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Le FORUM



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

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Dick Franck

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Le Forum: <http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/le-forum/>

Oral History: Francoamericanarchives.org

Library: francolib.francoamerican.org

Occasional Papers: <http://umaine.edu/francoamerican/occasional-papers/>

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,

I am writing to inform you that my husband, Gregory White, passed away on June 11, 2016. As the Authorized Representative of his estate, I respectfully request that you remove his name from your membership and mailing list. He was an enthusiastic member of your organization, and I sincerely thank you in his name for the work that you do and for the great interest and pleasure your periodicals and his membership gave him.

Thank You!
Mrs. Hunter M. White
Dedham, MA

Dear Le Forum,

Although I'm not Franco, I love your magazine. My apologies for being in arrears on payment. Please accept this check as back payment; as another year's subscription; and the rest a donation for your fine project!

Best Wishes!
Lisa Hutchins
Estes Park, CO

Dear Le Forum,

As an alumna of the University of Maine, Orono, and a Franco-American, I have known about your publication for some time. However, I just came across it as I was looking at several websites from brochures that I picked up at the New England Regional Genealogical Conference. I was impressed. I specifically enjoyed George Findlen's article on Acadian food. I have my grandmother's cookbook and am always trying to replicate the tastes that came from her kitchen. So this article was of particular interest to me. If I may, I would like to submit an article or two to Le Forum, in the not too distant future, I have several ideas that have come from my extensive genealogical research.

Enclosed are my form and a check for a two year subscription to Le Forum.

I live in Pensacola, Florida, however, my heart lives in Maine. I am originally from Biddeford, and visit frequently as my family is still there. I have a new destination on my genealogical to do list and that is the Le Centre Franco-Américain, at UMaine, Orono.

Keep up the good work and I am looking forward to my subscription.

Regards,
Jan Isosari
Pensacola, FL

Cher Le Forum,

Grâce à votre annonce à la page 30, j'ai vu que je vous devais de l'argent. Ci-inclus vous allez trouver mon chèque pour me mettre au courant jusqu'à la fin de 2018.

Continuez votre bon travail. J'aime tous vos articles, mais j'ai surtout apprécié l'article de Simon Couillard, « Les batailleurs--Enquête d'un Québécois sur la diaspora franco-américaine ». Comme M. Couillard, j'ai voyagé dans les territoires de la Louisiane. Outre quelques noms français et le nom de certaines tribus comme les Gros-Ventres et les Perce-nez il n'y reste plus grand-chose. C'est dommage, c'est comme ça. La vie s'adapte aux besoins quotidiens.

Je souhaite une bonne continuation à vous Lisa Michaud et à votre équipe pour nous garder au courant de ce qui reste de notre culture.

Très amicalement,
Xavier de la Prade
Petaluma, CA

(More letters on page 24)

Finding a Larger Canvas: Franco-Americans' Enduring Significance

by Patrick Lacroix

How knowledgeable are you of Franco-American history? That you are reading *Le Forum* suggests an awareness of at least its basic outline. But what about your fellow Americans, or your fellow Canadians—how conversant are *they*? Unfortunately, many Americans of French descent know little about their heritage; it is even more problematic that a great proportion of historians and history teachers on both sides of the border overlook Franco-Americans. This suggests that now, perhaps more than ever, it is imperative that we elicit general interest in our field, both in and out of the classroom.

Since the publication of the most recent survey of Franco-American history, in 2004, few monographs with Franco-Americans as their principal subjects have ap-

peared. But in the intervening time, at least seventeen master's and doctoral theses have been completed and, every year, peer-reviewed journals carry articles with a focus on this very topic.¹ Thus, even if we recognize that scholarship on Franco-Americans has lost vigor since the now-fabled Institut français colloquia of the 1980s and 1990s, the field still has its specialists who are pushing the bounds of research. The latest biennial conference of the American Council for Quebec Studies, held last fall, makes this plain. If Franco-Americans remain on the margins of our historical consciousness as a society, the issue may be one of communication. A cursory look at this ethnic group in the context of American and Canadian history will underscore the magnitude of the

challenge still ahead.

Those of us who have taught U.S. history at the high school or college level are woefully aware of Franco-Americans' invisibility in standard, commercially available textbooks. But insofar as textbooks reflect the broader landscape of research, this should come as no surprise. Whereas the Irish, Germans, Italians, and other ethnic groups are favored examples, Franco-Americans are regularly omitted from survey works on immigration, acculturation, and related matters. The rare book on New England, or on a specific state's history, will often make passing but unsatisfactory references to the French-Canadian migrants and their descendants.

(Continued on page 4)



(Finding a Larger Canvas: Franco-Americans' Enduring Significance continued from page 3)

The field and sub-fields of Canadian history are—naturally, perhaps—more attentive to those who migrated to Canada than to those who left. But, no matter their perspective, historians of Quebec do typically recognize those emigrants who settled in the U.S. Northeast by the hundreds of thousands.² The demographic hemorrhage that shook the province transformed its social and economic landscape and elicited consternation, to put it mildly, among policymakers and social elites. Appropriately, this migration marked the historical record.³

But is the history of Franco-Americans really just an extension of Canadian history? There is a case to be made for it: in Little Canadas across New England, from Woonsocket to Waterville, the immigrants formed national parishes, spoke their native tongue and practiced their ancestral customs, read French-language newspapers, and patronized Canadian-owned businesses—as they had north of the border. The ethnic neighborhoods were, in fact, termed “colonies” at the time, a hint of the providential and quasi-imperial mission that certain elites assigned to these immigrants.

The francophone community built astride the Canada–U.S. border began to fracture in the 1910s and 1920s. But the exiled sons and daughters of Quebec were not entirely forgotten. Although less regularly, Quebec newspapers continued to carry items from Franco-American communities. From 1950 to 1956, *La Patrie*, a Montreal daily, carried Rosaire Dion-Lévesque's *Silhouettes franco-américaines*, a weekly column on illustrious francophones in the United States. Franco-Americans concerned about their *survivance* watched intently the hatching and tribulations of neo-nationalism and separatism in the “old country.” At the end of the century, as academic colloquia drew Quebec researchers to New England in great numbers, many were older Quebecers who still remembered visiting American cousins as children. At last, the Franco-American Monument dedicated by then-Premier Jean Charest and guests in Sillery, in 2008, seems to regard the *grande saignée* and its cultural legacy as extensions of Canadian or Quebec history.⁴ The dedication ceremony, held in connection with the four-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec City, highlighted renewed willingness to view the emigrants not as traitors, but exporters of a

larger cultural universe. Recent events show that New England's Franco-American heritage has become the basis for closer relations between Northeastern states and Quebec.⁵

Alas, few histories of Quebec are so thorough as to describe the *fate* of the expatriates as they navigated their American setting—their circumstances once settled in the United States. Franco-American studies are, by their very nature, partly Quebec history, but historians of Quebec have in this respect offered Franco-Americans limited attention. It is hardly surprising. Even as scholars have analyzed the province's *américanité*, they have recognized that these expatriates and their descendants became *Franco-Americans*.

The question of whether Franco-American history properly belongs to Canadian or American national history may be unfair, for Franco-Americans very often fell under both designations. It was, after all, the assertion of community leaders in Little Canadas across New England, at the dawn of the twentieth century, that the immigrants could be proud and loyal American citizens while remaining faithful to the culture of their ancestors. Appropriately, transnational history has sought to do justice to these distinct but overlapping identities and to the porosity of political boundaries. This conceptual approach helps us explore linkages and phenomena that can easily remain hidden in the “either/or” of national history.

We can and should develop this transnational perspective to its fullest extent, as some historians have recently sought to do.⁶ As teachers, however, we must still place our field within the bounds of national history, which remains the framework for most high school and college curricula. As scholars, we must still be attentive to the way we engage with other researchers—which sometimes means accepting their paradigms—when asserting the significance of Franco-American history. In this respect, two points deserve special mention.

I would first suggest that we take care not to overemphasize the uniqueness of Franco-Americans' experience. Their story is connected, for instance, to the realities of European immigration that John Bodnar has ably described. The French-Canadian diaspora fits neatly within a pattern of economic upheaval, tied to new capitalist practices and agricultural consolidation, that affected much of the Western world through the nineteenth century.⁷ At the same time, their story is relevant in the context of a

larger continental history whose boundaries have been contested down to the present. Scholars of Franco-American history have ample opportunity to relate their findings to the transnational experience of Mexicans and other Hispanic peoples in the American Southwest.⁸ In short, we can assert the relevance of our field by engaging more deeply in comparative history.

Second, Franco-Americans matter on a larger *tableau*. It often appears as though the late nineteenth-century ethnic ghetto has been replicated in research—scholars insulating themselves and addressing only fellow Francos or those working in the same field. But this perspective tends to take it as an essential premise that French-Canadian immigrants were invisible and on the margins of society, as though the points of intersection with the American mainstream (however defined) were long negligible. But the immigrants and their descendants were never invisible. They *disturbed* and *disrupted* the existing order of Quebec by leaving and that of New England by settling. And they *engaged*. They altered the landscape of culture, labor, politics, and religion in the U.S. Northeast, not to mention its urban geography. They were noticed and at times resented by other groups.⁹ Having focused intently on mill life, family structures, the ethnic parish, the French-language newspaper, and mutual benefit societies, the scholarly community still has much to do to fully represent larger patterns of engagement with the host society.

No doubt, by addressing *Le Forum*, I am singing to the choir. In fact, there are superb teachers and scholars throughout New England and beyond—many of whom will read this—who understand the importance of bringing Franco-American studies into the classroom and engaging with non-academics. But I would insist particularly on the need to engage differently with other scholars in our research endeavors—or engage with different scholars. How often do we reach out to those who do not specialize in Franco-American history? Do we encourage comparative work, participate in more ecumenical conferences, or submit to publications where Franco-Americans would otherwise seldom appear? Here, “publish or perish” takes on new meaning. If we don't publish in these wider forums, our field and our historical subjects will disappear from view entirely—relegated to historical obscurity.

(Continued on page 5)

From Maine to Thailand

The making of a Peace Corps Volunteer by Roger Parent

ED. NOTE: This is the fourteenth 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. 100 pages 38-39.

Smuggling the Rings

The lines were long and the customs officers in their uniforms were taking their good old time, rummaging in suitcases, digging in carry-ons, and looking in handbags at the Honolulu airport. Maybe it was the slow tropical rhythm of the islands in 1963 – a rhythm I had grown to enjoy in Thailand – or maybe the officers were serious about nabbing people trying to avoid the tariff on jewelry bought cheap in Asia.

I had waited in many lines in Udon: I had waited in a line to purchase rice; I had waited in another line to pay for the rice and I had waited in still another line for the rice to be bagged. I had waited for friends late for coffee and for students late for appointments. In America, time is not

to be wasted; in Thailand time is to be lived. I had learned to live time. I had learned to think about nothing; I had learned to be



They fit into a watch pocket.

more intimate with my surroundings; I had learned to be patient; and when my patience had been overcome by my American desire

to not waste time, I had given in and I had read many interesting books while waiting.

Still, I was antsy and fidgety. I was thinking about the diamond ring and wedding band in the watch pocket of my pants for which I didn't have the tariff money. I had bought the rings in Hong Kong for Rolande, an intelligent, warm, and sensual woman, for whom I had reconsidered more than once during the summer of 1961, my decision to join Peace Corps. We had met in a bar in Van Buren, Maine, between college graduation and Peace Corps, and we had fallen for each other immediately. By summer's end we were in love and didn't
(Continued on page 6)

(Finding a Larger Canvas: Franco-Americans' Enduring Significance continued from page 4)

For more than a century, there has been ceaseless hand-wringing over the fate of Franco-Americans, especially with regard to the survival of their culture and language. Underlying this fear has been a sense of French-Canadian exceptionalism—that this group was not destined to be melted into the great American pot as the Irish, Germans, Italians were. I would not suggest that historiographical hand-wringing is necessary. But I would underscore the need to normalize Franco-Americans, eagerly placing them alongside other immigrant groups and asserting their equal significance in the arc of modern American history.

Patrick Lacroix, Ph.D., a native of Cowansville, Quebec, is a graduate of the University of New Hampshire and an instructor at Phillips Exeter Academy. He has authored numerous articles, including studies on Franco-Americans published in the Catholic Historical Review and the Journal of the Gilded Age and Progressive Era. His latest article, appearing in the American Review of Canadian Studies, analyzes Henry David Thoreau's writings on colonial-era Canada.

(Endnotes)

1 . This survey was Yves Roby's magisterial *Franco-Americans of New England: Dreams and Realities*, the translation of a French-language study published in Quebec in 2000. At least eight scholarly articles appeared in 2016; half of those appeared in *Quebec Studies*, which has become one of the preferred forums for specialists.

2 . I leave the matter of Acadian history and scholarship to those who may more expertly write on the subject. I also hasten to add that English Canada experienced a wave of emigration to the United States similar in size to Quebec's francophone exodus between 1870 and 1930. See Randy William Widdis, *With Scarcely a Ripple: Anglo-Canadian Migration into the United States and Western Canada, 1880-1920* (1998).

3 . The large-scale expatriation of French Canadians is noted in every major survey of Quebec history, not least as evidence of a long-term, structural economic transformation, but also for the domestic social and political consequences it entailed. This migratory movement is mentioned in the Quebec government's pedagogical guidelines for the province's high school curriculum. See Ministère de l'éducation et de l'enseignement supérieur du Québec, "Programme de formation de l'école québécoise: Histoire du Québec et du Canada, troisième et quatrième secondaire," <http://www1.education.gouv.qc.ca/sections/programmeFormation/secondaire2/medias/histoireQuebecCanada.pdf> (2017), 40, 42, 45-46.

4 . Albert J. Marceau, "The Three Franco-American Monuments in the Promenade Champlain, Quebec," *Le Forum*, 34, 4 (Spring 2010), 13-15.

5 . I have considered this issue in other venues. See Lacroix, "Histoire des Franco-Américains: nouvelle utilité, nouvelle efflorescence?" *HistoireEngagée.ca*, <http://histoireengagee.ca/?p=7258> (August 3, 2017), and "Why Was the Quebec Flag Flown at the Statehouse in Connecticut?" *History News Network*, <http://historynews-network.org/article/166428> (August 13, 2017).

6 . In regard to Franco-Americans, one of the most prominent examples is Yukari Takai's *Gendered Passages: French-Canadian Migration to Lowell, Massachusetts, 1900-1920* (2008).

7 . Bodnar, *The Transplanted: A History of Immigrants in Urban America* (1985). Bruno Ramirez has drawn on these connections in his *On the Move: French-Canadian and Italian Migrants in the North Atlantic Economy, 1860-1914* (1991).

8 . See George J. Sanchez, *Becoming Mexican American: Ethnicity, Culture, and Identity in Chicano Los Angeles, 1900-1945* (1993).

9 . See, in this regard, Mark Paul Richard, *Not a Catholic Nation: The Ku Klux Klan Confronts New England in the 1920s* (2015), which places Franco-Americans within a larger context of nativism and cultural chauvinism.

want to part, but the adventure of Peace Corps had pulled me to Thailand, and she had understood. Our love for each other, nurtured by a two-year flurry of letters between Van Buren and Udorn, had deepened and I was ready to ask her to marry me.

This was October 1963. Hawaii was my destination. I was on my way to help train volunteers at the Peace Corps Training Center in Hilo on the Big Island, and I would not be returning to Rolande in Maine until Christmas time. Going to Hawaii had not been my first idea of what to do after two years in Peace Corps. I had wanted to motorcycle with my friend, Art, across Asia to the Middle East African coast to Madagascar to visit Sister Abela—my mother's missionary cousin—then up to Europe for a ship to New York. I had also considered graduate studies, but when I was offered a job by the University of Hawaii to help train volunteers for Thailand, the Philippines, Malaysia and other countries in Southeast Asia, I jumped at the opportunity.

Truth is I had very little money to buy a motorcycle and six months of travel. All I had was the money set aside by Peace Corps—about \$60 for each month of service—so volunteers wouldn't fall on welfare after their return to the United States, or as Peace Corps put it, "to help the volunteer transition to a job or studies." I had already spent more than half the transition money on the rings and for stops in the Philippines, Hong Kong and Tokyo. I had barely enough left to pay my living expenses before my first paycheck, and none to spare for the tariff on the rings.

The line slowed down, and when it came to the tall blonde, early-30s lady in front of me, the officer seemed to get more meticulous about his work. He



Roger and Rolande in Hartford, 1965

scrutinized everything inside her three suitcases and bag she'd carried on the plane, then he said "Please empty your handbag on the table and remove your jacket."

Why? You didn't ask the man in front of me to take off his jacket?"

"It's my job lady. I have to check everything." He looked into the privates of her large handbag, then felt the lining of her jacket. A hint of a grin lit his face. His work paid off. He discovered a cache of fine jewelry in the lining of her jacket, and turned her over to his supervisor. He signaled me to move up. By then, I was barely maintaining my composure. Not only was I nervous about the rings, I was nervous about my nervousness, thinking he might see through the nonchalance I was faking.

Not declairing the rings at customs was just a small jump from smuggling cigarettes across the border into New Brunswick, Canada, which I did as a teenager. I would buy cigarettes at Lawrence's General Store in Lille where I worked (without Lawrence's knowledge), put the cartons in boxes, tie the boxes to a sled, pull it across the St. John river on two-foot ice, and sell them for a profit at a small store in Thibodeau. I would have a snack, drink a coke, and return home a little richer. When my parents got suspicious about my

spending and I wouldn't tell them about my smuggling, my brother Richard, told them. They must have speculated I was stealing money because when they learned the source of my extra cash, they were relieved.

I handed the officer my passport that had been stamped by authorities in Thailand, Hong Kong, the Philippines and Japan. "What were you doing in Southeast Asia?"

"I was a Peace Corps Volunteer teacher in Thailand."

He looked me over carefully and smiled. "Good Work." He waved me on. No rummaging in my suitcases, no checking the lining of my jacket, no emptying of my watch pocket. The magic aura of Peace Corps had protected my small smuggling crime.

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.

LA PIE BAVARDE

Turkey, football, shopping! Marie-Anne Gauvin mentions them all in this not-always adulatory view of the Thanksgiving holiday.

À la prochaine...

Jacqueline Chamberland
Blessò, Jline59@earthlink.net

(Continued on page 7)

(LA PIE BAVARDE continued from page 6)

Mots du jour

Être dindon de la farce	= être la victime, la dupe
Ensorceler	= captiver entièrement
Vider ses poches	= dépenser tout son argent
Balourd(e)	= personne maladroite sans délicatesse (en anglais= a loser!)
Facultatif	= avoir le choix, sans être obligatoire

A tous et à chacun:

Quand on pense! On est déjà rendu au mois de novembre! C'est le mois qui emmène la grande fête américaine "Thanksgiving Day" ou le Jour de l'Action de Grâces. Plusieurs semblent avoir oublié le vrai but de ce jour car ils l'appellent "Turkey Day". Ce sont eux les "Turkeys", non? Si vous voulez traduire ce sens de "Turkey" en français c'est balourd. Vous l'avez déjà entendu ce mot? Moi non plus. Alors je vais continuer ma petite rédaction en employant le mot dindon comme on le fait en anglais. D'accord?

Ce ne fut qu'en quittant la Vallée pour aller travailler chez les Yankees que j'ai commencé à comprendre l'importance de cette fête nationale pour les Américains. C'est encore plus important que Noël. D'abord, toute la grande fin de semaine y est impliquée.

Le tout commence le mercredi. Ceux qui ne sont pas sur la route pour se rendre au lieu de la réunion de famille sont à se préparer à recevoir les autres qui vont bientôt arriver. En ce qui concerne ce "Turkey Day", eh bien tous les dindons ont deux pattes mais il y en a qui ont des plumes. Puis d'une façon ou d'une autre ils se retrouveront tous, dindons ou non, à table au grand repas de jeudi.

Avant ou après le grand dîner il y a l'affaire très sérieuse du match de football, qu'il soit professionnel, universitaire ou d'une école secondaire. A part celles (ceux?) qui sont à besogner dans la cuisine les autres qui ne peuvent pas aller au match s'installent devant la télévision pour participer passivement aux grands matchs télévisés tout le long de la journée. La majorité de ces téléspectateurs sont comme ensorcelés devant l'écran avec un scotch ou une can de bière en main. (Au Canada, on dit une cannette de bière, et en France c'est une boîte de oreilles une boîte de bière, cric et des exclamations inat- la concentration des cuisinières quand un joueur réussit à donner un bon coup de pied à l'objet qui ressemble un peu à un dindon qui est resté trop longtemps dans le four!



Pendant toute cette longue fin de semaine les autobus, les trains et les avions débordent de passagers. La circulation sur les routes est incroyable. S'y aventurer est un peu devenir le dindon de la farce. Je m'y suis fait prendre une fois en route à partir de Hartford pour aller à Nashua au New Hampshire. Embouteillage après embouteillage, nous étions pare-choc contre pare-choc presque tout le long de la route. Un vrai jeu de touche-touche avec une voiture!

Le vendredi et le samedi on dirait que toute la population se rend aux centres d'achats. Là, c'est Noël qui règne plusieurs semaines avant son temps. Vous n'avez jamais vu autant de monde se lancer vers un seul endroit avec le même but de vider leurs poches. Si leur portefeuille est mince ils reluquent la marchandise en attendant les soldes. Les foules se bousculent. Remarquez bien qu'il y a le mot fou dans foule!

Une seule expérience d'un vendredi dans un centre commercial après "Thanksgiving" m'a guéri pour toujours. Oh, la, la". Moi qui n'aime pas les foules. Depuis, je m'arrange pour esquiver cette populace afolée. Mais chacun à son goût. Si vous aimez les foules vous ne pourrez pas trouver mieux dans ces centres que le vendredi qui suit le jeudi des dindons.

Votre pie bavarde,

Marie-Anne



Pvt. Charles Bourget, A Franco-American Revolutionary War Patriot

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In the early 1970's, when I was a student at UMA studying History and Political Science, I had a workstudy job at the Maine State Museum where I was assigned the task of writing a descriptive sales handout for a child's cardboard cutout & assembly toy of Fort Western being sold in the State Museum gift shop. Despite the fact that I was a native of Augusta, no doubt the reason I was chosen for this task, I knew very little about Fort Western at that time. The assignment forced me to read everything I could quickly get my hands on to bring myself up to speed on the subject. One book that I found, *March to Quebec, Journals of the Members of Arnold's Expedition*, was a compilation by Kenneth Roberts of the journals written by several men who had been on the Arnold Expedition, which had used Fort Western as its staging area. It was in one of these journals that I ran across the name of "Charles Burget," who was the only man to sign up for the Arnold Expedition at Fort Western, but I didn't have time to dwell on it because I had an assignment to complete. I finished writing the descriptive piece, but the quick study process left me wondering who Charles Burget was. I instinctively knew that this was not the way to spell the last name of a native of Canada because I, too, came from the same Franco-American heritage. I promised myself that one day I would look into who this Charles "Burget" actually was. Forty-five years passed, and when I retired from my employment I finally got around to fulfilling that promise. Here is what I found....

As often happened throughout American history to Franco-Americans as well as to other immigrants, we were sometimes asked to spell our last names for the English-speaking person who was taking down our information for any number of reasons. When not asked to spell it, there was the inevitable task of making a correction later on. Imagine if you were illiterate and unable to write your own name; who would correct the misspelled name then? How many times has this happened in the U.S. Census, as the countless examples that have been docu-

mented show what happened when a census taker in Maine's St. John Valley in the 1800's wrote down a family name phonetically by the way that it sounded to him? It was definitely possible to have the name spelled as Bushey instead of the correct Boucher, or Sear instead of Cyr, and so on. Many times, the person being recorded was illiterate and couldn't make the correction needed, and very soon after that the family had a new last name. Sometimes the French person would voluntarily Anglicize their name to remove



any potential reason for prejudice if they were engaged in some commercial activity with people who were not French, such as Bélanger becoming Baker, Bonenfant becoming Goodchild, or Beaudoin becoming Bowdoin, to name a few.

