serai reconnaissant de vous rencontrer avec vos élèves si possible pour expliquer à quel point ce livret pourrait être d'avoir en leur possession.

Peut-être que vous pourriez transmettre mon message aux autres professeurs et les étudiants.

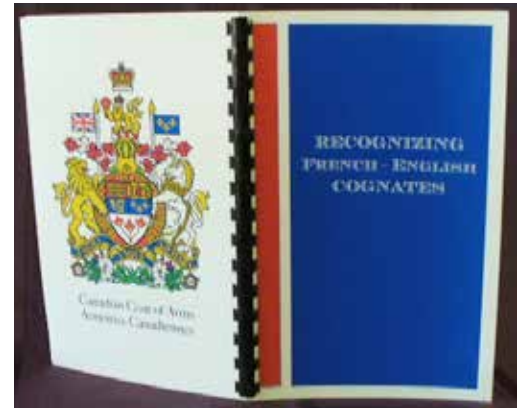
Ci-inclus est une copie de la couverture et pages 4 et 53 du livret pour votre aperçu.

Je suis reconnaissant envers le Centre Franco-Américain de l'Université du Maine à Orono, pour l'aide qu'ils m'ont apportée en vue de cette édition. J'ai eu grand plaisir à cultiver partir du centre et professeurs que j'ai rencontrés.

Dans l'attente de votre réponse,

Bien Cordialement,

M. Trefflé Jacques Lessard



Ce livre sera très utilisable pour vos élèves et aussi bien pour les instructeurs.

Si vous êtes intéressés donnez-moi un coup de téléphone. (207) 616-0725 ou, en remplissant le bon de commande avec un chèque inclus et je vais vous l'envoyer postal.

Je dis toujours aux gens qui me disent qu'ils ne connaissent pas la langue francophone et je réponds en disant qu'ils dominant déjà beaucoup de mots, qu'ils ne sont pas au courant. J'expliqué que tous les mots anglais que fini avec un (tion ou sion) sont épelés et signifient exactement la même chose dans les deux langues, et ils sont très étonnés.

Exemple: attention, permission, fabrication, acceleration et accélération (Fr.) etc.

Quelque temps passé, le Collège Colby de Waterville, Maine a acheté ce livre. Récemment, ils ont acheté dix autres.

| (B's) | | (V's) | |
|-------------|-----------|--------------|----------------|
| bacon | blizzard | vacant | violation |
| badge | boa | vacation | violence |
| badminton | bonnet | vaccination | violet |
| baffle | bonus | vagabond | viral |
| balance | boomerang | vaginal | virile |
| ballast | boulevard | vague | virulence |
| ballet | bouquet | vain | virulent |
| banal | bourgeois | valet | virus |
| bandage | boutique | validation | visa |
| bandit | boycott | valise | visage |
| banjo | bracelet | value | visceral |
| banquet | bran | valve | viscéral (Fr.) |
| barbecue | brave | vampire | visible |
| barge | bravo | variable | vision |
| baron | brigade | variance | visitant |
| barracuda | brigand | variant | visitation |
| barrage | brochure | variation | vital |
| barricade | bronze | vertical | vitrine |
| base | brusque | vexation | vitriol |
| bastion | brute | viable | vivarium |
| baton | budget | vibrant | vivisection |
| bâton (Fr.) | bulletin | vibration | vocal |
| beige | bureau | vice | vocation |
| beret | bus | vicissitudes | vodka |
| béret (Fr.) | butane | video | vogue |
| bestial | | vidéo (Fr.) | volatile |
| bible | | vigil | volition |
| bicarbonate | | vigilance | volley |
| biceps | | vigilant | volt |
| bigot | | vignette | voltage |
| bile | | vile | volume |
| biscuit | | villa | volute |
| bison | | village | vote |
| bistro | | vinaigrette | voyage |
| bizarre | | | |
| blazer | | | |

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Notre-Dame des Canadiens, Worcester, Mass., Threatened with Demolition

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

The Franco-American Church of Notre-Dame des Canadiens in Worcester, Massachusetts is threatened with demolition as of April 2017. The church building is the second church of the parish of Notre-Dame des Canadiens which lasted from 1869 to 2008, and it was built in 1929 in a Byzantine Romanesque architectural style. After the parish closed, the building was sold to the Hanover Insurance Group.

There is an on-line petition to save and re-purpose the church, led by change.org, and the full web-address is: www.change.org/p/mayor-joe-petty-re-imagine-notre-dame-don-t-tear-it-down. The petition will be sent to the Mayor of Worcester, Joe Petty, the President of Opus Investment, Ann Tripp, and the President and CEO of the Hanover Insurance Group, Joseph Zubretsky.

Notre-Dame des Canadiens is the last of five churches that once surrounded the Common in the City of Worcester. In September 1995, Richard L. Gagnon wrote a 195-page history of the parish, entitled: A Parish Grows Around the Common: Notre-Dame-des-Canadiens 1869-1995.



Trefflé Jacques Lessard

5 Mar-Val Terrace F-8 • Winslow, Maine 04901 • Phone: (207) 616-0725 • E-mail: tref1213@gmail.com

January 8, 2017

Greetings,

I want to make you aware that I manufacture bread slicers that are far superior to those that are on the market. For example, view the photos shown below. This is the one that I manufacture.

*Notice the 4 pads on the bottom. They protect counter tops from being damaged plus it will not slide when slicing bread. The stop bar that allows one to cut slices the same thickness and can be removed by simply lifting it up to enable desired thicker slices. The clear side panels are of LEXAN ¼" thick. They are not fragile such as Plexiglas. Consequently, breadcrumbs do accumulate. By turning this unit upside down and lightly tapping the unit onto the countertop it will clean itself. Also, it can be washed with a wet cloth. I keep several on hand so that they can be acquired more quickly.

I invite everyone to think about this. It is not a product from China. A Franco-American fabricates them in Winslow Maine, U S of A.

Sincerely,

M. Trefflé Jacques Lessard





Université du Maine
Le FORUM
Centre Franco-Américain
Orono, ME 04469-5719
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THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

MISSION

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

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

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

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

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

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

OBJECTIFS:

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