Now imagine going back to the 1700's, when America consisted of separate French and English colonies ruled by competing European royal families who were constantly at war with one another. Early on, the need for correctly spelling names from different cultures was rare because of the political separation between the two countries and their colonies, that is, until after the end of the French and Indian War in 1763, when Great Britain became the primary ruling power in North America. The French colonists had been thoroughly defeated in this war that saw a forced eviction of the Acadians in 1755 by the British Army from what had been their homeland

in Acadia for nearly 150 years. The British followed this by burning down many of the French families' original homesteads along the shores of the St. Lawrence River as they worked their way up the river until the day when the British were ultimately victorious over the French after the fall of Quebec City in 1759. The Treaty of Paris ended the hostilities in 1763. The French Canadians then became the subjects of the English Monarch, and the new British government had the task of overcoming the animosity they had created during the many wars that had been fought between the two nations.

It should be no surprise that the French inhabitants held some resentment toward their new ruling authority after the forced eviction of the Acadians and because the campaign of destruction had inflicted so much distress from the burning of so many family dwellings along the St. Lawrence River and in other rural areas of Canada. This path of destruction might have personally affected most of the French Canadians because the homes that were destroyed were in the areas of the earliest permanent settlements and most likely had been built by one

of their ancestors in the 1600's. The new masters from Great Britain attempted to overcome these prejudices by maintaining the French form of land title ownership and management, called "Seigneurie." In the Quebec Act of 1774, the British authorized the old form of French civil justice as well as granted the right to the French Canadians to continue to practice their Catholic religion. This concession did much to enlist the cooperation of the influential Catholic clergy into the fold. The British then proceeded to enlist their new citizens into local militias throughout the Province and among the rural French population to help defend the frontier. It was in this new English regime that was created after 1759 that Charles Bourget grew up in Quebec City, where he was born in March of 1753. It is also not surprising that this young man would later travel down the traditional Indian route by first going up the Chaudière
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River and then down the Kennebec River to get to Central Maine at the age of 22 in order to escape from his conquerors to find a new life in the lower colonies, since he was now capable of speaking passable English after living under British rule for 16 years. This was where I picked up the story of this young French Canadian man who, in September 1775, enlisted at Fort Western into the Colonial Army led by Colonel Benedict Arnold to return with the Bostonians to attack his hometown of Quebec City.

As I looked into Charles Bourget's military service, I expanded the search beyond the way that his name Charles Burget had been recorded in the 3rd New Hampshire (NH) Regiment rolls to include other phonetic spelling combinations as well as the correct spelling. The 3rd NH Regiment's service record pointed me to the Danbur Historical Society in Danbury, Connecticut, where I asked if they could find out anything about a Charles Bourget, Burget, Burgette, or any other phonetic spellings of that last name, to go along with the 3rd NH Regiment rolls because this unit had wintered in Danbury, and if they could also find any references to Fort Western in their search. Within a day, the researcher provided me with a copy of the U.S. Military Pension Application filed in 1818 by a Charles Burzett. This 18-page Pension Application proved without a doubt that this was the same man because it contained three facts: (1) it identified Fort Western as the place of his initial enlistment; (2) it stated that he was illiterate and his signature was an "X" below his name that had been written by the clerk who processed the application; and (3) his age was noted to be 65 in 1818. This single document proved: (A) the time and place of his initial enlistment; (B) that he couldn't have corrected the misspelling of his name because he was illiterate; and (C) that his age on the application agreed with a birth record I had found, which confirmed that Charles Bourget was born in 1753 in Quebec City, and therefore his age would have been calculated to be 65 in 1818.

"...a French Lad, Inlisted, at Fort Western,..."

Captain Henry Dearborn¹ penned these words into his journal regarding events

that had occurred in the region called Sartigan, along the Chaudière River in Quebec to describe Charles "Burget," a member of his company in the Arnold Expedition that left Fort Western on September 27, 1775, to travel north up the Kennebec River and through the Maine wilderness to attack Quebec City. Captain Dearborn was 24 years old during the March to Quebec. He had been trained as a physician before he enlisted in the army in April 1775, immediately after the Battles of Concord and Lexington. It is my theory that Henry Dearborn was extremely fortunate to have Charles Bourget, the "French Lad," as he called him, assigned to his unit at Fort Western because it was Bourget's relationship to the native French population in the village of St. Joseph (now known as St. Joseph-de-Beauce) on the Chaudière River that most likely contributed to saving Dearborn's life after he came down with pneumonia while crossing the Height of Land. Dearborn and the two men named Charles, Bourget and Hilton, from his company were permitted to stay at St. Joseph for nearly four weeks while he recuperated from his illness until they finally left to rejoin their unit at Quebec City in the first week of December.

The text of Dearborn's reconstructed "official" journal entry from Sartigan reads (beginning Nov. 5):

"...at evening Charles Hilton, and Charles Burget, a French Lad, Inlisted, at Fort Western, who was a native of Canady, Came back for me with Two Horses, we Stay'd here all night.

"6 I hir'd an Indian to Carry me down the River, 9 Miles to one Sonsosees, a Frenchmans, one of Charles Burgets relations, where I hir'd Lodgings and took my Bed Immediately, I was this time in a High fever..."

The inclusion of the names of the soldiers was highly unusual for a contemporary military journal that was being kept during the time the event was unfolding because it could have fallen into the hands of the enemy and placed those people named at great risk of being discovered. Therefore, it can be concluded that the "official" journal entry was not written at the time the events happened. According to the accounts of the day, it is a fact that Henry Dearborn needed to reconstruct his entire journal for the March to Quebec later in his life in order to complete his official papers that were going to be

deposited with the Massachusetts Historical Society Archives for posterity because the original document was missing. Since the journal was being reconstructed many years after the event, Dearborn took the liberty of giving credit to those men whose efforts led to saving his life during the time he spent at St. Joseph. He accurately listed the names of the two men from his own unit, but I was unable to find a relative of Charles Bourget by the name of Sonsosees (Sansoucie?) living in St. Joseph at that time. I believe that Dearborn either forgot the person's name or he was still protecting the real person against further retribution for colluding with the enemy.

One fact that I found helps to explain my theory. In the summer of 1776, several men in the Canadian militia along the Chaudière River were removed from their posts for their failure to defend their villages against the invading American Army². One such man was the captain of the militia in the village of St. Joseph. His name was François Malo Lessard. The removal also included his son François, who had served as a lieutenant under his father's command. The act of removal from command in the militia was a public affair followed by the townspeople being once again required to recite the loyalty oath to the English King as they had done in 1760. I believe that François Malo Lessard may have provided the help that Dearborn required, either directly or indirectly, because he was the second cousin of Charles Bourget. According to his birth record, Charles Bourget's mother was a Lessard and François Malo Lessard may have been "one of Charles Burgets relations" that Dearborn referred to in his journal entry. I suspect that François Malo Lessard's passivity toward defending his post from the invasion may have been motivated by the fact that his boyhood home at Ste. Anne-de-Beaupré on the St. Lawrence River had been burned to the ground by the British in 1759. He would have therefore volunteered to find or to provide lodgings to Dearborn when he was asked to do so by his cousin. In the book *Voices from a Wilderness Expedition*, The Journals and Men of Benedict Arnold's Expedition to Quebec in 1775, author Stephen Darley cites what he calls the original missing journal written by a Captain Durben -- note how closely the name resembles Dearborn -- that was found in a historical collection of the library at the University of Glasgow in Scotland. This jour-
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nal's daily entries closely correspond to the ones in the "official" reconstructed Dearborn journal, but this original journal does not include names as found in the later version. Also discovered among these documents was a prisoner roll that identifies a prisoner called Charles Burzett, age 23. This is yet another misspelling of the Bourget name by a different person who this time was a Scottish guard. The age, however, correctly coincides with Bourget's age in 1776 and early 1777. The U.S. Military Pension records correctly calculate that Charles Burzett (Bourget) would have been 22 years old when he enlisted in the Continental Army at Fort Western on the Kennebec River in the Province of Maine in September 1775 to join the Arnold Expedition. After four weeks at St. Joseph, Dearborn writes that he, Charles Bourget, and Charles Hilton continued down the Chaudière River to Quebec City in the first week of December. Bourget then participated in the unsuccessful Battle of Quebec on December 31, 1775, where he and 30 other soldiers from his unit were captured, including Dearborn. Nearly all of the 3723 who were taken prisoner that day, from the approximately 600 men who had successfully reached Quebec out of the 1,100 who had originally set out on the expedition from Fort Western, were eventually released by mid-1777. Three men had escaped and retraced their path back down the Kennebec River to Fort Western. After Bourget's prisoner exchange in 1777, he was returned to Albany where he re-enlisted for three more years to continue to serve with the 3rd NH Regiment under then Lieutenant Colonel Henry Dearborn.

During the time when Charles Bourget, as his name was spelled in their roles, remained a member of the 3rd NH Regiment, he was among those who spent the bitter winter of 1777-1778 at Valley Forge, where the Colonials drilled for six months to finally become a professional military force. He then fought in the Battle of Monmouth in New Jersey in June 1778. His regiment endured another grueling winter in 1778-1779 at Redding and at Danbury in Connecticut. He was again at Danbury in the winter of 1779-1780 with the 3rd NH Regiment. It was here that Bourget reenlisted for another three years on January 31, 1780. This time he re-enlisted with the elite 2nd Continental Light Dragoons (2LD) based in Wethers-

field, Connecticut. The 2LD was the first cavalry regiment to be commissioned by the Continental Congress under the command of Colonel Elisha Sheldon.

Under Major Benjamin Tallmadge, a portion of the 2LD became General George Washington's bodyguards and also operated a network of spies that transmitted secret messages for General Washington in and around New York City. In September and October of 1780, another group from the 2LD guarded Major John André, the British spy who was captured shortly after he had colluded with General Benedict Arnold, in their attempt to compromise the fort at West Point by purchasing the plans for the fort from Arnold. The 2LD guarded Major André from his capture on September 23, 1780, throughout his court-martial trial and up to the day of his execution on October 2, 1780. Later a contingent from the 2LD was at the Battle of Yorktown, where the British surrender eventually led to the end of the war, culminating in the Treaty of Paris. Unfortunately, it is difficult to know exactly where Charles Burzett, as his name was written by this time, served because most of the records for the highly secretive 2LD unit were quickly destroyed shortly after the action they described was completed in order to protect the identities of the parties who were involved. After serving in the Continental Army for nearly eight years, Bourget was honorably discharged at the end of the war, in July 1783.

Charles Bourget never rose above the rank of private, probably due to his lack of education, but he enlisted three different times and served honorably for nearly the entire duration of the Revolutionary War. He served with the 3rd NH Regiment in the Battle of Quebec in 1775, the Battle of Saratoga in 1777, and the Battle of Monmouth in 1778, among others, as well as being present at Valley Forge in 1777-1778; and he also served with the elite 2nd Continental Light Dragoons between 1780 and 1783. In addition to his service record, being held as a prisoner-of-war for more than a year after his capture in the Battle of Quebec may not have made him famous, but it certainly does make him a true American Patriot. His anonymity for all these years was in part the result of the loss of his true name because it had been misspelled so many different times and ways, as found on his military pension application, on the prisoner-of-war roll, and on the muster rolls of all the different units in which he served. The best proof

of his value as a soldier came when Major Benjamin Tallmadge, a noted member of General George Washington's inner circle of officers, submitted a handwritten affidavit for the pension application to attest to Charles Burzett's military service with the 2nd Continental Light Dragoons. According to the current Commander of the 2nd Continental Light Dragoons reenactment company, Sal Tarantino, Major Tallmadge rarely provided such a document, and when he did it was only for a man he knew well and with whom he had a personal connection. After the war, Charles Burzett settled down on a farm in the town of German, New York. He was married in 1803 to his wife, Eunice, and he passed away in 1825.

1 After the war, Dearborn settled in Gardiner, Maine, a few miles downriver from Fort Western. He was elected to two terms in the U.S. House of Representatives from Massachusetts. He rose to the rank of General in the Army and was appointed Secretary of War by President Thomas Jefferson, a position he held for the entire War of 1812. President James Madison named him Minister to Portugal.

2 Quebec During the American Invasion, 1775-1776. The Journal of Francois Baby, Gabriel Taschereau & Jenkin Williams

3 From Journal of Captain Simeon Thayer; 383 prisoners are listed by name in Voices from a Wilderness Expedition. The Journals and Men of Benedict Arnold's Expedition to Quebec in 1775 by Stephen Darley.

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LA BELLE CHEVELURE DE LAURA

[Cette histoire qui fait partie de mes souvenirs à propos de ma grand-mère, Laura Simard Beaupré, est tirée de ma dernière œuvre pas encore publiée. J'ai élaboré les faits actuels pour donner à cette histoire une tournure tant soit peu imaginée. Je dois dire que ma grand-mère a actuellement eu une coupe de ses longs cheveux vers la soixantaine.]

Elle était assise dans un gros vieux fauteuil de cuir marron au Salon de Beauté Chez Claudette sur la rue Simard, et puis elle commença à penser en elle-même qu'est-ce qu'elle faisait là. Pourquoi était-elle dans un salon de beauté? Pourquoi se laissait-elle faire, elle et sa belle et longue chevelure qu'elle avait tant aimée et conservée pendant des années? Se laisser faire par un étranger par-dessus le marché. Celle-ci allait lui couper sa belle chevelure. « Mon Dieu! »

La jeune femme portait un sarrau vert pâle, et elle était en frais de défaire la toque de Laura. Il en sorti une longue et belle chevelure grise couleur d'acier. Laura ne s'était jamais fait couper les cheveux depuis sa tendre enfance. Jamais! Peut-être elle s'était fait rafraîchir les cheveux par sa mère, mais jamais coupé par quelqu'un d'autre. Jamais de sa vie, et Laura venait d'avoir soixante-sept ans. La belle chevelure de Laura fut de longue date sa marque de femme, sa marque de distinction, pour ainsi dire. Sa sœur, Louise, tout en grandissant avait les cheveux roux, et puis elle avait retenu la douce couleur d'une rousse jusqu'à ses années de vieillesse. Quant à la couleur des cheveux de Laura, elle fut d'un châtain obscur, une couleur pas aussi vive que celle des cheveux de Louise, mais une couleur remarquable pour une jeune fille devenue femme. On sait bien, les cheveux de Laura avait grisonné dans la cinquantaine, mais tous et chacun avaient passé la remarque que la belle chevelure longue de Laura lui allait tellement bien même dans sa soixantaine avancée. On disait même qu'en dépit de porter ses cheveux en une toque parce que c'était plus propre et plus convenable à sa tâche de mère et de pourvoyeuse, elle paraissait belle femme. Et puis, Laura aimait bien se regarder dans la glace de sa chambre lorsqu'elle se préparait pour se mettre au lit, car elle aimait sa belle chevelure longue qui lui tombait jusqu'aux fesses. Combien de fois ses petits-enfants lui avaient demandé de défaire sa toque juste pour examiner ses longs cheveux de femme, les cheveux de mémère

B. Ils avaient toujours admiré les longs et beaux cheveux de grand-mère lorsqu'ils tombaient derrière elle comme une boule de laine qu'on laisse tomber par terre. « Oh, mémère » avaient-ils beau dire à la vue d'une telle cascade de chevelure déferlant dans son dos. Laura avait toujours porté ses cheveux longs, et sa mère avait-elle passé des heures à les brosser, car elle ne voulait, sans aucun



Mes grands-parents, George et Laura

doute, que les autres écoliers ne rient d'elle, Laura, surtout lorsqu'elle paraissait un peu échevelée. Les cheveux châtain de Laura ressemblaient à la brunante d'automne alors que le ciel luit encore de ses vestiges de couleurs resplendissantes, rosâtre tirant sur le rouge mêlé d'éclisses orange. Plus tard, elle commença à porter de jolis peignes dans une chevelure rehaussée afin de se trouver plus présentable pour une occasion tout à fait spéciale telle un anniversaire ou une fête en famille. Puis, elle s'était acheté de très beaux peignes en écaille-de-tortue pour son mariage avec Georges. Maintenant avec cinq enfants et diverses tâches quotidiennes, Laura avait commencé à porter ses cheveux en toque derrière sa tête. Elle n'avait donc pas le temps de se bâdrer[se déranger] avec sa chevelure comme elle l'avait jadis fait, mais elle jouissait bien d'une chevelure longue, sa marque de femme, s'était-elle

dite à maintes reprises.

Cependant, tout d'un coup, elle se mit à se rendre compte qu'elle allait se séparer de ses longues mèches de cheveux. Sa nuque allait être exposée pour de bon. C'est vrai qu'avec la toque, elle avait révélé sa nuque, mais le soir avant de se coucher, elle brossait ordinairement ses long cheveux en se regardant dans la glace où elle pouvait admirer sa belle chevelure, car elle ne sentait plus la nuque nue parce qu'elle voyait bien ses longs cheveux qui avaient déferlé tout le long de son dos. Et puis, elle aimait bien cette femme à la belle et longue chevelure. Ce n'était pas qu'elle se sentait obligée ni même poussée de se faire couper les cheveux, mais sa fille, Lina Marie, l'avait convaincue après d'interminables supplications de sa part. La fille voulait donc que sa mère se fasse couper les cheveux afin d'adopter une nouvelle coiffure, plus moderne et plus à la mode. Elle l'avait rassurée que prendre soin d'une chevelure longue exigeait beaucoup de soin et d'effort en plus du temps requis, mais qu'une nouvelle coiffure, plus en vogue, la ferait paraître moins démodée, surtout pour une femme dans la plénitude de la vie. Mais, elle s'était dite que c'était précisément pour des raisons de propreté et d'apparence qu'elle avait tressé ses long cheveux gris, et puis elle les avait contournés en une toque afin de paraître plus propre et plus à la mode des femmes de son âge. Après tout, elle était convaincue qu'elle avait épargné une belle somme d'argent toutes ces années passées en ne fréquentant pas les salons de beauté, et qu'elle en épargnerait encore au futur. Cependant, sa fille ne croyait pas dans les arguments de sa mère vis-à-vis de sa longue chevelure grise. Néanmoins, Lina Marie croyait qu'une toque pour une femme dans sa soixantaine, comme sa mère, la faisait paraître plus vieille que son âge, une vraie mémère. « Je suis une grand-maman » affirma Laura à sa fille. « Mais tu n'as pas besoin de paraître comme une, » fut la réponse de Lina Marie. « À quoi une grand-mère doit-elle ressembler? » murmura Laura. Pourquoi les gens aiment-ils étiqueter les autres avec des marques ou des noms qui les font sentir hors de place ou hors du commun? Pourquoi aiment-ils façonner les autres à leur propre image? Ne réalisent-ils pas que tous et chacun nous avons nos propres valeurs, nos propres accidents physiques et culturels que l'on veut préserver avant qu'ils ne disparaissent ou nous soient arrachés? Ce fut toutes les pensées qui trotaient dans la tête

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de Laura assise dans le vieux fauteuil. « Je sais bien, » dit-elle en elle-même, « qu'une personne doit s'adapter aux changements, et je ne suis pas stupide à ce sujet. Je ne tomberai pas en mille morceaux à cause de ça. C'est pour cela que les choses vraiment importantes dans la vie nous aident à tolérer mieux les changements qui viennent subrepticement nous frapper. Ce sont ces choses-là, les choses importantes, et pour moi c'est ma longue et précieuse chevelure, qui font ce que je suis, moi, Laura. À mon avis, ces choses-là ne peuvent jamais changer, car ce serait comme me dire qu'un oiseau doit changer son chant ou qu'une branche de lilas doit changer de couleur juste pour plaire aux déboires du temps et des changements. »

En attendant la coiffeuse, Laura toucha de ses doigts la frange de ses longs cheveux tombés sur ses genoux. Ses pensées retournèrent en arrière où elle découvrit la chute du temps qui avait emporté à la dérive ses souvenirs tout comme la marée montante avait emporté les épaves. Laura se remémora des sorties à la plage où le sable fin et doux avait resté collé entre ses orteils, et elle l'avait balayé de sa main droite. Une fois chaussée, elle était partie pour sa demeure sur la rue Simard. Combien de fois avait-elle fait ces sorties souvent accompagnée de son amie, Félicité Marcoux. Elle se souvint le temps de sa jeunesse, un temps de joie et de travail assidu alors qu'il y avait des moments de fainéantise. Elle entrevoyait parmi ces souvenirs le beau verger de pommes de son grand-père Simard qui fut un des pionniers canadiens de la communauté francophone. Ce fut son nom de fille, Simard. Nom de pionnier, nom foncièrement québécois. Oui, elle était de souche de la patrie des ancêtres venus de la Normandie en France et maintenant transplantée aux États-Unis. Son père fut un tailleur de pierre et il s'était écarté de la filature où travaillaient la plupart des immigrants en Nouvelle-Angleterre. La mère de Laura dont les descendants furent les Cadorette de Roberval, était mère de famille, pourvoyeuse, cuisinière d'une excellente réputation, paroissienne renommée pour ses oeuvres de charité, et modiste de chapeaux de femme. Laura était fière de ses parents, fière de ses ancêtres dont l'histoire fut propagée en famille lors des veillées où les gens, amis et parents, échangeaient chacun des bouts de souvenirs de famille. Toute cette histoire de son héritage recueillie ici et là et répétée

de bouche à oreille fut gravée dans son coeur pour jamais ne s'effacer.

Laura n'avait jamais oublié les années de sa jeunesse alors qu'elle jouissait des beaux jours entrelacés de petites joies et de revers qu'elle n'avait pas anticipés dans sa jeune vie, mais qui venait lui rappeler que chaque jour apportait sa peine. Elle se souvenait surtout des transitions dans sa vie alors que la beauté maladroite de la puberté s'adoucit vers l'âge de quatorze ans tout en se transformant en grâce et charme de la jeune fille grandette. Elle avait donc appris de couler doucement comme l'eau de la rivière à chaque stage de sa croissance, et ainsi reconnaître son sentiment inné de la beauté fragile mais stable alors que sa belle et longue chevelure était devenue le symbole et l'assurance de cette beauté qui était sienne. Trop de gens, surtout les hommes âgés

*C'est pour cela que
les choses vraiment im-
portantes dans la vie nous
aident à tolérer mieux les
changements...*

et les curés de paroisses, osèrent prévenir les jeunes filles de ne pas s'attacher trop aux airs mondains et surtout à la beauté frivole des apparences physiques du corps. Cependant, Laura ne portait pas respect à leur manière de voir les choses car elle s'était souvent dite que la beauté est le don de Dieu et non des hommes dont la pensée est trop souvent rétrécie. Ses cheveux, cette belle et longue chevelure, avec volume et ondes lui était devenu le garanti de sa beauté en tant que fille. Elle pouvait faire n'importe quoi avec ses cheveux si souples et si faciles à coiffer que ce soit une coiffe à la mode d'une jeune mannequin dans un magazine qu'elle avait découverte chez son amie, Gilberte, ou tout simplement la chevelure bien peignée et tirée par en arrière. Ses cheveux châtain étaient épais, riches en couleur, et luisant comme la crinière d'une jument. Cette chevelure fut la marque frappante dont plusieurs gens, surtout son père, remarquaient avec sollicitude. Son père l'avait appelée depuis qu'elle était tout jeune, sa belle jument. Même sa soeur, Louise, l'appelait ainsi car elle aimait la taquiner. Laura avait interprété ce sobriquet pour dire qu'elle, Laura, était aussi libre qu'une jument sauvage dans

un champ ouvert, et aussi frappante par la crinière luisante et châtaine d'une jument caracolant dans la splendeur ensoleillée de la journée naissante. Laura aimait ses cheveux, et puis elle s'était achetée un beau peigne en écaille rutilante à la clarté du jour pour enjoliver sa chevelure que sa maman trouvait une perte d'argent, du gaspillage, avait-elle dit. À l'âge de quinze ans lors d'une séance de pose avec le photographe, Lemire, elle avait choisi de peigner ses cheveux à l'arrière fermement mais pas trop serrés pour amoindrir ses belles ondes souples et la résilience naturelle de ses cheveux. Elle avait attaché un ruban mince bleu marin avec une fine bordure de bleu ciel en forme de noeud à boucles, et elle l'avait épinglé modestement derrière ses cheveux afin de mettre en valeur son costume qui ressemblait à celui d'un marin à large col. Suspendue par un ruban étroit autour de son cou, une montre en or, Elgin, sur laquelle il y avait une gravure, en quelque sorte un cor de chasse avec des enjolivements de petites spirales sur chaque côté. C'était une montre de femme et de demoiselle que les jolies créatures portaient tout près de leur sein. Attachée à un anneau tout près du bouton de remonte, était divulguée une chaînette au bout de laquelle tombait un tout petit sifflet tout comme un petit cor en miniature [J'ai la belle montre de ma grand-mère que tante Lena m'a confiée comme souvenir]. Laura aimait sa montre parce qu'elle lui convenait bien, jeune grandette qu'elle était devenue. Elle se voyait comme une demoiselle qui méritait d'être estimée par les autres, déjà sûre de soi et confiante d'elle-même. La mère de Laura s'était vite aperçue la lueur de satisfaction de soi dans l'oeil de sa fille, et se rendit compte que sa fille avait soudain grandi sans qu'elle ne s'en aperçoive.

Laura avait trois frères et une soeur. Elle s'appelait Louise. Les jeunes frères, Henry, George, et William avaient les cheveux assez communs pour des jeunes hommes, mais pas du tout semblables aux cheveux de leur soeur, Laura. Quant à Louise, elle avait les cheveux roux clairs mais très, très fins et difficiles à coiffer. Louise disait qu'avec cette chevelure, elle paraissait comme une poupée bon marché. Elle envoyait tant la chevelure de Laura. Aussi, la mère et le père avaient des cheveux sans grand éclat, tout à fait mats, plats et absolument ternes. Alors, d'où venaient les cheveux de Laura se demandaient la parenté et les gens qui la connaissaient. Personne ne pouvait (Suite page 13)

(*LA BELLE CHEVELURE DE LAURA suite de page 12*)

dire de qui Laura tenait. Le père avait parlé de la possibilité du côté de sa famille à lui, surtout de sa mère, Sophie, qui avait les cheveux d'un châtain brûlé, mais elle les gardait toujours bien serrés autour de sa tête et l'on ne pouvait voir seulement le faible teint rougeâtre de ses cheveux.

Laura aimait entendre parler de sa grand-mère, de ses tantes et ses oncles, de ses cousins et cousines de Saint-Hyacinthe au Canada, alors qu'elle ne les avait jamais visités. Le père n'avait pas de voiture et puis, pour le train, ça coûtait trop cher pour une petite famille telle la famille de Simard sur la côte, comme on le disait. Les moyens étaient très restreints. Cependant, Laura appréciait le fait qu'elle appartenait à une grande famille qui s'étendait des États-Unis jusqu'au Canada. Elle savait bien qu'elle était différente des autres dans le voisinage, Irlandais, Polonais, Grecs, Yankees qui se trouvaient, eux aussi, descendants des immigrants. Elle apprit à propos de sa parenté canadienne lorsqu'on défrichait la famille le dimanche après-midi ensemble dans la grande cuisine où était rassemblés parents et amis. C'est là, tout en écoutant parler, qu'elle apprenait les noms de la parenté canadienne ainsi que les noms des villes et villages où ces gens restaient tels Sainte-Christine, Victoriaville, Roxton Falls et autres.

Laura fut élevée enfant du devoir et de la bonne conduite. Elle n'était ni rebelle ni récalcitrante. Comme tout enfant de sa génération, elle suivait fidèlement les dictées des règles préétablies depuis des années par ses ancêtres telles la bienséance, la modestie, le respect pour les plus vieux, et le respect pour les valeurs culturelles de son ethnie. Elle apprit aussi que tous ces gens qui venaient du Canada et d'autre part, étaient venus en Nouvelle-Angleterre afin de chercher du travail, et ils en avaient trouvé en grande partie à la filature. Laura avait reçu une éducation bien élémentaire, assez de français et d'anglais pour écrire correctement, assez de mathématiques pour conter dans sa tête, et un peu d'histoire, de géographie, et de catéchisme. Elle avait appris le bon sens et le savoir-faire chez elle avec des parents qui, disait-on, savaient vivre.

Le père de Laura était tailleur de pierre et il travaillait dans la petite carrière locale où l'on taillait le granit. Les pierres, une fois taillées, allaient au chantier de construction et surtout pour les églises ainsi que les beaux édifices de commerce. Le père de Laura fut

considéré fiable et bon travaillant. Aussi, il appartenait un grand verger de pommes légué de son père que jalouaient ceux qui n'avaient ni terrain ni de beaux fruits à cultiver. Et puis il, savait venir en aide aux autres lorsqu'ils en avaient de besoin. C'était un homme compatissant. Il faisait la charité aux gens dépourvus de bien des choses nécessaires sans que les autres s'en aperçoivent. Maintes familles s'étaient tirés des déboires de sérieuses difficultés financières, mais il y en avait encore qui tiraient le diable par la queue, comme on le disait chez nous. La mère de Laura venait souvent soulager ces difficultés par sa main-d'oeuvre ou par ses petits dons de quelques sous ou de mets faits à la maison. Laura s'était aperçue des gestes charitables de ses parents, et elle admirait leurs démarches envers les voisins qui étaient dans le besoin. La mère de Laura était

Laura aimait entendre parler de sa grand-mère, de ses tantes et ses oncles, de ses cousins et cousines de Saint-Hyacinthe au Canada,

bonne pourvoyeuse et elle accomplissait avec zèle toutes les petites tâches qu'exigeait le rôle d'une bonne maman: elle cousait et confectionnait des habits pour ses enfants, elle faisait la lessive de chaque jour, elle frottait le vieux poêle noir jusqu'à ce qu'il luise de netteté, et puis elle faisait tout pour rendre le pas de la vie familiale sain et bon. Le ménage était fait chaque semaine en plus des deux grands ménages du printemps et de l'automne. La propreté était donc une des valeurs héritée des ancêtres.

Laura avait rencontré son futur mari lors d'une promenade du dimanche en ville avec ses deux amies, Gilberte et Félicité. Elle venait d'avoir dix-sept ans. Le jeune homme s'appelait Georges, et lui aussi demeurait sur la côte. Elle l'avait trouvé de son goût, ce jeune homme qui lui aussi venait de la même souche québécoise. Il était émigré de Beloeil à l'âge de treize ans avec sa famille, et dès qu'il fut établi dans une demeure sur la côte pas trop loin de la filature qu'on désignait le « moulin », il s'était trouvé un emploi par le moyen que favorisaient tous les immigrants sans travail, le contact des amis ou de la parenté. Il fut ce qu'on appelait

en anglais un bobbin boy, un pourvoyeur de bobines. Plus tard, on l'avait promu au rang des fileurs. Il voulait, à tout prix, devenir un arrangeur de métier, un travail qui payait un salaire beaucoup plus élevé.

Après plusieurs fréquentations sous l'oeil vigilant de la mère et l'approbation douteuse de son père, Laura s'était fiancée avec Georges. Six mois plus tard, un beau lundi matin, Laura et Georges se rendirent à l'église irlandaise, Saint Mary, car il n'y avait pas encore de paroisse franco-américaine où l'on parlerait le français, et ils échangèrent les vœux de mariage avec un célébrant qui faisait tout effort de parler français, mais avec un accent fort irlandais avec la langue tordue. Bien avant ses nocces, Laura avait mis de longues heures à mesurer et ensuite couper le tissu pour sa longue jupe de velours noir. Elle avait cousu les morceaux et puis elle avait fini la jupe en y mettant des boutons et en faisant des boutonnères. Ensuite, elle avait cherché dans les magasins en ville, la blouse exacte qu'elle avait tant désirée et contemplée dans ses rêves de femme, une blouse Gibson Girl avec des manches à gigot et un corsage plissé avec des petits rubans ci et là. Elle paraissait belle et à la mode avec sa belle blouse neuve. Cependant, son habillement ne suffisait pas à sa beauté de femme. C'était sa coiffe, sa belle et longue chevelure montée sur sa tête avec ce que les gens de chez nous appelaient « coches, » ces ondes naturelles qui lui donnait son air de belle femme et la bienséance royale que les gens appréciaient. Les gens passaient la remarque que Laura avait l'allure d'une princesse. Laura pouvait s'imaginer dans son oeil intérieur la photo de nocces, lui assis sur une chaise dont le haut est découpé et orné de dentelle de bois, elle debout derrière lui à sa droite, la main sur son épaule fière comme un paon.

Par la suite, ils s'étaient trouvé un loyer sur la rue Maple, car ils rêvaient que plus tard ils auraient leur propre maison sur la côte près de la famille Simard. Rester en famille était le grand rêve sinon un besoin ou un engagement d'appartenir. On était venu de si loin et avec tant de rêves pour une vie nouvelle, et qui exigeait une adaptation parfois pénible dans un milieu anglophone, qu'on cherchait, à tout prix, de rester ensemble. On avait même formé ce que les gens appelaient des « Petits Canadas » où la langue du jour fut définitivement le français de chez nous.

Georges avait l'air d'un bel homme
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(LA BELLE CHEVELURE DE LAURA suite de page 13)

avec son costume de serge bleu foncé, sa chemise blanche, sa cravate en noeud papillon, ses bottines bien cirées, et sa moustache qui lui donnait l'apparence d'un monsieur bien établi dans son confort d'homme. Malheureusement, Georges avait perdu sa mère tout juste après sa famille avait émigré de Beloeil, et s'était installée en Nouvelle-Angleterre où plusieurs de leurs anciens compatriotes avaient, eux aussi, quitté les rangs et les terres pour se trouver un emploi. Georges n'avait pas la main de femme pour le renipper, mais ses soeurs lui servaient de soutien moral.

Laura avait vite pris la routine de la maison et comme sa mère, elle suivait les dictées des valeurs acquises en tant que Franco-Américaine. Plus tard, les enfants se mirent à paraître au sein de la famille de Georges et Laura. Il y eu en premier lieu l'aîné, René, aux gros yeux bruns, ensuite Robert aux cheveux châains ondulés, puis Blanche au teint des roses, Conrad aux cheveux noirs, et Raymond, le petit gaillard. Ensuite vint la cadette, Lina Marie, une enfant intelligente dont les cheveux étaient noirs comme le poêle, disait-on, et sans vie. Les cheveux de la jeune fille étaient devenus le constant chagrin et de la mère et de la fille car rien, absolument rien ne pouvait céder à la misère que présentait cette chevelure pouilleuse, comme l'appelait la maman. Laura devint tellement désespérée face à cette horrible tâche de peigner et de coiffer une telle tête qu'elle se décida, quand Lina Marie devint écolière, de lui couper les cheveux en balai. Lina Marie haïssait cette coupe de cheveux, mais il fallait bien qu'elle la tolère, car c'était fait. Capté sur une photo prise au quatrième grade, la jeune fille en costume écolier noir avec un large col en plastron blanc, est posée avec sa chevelure en balai. La jeune fille n'a pas le sourire sur les lèvres. Elle a l'air maussade, la mine déconfitée même. Au grand désarroi de la maman, pas un de ses enfants n'avait la belle chevelure de la mère, pas un.

Laura se souvint lorsque sa chevelure avait la touche de la soie et du satin lisse. Mais ce qu'elle se souvenait le plus c'était comment fière elle était de sa belle et longue chevelure toute sa vie. Elle se disait qu'elle avait quelque chose que les autres n'avaient pas et ne pouvaient même pas acheter. Aucune quantité de potions, de crème ou de lotions ne pouvaient garantir la lueur et la souplesse de cheveux

que la chevelure de Laura possédait. C'était un don du Bon Dieu, car c'était comme ça qu'elle le voyait. Certaines souvenirs de Laura avaient perdu leur pleine résonance avec le temps, mais les souvenirs de ses beaux cheveux n'avaient jamais perdu leur éclat. Et alors, pourquoi allait-elle faire couper ses longs cheveux? Quel bénéfice allait-elle gagner? Après tout, sa fierté de femme dépendait sinon exclusivement mais en grande partie de sa belle et longue chevelure. Elle en était convaincue. Mais alors, pourquoi se laisser faire comme ça dans un salon de beauté? Malheur, ce fut trop tard pour changer d'avis; ils étaient déjà coupés, car ils gisaient sur le plancher, sans vie et sans plus d'appartenance.

Soudain, Laura fut secouée de sa

Laura se souvint lorsque sa chevelure avait la touche de la soie et du satin lisse.

rêverie par le retour de la jeune coiffeuse qui voulait vérifier si les cheveux de Laura étaient assez secs après un long shampooing. Laura retomba dans sa rêverie lorsque la coiffeuse la quitta. Le bruit de la sècheuse la conduisit dans une jonglerie qui lui rappela de sa grand-mère Delphine qui avait vécu avec eux pour un bout de temps jusqu'à ce qu'elle repartit pour le Canada parce qu'elle s'ennuyait de son village et ses voisins. Grand-maman était une femme non seulement de souche québécoise mais une personne vraiment attachée à son territoire natal, et elle y resterait jusqu'à sa mort. Un jour, Laura irait visiter sa grand-mère pour lui dire qu'elle comprenait son attachement et son mode de vie. Et puis, elle lui dirait comment elle l'aimait malgré les distances.

Soudain la sècheuse fut éteinte et Laura sortit de sa rêverie. Laura regarda tout autour d'elle afin d'apercevoir une figure familière. Puis, elle aperçut Lina Marie qui lui dit, « Vous allez voir, 'man comment jolie y vont vous mettre une fois qu'y auront fini avec vous. » La coiffeuse conduisit Laura dans une autre pièce, la fit asseoir et commença à lui peigner les cheveux. Elle coiffa les cheveux courts de Laura avec des coups de peigne adroits et agiles alors que la coiffeuse parlait à Lina Marie de choses banales. Laura n'aimait pas ces choses-là, car elle n'avait pas l'accoutumance des

parlettes [parlage] inutiles. Elle trouvait le temps long, et puis elle avait hâte de s'en aller de là. Qu'est-ce qu'elle avait gagné avec tout ce temps perdu, se demanda-t-elle. Laura s'aperçut dans le miroir et son profil lui causa un tremblement de nerfs, car elle voyait bien qu'elle avait vraiment perdu ses beaux cheveux longs. Elle sentait qu'elle avait perdu une partie d'elle-même. « Cette femme-là, ce n'est pas moi, » se dit-elle, « ce n'est pas moi du tout. »

La pièce sentait de produits chimiques qui envahissaient l'odorat de Laura assez pour lui faire dire qu'elle avait besoin d'air frais. « Il commence à faire chaud ici-dans, » dit-elle à Lina Marie. « Allons-nous-en. » « Okay, ma chère, » lui dit Claudette la coiffeuse, « Aimez-vous vos nouveaux cheveux courts? » Laura lui répondit, « Faut croire que je vivrai avec. » Lina Marie lui dit à son tour, « Est-ce que ce n'est pas beaucoup mieux cette coiffure qui est à la mode? Vous n'aurez pas besoin de passer des heures à peigner vos longues mèches grises. Tout ce que vous ferez dorénavant c'est de venir ici au salon de beauté pour rafraîchir votre coiffe. N'est-ce pas beaucoup mieux ça? » Lina Marie quitta sa chaise et vint au-devant de sa mère.

Laura chercha son portefeuille et l'ayant trouvé, paya la coiffeuse. En sortant du salon elle capta son profil dans le miroir et dit à sa fille, « Partons d'ici avant que je tombe sans connaissance. » Comme elle sortait, elle frappa de son pied le pas de la porte et elle sentit sa nuque dénudée comme si tout son corps se sentait ainsi. Elle dit à sa fille qu'elle aurait du temps dur à s'ajuster à cette nouvelle coiffure. Ce n'était pas la coiffure autant que la perte de sa belle et longue chevelure qui avait été depuis longtemps sa marque de femme. Lina Marie lui dit qu'elle s'adapterait vite à ce changement, car elle bénéficierait de cette coupe de cheveux parce qu'elle n'aurait pas besoin de perdre du temps avec une chevelure d'un temps passé. « C'est du vieux, 'man, » lui dit Lina Marie, « c'est le temps de vivre dans le présent et d'être vraiment à la mode. » Les yeux de Laura s'ajustèrent à la vive clarté de l'après-midi alors qu'elle croisait la chaussée pour se rendre de l'autre côté de la rue. Elle aperçut des jeunes filles qui jouaient sur le trottoir, et elle reconnut Aline la fille de 'Ti-Pite Letourneau. Elle avait de longs cheveux d'un blond roux qui luisaient au soleil bienveillant. Les jeunes filles riaient et s'amusaient. Laura s'arrêta et regarda atten-

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Les Souvenances du Moulin de Maurice Mercier et de Rose Coté

[À la fin du dernier volet des souvenances des moulins et des shoe shops, j'avais demandé aux lecteurs et lectrices de me contacter si ils voulaient partager leurs expériences de travail avec les lecteurs du Courier. Et bien, en voici deux, Maurice Mercier et la mère de Rose Hill. Celle-ci m'a contacté afin de me raconter les expériences de sa mère au moulin, la Pepperell de Biddeford. Madame Rose Coté, maintenant défunte.]

Je me suis assis avec Maurice Mercier il y a quelque temps et j'ai pris des notes à propos de ses expériences de travail dont la plupart se passèrent au moulin, la Pepperell de Biddeford. Maurice est né à Biddeford en 1926 de parents américains. La mère est d'origine québécoise alors que le père venait du Massachusetts. Le jeune Maurice a passé

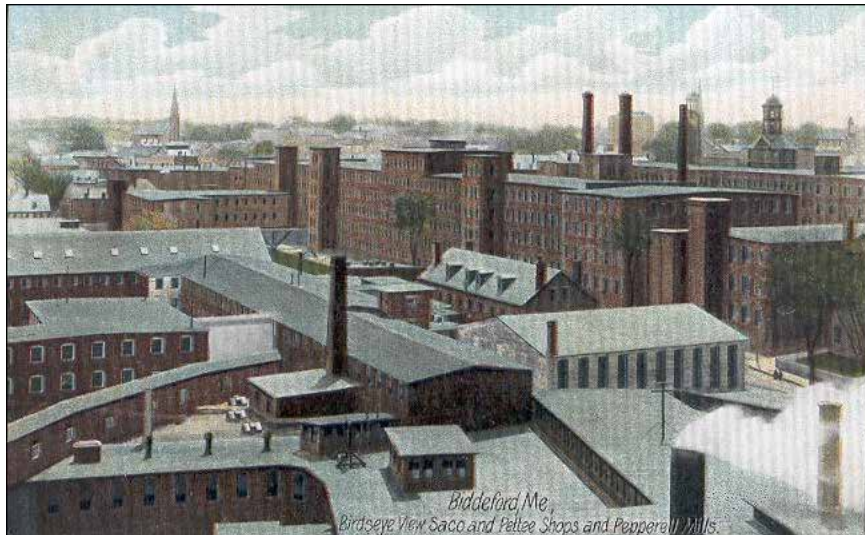
quelques années à l'école Saint-André de Biddeford et ensuite à l'école Notre-Dame de Lourdes à Saco. Puisque la mère tomba gravement malade, on fit sortir le fils, Maurice, des bancs d'école afin d'aller travailler dans les filatures qu'on appelle les moulins. Il n'avait que 16 ans lorsqu'il entra à la Pepperell Mfg. Co. où il devint rovin' boy [une opération de filature avant les bobines et les fileuses]. Il travaillait dans le 15-3, me dit-il,

et il rencontra plusieurs personnes et se fit des amis. Il y passa 15 ans comme rovin' boy avant d'être transféré au département d'expédition, au début comme auxiliaire à tout faire et ensuite comme contremaître. Il l'a fait pour deux ans et demi. Ensuite, Maurice est allé chez Morningstar à Kennebunk où il continua la tâche de contremaître d'expédition pour cinq ans. En général, on trouva Maurice un bon travailleur, vaillant, consciencieux et fidèle à son travail.

Entre temps, Maurice trouva sa belle et fidèle épouse, Thérèse Larivière, au moulin. C'était une "remplisseuse de batteries." Le mariage eut lieu en 1943 à l'Église Saint-André de Biddeford, et Monseigneur Arthur Décary fut l'officiant. Il faut dire que Maurice et Thérèse viennent de célébrer leur 70^{me} anniversaire de mariage en avril de

cette année. Ils ont eu neuf enfants: Maurice Jr., Ralph, Annette, Priscilla, Lucille, Lorraiane, Raymond, Diane, et Ronald. Deux de leurs enfants sont décédés, Ralph, un vétéran de la Guerre du Vietnam, et sa soeur Lorraine. Le couple a plus de 55 petits enfants.

Maurice fut toute sa vie un débrouil-



lard et se trouva plusieurs travaux à temps perdu telle, la cueillette de pommes chez Snell's à Bar Mills, la surveillance des enfants d'école aux croisières, agent de police, et entraîneur pour la ligue de Babe Ruth. Lorsque je lui ai demandé si lui et sa femme avaient déjà voyagé, il me répondit, une fois seulement en Floride pour visiter leur fils, Ralph. Maurice et Thérèse sont bien attachés à leur demeure sur la rue Douglas à Saco. Quoique les deux se servent d'une marchette, ils paraissent en bonne forme et maintiennent une lucidité d'esprit assez rare pour leur âge. Avant de quitter mon interlocuteur, il me dit de sa femme, "C'est une sainte, vous savez." Je le crois bien car elle m'apparaît comme une femme bien patiente, fidèle à son devoir d'épouse et mère, et bonne travailleuse toute sa vie. Tous deux

sont de fiers citoyens franco-américains que les années n'ont pas terni l'éclat de leur appartenance à une tradition de bon labeur et de fidélité à leur foi en Dieu et en eux-mêmes.

Quant à Mme Coté, née Rose Soucy, c'est sa fille, Rose Hill, qui m'a écrit pour me donner des précisions à propos de sa mère. Sa mère venait de Saco; elle fut née en 1917. Son père est mort lorsqu'elle était encore tout jeune. Sa mère eut une crise de nerfs et c'est alors que les cinq enfants furent mis aux dépens de l'État. Rose Soucy Coté, paraît-il, a toujours connu du temps dur dans sa vie. Elle se maria et eut deux enfants. Son mari travailla au moulin dans le département de la carde. Rose suivit son mari au moulin et devint tisserande [une "weaveuse"] en 1945. Voici les mots de sa fille, Rose, et je vous les donne en traduction: Elle travailla pendant la grève au moulin et c'était un temps difficile pour la famille. Comme enfant, je me souviens d'aller à la salle du syndicat pour

prendre un repas. Nous avons été heureux lorsque la grève se termina parce que les fèves qu'on nous servait n'étaient pas trop bonnes. En ce temps-là, les familles vivaient de paie en paie et c'était difficile pour tous et chacun d'épargner un seul sou. Si jamais il y avait une sainte sur la terre ce fut ma mère. La seule raison pour laquelle elle travaillait au moulin ce fut pour nous créer une meilleure vie, nous ses enfants. Elle travaillait

le troisième poste et dormait très peu. En été, elle fut accablée par la chaleur. Les amis avaient raison d'appeler le moulin une usine d'exploités. Elle aimait bien ses amies-tisserandes mais elle fut vexée lorsque les arrangeurs de métiers n'arrangeaient pas les métiers à temps. Aussi fort qu'elle ne travailla, les "boss" exigeaient toujours plus d'elle. Les navettes furent un danger constant accepté par les travailleuses et c'était une chose terrifiante que d'apercevoir une d'elle laisser le métier et voler en l'air. Un soir, une navette partit du métier et frappa ma mère sur la tempe droite. Il n'y avait pas d'hôpital pour lui venir en aide. Elle alla à la station des gardes-malades où on la conseilla d'aller chez elle après la relève et de ne pas dormir pour un jour entier de peur d'une

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(LA BELLE CHEVELURE DE LAURA suite de page 14)

tivement cette fille qu'on appelait « la belle jument. » Elle se rappelait lorsqu'elle-même avait sa belle et longue chevelure châtaine, souvenance qu'elle garderait pour toujours en elle. Lina Marie l'interpella et lui dit, « Come on 'ma, we have things to do. » « Tu vas me parler en anglais astheure? » lui répondit Laura un peu troublée et même choquée de se faire adresser en anglais, la langue des Irlandais et des Protestants, se dit-elle. « Oui, j'm'en viens, prends ton temps. Sais-tu Lina Marie, je pensais à quelque chose juste-là. » « Quoi, 'man? » « J'pensais à quelque chose d'étrange. » « Ben, disez-le-moi. Gardez pas ça en dedans de vous. » « Savais-tu qu'ils rasaient la tête des femmes pendant la dernière Grande Guerre? » « Quelle chose étrange de me parler de ça aujourd'hui. » « C'était pour les mortifier et les remplir de honte. » « Qu'est-ce que ça à faire avec nous autres? » « Ben, la cousine de ta grand-mère, y'ont coupé les cheveux et pis y'ont rasé la tête juste pour l'humilier. C'est arrivé en France dans un tout petit village en Normandie. Juste parce qu'on l'accusait d'avoir collaboré avec les Boches, les ennemis du peuple français. » « Quelle chose horrible de faire ça à une des leurs. » « Oui, ma mère nous racontait cette histoire lorsque nous étions jeunes. Pauvre arrière cousine, elle n'avait rien fait pour être blâmée de trahison. C'était juste une rancune de la part de quelques femmes. » « Je suis certaine que ses cheveux ont poussé plus tard. » « Oui, mais c'est ce qui reste après un

tel viol. C'est ça qui dure pour n'en plus finir. » « Faut pas se faire de la peine pour rien, 'man. » « C'est pas la peine, c'est la perte d'un morceau de nous-mêmes, un morceau de notre héritage itou. » « Là, 'man, je vous comprends pas. » « Non, tu comprendras jamais. Allons-nous-en. »



Normand Beaupré est né dans l'État du Maine en Nouvelle-Angleterre où il grandit comme Francophone, et plus tard, devient écrivain bilingue. Il a passé plus de trente ans dans l'enseignement universitaire. Il est présentement Professeur Émérite à l'Université de la Nouvelle-Angleterre au Maine. Il a beaucoup voyagé en Europe, au Mexique, et en Amérique du Sud. Il est l'auteur de vingt-deux oeuvres publiées en français et en anglais. Sa dernière oeuvre est un roman basé sur la vie artistique de Rosa Bonheur. Il fut décoré par le gouvernement de France alors qu'on lui décerna une médaille avec le rang d'Officier dans l'Ordre des Arts et Lettres en 2008.

(Les Souvenances du Moulin de Maurice Mercier et de Rose Coté suite de page 15)

commotion cérébrale. Je me souviens de la voir assise sur une chaise et je la réveillais à toutes les heures pour vérifier qu'elle allait bien. Je savais bien qu'elle avait des douleurs mais elle ne s'est jamais plainte. Elle ne voulait pas me causer de la peine. Avant même que la couleur de son oeil meurtri bleu ne changea, elle retourna au travail. Rarement elle prenait du temps libre de son travail car elle avait peur de son "boss" et ce qu'il lui dirait si elle venait à manquer à sa tâche. Elle a toujours travaillé fort et avec fierté. Chaque année, elle anticipait les vacances annuelles et le 4 juillet, vacances de 5 jours seulement. Lorsqu'advint le temps de la retraite à 62 ans, ma pauvre mère avait les deux jambes et les deux pieds "sans connaissance" comme on le disait en

ce temps-là, épuisée d'avoir passé 8 heures de relève après relève sur les deux pieds sans prendre un arrêt de repos car elle ne fumait pas et n'osait pas arrêter pour rien. À sa retraite on lui donna une petite pension de \$28 par mois. Peu de remerciements pour un travail dur bien accompli.

Il m'incombe de dire ici que ces deux femmes, Madame Mercier et Madame Coté, furent de vraies modèles de Franco-Américaines totalement dévouées à leur tâches de bonnes travailleuses, épouses, mères, et toujours fidèles aux exigences de leur quotidien. Elles me frappent comme bien d'autres femmes francos par leur intelligence souvent non reconnue, par leur assiduité, et par tout ce qu'elles ont su accomplir dans leur vie. Pour moi, elles sont vraiment des femmes-modèles enracinées dans leur devoir et leur fierté culturelle. Malheureusement, elle n'ont pas pu jouir des maintes opportunités

A Franco American Folktale

By
Gérard Coulombe

One of my professors at the University of Maine happened to have been our neighbor in the "South Apartments." These were rentals reserved for married staff and students

The South Apartments were recognizable to veterans as barrack type housing, nothing fancy. There were two types of buildings. One type was a one-floor barrack, consisting of sixteen apartments, eight on each side, for a total of sixteen apartments. There were two of these.

The other type was a double decker unit with 8 apartments per building. There were 2 front doors per unit, with a doorway on each side of the entrance landing and a stairway to the second floor with two doors, one on each side of the second floor landing. The units on each side had a common back entrance and exit with each first floor apartment having back door access to a landing and stairs that led outdoors to the yard running between barracks, each row of the barracks fronted a street and another set of barracks opposite each other. Each yard had T posts from which hung clotheslines
(Continued on page 18)

garnies par leurs descendantes qui elles ont, aujourd'hui, de meilleures occasions de travail et de mode de vie libéré de la servitude accablante du moulin d'autrefois.

Mon grand-père Beaupré a aussi travaillé au moulin à Biddeford. Il est venu de Beloeil au Québec avec sa famille, il n'avait que 13 ans. Plus tard, il travailla comme arrangeur de métiers, un emploi tant désiré de presque tous les travailleurs au moulin car c'en était un qui rapportait un beau salaire. Cette "job" demandait une bonne tête et une habileté hors pair avec la machinerie. Je conserve encore sa boîte d'arrangeur de métiers avec une courroie par laquelle l'arrangeur traînait sa boîte à tout. J'ai même découvert une souricière pour capter les souris du moulin dans un petit coin de sa boîte.

LA VACHE A MAILLOTTE

(Originally Published in the St. John Valley Times, October 11, 1995)

JACQUELINE CHAMBERLAND BLESSO

Mike: Good morning, Madame Francine. I hope I'm not late for my Valley French Lesson.

Francine: Ah, bonjour Michel. Tu es juste à temps. J'ai pensé qu'aujourd'hui il serait intéressant d'étudier une chansonnette que tous les jeunes enfants de la Vallée entonnaient autrefois quand ils parlaient français.

- What's it about?
- *Il s'agit d'une vache -*

La Vache à Maillotte

**Elle est morte, la vache à Maillotte;
Elle est morte, la tête dans le potte;
Son service était pas très long;
Ça brailliaient comme des cochons.**

- It sounds like a nursery rhyme.
- *C'est exactement ça.*
- What did the cow have her head in? What's a potte?

- *Un pot en français standard, et prononcé potte dans la Vallée, est un récipient pour les liquides, soit une marmite pour faire de la soupe ou bien, surtout dans la Vallée, un pot de chambre qu'autrefois on mettait sous le lit pendant la nuit avant l'invention de la toilette.*

- You mean the cow died with her head in a chamber pot?

- *On peut l'interpréter comme ça. Si elle est morte avec la tête dans une marmite, on pourrait en faire une soupe; si dans un pot de chambre, elle a eu une mauvaise fin, la pauvre.*

- Well, getting your head cooked in a soup pot is no picnic either. What does brailler mean?

- Ça veut dire pleurer. *Brailler est le verb utiliser dans la Vallée pour tous les pleures. En langue standard on l'utilise pour les pleurs d'enfants ou les pleurs bruyants.*

- I see. It's different from standard French. Although I can understand but I can't speak French, I would not understand these words, and I certainly would not make much sense of this verse without your explanation.

- *Le français de la Vallée n'est pas si différent de la langue métropolitaine. Après quelques temps tu n'auras pas de difficulté à comprendre parce que tu es de bon coeur. Je sais que tu ne commettras pas la sottise de croire que les gens de la Vallée parlent un français inférieure, comme beaucoup de gens qui apprennent le français pour la première fois, et qu'on a soumis à ce lavage de cerveau de supériorité de la langue standard. A part les anglicismes (et on doit dire que les métropolitains, eux, utilisent un bon nombre d'anglicismes), notre langue est bien fondée sur la langue apportée de la France au nouveau monde par nos ancêtres à partir de 1604, et transmis pour la plupart oralement jusqu'à nos jours à travers les quatre derniers siècles. Brailler sort du verbe braire du moyen français au 13e siècle, tandis que pleurer vient de plorer au 10e siècle qui a été extrait du latin plorare. Tous les deux comprenaient l'idée de crier ou de se lamenter.*

- I see. Brailler and pleurer were both used; but while pleurer has become part of standard French, brailler has survived in the Valley to refer to all crying, and in France to refer only to noisy or childish crying. Here you have preserved the all-encompassing meaning of the verb "brailler." What does the ça at the beginning of the first line mean? I thought ça was an abbreviation of the demonstrative pronoun "cela."

- *Tu as raison. Mais on peut aussi utiliser "ça" de façon familière ou bien péjorative comme pronom personnel,*



c'est à dire pour désigner des personnes. Par exemple, ça mangeaient, ça couraient ou, comme dans notre chansonnette, ça braillaient.

- I noticed that "était pas" was used without the "ne" instead of n'était pas."

- *Le "ne" est superflu dans la Vallée. On l'utilise rarement dans la négation. Au lieu de "Je n'ai pas d'argent," on dit "J'ai pas d'argent." En France, c'est à la mode d'éviter le "ne" dans la langue parler. Après tout, les Français se dépêchent autant que nous, et le "ne" encombre et empêche la fluidité. Le "pas" suffit pour indiquer la négation. Tu vois que notre langue est en vogue depuis longtemps. Dans le développement de la langue, le "ne" a précédé le "pas." Au 13e siècle, on utilisait le "pas" mais le "ne" dominait. Arrivé au 15e siècle, c'est le "pas" qui "a pris le dessus" comme on dit. Ici on a gardé le "pas" et on s'est débarrassé du "ne."*

- Madame Francine, you said, in referring to the children of the Valley, that they "used to speak French." If they aren't speaking French, what's going to happen to Valley French?

- *Le français pourrait disparaître dans la prochaine génération si on ne prend pas de mesures draconiennes pour l'encourager et le relever.*

- But, the Valley has a unique culture very much attached to the language. What happens to the culture when the language is gone?

- *Comme tu peux voir par l'explication de notre leçon, si la langue est éteinte, (Suite page 18)*

(A Franco-American Folktale continued from page 16)

for the wives to hang the laundry.

First and second floor outside apartment each had two bedrooms. The inside apartments each had one bedroom. We had the inside apartment, first floor, right, up the steps, inside, to the door on the left. It opened to the kitchen. My folklore professor, his wife and son had the first floor apartment adjoining ours. It was up the steps on the left, through the door on the right. Our bedrooms were, in a sense, adjoining bedrooms. Their bathroom and our bathroom were back to back.

Sandy Ives was my professor's name. I do not know that he had taught anywhere else before coming to Maine. I do know that he was young, and he was not, probably, any older than I was when he started teaching, although I think he had taught somewhere else before coming to Maine. I was a veteran. His specialty was not specifically English, although he taught some. In the ensuing years he started teaching folklore because that was his strength and forte, and he was, at the time, long into collecting folk material, stories and songs, from lumberjacks working in Maine and the Maritime Provinces. Sandy [As neighbors, I had permission to call him Sandy.] had grants to go on field trips on summer breaks. He took along recording equipment to amass tales and songs from those woodsmen who had something to share.

Sandy's folklore course might have been the first, truly, folklore course offered by the University. His course was one of my electives for my graduate program. Sandy had to have had an ulterior motive when he suggested to the chairman that he teach the course. He intended to continue his research by tapping the reservoir of folk tales known to students electing the course; as many in the class were familiar with the tales, most certainly, and had to have had parents, grandparents, relatives and friends with a sense of the folklore that was their heritage, having grown up at a time when folk ways and stories still had been central to their daily lives. Certainly they had to have heard first hand or had repeated, themselves, all those stories they had heard.

An on-going course assignment for the semester was to collect as many stories that we could gather from our neighbors, relatives, and parents to share. Of the stories that I collected from locals and neighbors, all in the Franco-American vain, most were

told in French, or, as some people will say, the Canadian vernacular. They were stories about lumberjacks, flying canoes, churchyards, devils, and spirits—all things magical.

I cannot say that my entire hometown was French-Canadian because, I guessed, it was not. A majority seemed to me to be French speaking. If the high school athletic coach and History teacher was the only one who spoke only in English, English speaking folks had to be in a minority because that's the way it felt to me. I had to search for new friends who spoke only English. I could not say that today. Hardly anyone speaks French, only, today, certainly among the relatives. The majority speak only English even as they come from parents who themselves spoke very little English prior to the 1950's.

In the last sixty years, my sisters' children, and mine, now, speak only English. Their children would not know that their parents spoke French at one time; although they knew that their *mémère* and *pépère* still spoke French all the time when they were alone with each other. As I have stated before, the community we lived in conducted business in French even if the business owners were not French. The clerk in the hardware store spoke it. The butcher spoke it; the milkman spoke it; the priests spoke it; the funeral director spoke it; the lady who collected the rent spoke it; the fishmonger spoke it; the iceman spoke it; during the war, the junkman who bought cigarette foil, balls of string, cardboard, tin cans and other metals spoke it.

To fulfill my assignment, I visited with my parents, spoke to my mother and father, and to the neighbors I knew well to ask them to recall any stories from their childhood. And almost everyone had a tale for me that I could add to the collection I was amassing. In this way, having let loose some twenty or so members of the folklore class to collect folk stories known to their parents, relatives and their neighbors, Sandy Ives had sources other than the Maine woodsmen and those from the Maritime Provinces. His students were source collectors of materials to scrutinize, to categorize and classify. Invention and miracle cohabited the tales. One of my favorites has to do with the notions of disobedience, dancing, and the devil. A folktale has one or all of the following characteristics: reluctance: the teller will tell you that, for one reason or another, he really does not like or want to tell the story. Truthfulness:

The teller will say, whether you believe him/her or not, the story is true, as it was told to him/her. At the conclusion of the story, there are admonitions of one kind or another and a confirming admonition from the storyteller following an honest retelling. A folktale, other than those that contain fantasy, has to have verisimilitude or irrefutable attribution—as in: "my grandmother told me. I heard it first from my mother.

"What I am going to tell you is true. I heard it from my mom who before the telling admonished me to retell it just as I had heard it in her own words; otherwise, I will be telling a lie punishable by Satan himself. My mother told it to me, and I never forgot *(Continued on page 19)*

(LA VACHE A MAILLOTTE suite de page 17)

qui pourra comprendre le sens, le charme et la signification de notre chanson? Quelques sociologues soutiennent l'idée qu'une culture peut survivre sans sa langue. Mais, c'est une question de qualité. Penses-tu que dans une autre génération, si la langue disparaît, on pourra vraiment comprendre "La Vache à Maillotte" et nos poèmes, chansons, complaintes, histoires et écrits si on ne connaît pas la langue de la Vallée?

- A lot of meaning and significance will be lost. I can see that it's crucial to try to preserve the language. Otherwise, it's loss will have a very big effect on Valley culture. I suspect that it will also have an economic impact. People who have left consider the Valley the cradle of their culture and language. If this unique language fades away, and then eventually the culture disappears, what then is going to attract people to the Valley.

- *Exactement. Les gens pourront chanter les chansons, réciter les poèmes et raconter les histoires, mais la plupart du sens sera perdu. Ce phénomène a déjà commencé.*

- So, it's important not only to preserve the culture, but its especially important to try to preserve the language.

- *Tu as appris une très bonne leçon aujourd'hui Michel. Au revoir. A la prochaine.*

- See you next week, Madame Francine.

(A Franco-American Folktale continued from page 18)

it just as I am telling you.

“Two sisters who lived on a farm with their elderly parents outside of Warwick, Province of Québec, very much wanted to go dancing. Their parents recognizing the sinfulness of dancing at any place other than at a soirée sponsored by the local parish, absolutely forbade their daughters to attend. So the two girls, in their late teens, worked very hard to set aside the temptation surrounding the announcement of a very special Harvest Dance at a country barn in the neighboring parish. But the two were overwhelmed by the need to attend, but prayerfully used supplication for help from their guardian angels to overcome them or to put aside the terrible urges. But prayer and even demand proved fruitless and, over time, overwhelming. They were going to go dancing.

On the night that the dance was to take place, the sisters executed their plan as best they could. It would not be easy. They would tell their parents that they were going to bed early. They would don their best dresses and shoes, and wait until their parents had gone to bed; this being farming country, neighbors lived far apart, and there was little to do by lamplight because of the darkness coming early in the season. They even climbed into bed and pulled the covers over their heads.

The girls left through their second floor bedroom window and quickly walked to the end of their farm road and started walking down the dirt road to the next town, doing their best to use the moonlight to save themselves from tripping because of holes in the rutted road, preferring to walk in the middle, grassy portion.

As they walked along, they realized how probably stupid the plan was, being that they had a long way to go, but as suspected, someone came along the only main road in a cabriolet drawn by a grey, spirited horse. The young man holding the reins stopped his horse at a short distance, probably having spied the two young ladies on the side of the road, by moonlight, they were quite visible. He asked, politely, where they were going, and they told him that they were going to the next parish to attend the dance at the barn that served as a dance hall on many celebratory occasions.

“Well,” said the young man all dressed in black with a freshly pressed white shirt shining in the moonlight. “You girls are in luck. Get aboard; I happen to be going to the dance myself. I will be only too happy to be

your escort.” As the girls got aboard with the help of the pleasant young man, they noticed that although he was wearing gloves as he helped them, his hands were quite hot for the season. His eyebrows were darker than the shade of the reins he had left knotted to the seat’s ironworks. As soon as they were seated he took up the reins in one hand and the whip in the other, and sooner than they had imagined the time it would take, they were at the lantern-lit dancehall barn set back in a large field where other conveyances had brought the musicians and partygoers for the evenings festivities. The band was playing a fast jig. There was a lot of fiddling going on. The girls went inside while their driver went about finding a place to tie his horse by the long row of water troughs by the

...the two girls, in their late teens, worked very hard to set aside the temptation surrounding the announcement of a very special Harvest Dance...

barn fencing.

The girls sashayed inside enjoying the music and the chance to dance, as the men, young and old, spied the new girls and promenaded around hoping to seize the opportunity to engage in a quadrille with one or both of the girls. Soon, the handsome young man dressed in black and still wearing his black gloves joined the group where older ladies and gents sat or stood clapping hands and swaying or tapping their feet to the tempo of the fiddle, accordion, spoons or washboard. When asked, the girls took turns dancing along to the sound of the music in jig time, the pace moving faster and faster. It occurred to the girls that their young man’s hands were very hot, a good thing he wore gloves one thought as she let go his hand and allowed him to hold her waist as he helped her to lift and jump and swing around in the crook of an arm, left and right.

One of the old grand ‘meres holding a wailing baby in her arms struggled to make him happy by bouncing up and down on one foot and then another; as she stomped her feet and swayed from side to side, the baby only cried the louder. Fiercely, the old woman danced shaking the infant to and fro. It occurred to her that the problem was one she well knew. The devil was present somewhere among the merry makers, stomping to

the music, clapping to the beat of the spoonman who was chortling like a vanguard of a hundred roosters presaging the rise of dawn.

She hurried to the barn door where the local vieux garcon stood alert for the sign of trouble and told him that she feared the devil himself was among the revelers and he should hurry up to the vestry to summon the prêtre. Sensing that it was time to go if they were to get home before their parents awoke to find them missing, the girls left the dance and made their way to the country road intent upon returning home in good time. Suddenly, they heard the trot of a horse fast approaching them. It was the young man in black who offered them a ride home. As it would help them by getting them home faster than they could walk, the girls took advantage of the young man’s good offer and help to board the buggy. They sat down and grabbed the bench seat to hold on, the young man whipped at his horse and they took off at a fast canter before he got it to move at a gallop through the still night air.

The girls sensed a danger. The grey horse’s speed frightened them. One sister slid her hand inside her frock’s pocket to get hold of her rosary beads, and prayed one Hail Mary after another as fast as she felt the pace of the horse go. It seemed to the two of them that if the horse moved faster, the buggy would take flight they were going so fast.

And as they held on to that thought, they found themselves bouncing out of the buggy to hit the ground almost as if nothing had happened. The cart, the young man in black, and the grey horse had disappeared. The girls, speechless, made their way back home, climbed up the ladder and through the window. And soon their mother was banging at the door and telling them it was time to get up if they were going to church. Their father would not wait very long and would leave without them. When the parents and later the community of worshippers saw the girls all were astonished because the girls’ hair had turned white. Altogether the parents and girls hurried to church not only to attend the service but also to enquire of the priest, what punishment had befallen their daughters.

This is a true story. The two girls continued to attend church. For many years, parishioners could attest to the veracity of this story. The children of God are attended by personal guardian angels. The children of Satan are attended by personal devils that lead us into temptation.

POETRY/POÉSIE...

To Kerouac, With Regret

You could have been a saint, Jack.
You grasped too eagerly, too
Indiscriminately at all
The powers of infinity
Raging in your soul.

You longed for oneness with the world —
For ecstasy, enlightenment,
Experience of what creation
Holds and has the power to
Impart to hungry souls.

Aspiring Catholic mystic, you clung
Fiercely to Christ even as
You sought for Buddhist light to
Shine on what was given you
In Lowell's French churches:

Saint Jeanne d'Arc, Louis de France,
Saint Jean Baptiste, the grotto on
The river — yes, the grotto of Lourdes,
With Mary promising Bernadette
A happiness not of earth.

But you snatched heedlessly
At quick routes to bliss: nirvana
Drawn from drink, the hazy glow
Or fierce charge of pills or weed,
Untethered, random sex

Entrapping, dulling your eager heart
Even as you prayed — depressed,
Confused, despairing — to live what you
So fervently desired: a kindness
World-embracing and hard.

But oneness with divinity
Exacts a price: long years of
Choice, restraint, self-sacrifice —
No circumventions from the bottle,
Easy coupling, drugs.



You couldn't have it all, Jack.
You knew that — and still you tried.
And in the end your life stalled
And foundered as you grimly, sadly
Drank yourself to death.

You could have been a saint, Jack —
And still may be as God works
With you throughout eternity
To purify the heart that longed
To see and taste and touch.

'Ti Jean, Lowell's child, grandson of
Québec, American yet French,
Divided and in conflict with
Yourself, rest now in peace —
Toujours reste-toi en paix.

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To Raymond Chandonnet

Kind man, repository of the stories,
Sayings, lifestyle of a world near gone,
You left too suddenly — though aging warned
That soon a time might come for us to mourn.

You kept your Franco world alive with memory,
Gentle humor, wry recital, tales
Vividly recounted, and heartfelt,
Touching, sacred, or funny song.

Ten years younger than Kerouac —
Another son of Lowell — you trod the streets
He trod, shared churches, shops, and schools, and spoke
The French of *belle Québec* as he would do.

But you mapped a different route: long life,
Large family, devoted wife, community,
And work to pay the family's bills — amid
The *bonhomie* of Lowell's *Canayens*.

And always there was God, alive and filtered
Through the hearts and minds of those formed
By French Canada — the mothers, fathers,
Aunts and uncles, grandparents, priests, and nuns.

The French and Latin of your church pierced
Your heart, and though you'd later sing God's praise
In English, the deepest wellsprings of your soul
Remained within a pre-English world.



April 3, 1933 - August 20, 2017

God dwells in every person, time, and place —
Refracted through the prism of specific
Faces, minds, cultures, ways of being —
Within specific moments and communities.

Cher frère Raymond, your face reflected God's
Goodness — *son aimant visage* — present
In the life and ways of your French Lowell —
Ton beau pays, ton propre héritage.

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POETRY/POÉSIE...

Homecoming

Heaven is where the heart is; Yvette goes home

She's striding through the pasture towards the farmhouse.
 She sees smoke curling from the chimney.
 Her brother's driving cows to the barn for milking.
 Two horses, tails switching, are drinking from the trough.
 A tangle of cars is parked along the road.

Now, she spots pickups, an old station wagon, cars.
 Over there, that's Roland's— the one he courted her in.
 Friends from the New England Box Company and
 Fowler's Nursing Home drove the two next to it.
 She doesn't recognize the snazzy red convertible.
 She'd love to take that one out for a spin.

Are there pies cooling on the window sill?
 Does she smell pork roasts, corn, and bouilli? *
 She sees her old skis made from cast-off tires.
 Someone's tied a big red ribbon 'round them
 and leaned them against the back steps.
 She loved skiing when the first snows came.

Through the half-open door, she hears laughter, jokes,
 and story-telling. Someone's tuning a fiddle.
 "What's all this?" "She wonders. Smiling,
 she rushes up the stairs like a young girl.
 As she bursts into the house, everyone shouts
 "Surprise! Everybody's here!" She's home.

—Margaret Langford

Homecoming after a life well lived

Yvette Daneault (October 26, 1921-December 25, 2015) grew up on a farm in Hardwick, Vermont. Life wasn't easy, but "Many hands make the work go light." She and her thirteen brothers and sisters all pitched in. Yvette remembered those times fondly. What if, as she left us, she found herself walking towards the old farmhouse where relatives, friends, and acquaintances from all the decades of her life had gathered for her homecoming party?

*Here, a summer stew made with beef and vegetables. Some use just green beans and a little onion.



La Mort Pathétique

Il était grand chez-nous
 Et aussi partout
 Un homme tout jeune encore
 Tout pareil comme l'aurore.

Aujourd'hui mon coeur pleure
 Car il y a quelques heures
 Mon Président est mort.

Je pense à sa jeunesse
 L'exigeant sans cesse
 De toujours labourer
 Pour pouvoir continuer.

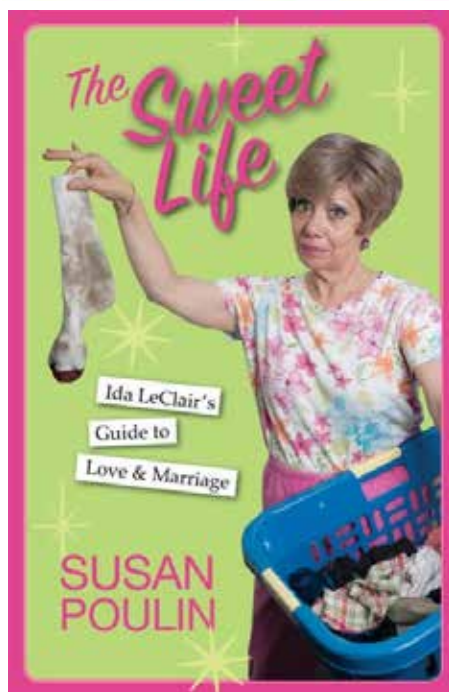
Aujourd'hui mon coeur pleure
 Car il y a quelques heures
 Mon Président est mort.

Je ne vois que son image
 Tout seul comme un grand mage
 Ses rêves et ses demains
 Voler par un assissin.

—Ronald G. Héroux



BOOKS/
LIVRES...



The Sweet Life

Ida LeClair's Guide to Love and Marriage

Written by Susan Poulin

Softcover, 200 pages, Humor, Fiction

ISBN: 978-1-939017-95-6

\$16.95

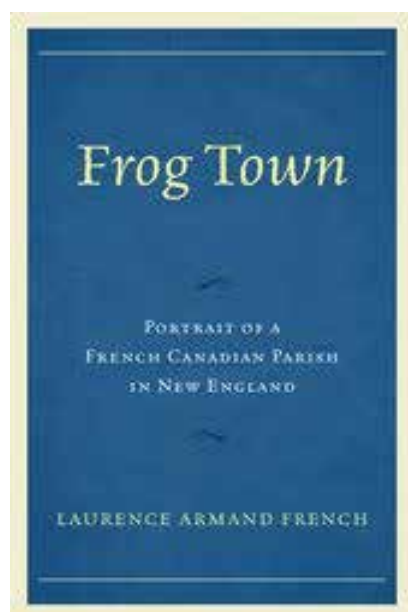
About this Book:

Susan Poulin, the "funniest woman in Maine," is back from Finding Your Inner Moose to show us all how to keep all our relationships sweet, simple, and easy. In *The Sweet Life*, Poulin (through her popular alter-ego and stage character Ida LeClair) offers a fresh view on love, marriage, and dating through a combination of sassy stories and serious advice. Whip-smart yet down-to-earth, the book strikes the perfect balance between humorous and heartfelt. Reading *The Sweet Life* feels like talking to an old friend—one with great advice, plenty of experience, and a few great recipes to boot.

About this Author: Susan Poulin

Writer and performer Susan Poulin is the author of *The Sweet Life* and *Finding Your Inner Moose: Ida LeClair's Guide to Livin' the Good Life*, as well as ten plays, five of which feature her alter ego, LeClair. The first of these, 1997's "Ida: Woman Who Runs With the Moose" was awarded the Seacoast Media Group's Spotlight on the Arts Award for Best Play and Best Actress. Moose was followed in 2005 by "Ida's Havin' a Yard Sale!," for which Susan received SMG's Best Original Script and Best Actress award, and "A Very Ida Christmas" in 2008 (nominated for SMG's Best Original Script). Susan also writes the popular Maine humor blog and podcast, "Just Ask Ida." Since her debut, Ida has entertained thousands of people from Maine to Minneapolis with her unique brand of wit and wisdom. Her sense of humor simply knows no bounds.

<https://www.islandportpress.com>



Frog Town

Portrait of a French Canadian Parish in New England

by Laurence Armand French

Frog Town describes in detail a French Canadian parish that was unique due to the high density of both Acadian and Quebecois settlers that were situated in a Yankee stronghold of Puritan stock. This demography provided for a volatile history that accentuated the inter-ethnic/sectarian conflicts of the time.

In this book, Laurence Armand French discusses the work, language, and social activities of the working-class French Canadians during the changing times that transformed them from French Canadians to Franco Americans. French also articulates the current double-standard of justice within

New Hampshire with details of actual cases, presented alongside their circumstances and judicial outcomes, to offer a thorough depiction of the community of Frog Town.

UPA; July 2014

310 pages; ISBN 9780761863847

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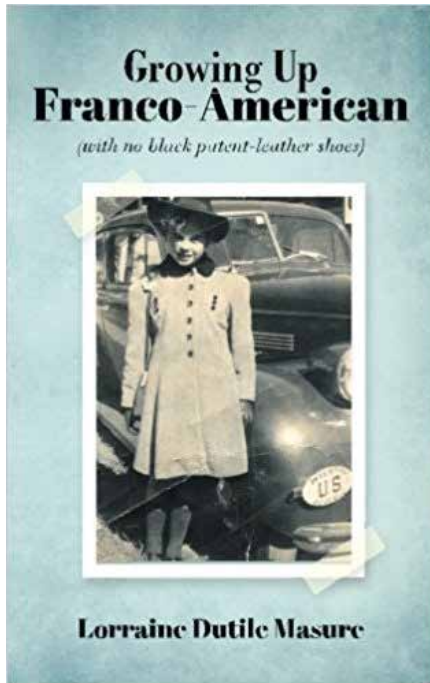
Title: Frog Town

Author: Laurence Armand French

<https://www.ebooks.com/1734038/frog-town/french-laurence-armand/>

BOOKS/

LIVRES...



**Growing Up Franco-American:
(with no black patent-leather shoes)**

Paperback – March 1, 2017

by Lorraine Dutile Masure (Author)

Intended for all, *Growing Up Franco-American (with no black patent leather shoes)* is the intriguing story of courageous grandparent and parent immigrants who, at once, heartily embraced their new country, the United States, yet remained inherently true to many of their cherished Old World cultural traditions -- all as transmitted to, an perceived by -- one of their first-generation American children, author Lorraine Dutile Masure. Acting as a cultural tour guide, she here tells stories of what it was really like growing up with a rich Franco herit https://images-na.ssl-images-amazon.com/images/I/51E4gRum-5pL._SX331_BO1,204,203,200_.jpg age across multiple venues of home, family, church, school, and other settings. Seniors also will see themselves in her stories. And younger people will be amazed at how quaint life was not so long ago. Informative and, as the author

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*Lettres/Letters continued
from page 3...*

Lisa,

Thank you so much for providing me with this piece. I must say that I am somewhat flabbergasted to see my work formatted in such a professional manner. Your layout does nothing but add credibility to my words and I thank you for that. I never expected to ever have anything that I did published in such a fine way. Hopefully the story of Charles Bourget will do justice to the service he provided to our country. I only wish that I could have found more information about his service while he was with the Second Light Dragoons. I'll have to settle for the fact that the current leader of the reenactment group was impressed when I told him that Major Benjamin Tallmadge provided an affidavit for Bourget's pension application. He said that it was rare for Major Tallmadge to have done that, and only if he knew the man personally. It's little consolation not knowing how Bourget might have played a role in the war. I recently watched several episodes of the AMC network's TV series called "TURN: Washington's Spies" that featured the characters of Gen. Washington

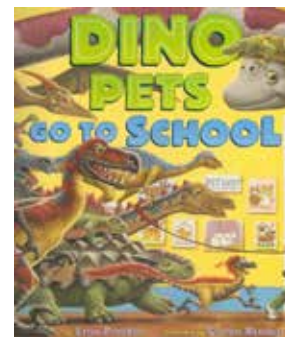
and Maj. Tallmadge and it made me wonder if Bourget might have rubbed shoulders with these men.

I'm very happy with the way you have handled my submission. Maybe it will inspire another person like me to do some research to uncover yet another forgotten Franco-American Patriot whose name may have slipped through the cracks of time. Now that I know where to look I may yet continue to see what else I might learn about my distant relative. I just heard back from the Valley Forge Society and my evidence has been accepted to add Charles Bourget's name to their Wall of Honor as a participant during the winter of 1777-1778.

In response to your question, my presentation at the Arnold Historical Society went very well and they also accepted my research to be able to add Charles' name to their rolls.

I couldn't be more pleased with the way your layout looks and the way everything has turned out. When will the Fall issue of "Le Forum" be released?

**Paul Lessard
Belgrade, ME
plessard@roadrunner.com**



**by Lynn
Plourde
Illustrated
by
Gideon
Kendall**

I brought a dino for a pet,
the SPIKIEST dino I could get.
At recess time we played a game.
Our soccer ball was not the same.

But then the loudest dino is not the best choice either for Pet Day at school. After its introduction, the classroom needed reconstruction. The widest dino collapses the cafeteria bench and sends food flying. Finally, the teacher gives the boy one more chance. What's the last dino he takes to school? Will that one work? Or maybe dinos just aren't the best pets to take to school. They'll have to find something else to do instead. But what? Find out about their after-school activity plus learn "dino facts" in the back of the book about the tallest, smartest, youngest dinos and more!

BOOKS/

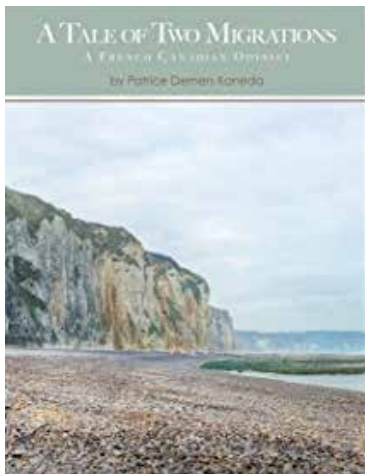
LIVRES...

**We Were Not Spoiled:****A Franco-American Memoir***by Lucille Verreault Ledoux (Author)*

We Were Not Spoiled chronicles the life of Lucille Verreault Ledoux, a Mainer born in 1921. Born and raised in Lewiston, her life is typical of many Franco-Americans of her generation and, as such, is an important addition to our understanding of Maine's ethnically diverse communities in the last century.

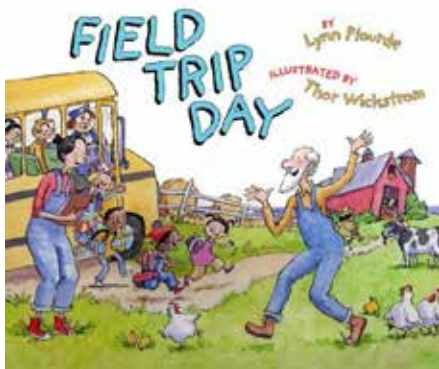
This is a book of often overlooked details, of information thought to be marginal and so too frequently lost to students of history. A basic function of memoir is to give witness to a time and a way of life gone by and this book succeeds well at this function. *We Were Not Spoiled* is full of period photos drawn from family collections and is generously endowed with endnotes to enhance the significance of the text for historical reference.

<https://www.amazon.com/We-Were-Not-Spoiled-Franco-American/dp/1493772465>

**A Tale of Two Migrations:****A French Canadian Odyssey***by Patrice Demers Kaneda (Author)*

A French Canadian Odyssey...Between 1840 and 1930 millions of people passed through Ellis Island to New York from the countries of Europe, but what do we know of the descendants of the 10,000 original settlers of Nouvelle France, French Canada, who walked, came on horseback, or train and made their way to New England and to a new life during the same period? In this adventurous tale, Pat Demers Kaneda finds her family, real and imagined, in 17th century France and brings them across the sea to North America where they face hardship and unimagined challenges and leaves them in New England in the 1950's to face a new decade. If you are one of the descendants of the Quebecois, this is your story. It is one more piece of the American mosaic.

<https://www.amazon.com/Tale-Of-Two-Migrations-Canadian-Odyssey/dp/1478713364>

Field Trip Day*by Lynn Plourde**Illustrated by Thor Wickstrom*

It was Field Trip Day.

Everyone in Mrs. Shepherd's class was anxious to visit a farm, especially . . .

Juan Dore-Nomad.

Juan knew that some of his best learning didn't always happen at school, but during adventures out in the real world.

Farmer Fandangle's Organic Environmentally Friendly Farm is a grand adventure for Mrs. Shepherd's class. The only problem is the chaperones keep doing headcounts and coming up with the number 22, but there are TWENTY-THREE students in Mrs. Shepherd's class! Who's missing? You guessed it—Juan! He just can't help himself as he wanders off to see what the cows eat so they can give organic milk and to find the source of power for the henhouse contraptions (windmills!). At the end of the farm field trip, it's not Juan who's missing, but two of Farmer Fandangle's calves! Where could they be? Can anyone find them?

<http://lynnplourde.com/index.php/books?bid=28>

A Father's Blessing on New Year's Day

by
*G rard Coulombe
Fairfield, CT*

While some people just love New Year's Day, I never did. I did not enjoy Christmas any better. By "Christmas," I mean the secular meaning of "Christmas," as in a holiday celebrating our ability in this country to reward those who have been good, particularly, the children. Although, to a greater or inversely lesser degree, the gift of giving largely depends on who you are and the likely possibility of getting, in your Christmas stocking, a piece of coal or a deluxe sampler of drugstore chocolates.

At that moment, I thought that what one got was a measure of affordability. [I recalled much later, as a first year teacher, one of my students who came to the house on Long Island to say to me that if I were to give her and "A" she would be forever grateful because she would get a new convertible from her dad for the effort she had put into her classwork. It was both shocking to me and educational for me to learn from a student about what mattered to her.

Christmas for me was never the happy event anticipated by so many, and, as I recall, less anticipated by those who expected that Santa would bring the gift that one always wanted but never got. The depression, the fact of it, and the psychological aspect of it that weighed on me, because of the disappointment that attended us, as it became internalized and lasted for many years of false expectations when the gift was never the one to satisfy, or the one that was to last and last. Growing up is supposed to correct the loss and remedy the supposed everlasting pain of having been denied while so many others in the neighborhood were so richly rewarded, or so I thought, with the gift they had always wanted. The truth is that their expectations were never any more rewarded than mine. We were miserably unhappy with

our status in life.

So, I mentally skipped over Christmas. It would never be what I had originally expected, that involved a certain satisfaction, that my parents had known and remembered what I always wanted but never got me at Christmas; My mother gave me hugs and kisses for my knowing that they could never afford to give me what they could not afford to give, for the weekly paycheck earned barely covered their weekly expenses. At one point in my childhood, I knew the difference between those who received and those who did not. I was comfortable knowing that because of who we were, God would not only give us, but also everybody else like us, the love he distributed to those whose families could not afford that which only money could buy. So, as I always managed a job as a youth, I looked in the four



"five and dimes" on Main Street for what I thought was the most beautiful framed art that I could afford, a pastoral of sorts that I thought mother might hang on the living room wall. She did.

So, I fully understood Christmas for what it was, a good meal at my mother's sister's house. After we had eaten a breakfast of buttered toast and scrambled eggs with nectarines on the side, prepared by mother, we walked ahead of our parents to our aunt and uncle's house a few miles up country where our uncle waited for us to arrive in the chicken shed to preside at the execution of the two birds we got to select. I don't know what effect watching had on my sisters, but I knew full well the way of chickens we chose lost their heads on the hardwood block where our uncle did all his chopping. Swat, plunk and bang, off with the heads and a quick run around the shed while they bled to death, the two chickens,

one after the other. Then, he put each in a pail of boiling water, pulled them out, hung them up with a ready wire by the legs and we joined him, if we wanted to, in plucking the feathers.

New Year's Day, or Le Jour de L'An, * quickly followed an always-disappointing Christmas. We would again go to our aunt and uncle's house in the country, but first there was to be a ceremony all of our own that we all had to experience. That was to kneel to receive our father's blessing. [Father, to me, was never dad. He was always father. I recall why dad was never dad. Father had been an actor and I think he had chosen a part that he always played, that of the aloof principal in a family who was distant and officious, as if he were forever playing the part in one of his many roles as an actor, that of the stern father and husband who always kept his distance by remaining in character all of his life.

Most of the time, "notre P re," true to his work and sleep habits, was up later than we were on Sunday mornings. So we waited for him to get up, and for him to dress himself for Church. We were waiting; we were attending together, but more than likely, I was serving mass as one of the altar boys at the eleven o'clock service on this day of obligation. Before we could leave, we had to wait on father on the holy day morning of New Year's Day.

New Year's Day has lost its cachet in the Church. It has lost all of its religious and familial relationship with the Holy Family. In those earlier days, we were already dressed, and we waited in feverish anticipation for our father to decide it was time to officiate, ceremoniously in giving us his blessings. Our father's benediction, individually, began with my mother, but not ritually so. It could not wait. We were all anxious to get it done with.

It might have happened earlier in the day had he gotten up, but as a man who worked the second shift all of his life, he had to sleep late on a day off. For my father, it was obligatory, just as much as going to church on a Sunday or on a Holy Day of Obligation. Only when he had gotten out of bed, dressed, had had his breakfast be-
(Continued on page 27)

*(A Father's Blessing on New Year's Day
continued from page 26)*

fore leaving the house to attend church “en famille,” as a family, did he think we were due to be anointed for another year. I don't believe for one minute that his little drama was anything but a little drama in which he played the major role.

We might have left for Mass on New Year's Day before he had had us kneel before him, each of us had to take a turn at what I thought was a punitive exercise. To kneel before him was the dutiful thing to do. We were scarred, reluctant, but dutiful. We took our turn to ask for his blessing. He received each one of us individually. As the oldest, I went first; he gave each one of us his blessing, or not. We could not have foretold or bet on the outcome. It was possible that he might withhold his blessing. It happened.

Father's benediction was old Canadian tradition. In turn, and as the eldest, I followed mother, and knelt at my father's feet, whereupon, he would raise his cupped hands overhead to bring them down on my head in benediction. But first came an accounting of our plusses, heavy with minuses, from the past year.

He focused on the negative. I disliked,

probably, “hated” is the better choice of words. During the whole process, one that felt very long, but, actually, the whole interviews or blessing was very short.

The whole process, principally because I felt he played the person he was all year long, he who held the accounts, and he who did not hesitate to recall the long list of negatives, did proceed in a plodding but serious and officious voice. Perhaps my sisters would have recalled these experiences differently had I asked them some years later. But, I never did, speak of this to them or to my mother, who, I think, suffered, privately, through this traditional review of one's sins. I never asked my friends if they experienced anything like it or something similar.

All I know is that following Mass we walked crosstown to visit my grandfather, before whom we knelt, in turn, unprompted, to ask for his blessing. Grandpa, without ever hesitating, freely gave us his blessing, there was no review, just a simple and heartfelt blessing upon us all principally because he was never the actor; he was just true to a joyous heart. He had outlived his blind wife, and the two of them had buried four of their children.

I never knew my paternal grandparents. I only remember seeing the older men

in their long white beards standing in front of what might have been my grandfather's shoe shop.

- New Year's Day like Christmas Day was a holy day of obligation of the Catholic Church, which meant that attending mass, was obligatory. Attending “le Réveillon” was an old tradition of French Catholics. It took place following mass on Christmas Eve and/or New Year's Eve and involved a feast of eating delicacies of all sorts after midnight mass; it also involved serving Pork Pie or “Paté en Croûte” or “tourtière,” as we Franco Americans called the pork pie that my wife still makes, as she learned to make it from her mother with some modifications. Some years into a job, we had all been invited to contribute to the librarian who joined a French teacher in making a dish to celebrate the Christmas holidays. I asked my wife to make a traditional pork pie or tourtière that I took to school. The principal had many laudatory comments meant for those who had contributed, with one exception. He wondered aloud, “What's that shit meat pie? Some snickering and giggling later, I promised myself that from then on, he would be treated as an enemy who would never know sabotage like that which he would experience.

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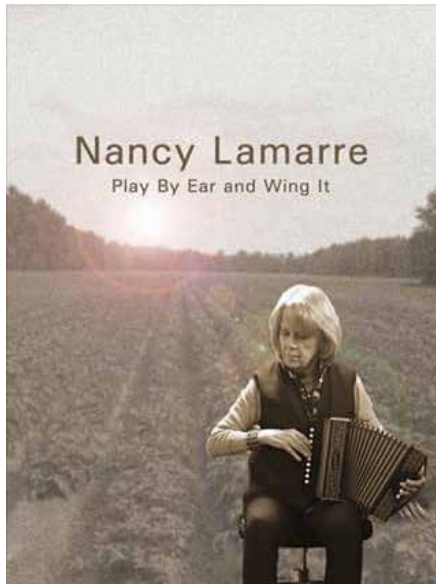
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Music/Musique



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Though she often entertained at family gatherings, she began singing publicly with the support of the Franco-American Center at the University of Maine, where she discovered others who shared her rich heritage. After receiving her BA in Romance Languages in 1984, she continued to perform, quickly gaining recognition as a new Franco-American voice through early performances at state festivals in Maine and at schools and parish soirées.

In 1999 she received the National Culture through the Arts Award from NYSAFLT, the New York State Association of Foreign Language Teachers, and was inducted into the French-Canadian Hall of Fame Class of 2007 for the American-French Genealogical Society.



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FRANCO-AMERICAN LITERATURE: PAST TO PRESENT

Lecture by

Sr. Mary Carmel Therriault,

Author of *La Littérature Française de la Nouvelle Angleterre*

First appeared in *Le FAROG FORUM*, April, page 9, 1976

by *Claire Boulduc*

A long time ago, before the new Woman's Movement, and before the new Liberations of various kinds, I had a teacher who influenced above all others. This teacher is a woman - but more than any label can encompass - a person, full blown, developed, genteel and intelligent.

I remember Sr. Carmel in her office (she was President of the College I attended) books in front of her, papers stacked neatly, taking a moment to smell some favorite flowers - yellow roses; or taking the time to speak with her kitten: the formidable Princess; or taking the time to introduce me to the novels of Marie-Claire Blais. On other occasions she had the unpleasant tasks of notifying me of a family accident, or of telling me to clean up my act. This is the same Sr. Carmel who put together a fine Woman's College and held it together during its first ten years of life.

Business woman, literary figure, teacher, disciplinarian, friend, a religious, most of all - a kindly, intelligent presence who infused the college with gentleness and a kind of "peasant" wisdom. (I hesitate to use the word peasant for a woman who has her Doctorate from Laval University...) Yet, it's true. Sr. Carmel is from Lille - une Acadienne qui me parlait de la Vallée, qui me parlait français, qui me parlait personne à personne...même quand j'avais fait un coup.

So, it is with a combination of respect and love that I set the announcement of Sr. Carmel's lecture, and I invite you to come meet her and share the joy of having her on campus.

My father always said: "Sr. Carmel? C'est QUELQU'UNI!" Come meet this quelqu'un.

Claire



Sister Mary Carmel (Alma) was born on March 19, 1904. Sister was the daughter of Patrick Therriault (an Aroostook County Commissioner) and Zélie Morneau. She had one brother, Edmond.

From 1954-1956, Sister Mary Carmel Therriault was Dean of St. Joseph's College; she was president from 1956-1967. In the late 1960s, she helped begin the religious retirement program in Maine.-For Love of Mercy by Mary Raymond Higgins RSM (1995). Sister Mary passed away on Nov. 15, 1979.

The Sister Mary Carmel Scholarship Fund

Help us in honoring the memory of an extraordinary woman, a Sister of Mercy who had a great impact upon our lives as students at Saint Joseph's College — Sister Mary Carmel Therriault. Sr. Mary Carmel served as the College's first President when it moved to the Sebago Lake property. Without her determined and pioneering spirit, the now vibrant 105-year-old St. Joseph's College quite probably would not exist.

From long ago conversations with Sister Mary Carmel, I recall how proud she was to have been a daughter of Aroostook County, in her parlance, "The County", one of Maine's most beautiful but economically distressed regions. As a native of Grand Isle, Maine, she had profound feelings for the young and aging in the regions of Aroostook and Central Maine, people that she served

as principal of John Bapst High School in Bangor and Superior of Our Lady of Mercy Convent in Eagle Lake.

To celebrate the 50th Reunion of the Class of 1967 and to honor Sister Mary Carmel's legacy, a scholarship has been endowed in her name. The Sister Mary Carmel Scholarship Fund will benefit the very best of St. Joseph's College students - young women and men who demonstrate academic merit, financial need, and public service to the people and institutions of Maine, especially those from "The County."



To participate please contact Joanne Bean, VP and Chief Advancement Officer at jbean@sjcme.edu — 207-893-7891 or give online at https://kappa/sjcme.edu/cc_Forms/IAOF/iaogift

A Trip Through “The Little World They Call Little Canada”

August 8, 2017

Lewiston-Auburn, Maine

By James Myall

Eight years ago, a barren tongue of land of half a dozen acres or so...today peopled with from 1,200 to 2,000 people, according to how you estimate, with almost 200 tenement houses... And yet they talk of Western booms.

The growth of Lewiston’s “Little Canada” district was as rapid and astounding to those who witnessed it, as it seems to us today. In 1891, the Lewiston Saturday Journal took its readers through a tour of the newest section of Maine’s leading manufacturing city. In the matter of just a few years, the part of the city known as “the island” had been transformed. In the words of the Journal, the neighborhood now being referred to as “Little Canada” represented

The most remarkable settlement of a people that is to be found in the same space of time in any city in New England... Very little English is spoken among the families; customs differ; the residents live by themselves and are growing rich by prudence and foresight.

“The Island” took its name from the way that it was enclosed by the Androscoggin River and the canals that powered the city’s textile mills. From 1874, it was also the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway spur to Lewiston. The proximity of the neighborhood to the mills, where most French-Canadian immigrants worked, and the railroad, by which most arrived in the city, made the Island a convenient place for French Canadians to settle. It was also, how-

ever, one of the city’s less desirable neighborhoods. It was just a little upriver from the “Gas Patch,” an area around the Lewiston Gas Works, which had been settled by Irish immigrants partly because the foul-smelling gas made the area less attractive to others.



Canal Workers, Lewiston, date unknown. The Maine Central Railroad bridge is in the background. Images: USM Franco-American Collection / Maine Memory Network.

The Journal noted that the French Canadians shared more than just proximity with the Irish of a generation before. Just as the Irish had established “a fair sample of peasant life in Ireland” (complete with turf-walled houses, pigs, and

One of the things that distinguished Lewiston’s “Little Canada” from other immigrant neighborhoods in New England was that the houses were built by the immigrants themselves, not by the mill owners. While Little Canada does contain some “mill blocks,” the vast majority of French-Canadians lived in tenements built and owned by their compatriots.



Mill housing, Canal Street, Lewiston, c1880. Image: USM Franco-American Collection / Maine Memory Network

French Canadian women are “excellent cooks,” and all the newcomers are described as “quite fine musicians.” The article’s author describes supper with a Franco family, followed by a kitchen party – a scene that would be familiar to many Franco-Americans of today. The windows of the apartment “shake to the tune of something

like the Virginia Reel” – a nod to the common Celtic roots and influences of traditional French-Canadian and Appalachian country music.

The older Franco Americans have a “head for business;” the young women are pretty and the young men, if “not all handsome,” have “a kind of manly look to them,” being “tall,” “strong,” and “square-jawed.” Aside from these romantic pictures of the new arrivals, the Journal offers some



Tancret-Philippon Wedding, 24 River Street, Lewiston, 1897. The Tancrets owned the River Street property. Image: USM Franco-American Collection / Maine Memory Network.

(Continued on page 33)

Confronting the Klan in 1920s Maine

August 14, 2017

Biddeford, Biddeford-Saco, Fairfield, Greenville, Jewish Americans, Ku Klux Klan, Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Organized Labor, Police, Politics, Waterville

The history of Maine's brief, but intense, association with the Ku Klux Klan is becoming increasingly well-known. Along with a large portion of the country in the early 1920's, Maine was home to a Klan chapter with a significant membership, which held significant sway over local politics. While the Klan had its beginnings with former Confederate army officers in the South, and initially targeted African Americans in former Confederate States, by the 1920's, the "second Klan" had broadened its agenda of hate to include Jews, Catholics, and almost any immigrant. In Maine, from 1923-25, the KKK whipped up animosity against the state's significant Irish- and Franco-American populations, in particular.

What's less well covered is the resistance to the Klan and their divisive brand of politics by the groups they attacked. While the group had successes in eliminating Portland's directly-elected mayor, and a number of other local races, they never completely captured state politics, and their influence diminished rapidly after 1924. US Senator Owen Brewster, who was elected governor in that year, was often accused of courting the Klan vote, but this association has never been proven. Brewster certainly had a record of contesting the right of immigrants to vote, and the KKK itself endorsed his candidacy, but Brewster himself consistently denied being a Klansman, or supporting the group. That the KKK were not able to capitalize on their initial successes is credit to the efforts of Franco-Americans and others to stop them.



Parade of the Ku Klux Klan in Milo Maine, September 3rd, 1923. Said to be the "first daylight parade in USA" – a sign of the group's confidence. Image: Island Falls Historical Society/Maine Memory Network.

Franco-Americans were able to stymie Klan ambitions in several ways. In a limited number of communities, Franco-Americans actually had enough political clout to crack down on the organization from above. In Lewiston, for example, the KKK were denied use of the city hall for their meetings. That stood in stark contrast to the situation in majority-Yankee communities, where the group found a warmer reception. Just across the Androscoggin River in Auburn, the Klan met at city hall, to audiences that included members of the police

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interesting insights into daily life in Little Canada, such as the practice of boating on the Androscoggin by night, or the nugget that "very many of the younger generation speak English fluently, and read and write as well as the American boy or girl."



Little Canada School, c1900. Image: USM Franco-American Collection / Maine Memory Network.

The article confirms that nearly all the early arrivals to Lewiston were farmers – though some are described as "skilled mechanics and carpenters." Nearly all the French-Canadians in Lewiston lived in the neighborhood (along with "only six Irish families"), including the relatively well-paid store clerks who worked on Lisbon Street. By 1891, the newcomers had elected their first councilman, François "Frank" Pelletier, who recounted having known Louis Riel, the leader of the Northwest Rebellion, when they were both students at Terrebonne College.

All together, the Journal's depiction of Lewiston's new population is a far cry from the anti-immigrant sentiment that Franco-Americans would face in the 20th century, and the suspicion that many of today's immigrants labor under. It may have glossed over some prejudices and struggles of the time, but it demonstrates the same "free-hearted hospitality" towards the Franco-Americans that the Journal attributed as a characteristic of the French-Canadian arrivals.

<http://myall.bangordailynews.com/>

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force, and which included sermons by local protestant clergy. When the Saco chapter of the KKK organized a Labor Day march in 1924, it was prevented from entering Biddeford by members of the city's police force and fire department. Again, the difference between the two communities could not be more stark. While Biddeford's city government stood firmly against the Klan, the Biddeford Weekly Journal reported that the several leading Klansmen were bold enough to march without masks, and that

“Well-known Saco citizens on horseback rode along the streets ahead of the parade and kept the crowds in line and special [constables] paraded through the crowd with drawn clubs.”

The Saco event very nearly ended in violence. One Biddeford police officer drew his revolver, but no shots were fired. In a surreal twist that demonstrates the Maine Klan's fusion of bigotry and polite society, the parade culminated in an anti-Semitic and racist speech by a speaker from New Hampshire, after which, the Journal reported, “a fiery cross blazed forth and later the Klansmen returned to city hall and had more light refreshments.”

Labor unions also fought back against the KKK, and sought to organize the very immigrant workers the Klan demonized. On February 2, the KKK tried to evict an organizing group of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) in Greenville. About forty Klansmen went to the boarding house where IWW delegates were staying, and tried to intimidate them into leaving town. In response, the IWW called in its local members – who were mostly woodsmen – for a show of support. On the sub-zero night of February 4, nearly 175 union members, many of whom were Franco-Americans, marched in Greenville to oppose the KKK. IWW leader Bob Pease accused the Klan of working with the lumber companies, town selectmen, and the local YMCA to try to oppose the unionization of lumber workers.

Sometimes, however, Franco-Americans did not have the protection of local governments or the strength of labor unions to help them. A July 1st gathering of Klansmen in Fairfield (just south of the Franco-American stronghold of Waterville) was disrupted by unnamed local “youth” who threw stones at the Klansmen's cars. The brief gathering was broken up by about 200 locals, who far outnumbered the fifteen or so Klansmen. No-one was injured, but a sign of the KKK's prominence in the town can be found in the account of the incident found in the Waterville Morning Sentinel of July 3rd, 1924. The injured Klansmen included “a local businessman” and at least one individual known to the police chief.

Franco-Americans and other minority groups are often depicted solely as victims of racism and discrimination. Not to acknowledge the steps these groups took to oppose bigotry is a mistake that undervalues their agency, and contributions to their own struggles. One of the lessons of the rise and fall of the KKK in Maine is that racism and hatred can be opposed when we stand up together and fight back.

A Photo Tour of the Former St-Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell, Massachusetts

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

On Wednesday, June 21, 2017, the fourth day of Franco-American Week 2017 in Lowell, Massachusetts, the former St-Jean-Baptiste Church was open to the public from 3:00 to 7:30PM. The schedule for Franco-American Week published a description of the day's events: “Rediscover

St. Jean-Baptiste Church, 741 Merrimack Street, Lowell, MA. No elevator. Tour the Romanesque Revival St. Jean-Baptiste Church built in 1890 as the first French-Canadian Church in Lowell. While the Archdiocese [of Boston] removed its pews, [and] many of the stained-glass windows, and other religious items when it closed in 2004[,

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Anti-KKK poster by the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW), 1921.



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.

Current Monthly Venue for the Mass in French at St. Augustine's Church in Hartford

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

The Pastor of St. Augustine Church in Hartford, Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, celebrated the Mass in French on Sunday, October 1, 2017, beginning at 7:45AM. The Mass was attended by thirteen people, all of whom were former parishioners of Ste-Anne/Immaculate Conception Church in Hartford, which has its last Mass in French on Sunday, June 29, 2017. The people who were at the French Mass were: Lorena Dutelle, the altar server, Jean Foley the cantor (who brought his son to the Mass), Albert Marceau the lector, Patrick Labrie, Jean Agba (who brought his three sons to the Mass), Ghislain Larochelle and his wife, and Aline Maras and her daughter. Your reporter, Albert Marceau, has known the cited parishioners at Ste-Anne's Church in Hartford since he officially became a member of the parish in August 1996, except the two men from Togo – Jean Folley and Jean Agba – both of whom came to the parish with their families sometime after 2006.

The readings for the day were for the 26th Sunday in Ordinary Time, Year A, which are Ezekiel 18:25-28, Psalm 24: 4-9,

Philippians 2:1-11, and Matthew 21:28-32. The readings were printed on 8 ½ by 11 inch paper, and were taken from the website of the Association Épiscopale Liturgique pour les pays Francophones, www.aelf.org. The petitions, la prière universelle, were taken from the website Vie liturgique, www.vieliturgique.ca.

Near the end of the French Mass, Fr. Walsh announced that there would be two more Masses in French, on the first Sunday of the following two months. Lorena Dutelle and your reporter was surprised by the announcement, because your reporter overheard Fr. Walsh say to a longtime parishioner of St. Augustine's Church, Mrs. Aline Wysocki, during the parish breakfast after the 9AM English Mass on Sunday, September 24, 2017, that the target number of attendees at the French Mass should be 50 people. Although your reporter realized that the number was more than double the number of attendees at the French Mass at Ste-Anne's in Hartford, which ranged from 18 to 23 for years, the target number spoken by Fr. Walsh is one-half the target number



that Archbishop Blair cited during a talk that he gave at St. Thomas Seminary in Bloomfield on Tuesday, October 20, 2015, where he said that every Sunday Mass in Archdiocese should have 100 people in attendance. After the French Mass, Fr. Walsh said that it will take time to build a regular community at the French Mass, and so, he will allow it to continue for two more monthly Masses.

The next two Masses in French will be held on Sunday, November 5, which is the 31st Sunday in Ordinary Time, Year A, and Sunday, December 3, which is the First Sunday of Advent, Year B. The time of each of the French Masses will start at 7:45 AM, at St. Augustine Church on 10 Campfield Avenue in Hartford, Connecticut.

The website for St. Augustine Church in Hartford is <http://www.staugustinehtfd.org/>, and the telephone number for the church is (860)-522-7128.

(A Photo Tour of the Former St-Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell, Massachusetts continued from page 34)

[t]he circular, elaborately designed stained-glass window still towers over a third-level balcony with [the] organ pipes still in place. Come see this beautiful church." It should be noted that the common architectural term for the: "the circular, elaborately designed stained-glass window" is the rose window.

The former Church of St. Jean Baptiste in Lowell is now the property of TMI Property Management and Development, and one can read on its website about the former church, which it mislabels as a "cathedral" that: "TMI Property Management & Development provides high quality residential and commercial properties. Our former St. Jean Baptiste Church property is one of our newest commercial venues. We are currently assessing community interest in restoring this magnificent historic land-

mark and converting it into Lowell's most majestic cathedral for all functions." The exact meaning of the word "cathedral" is a church where a bishop has his chair, which is a sign of his authority within the Catholic Church, and can be found in the sanctuary of a given cathedral. The same is true for Orthodox Christian cathedrals. The word "cathedral" is from the Greek word for "chair," which has the connotation of a seat of authority. The website that TMI Property Management and Development maintains for the former church is: www.lowellshistoriccathedral.com/.

The following photographs were taken by John Kobuszewski of Lynn, Mass., and Susy Carnevale of Lowell, Mass., with their cellphones, and the images were sent by e-mail to your reporter. The photos and the captions should give the reader a sense of the size of once beautiful interior of the former St. Jean Baptiste Church in Lowell.



**St. Jean-Baptiste Church,
Lowell, MA**

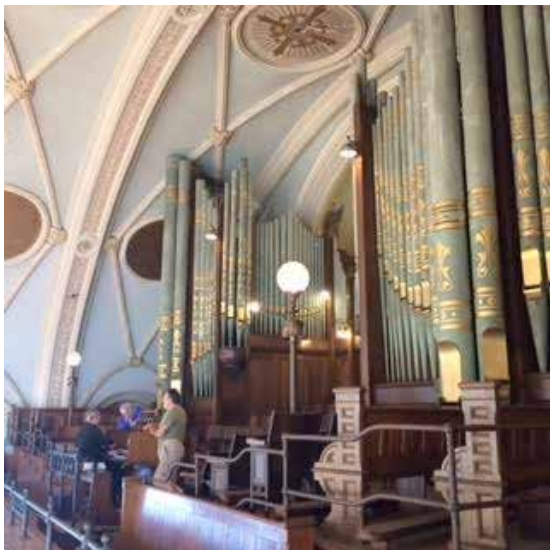
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John Kobuszewski captured an image that truly shows that all the large stained-glass windows were removed from the church, and that the rose window has remained in the church. In the photo on the right are some people, where there were tables that had a photo display of the former parish, as well as information about Franco-American Week, and travel brochures for the Province of Quebec. One table had information about St. Joseph's Shrine in Lowell, which is linked historically to the Parish of St. Jean Baptiste in Lowell, and copies of a DVD were sold at the table, entitled St. Joseph the Worker Shrine 1956-2016 produced by the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

Although the schedule for Franco-American Week gave the impression that there were formal, guided tours of the former church, the tours were self-guided. So, D. Michel Michaud, Roger Lacerte, John Kobuszewski, and your reporter decided to go to the choir loft, and examine the organ, an idea that originated with Michel Michaud. On the spur of the moment, John Kobuszewski decided to take a photo, and told Michel sit at the organ. Hence, he pretended to play the organ, which was not connected to the pipes, and there was no electricity connected to the organ. Roger Lacerte is seen in the blue jacket, and your reporter is standing on the right, in an olive drab shirt, and khaki shorts.



A few minutes later, John Kobuszewski decided to take another photo, but further away from the organ. In the later photo, the viewer gets a sense of how large the organ truly is, for your reporter is five feet, eleven inches, yet dwarfed by the organ pipes. The seating capacity of the choir loft was greater than 150 persons, for on Sun. Feb. 28, 1915, when the church was rededicated, the organist Louis Napoleon Guilbault sat at the very same organ, and conducted the parish choir of 150 voices for the Mass of St. Cecilia that was composed by Charles Gounod in 1855. Rev. Richard Santerre wrote about the event on pages 177-8 in his parish history, entitled: *Saint Jean Baptiste Parish and the Franco-Americans of Lowell, Massachusetts 1868-1968: With an epilogue "From the Centennial to the Present,"* (2013).



Soon, a friend of Roger Lacerte joined the party in the choir loft, Susy Carnevale, and she took the next photo with her cellphone, where the backs of the heads of John Kobuszewski and Michel Michaud can be seen on the left, which also gives a sense of the length of the pipes. Notice the ornamental paint on the pipes, and beautiful woodwork. Michel Michaud, who is the organist at St. Joseph Church in Lynn, Mass., told your reporter that the pipes are simply operated by wind, and if one were to remove a pipe from the hooks on the wall, and blow through it, it would make the same pitch as if it were blown by the organ system.

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A Preliminary Study Toward Determining the Utility of Reentry Programming for the Maine Department of Corrections

by Jeffrey LaGasse

The Council of State Governments Justice Center recently observed that “today, there is widespread agreement that [state] government has a responsibility to ensure that when people are released to the community from jail or prison, they are less likely to reoffend than they were at the start of their sentence” (“Making People’s Transition,” 2017). The National Reentry Resource Center (NRCC) of the U.S. Department of Justice’s Bureau of Justice Assistance notes that efforts to reduce recidivism need to be grounded in the ability to accurately and consistently collect and analyze corrections data (“Reducing Recidivism,” 2017), so that states are well-positioned to respond quickly and effectively to recidivism trends. But, according to staff at Maine’s Muskie School of Public Service, the Maine Statistical Analysis Center (MSAC) has never done comprehensive research on recidivism in the Maine Department of Corrections’ (DOC’s) adult offender population. According to MSAC’s Senior Research Associate George Shaler, “Future research is contingent on DOC’s interest and funding ability” (Shaler, 2017). The purpose of this study is to survey and evaluate various sources of reentry data to determine the efficacy of reentry in reducing recidivism, improving public safety, and saving taxpayer dollars by preparing offenders to be productive members of society. Preliminary reentry data gathered in this study may also help persuade the Maine DOC of (1) The urgent need for reliable baseline data and tracking of the recidivism rate in Maine, among several key outcomes metrics; and (2) The need for a feasibility study to determine whether reentry investments in Maine might yield significant benefits like those reported in other states.

Description of Current Situation & Identification of Need

The vast majority of offenders sentenced in Maine will eventually undergo the process of reentry into society. The central issue is whether or not they will be prepared to do so successfully. Many citizens believe

that incarceration is a vital tool to support public safety. But when incarceration is used mostly to warehouse offenders, public safety will ultimately be deleteriously affected, because many of these offenders leave prison ill-prepared and impoverished. Criminal behavior often results, as suggested in a 2014 Bangor Daily News article in which Maine Coastal Regional Reentry Center (MCRRC) Program Manager Jerome Weiner stated that 70 percent of released prisoners from Maine’s prisons return to prison within three years (Curtis, 2014). A 2015 MCRRC study notes that two-thirds of recidivists fail within their first year of release (Story and

To date, all states that have implemented reentry programs have succeeded to various degrees in improving public safety through reduced recidivism.

Gallant, 2015). Maine Department of Corrections (MDOC) Associate Commissioner Ryan Thornell has stated that the MDOC releases approximately 1200 prisoners per year (Thornell, 2017). Using these figures, we can expect that within three years, about 840 of the individuals released from prison across the state will re-offend—creating victims, burdening the court system and costing Maine taxpayers an average of \$45,000 per year for every year of incarceration (Curtis, 2014). And of these 840 recidivists, about 560 of them reoffended within the first year. The benefits of improved reentry are clear, but what reentry programming and services work?

To date, all states that have implemented reentry programs have succeeded to various degrees in improving public safety through reduced recidivism. Nationally, reentry programs are achieving favorable results in providing preparation for successful reintegration to the benefit of offenders and their communities. For instance:

- The Texas Department of Corrections Justice implemented a large-scale reentry program in 2011. The department’s current director, Bryan Collier, recently described how “[r]ather than build[ing] new prisons,” the “state chose to invest in treatment and diversion alternatives.” To date, “These investments have helped to reduce technical revocations from parole and probation and have provided additional treatment capacity, resulting in a reduction of our prison population by 10,000 people. These approaches – along with others – continue to pay dividends: We have closed four prisons since 2011 and plan to close four more this summer [2017]” (“Reducing Recidivism,” 2017).

- Rick Raemisch, Executive Director of the Colorado DOC, which has seen re-incarceration rates for new crimes drop by 23 percent between 2006 and 2015, states that “Public safety is a fundamental responsibility of government.... In Colorado, we recognize that reducing recidivism is an essential part of our broader efforts to keep communities safe” (Reducing Recidivism, 2017).

- In Georgia, the violent crime rate has declined by 21 percent in the past 12 years. Georgia’s Supreme Court Justice Michael Boggs says, “Georgia’s approach to running its criminal justice system is becoming more driven by where the data and research points us. We’re focused on tracking and driving down our recidivism rate.... The results have been a safer state, fewer people in prison, and reduced costs to taxpayers” (Reducing Recidivism, 2017).

- Michigan now enjoys a 20 percent decline in its three year recidivism rate. Heidi Washington, the Director of Corrections, says, “Thanks to our focus on offender success, we improved and expanded job training and education programs for people in prison while giving them the support services they need in the community to ensure a safe transition and long-term self-sufficiency” (Reducing Recidivism, 2017).

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- Currently, the Virginia DOC enjoys the second lowest recidivism rate in the nation among 38 states that measure recidivism similarly. Thousands of corrections professionals have been trained to support positive and compassionate change for those in their care. The Virginia DOC believes that it is only through successful reentry that true public safety is realized (Richeson, 2014).

The utility of such programs is clear, not only for improving public safety, but also in assisting Departments of Corrections meet fiscal obligations to taxpayers. Evidence continues to build that well-structured reentry programs are effective tools in reducing recidivism, improving public safety and reducing victimization, while freeing up taxpayer dollars.

Within Maine, several promising small-scale reentry programs have been piloted. The Cumberland County Sheriff's Department's "Project Reentry" was a two-year pilot program launched in 2014 with grant funding through the Department of Justice Second Chance Act. Project Reentry assisted adult offenders with co-occurring substance abuse and mental health disorders (Project Reentry, 2014). The goal of the program was to reduce recidivism rates in offenders with co-occurring disorders by offering integrated and need-matched treatment. The two-year project provided programming at the jail, enrolling participants in evidence-based programs, such as peer support and mentoring services. Project Reentry's unique design provided case management targeted to individual offenders. It also included a multi-provider, in-jail treatment program to create continuity of services, to ease reentry shock. Cognitive Behavioral Therapy began at the jail and continued when offenders were released. Participants experienced up to 300 hours of CBT and were supported by a wealth of community services, including substance abuse and mental health treatment, domestic violence support, NA and AA, vocational services and pharmacological medication services. The Sheriff's Department collaborated with no fewer than seven community organizations in effectively providing necessary services (Project Reentry, 2014).

A second pilot reentry program of note is the Maine Coastal Regional Reentry Center (MCRRC).

In January of 2010, the MCRRC opened its doors in Belfast to accept prisoners for reentry programming who were deemed "high risk" for recidivism (Restorative Justice Project, Community Reentry Program, 2015). In 2015 Scott Story and Cheryl Gallant of the Waldo County Sheriff's Office published *Breaking the Cycle: Reducing Recidivism through Risk Reduction*, a five-year study to determine MCRRC's program effectiveness. While noting that the MCRRC sample is small (only 32 slots for residents are available for this program and over the range of the five-year study, just 126 participants contributed data to the recidivism analysis), the study concluded that the overall recidivism rate for residents who successfully completed the program is 31 percent, and that "the beneficial impact of providing treatments, services, and interventions within a correctional setting actually extends beyond the correctional environment and into the communities that are served, contributing to increased public safety and reduced recidivism, which outweighs the associated costs" (Story and Gallant, 2015).

Within Maine, several promising small-scale reentry programs have been piloted.

Being the only adult (male) reentry program in Maine with over seven years of operation, MCRRC is a model for studying the utility of expanding reentry services throughout the Maine Department of Corrections (DOC). The Maine DOC is in the enviable position of having the resources and experience to provide reentry services for an individual's entire period of incarceration, and to potentially offer support services for years post-release through its Probation and Parole Department. If the Maine DOC successfully scaled and implemented a reentry programming on the MCRRC model, then, realizing comparable results, only approximately 375 offenders released annually would likely reoffend over a three-year period, as compared to the current 840. At \$45,000 per person per year, initial savings to taxpayers would tally \$21 million dollars.

Significantly, whether a crime is committed or a technical probation violation occurs, victims are often created in the

offender's own family. The absence of a loved one to prison imposes unimaginable burdens on the people who rely on them. So, for every prisoner that the DOC successfully reintegrates into society through effective reentry programming, there is at least one less victim.

Furthermore, the 2015 study of the MCRCC estimates that a comprehensive reentry program might reduce overall recidivism in adult male prisoners in Maine by 55 percent (Story and Gallant, 2015). Dropping the current estimated rate of recidivism of 70% by more than half would free up additional millions of dollars that could be reallocated to implement a reentry program, which in turn would compound savings. Conceivably, in the long term, well-structured, comprehensive reentry programs could reverse the 25 percent increase in prison population that Maine experienced in the past 25 years. Like Texas, Maine could eventually close instead of build prisons. This scenario supports the proposed utility of well-structured reentry programming and lends urgency to the need to determine to what degree expanding reentry statewide is warranted.

Reentry Defined & Described in Detail

The United States Congressional Research Service (CRS), a division of the Library of Congress, provides research services for the U.S. Senate and the House of Representatives. In a 2015 abstract prepared for members of Congress, the CRS defines reentry as "all activities and programming conducted to prepare offenders to return safely to the community and to live as law abiding citizens" (James, 2015). The CRS further defines reentry as three-phase programming that ideally begins as soon as an offender is sentenced to a Department of Corrections (James, 2015). The first phase occurs in the prison setting and, to be most effective, should include elements that lay a foundation upon which community reentry programs can build. The second phase begins when participants transition to the community, and the third phase provides support services and aftercare once the program is completed, reducing the likelihood of failure. In detail:

Phase One Reentry Programs

Impact of Crime Program: These classes are important to laying a foundation to reentry because they educate offenders to understand the impact of crime on victims, (Continued on page 39)

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communities and family members. These classes also provide a forum for victims to express their feelings directly to the offenders who caused them harm.

Restorative Justice: Restorative Justice works together with communities and offenders to bring to bear restorative practices to help resolve conflict, via conversations, conflict mediation and community building efforts, to increase peace and reduce disconnection in a community. Facilitated conversations ask and answer the following questions: Who has been harmed? How have they been harmed? What needs did that create? How can things be set right again?

Cognitive Behavioral Therapy (CBT): CBT programs should be available in all phases of reentry. Unprepared offenders are the ones who routinely recidivate, and are typically victims of their own thinking. CBT can lead offenders out of the trap of self-defeating criminal thinking, to change the way they perceive themselves and others. Jack Bush, a co-developer of the CBT program, *Thinking for a Change*, describes how, five years after the Red Onion Supermax in Virginia, a place reserved for the most difficult offenders first turned to CBT and began providing an array of cognitive treatment programs, Red Onion's administration saw a 78 percent reduction in incidence reports, a 91 percent reduction in offender grievances and a 68 percent reduction in the use of solitary confinement, strong evidence that even a Supermax can successfully lead offenders toward reentry and a law-abiding life in the community. Also, Canadian researchers have recently established that cognitive behavioral therapy programs, when administered professionally at high standards, can reduce recidivism by 25 to 35 percent (Bush, 2016). The Maine State Prison currently provides *Thinking for a Change* classes. These CBT classes are taught by caseworkers, for offenders. The courses are about 30 hours long. By comparison, at the Cumberland County Jail, offenders with co-occurring mental and substance abuse disorders participating in Project Reentry were exposed to 300 hours of CBT (Project Reentry, 2014). Since offenders at Maine State Prison are usually sentenced to more time than county jail prisoners, longer exposure to CBT programs could yield even better results.

Mental Health Issues and Remediation: The National Reentry Resource Center (NRRC) reports that 17 percent of people admitted to jails and prisons in the United States are diagnosed as mentally ill, and that the incidence of serious mental illness is two to four times higher among prisoners than it is in the free world. Research tabulated in 2010 by the National Center on Addiction and Substance Abuse at Columbia University (CASA Columbia) found that nearly one-third of U.S. offenders have a mental health disorder. A quarter of offenders with mental health problems have had three or more prior incarcerations, a substantially higher recidivism rate than that of offenders without mental health issues (Behind Bars II, p.26). Over 70 percent of offenders with serious mental illness have a substance abuse disorder, increasing the likelihood of reentry failures (NRRC, 2016). Co-occurrence of mental health and substance abuse disorders suggests that DOC resources should be concentrated in this area to resolve this prevalent problem--just how prevalent is to be determined by future research, to provide quantitative metrics for evaluating a well-structured reentry program.

Cognitive Behavioral Therapy (CBT): CBT programs should be available in all phases of reentry.

Substance Abuse Issues and Remediation: In 2010, after analyzing data from 11 federal sources and after having reviewed nearly 650 articles and publications regarding substance abuse in America's prison population, CASA Columbia reported that more than 80 percent of crimes committed by offenders involved either alcohol or illicit drugs, or both; that only 11 percent of offenders receive any substance abuse treatment during their incarceration; and that over a five-year period about 80 percent of offenders recidivate. The CASA Columbia report concluded that if all eligible offenders received comprehensive substance abuse treatment and aftercare, the investment would break even in a year if just over ten percent of treated offenders, when released, remained substance free, crime free and employed (Behind Bars II, 2010). The State of Maine has been hit particularly hard by

the nation's opioid epidemic. Anecdotal evidence suggests that residential treatment centers simply cannot cope with the increase in demand for substance abuse treatment. Bed space is at a premium and waiting lists are long. Maine's prisons do not have that problem, as there is a bunk for every addict—what is needed is the treatment.

Vocational Training: According to a National Reentry Resource Center fact sheet, a large three-state recidivism study found that less than half of released offenders secured a job upon release (NRRC, 2016). In 2015 Governor Rick Snyder of Michigan specifically called for better vocational training in prisons to target the needs of Michigan employers ("A Special Message," 2015), recognizing that quality vocational training is a vital element in preparing offenders for successful reentry. Models for successful vocational training during incarceration exist. In Washington State, the DOC established an Offender Workforce Development program, dedicated solely to preparing offenders for post-release employment by partnering with the business community to prepare offenders to meet the specific needs of employers, and where offenders work toward earning Certificates of Proficiency, documenting skills acquisition and helping career centers place certificate holders in appropriate jobs upon release (Banning, 2016). California has sanctioned the state's vocational institutes to partner with DOC administrators to provide training to offenders.

Gainful Employment While Incarcerated: The National Reentry Resource Center, in collaboration with the Urban Institute, after collating research from many sources, reports that "a majority of the research found that offenders who participated in prison industries have lower rates of recidivism" (James, 2016). When offenders can collect regular checks, they can assist their families financially, pay for the phone calls to help maintain strong family contacts and most importantly, save sufficient funds to purchase or secure what they need upon release, such as a reliable vehicle, an apartment or the resources and support to obtain a job. From the time the new Maine State Prison in Warren opened in February of 2002, it has maintained an unemployment rate of around 75 percent. Under current management, gainful employment is slowly increasing.

Hi-Set Program: These programs provide the degree needed for transitioning *(Continued on page 40)*

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to higher education, including vocational training. According to the National Reentry Resource Center, two in five offenders lack a high school diploma or its equivalent. Maine State Prison in particular is making strides in educating offenders who lack high school diplomas. In the three years since the Hi-Set program's inception, 71 students have achieved certification, an improvement over prior years, but still representing a fraction of the men needing certification.

College Program: A 2013 RAND Corporation Study showed that participation in higher education (including vocational training) results in a reduction in recidivism of over 40 percent. The same study claims that for every dollar invested in higher education, taxpayers can expect a return on investment of between \$4 and \$5 (Chen, 2015). A June 2017 Prison Legal News article reprinted from The Wall Street Journal states that a study revealed that only two percent of New York State prisoners who earned college degrees prior to release returned to prison with new felony charges, results so impressive that in June of 2016, the Manhattan District Attorney's Office agreed to allocate \$7.5 million in bank forfeiture funds to college programs in state prisons (New York, 2017). Currently at Maine State Prison, about 3.5 percent of the prison population is enrolled in a college program administered by the University of Maine at Augusta. It should be noted that since the inception of the college program about ten years ago, the majority of higher education costs were borne by the Sunshine Lady Foundation. As of 2016, federal Second Chance Pell Grants have also supported prison pilot programs, including at the Maine State Prison.

Phase Two Reentry Programs

Certificates of Employability: Over one-third of states across the country have instituted Certificates of Employability (COA) to assist offenders in securing employment upon release. The purpose of a COA is to provide the offender the documentation needed to show employers that he or she successfully participated in rehabilitation programs. In some states, Superior Courts issue COAs after evaluating an applicant's rehabilitative efforts; in other states, the DOC itself issues the certificates, subject to conditions such as the prisoner successfully completing a career

and technical education course, receiving no major write-ups for misconduct in the same period prior to release or no more than three minor write-ups in the same time period, and scoring well in a national network readiness certification program or alternative job skills assessment (e.g. Michigan Act 359 of 2014).

Housing: Housing is a fundamental necessity for ex-offenders reentering society. But the stigma of a criminal record often interferes with an ex-offender's ability to secure a place to live. E.g., in a 2007 survey of over 600 rental property owners in Akron, Ohio, two-thirds said they would not rent to a person with a criminal record (Clark, L.M., 2007). Such obstacles for ex-offenders reveal the need for community transitional housing.

Certificates of Employability: Over one-third of states across the country have instituted Certificates of Employability (COA) to assist offenders in securing employment upon release.

Mentoring Programs: Mentoring Programs are crucial in assisting ex-offenders with reentry challenges. Experienced citizens can help individuals lacking job experience shape their attitudes and workplace behaviors to increase their chances in getting and keeping a job. They can also help ex-offenders with job applications and interviews, while providing tips on how to dress and communicate in the work environment. Well established community members can also be a link to a broad array of support services, including child care referrals, legal assistance, housing placement, substance abuse treatment, medical and mental health services, domestic violence counseling, parenting skills and other services. Mentors can be particularly useful in helping ex-offenders adjust to the many technological challenges that pervade modern society. A caring citizen can assist an ex-offender to successfully reintegrate into society or simply be available to listen with a sympathetic ear. Most importantly, mentor support can have a positive impact on reentry, by providing an ex-offender someone to turn to for help, instead of possibly turning to crime.

Family Support Programs: In Novem-

ber 2013, the New York Housing Authority launched the Family Pilot Reentry Program with the goal of reunifying formerly incarcerated individuals with their families. The Vera Institute of Justice, working with the Housing Authority to analyze results, found that reuniting ex-offenders with family provided stability in securing housing and employment, yielding lower recidivism rates than in cohorts who did not participate in family reunification programs ("Coming Home," 2016).

Life Skills Program: This program prepares offenders to tap into community resources in Phases Two and Three. Program components include setting and achieving reasonable goals, identifying social boundaries, nurturing family relationships, and communicating effectively. Life skills programs teach offenders how to fill out job applications, create resumes, cover letters, thank-you notes, etc., and concomitant job interview skills, appropriate work dress and behavior and how to achieve good employment results with a felony record. Life skills programs also teach participants how to avail themselves of community resources, including mastering banking services, establishing credit, dealing with probation, shopping, taxes, transportation and even volunteerism. Life skills provides basic knowledge to offenders in an effort to reduce recidivism by helping with successful reentry.

Phase Three Reentry Programs:

Phase Three programs provide support and aftercare designed to assist ex-offenders permanently reintegrate into their communities. To avoid or reduce the chances of relapse, Phase Three programming includes attendance at Alcoholics or Narcotics Anonymous meetings, and/or out-patient CBT therapy, if deemed necessary for successful reentry. Other ongoing mental health counseling services are to be provided, with an emphasis on pharmacological services, when necessary. Assistance to ex-offenders for obtaining medical insurance is crucial, either through employers or Medicaid, to dramatically help address healthcare issues compounded by the prison experience. Opportunities for continued volunteerism should be provided and encouraged, to help ex-offenders become valued and integral members of their communities. Phase Three aftercare also includes continuing relationships with mentors. Mentors can help ex-offenders find and secure permanent housing, connect with other existing com-

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(A Preliminary Study Toward Determining the Utility of Reentry Programming for the Maine Department of Corrections continued from page 40)

munity resources to increase the likelihood of successful reentry, and maintain open dialogue with employers and career centers, assuring the best possible outcomes on the job and in the community.

Suggested Program Participation Guidelines

In a well-structured reentry program implemented statewide by the Maine Department of Corrections (DOC), case-workers evaluate each individual at the beginning of his/her sentence and identify the behaviors bringing the person to prison. Assessment tools such as the Level of Service Inventory-Revised (LSI-R) identify the risk levels for recidivism in new arrivals. Programs are then specifically tailored to reduce those risks. Once triggers to criminality are identified, individuals are required to participate in evidence-based programs to help them understand why the criminal behaviors exist and how to prevent them. Cognitive Behavioral Therapy is provided throughout the duration of an individual's sentence. Enrollment is also required in relevant classes addressing substance abuse problems, sexual deviancy, domestic violence, parenting issues, etc. (It should be noted here that, at Maine State Prison (MSP), two offenders graduated from its college program with certification in substance abuse treatment. They now serve as recovery coaches, to good effect. Men who have experienced addiction are often best suited to help other addicts meet the challenges raised by substance abuse. Recognizing that therapeutic communities provide the best results for recovering addicts, these recovery coaches have proposed to the DOC that MSP be re-established as a recovery community. Recent meetings between the recovery coaches and prison staff are paving the way to creating the MSP's first recovery living area.) To participate in reentry programs, individuals must maintain excellent institutional work and behavior records.

Prerequisite to participating in reintegration processes, initial reentry programming provides a solid foundation upon which offenders can build. By identifying causes and impacts of criminality, as well as providing the means to divest themselves of criminal thinking, Restorative Justice and Impact of Crime programs create dialogue between victims and offenders and help

offenders recognize how their actions have affected communities and victims, with the goal of forming peaceful resolutions. On a case-by-case basis, individuals are encouraged to work with victims' rights organizations, to recognize the harm caused by their criminal behavior, to work diligently to correct that behavior, and, most importantly, to make amends with victims. Individuals are expected to participate in education by completing the Hi-Set program to earn a high school equivalency diploma, and continuing their education through college programs or vocational training when available. (Note: Using existing prison infrastructure at MSP, offenders could currently provide, assist in providing or participate in evening vocational training in such fields as electrical, culinary arts, plumbing, woodworking (carpentry), upholstery, welding, computer programming (coding), greenhousing, landscaping, farming, recycling, masonry, etc. Also, the DOC might pursue partnership with the Department of Education's Career and Technical Education program to provide increased vocational-technical training.)

Assessment tools such as the Level of Service Inventory-Revised (LSI-R) identify the risk levels for recidivism in new arrivals.

Once an individual has met criteria to be a participant in reentry programming, the reintegration process begins. Participants transition to minimum-security status upon meeting eligibility requirements with a well-developed community reentry plan proposal. Reentry plan proposals require participants to provide a place of employment, housing, and other community resources based on need. Prior to reentry into the community, program participants are assigned a case manager through Probation and Parole. Working with the case manager, the participant meets with all relevant human resources, including family, potential employers and landlords. When a participant's reentry plan proposal has been firmly established and all required support resources confirmed, he or she becomes eligible for reentry into the community. Participants are expected to attend support programs in the community to develop successful life skills and avoid criminal behavior. Participants

are also expected to perform a minimum of five hours of community service per week, depending on age and medical factors, and maintain excellent work and behavior evaluations throughout the duration of program participation. Evaluation and supervision of participants are conducted by the DOC Probation and Parole until and possibly beyond completion of sentence.

Funding Sources for Start-Up Reentry Programs

In April of 2008, the federal Second Chance Act (P.L. 100-199) was passed into law. This act provides grants in several areas that qualify as reentry programming, funding both DOC and community based programs within three-phase reentry as defined by the Congressional Research Service (Jams, 2015). The act requires corrections applicants to create a comprehensive reentry plan with the goal of reducing recidivism by 50 percent over a five year period, a challenge that our DOC is capable of meeting.

In 2015 the US Department of Justice announced 78 new Second Chance Act grantees. Among the new awards were five \$3 million Statewide Recidivism grants awarded to Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota and Vermont (Dept. of Justice, 2015). As of 2017, 20 states are recipients of the grant program in which state corrections agencies develop strategic plans to reduce statewide recidivism rates. The states with the strongest plans are chosen to receive funding to execute those plans. Maine is fully capable to compete for Second Chance Act funding to establish a well-structured reentry program designed to improve public safety.

The Second Chance Act is not the only source of grant money available for reentry programs. The National Adult and Juvenile Offenders Reentry Resource Center provides grants to organizations that educate, train, and provide technical assistance to states to disseminate information and best practices in offender reentry (James, 2015). The Congressional Research Service lists numerous federal grant sources to assist reentry providers with substance abuse and mental health treatment, job training, education, mentoring programs, housing services and reentry research (James, 2015).

Recommendations for Next Steps

- The Criminal Justice and Public Safety (CJPS) Committee of the Maine Legislature should commission criminology experts at the Muskie School of Public Ser-

(Continued on page 42)

(A Preliminary Study Toward Determining the Utility of Reentry Programming for the Maine Department of Corrections continued from page 41)

vice's Maine Statistical Analysis Center to work with the DOC to track recidivism rates in order to establish an accurate benchmark.

- The CJPS Committee and the Department of Corrections (DOC) should consider sanctioning a feasibility study by experts outside of the DOC to ascertain the merits and benefits of implementing a comprehensive statewide reentry program.

- Anticipating positive results of the feasibility study, the CJPS committee should create an independent Reentry Council with the purpose of harnessing federal, state and community resources to provide relevant research and support to assist the DOC in implementing reentry to make Maine communities safer. The Reentry Council would assist the DOC in realizing its obligation to Maine taxpayers by helping the department transform offenders into law-abiding, productive citizens.

- The Reentry Council should be authorized to assist prison administrators in continuing to transform prison culture, helping managers embrace and promote progressive changes that are yielding positive results across the country. Oversight by the Reentry Council would assist the DOC in initiating needed changes in institutional culture, to achieve the best possible reentry outcomes by developing a correctional workforce that understands, embraces, and applies the latest reentry research to improve public safety through reduced recidivism.

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(A Photo Tour of the Former St-Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell, Massachusetts continued from page 35)



Susy Carnevale took a photo of the smaller pipes in the choir loft, which also has an image of the rose window, and the carving in the woodwork "Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam," which is Latin for: "For the greater glory of God." Notice in the rose window that there is a mixture of Classical and Christian symbols, the Greek lyre symbolizing music, with motifs of the Cross, and images of the fleur-de-lys.



Susy Carnevale found some graffiti written by Louis Napoleon Guilbault in 1914, on the woodwork among the organ pipes in a hidden area where only the organist and repairmen would go for maintenance on the organ system. Notice the first name appears as "Wilfrid Degiel, [unclear number] Merrimack St. Lowell, Mass." Then there is a line, and the abbreviated name "L.N. Guilbault 1914." Louis Napoleon Guilbault was the organist at St. Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell from 1912 to 1920.



Susy Carnevale took a photo of Roger Lacerte on a ladder that leads to the upper reaches of the bell tower. He did not go any further than shown in the photo, but in the next photo, the viewer can see the network of ladders that truly leads to the upper reaches of the bell tower.



Susy Carnevale took the photo of the network of ladders in the bell tower. Michel Michaud joked that it looked like a scene from the classic film from 1939, *The Hunchback of Notre-Dame*, starring Charles Laughton as Quasimodo.

(Continued on page 44)



Susy Carnevale took a photo of the former sanctuary of the church, from the second level of pews in the balcony, one floor below the choir loft and the organ. Where the six wooden benches are in the photo, was once the location of the freestanding altar, which came into use with the Novus Ordo Rite of the Mass. Notice there is a staircase railing at the back of the sanctuary, which was likely in back of the old, pre-Vatican Two altar. The said staircase leads to the sacristy, which is in the basement of the church.



Susy Carnevale took a photo of the pews in the second level balcony, one floor below the choir loft. In the photo, the viewer has an idea how the pews looked in the church, as well as part of a stained-glass window in the background.



After the former St. Jean-Baptiste Church was closed to the public for the day, Albert Marceau, Michel Michaud and Roger Lacerte ate at a nearby diner, Brothers Pizza on 688 Merrimack Street in Lowell. The diner has the most ordinary decorations, but good food. John Kobuszewski took the photo of the three, while they stood in the doorway of the diner, and so, closes the photo tour of the former St. Jean-Baptiste Church in Lowell.



Dick was born and brought up on a farm in Cyr Plantation, in Northern, Maine, and was the second youngest of 14 kids. When Dick was in high school, he decided he wanted to go to Barber School, because he had 3 older Brothers and it would be a while before he could get his own place. So when he graduated in 1958, he was 17 years old and went to barber school for 9 months in Lewiston. After Dick graduated from barber school he went to go work for this barber who was sick in our home town of Van Buren. Then he opened up his own Barber Shop in Lewiston where he was a barber for 15 years. Then in 1988 Dick moved down to Orono and bought a barbershop where he is currently barbering to this day, at the

age of 77. Next May he will be celebrating **60 years** of barbering! He finds pleasure in meeting people, being with people and satisfying people so that they will come back. His enjoyment is being with his family, traveling and working outdoors in his flower gardens.

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The Gélinas family: Pioneers of Yamachiche

by Robert Bérubé

For those of you interested in receiving my stories automatically, I encourage you to subscribe to my Facebook site at: <https://www.facebook.com/groups/394084010943300/>

When I was about 10 years old, my paternal grandmother, Lucienda Fréchette, talked to me about her ancestors who grew up on the shores of the Saint-Lawrence River. I listened to her stories and once she mentioned the village of Yamachiche. I had found that name very strange and that name remained in my memories. Imagine my surprise when several years later, I discovered that some of the pioneers were my grandmother's ancestors.

Jean Gélinas son of Étienne Gélinas (Gelineau) and Huguette Robert was born around 1646, in Saint-Eutrope, in Charente-Maritime. He arrived in New France around 1658 with his father Étienne Gélinas.

On October 17, 1667, he married Françoise Charsmesnil, in Cap-de-la-Madeleine. She is the daughter of Robert Charsmesnil and Marie Denise.

Even if their lives deserve to be talked about, I do not want to talk about Jean, Françoise, or their parents, but rather about three of their sons!

Jean Gélinas and Françoise are the parents of the following children:

Name	Birth	Marriage	Death	Spouse
Étienne 2 Gélinas	1668 Cap-de-la-Madeleine	8 november 1701 Trois-Rivières	26 september 1720 Trois-Rivières	Marguerite Benoît Laforest
Jean Baptiste Bellemare	1670	8 november 1700 Île d'Orléans	8, 9 march 1746 Yamachiche	Jeanne Boissonneau St-Onge
Benjamin	1672		1681	
Pierre Lacourse	1674	2 june 1704 Cap-de-la-Madeleine	11 may 1731 Yamachiche	Madeleine Bourbeau
Françoise	1676		1681	
Anne	12 september 1678 Trois-Rivières	21 january 1702 Trois-Rivières	After 1714	Pierre Rocheleau Morisseau
Marguerite	19 july 1683 Trois-Rivières	1 september 1707 Trois-Rivières	Between 1728 and 1740	Pierre Dureau Potvin

I speak of these three men and their wives because the six are my ancestors, the six are the first pioneers of Yamachiche and the six left descendants with different names!

The custom of this family and neighbors at that time was that the eldest son bore the surname of his father, and the other sons chose a different name, and added it to the surname. Over time these "dit-names" replaced the patronymic. The children of Étienne are Gelineas, those of Jean-Baptiste are Bellemare and those of Pierre are Lacourse! Families were numerous and this prevented confusion. Each son became the strain of a distinct and separate family. One must understand the rules regarding dispensations of marriage because the marriages between cousins become very complicated!

The wife of **Étienne 2 Gélinas, Marguerite Benoît (Laforest)** is the daughter of **Gabriel Benoît and Marie Anne Guedon**. She was born about 1679, in Cap-de-la-Madeleine. She is not the daughter of Pierre Benoît and Françoise Lamontagne as stated by some.

Étienne 2	1668 Cap-de-la-Madeleine	8 november 1701 Trois-Rivières	26 september 1720 Trois-Rivières	Marguerite Benoît Laforest
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Étienne 2 and Marguerite Benoît (Laforest) are parents of the following children:

Name	Birth	Marriage	Death	Spouse
Jean 2 Baptiste Gélinas	10 september 1702 Trois-Rivières		1 november 1702 Trois-Rivières	
Étienne 3 Gélinas	8 october 1704 Trois-Rivières	4 feb. 1737 Cap-de-la-Madeleine	11 june 1766 Yamachiche	Marie Josephe Crevier Bellerive
Pierre 2 Gélinas	19 september 1706 Trois-Rivières	14 jan. 1731 Yamachiche	7 décembre 1774 Yamachiche	Geneviève Carbonneau (Provençal)
Marie	14 september 1708 Trois-Rivières	26 november 1731 Yamachiche	14 april 1752 Yamachiche	Alexis Carbonneau (Provençal)
Joseph	10 october 1710 Yamachiche	5 feb. 1733 Rivière-du-Loup (Louiseville)	25 feb. 1765 Yamachiche	François Grenier

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(The Gélinas family: Pioneers of Yamachiche continued from page 45)

Joseph	10 october 1710 Yamachiche	5 feb. 1733 Rivière-du-Loup (Louiseville)	25 feb. 1765 Yamachiche	François Grenier
Françoise	7, 14 feb. 1713 Trois-Rivières		16, 17 aug. 1715 Rivière-du-Loup (Louiseville)	
Antoine	5 march 1715 Rivière-du-Loup (Louiseville)	23 november 1744 Yamachiche	21 november 1786 Yamachiche	Louise Lesieur Desaulniers
Alexis	15 may 1717 Rivière-du-Loup (Louiseville)	17 feb. 1744 Yamachiche	30 july 1752 Yamachiche	Catherine Lesieur Desaulniers
Françoise	1719	27 november 1741	10 feb. 1751 Maskinongé	Antoine Courchesne

Jeanne Boissonneau dit St-Onge, the wife of Jean-Baptiste Gélinas (Bellemare) is the daughter of Vincent Boissonneau (St-Onge) and Anne Colin. She was born on January 23, 1672, at Sainte Famille de l'Île-d'Orléans.

Jean Baptiste Bellemare	1670	8 november 1700 Île d'Orléans	8, 9 march 1746 Yamachiche	Jeanne Boissonneau St-Onge
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Jean-Baptiste and Jeanne Boissonneau are the parents of the following children:

Name	Birth	Marriage	Death	Spouse
Maurice	31 aug. 1701 Trois-Rivières	11 october 1723 Trois-Rivières	30 april 1777 Yamachiche	Charlotte Bergeron
Pierre	15 november 1702 Trois-Rivières	17 jan. 1734 Yamachiche	18 july 1778 Yamachiche	Angélique Vacher Lacerte
Jean	3 march 1705 Trois-Rivières		3 september 1715 Rivière-du-Loup (Louiseville)	
Charles	17 jan. 1706 Trois-Rivières b 8 march 1706	29 july 1740 Rivière-du-Loup (Louiseville)	7 may 1778 Yamachiche	Anne Blais
Joseph	26 june 1708 Trois-Rivières		12 jan. 1791 Yamachiche	
Madeleine	20 may 1709 Trois-Rivières			
Étienne 4	16 jan. 1710 Trois-Rivières b le 18	14 feb. 1735 Yamachiche	11, 12 jan. 1782 Yamachiche	Françoise Sévigny Lafleur
Marie Françoise	19 october 1711 b. 11 décembre 1711 Trois-Rivières	10 july 1747 Yamachiche	28 feb. 1789 Yamachiche	Alexis Vacher Lacerte
Jean-Baptiste	Before 1712	30 may 1746 Yamachiche	9 may 1798 Yamachiche	Françoise Lesieur Desaulniers
Charlotte	8 march 1714 Trois-Rivières			

As for their two sons Jean and Jean-Baptiste, some historians say that Jean married Françoise Lesieur Désaulniers which is false. He died unmarried and it was his brother Jean-Baptiste who married Françoise.

Also, some say that Françoise and Marie are twins. In reality, there is only one person Marie Françoise.



The wife of Pierre Gélinas dit La-course, Madeleine Bourbeau, was born around 1686 and is the daughter of Pierre Bourbeau and Marie Anne Besnard Bourjoly. Madeleine is the granddaughter of René Besnard Bourjoly, the sorcerer of Montréal whom I spoke about in: <https://robertberublog.wordpress.com/2017/03/23/1657-rene-besnard-dit-bourjoly-un-sorcier-dans-la-famille-a-sorcier-in-the-family/>



(Continued on page 47)

(The Gélinas family: Pioneers of Yamachiche continued from page 46)

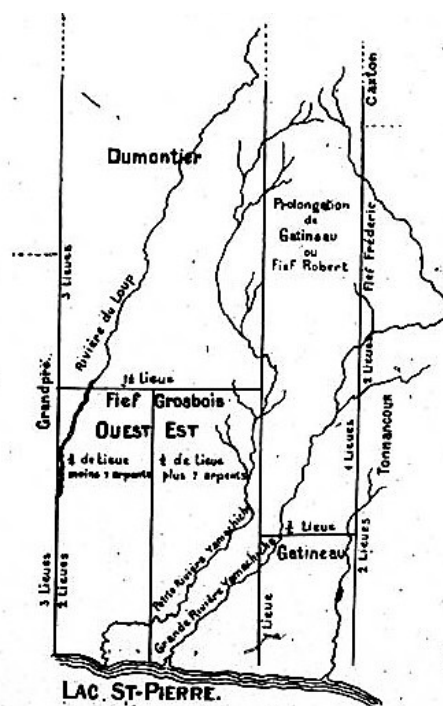
Pierre Lacourse	1674	2 June 1704 Cap-de-la-Madeleine	11 May 1731 Yamachiche	Madeleine Bourbeau
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Pierre Gélinas dit Lacourse and Madeleine Bourbeau are parents of the following:

Name	Birth	Marriage	Death	Spouse
Joseph	19 March 1707 Trois-Rivières			
Madeleine	1709	7 Jan. 1736 Yamachiche	16 November 1794 Maskinongé	René Lemire Gonneville
Françoise	28 March 1711 Trois-Rivières			
Jacques	29 décembre 1712 Trois-Rivières	5 Feb. 1743 Kaskaskia		Jeanne Bienvenue
Michel	30 April 1715 Rivière-du-Loup (Louiseville)	7 Jan. 1740 Yamachiche	Between 1755 and 1763	Anne Héroux
		4 Feb. 1743 Île Dupas Berthier		Noëlle Carpentier
		18 June 1758 Berthier		Josephite Beaugrand
Alexis	2 June 1717 Trois-Rivières	2 November 1739	19 March 1792 Maskinongé	Marguerite Foucault Courchesne
Jean-Baptiste	22 November 1719 Trois-Rivières	7 Jan. 1741 Yamachiche	14 May 1781 Yamachiche	Joseph Vacher Lacerte
Joseph	19 November 1721 Trois-Rivières	13 Aug. 1743 Yamachiche	18 June 1772 Yamachiche	Joseph Lesieur Desaulniers
		7 November 1757 Yamachiche		Ignace Langlois

It is suspected that Joseph and Françoise Gélinas dit Lacourse died at an early age. However, we have no evidence to attest to this. What is certain is that when Madeleine Bourbeau died, Madeleine, the oldest was only thirteen and the baby Joseph was only a year old. This means that she was survived by six young children (perhaps eight). When Pierre Gélinas dit Lacourse died, the ages of the orphans varied between 22 and 9 years. (Maybe 24 years old, if Joseph was alive).

In 1672, Jean Talon officially granted Pierre Boucher, the Seigneurie de Grosbois, by an act of sale. In 1693, Pierre Boucher separated his 'fief' (land) by yielding Grosbois West to his son. On September 12, 1699, Pierre Boucher ceded the Gatineau land to his brother-in-law Nicolas Gatineau.



Pierre Gélinas dit Lacourse becomes an “engagé- ouest” on September 1, 1693. He had a second contract on May 25, 1695.

On August 4, 1701, the Treaty of the Great Peace of Montréal put an end to the wars between New France and 39 Amerindian nations. The establishment of new communities, trade and expeditions of discoveries could resume!

On July 8, 1702, Pierre Boucher sold to his nephews Charles Lesieur and Julien Lesieur the Grosbois Est property. According to N. Caron in his “Histoire de la Paroisse d’Yamachiche,” the dimensions were “three quarters of a league and seven arpents in front, two leagues deep, to be taken at seven arpents above the Grande Riviere, the sum of eight hundred pounds, current currency “.

1703: Arrival of Étienne Gélinas and Marguerite Benoît (Laforest), Jean-Baptiste Gélinas dit Bellemare and Jeanne Boissonneau (St-Onge) and their two babies Maurice and Pierre Bellemare and Pierre Gélinas! Pierre was still single. They are three brothers, two wives and two babies, who came from Cap-de-la-Madeleine. They are the first land clearers. Charles Lesieur arrived only a few months after them. Given that their brother Benjamin Gélinas died around 1681, he is not part of the group!

Some of the new settlers settled at two different locations, Petite Rivière and Grande Rivière. The Petite Rivière Range extends each side of the Petite Rivière Yamachiche. The first inhabitant of the Petite Rivière is Étienne Gélinas. He was far from the other inhabitants, and he had surrounded his house with a palisade of cedar piles, probably to protect himself against the Iroquois whom he still feared, according to some historians. According to Caron: “This first house was twenty-five feet long and seventeen wide, and was covered with planks.”

On October 8, 1704: Étienne, son of Étienne Gélinas and Marguerite Benoist was the first child to be born at Yamachiche on October 8, 1704. Since there was neither parish priest nor chapel, he was “ondoyé” (given conditional baptism) and then baptized at home on October 19, by the missionary Récollet, Simeon Dupont. However, the information is written in the Trois-Rivières registers.

(Continued on page 48)

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CHAPITRE XII.

LES PREMIERS ENFANTS NÉS A YAMACHICHE.

Extrait des actes de baptême des registres des Trois-Rivières.

1704.

Etienne Gélinas.

Ce jourd'hui, 19 octobre de l'an 1704, a été baptisé par moy, Etienne Gélinas, à la maison à Ogmachiche, sous condition, ondoyé en cas de nécessité par Pierre Gélinas et né le 8 du même mois, fils d'Etienne Gélinas et de Marguerite Benoit, ses père et mère, Pierre Rochelleau dit Monruisseau pour parain et la maraine Charlotte Rivar. En foy de quoy j'ai signé, les jour et an que dessus.

fr. SIMÉON DUPONT,
Récollot Miss.

LES PREMIERS ENFANTS NÉS A YAMACHICHE 215

1705.

Jean-Baptiste Gélinas.

Ce jourd'hui 3me mars de l'an 1705, a été baptisé en la paroisse d'Yamachiche, sous condition, par moi sousigné, Jean-Baptiste Gélinas, ondoyé par un séculier, à la maison, fils de Jean-Baptiste Gélinas et de Jeanne Boissonneau, ses père et mère, qui a eu pour parain Jean Gélinas, pour maraine Anne Colin, et Marie-Françoise Benoit l'a tenu par commission pour elle. En foy de quoy j'ai signé, le jour et an que dessus.

fr. SIMÉON DUPONT,
Récollot missionnaire.

1706.

Charles Gélinas.

Ce jourd'hui 8me mars de l'an 1706, ont été suppléées les cérémonies baptismales par moi sousigné à Charles Gélinas, né le 17me de janvier de la même année et ondoyé le même jour en la maison, en cas de nécessité, fils de

March 3, 1705: The second baby born at Yamachiche was the cousin of Étienne and his name was Jean-Baptiste. He was the son of Jean Baptiste Gélinas dit Bellemare and Jeanne Boissonneau. Jean-Baptiste had also been "ondoyé". R. Bellemare in "Les bases de l'histoire d'Yamachiche 1703-1903" explains and proves that almost all children born before the construction of the chapel, therefore, between 1702 and 1711 and others born between 1711 and 1722, date of the creation of the parish of Sainte-Anne-de-Yamachiche were "ondoyé" at home, to be later baptized by a missionary from Trois-Rivières or Rivière-du-Loup (Louiseville). These baptisms ensured that the children were baptized before the official baptism. The documents say that the children were baptized at home and also gives us proof that the three Gélinas brothers, their wives and their children were in Yamachiche as early as 1703.

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Jean-Baptiste Gélinas dit Belnard et de Jeanne Boissonneau, ses père et mère, le parain a été Charles LeSieur, seigneur de la grande rivière d'Yamachiche, et la maraine Magdeleine Bourbeau. En foy de quoy j'ai signé, les jour et an que dessus.

fr. SIMÉON DUPONT,
Récollot missionnaire.

1706.

Pierre Gélinas.

Ce vingtième septembre de l'année 1706 a été baptisé par moi sousigné, Prêtre Récollot faisant les fonctions curiales de la paroisse de Notre-Dame de la ville des Trois-Rivières, Pierre, né du 19me du même mois et an, fils d'Etienne Gélinas et de Marguerite Benoit de la seigneurie de St-Lambert, les parain et maraine, Sr Pierre Mouette, madame Grandpré, tenu.

fr. PIERRE LEFEBVRE,

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né le 2ème de juin de la même année, ondoyé en cas de nécessité par M. Péreau, habitant de la seigneurie de Bécancour, fils de Jean-Baptiste (Gélinas) et de Jeanne Boissonneau, habitant de la petite rivière d'Yamachiche; le parain a été Pierre Hérou dit Bourgainville, habitant de cette rivière, la maraine Marie Magdeleine Viel, femme de Simon La Batol, habitant de la grande rivière d'Yamachiche. En foy de quoy j'ai signé les jour et an que dessus.

fr. SIMÉON DUPONT,
Rec. Miss.

Dans la famille LeSieur, durant le même espace de temps, il y a deux baptêmes enregistrés aux registres paroissiaux des Trois-Rivières. Nous les publions textuellement, et nous prions le lecteur de bien remarquer que, ni dans l'un ni dans l'autre, il n'est fait mention d'Yamachiche, si ce n'est dans le titre du seigneur Charles LeSieur.

The first neighbor to settle after the Gélinas, according to the registers is our ancestor Pierre Héroux. It happens in 1705. The researchers have not yet found the act of concession of the land.

The first pages of the register reveal the names of the following ancestors: Jacques Blaye (Blais), husband of Angélique Cartier, Mathieu Milet, husband of Geneviève Banhiar, Jean Charles Vacher dit Laserte, husband of Claire Bergeron and Étienne Lamy, husband of Marguerite Blaye, Julien Rivard dit Laglanderie, husband of Catherine Cailloux and Joseph Rivard dit Dufresne (Bellefeuille), husband of Marie Françoise Lesieur. Names in bold are our ancestors! These pioneers and pioneers have established great families!

In 1706, there were seven families in Yamachiche. These are the families of Jean-Baptiste Gélinas (Bellemare) and Jeanne Boissonneau (St-Onge); Étienne Gélinas and Marguerite Benoit (Laforest), Pierre Gélinas (Lacourse) and Madeleine Bourneau; Pierre Héroux dit Bourgainville and Françoise Benoit (Laforest); Jean Boissonneau (St-Onge); Charles Vacher (Lacerte) and Claire Bergeron Mathieu Milet and Geneviève Banhiar.

During the years 1709 to 1723 there does not seem to be much progress in the Grosbois fief. Étienne Gélinas died in 1720, his widow Marguerite Benoit (Laforest), Jean-Baptiste Gélinas (Bellemare) and Jeanne Boissonneau (St-Onge) still live on the small river while Pierre Gélinas (Lacourse) moved to the Lesieur domain. His wife Madeleine Bourbeau died in 1722.

In 1711, a wooden chapel was built on the domain of the seigneur Julien Lesieur. The Récollot Siméon Dupont chose Sainte-Anne as the name of the parish.



(Continued on page 49)

(The Gélinas family: Pioneers of Yamachiche continued from page 48)



On July 13, 1717, Jean Gélinas, the father of the three brothers Gélinas gave all his possessions to his son Étienne and his daughter-in-law Marguerite Benoît, when he decided to finish his last days at Yamachiche. We assume that he died soon after. It would also appear that his wife Françoise de Charmentil also died around 1717.

On September 26, 1720, the pioneer of Yamachiche Étienne 2 Gélinas died.

In 1722, the parish of Sainte-Anne d'Yamachiche was created. Chérubin Deniau, Recollet, assumed responsibility between 1722 and 1728.

On July 14, 1722, Marie Madeleine Bourbeau died. She is survived by her husband Pierre Gélinas (Lacourse) and many young children.

Because of the statement of facts made by Louis Boucher, Sieur de Grandpré and Grosbois-ouest in 1723, we learn that Yamachiche comprised about 20 families and 100 people. This information can be found in "Bases de l'histoire de Yamachiche" by Raphael Bellemare. In addition, Bellemare created a document that reveals that the widow and heirs of Étienne Gélinas, Marguerite Benoît (Laforest), own a house, a barn, another building and 12 acres of land located in the western part of Grosbois .

Jean-Baptiste Gélinas (Bellemare) and Jeanne Boissonneau (St-Onge) live on the eastern part of the fief and they have a house, a barn, another building and 12 arpents of land

We also learn that the sons of Étienne Gélinas and Marguerite Benoît (Laforest)

FIEF DE GROSBOIS.				
Propriétaires.	Maisons.	Granges.	Autres bâtiments.	Arpents de terre labourable.
PARTIE OUEST.				
Etienne Gélinas, veuve et héritiers.....	1	1	1	12
Pierre Hérou dit Bourgainville.....	1	1	1	12
J.-B. Gélinas dit Bellemare	1	1	1	12
PARTIE EST.				
Charles LeSieur, seigneur..	1	2	2	12
Julien LeSieur, veuve et héritiers.....	1	1	1	12
J.-B. Gastineau, (un ar-rière-fief,) et Louis Gastineau.....	1	1	...	12
Augustin LeSieur.....	1	1	...	12
Julien Laglanderie.....	1	1	...	5
Jean-Baptiste LeSieur.....	1	1	1	12
Joseph LeSieur.....	1	1	1	12
Antoine LeSieur.....	1	1	1	12
François LaGlanderie.....	1	...	1	3
Michel Rivard.....	1	5
NORD-EST DE LA PETITE RIVIÈRE.				
Joseph Rivard.....	2
Pierre Gélinas.....	1	1	...	12
Jacques Bled.....	1	1	1	12
Jean Bourgainville.....	1	1	...	3
Etienne Gélinas.....	2
SUD-OUEST DE LA PETITE RIVIÈRE.				
Maurice Bellemare.....	4
Joseph Colle.....	1
Chs LeVacher dit Lacerte..	1	1	1	6
Mathieu Millet.....	1	1	1	11
Ph. Cochon dit Laverdière, veuve et héritiers.....	1	4
Pierre Bellemare.....	2
Jean Bled.....	1	4
Pierre Gélinas.....	1
	20	17	14	197

named Pierre Gélinas and Étienne Gélinas also have lands and so do their cousins Maurice Bellemare and Pierre Bellemare.

In 1724 a stone church replaces the original chapel.

The public road linking the Yamachiche lands to those of Pointe-du-Lac and Louiseville was built in 1725. It was also the year of construction of the Gélinas Bridge to allow the crossing of the Petite Rivière Yamachiche.

Pierre Gélinas dit Bellemare becomes an "engagé ouest" from April 25, 1726 to June 26, 1728.

On May 11, 1731, the pioneer Pierre Gélinas dit Lacourse died.

On March 8, 1746, the death of Jean-Baptiste Gélinas dit Bellemare, Pioneer of Yamachiche occurs. The burial is the next day.

On 28 January 1750, Marguerite Benoît, widow of Étienne 2 Gélinas and pioneer in Yamachiche, dies.

I discovered a bizarre situation that I can not explain, concerning the family of Marie Gélinas daughter of Étienne 2 Gélinas and Marguerite Benoît (Laforest). Her son Alexis Carbonneau died on April 5, 1752, she (Marie Gélinas) on April 14, 1752 and her spouse Alexis Carbonneau, on April 29, 1752.

On August 9, 1754, aged 85 and widow of Jean-Baptiste Gélinas (Bellemare), Jeanne Marie Boissonneau dit St-Onge pioneer, had an agreement with her sons Maurice, Pierre, Étienne, and Jean-Baptiste, and her son-in-law Alexis Lacerte, who is married to Marie Charlotte Bellemare. On December 27, 1757, she died. Jeanne Marie is the last of the six pioneers who founded Yamachiche.

Here are my three branches of Gélinas: the Gélinas, the Bellemare and the Lacourse.

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

**DAIGLE
(Deag*)**

FAMILY #1

Les Familles Daigle

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.

Olivier Daigre (and **Daigle**), born in 1643 in France, died in Acadia, married circa 1666 at Port Royal (today, Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia) to Marie **Gaudet**, daughter of Denis Gaudet and Martine Gauthier of France and Port Royal. Olivier arrived in Acadia around 1663. His ancestors are believed to have originated from d'Aigre in the ancient province of Saintonge, France.

Olive (b.1879 Fort Kent)	48D	Jean-Baptiste	14 Apr	1891	Louise/Léonie Cyr (Magloire Cyr & Olive Cyr)	Madawaska	48L
48E1	Barthélemi	19 Sep	1904	Anne "Edna" Cyr	Ft.Kent	48M	
	Rémi, 22	10 Oct	1910	Audélie Després, 16 (Marcel Després & Esther St.Germain)	Wallagrass	48N	
48E2	Aurôre	28 Apr	1903	Béloni Daigle (#24F3)	Ft.Kent		
48F	Marie	21 Nov	1910	William Normand	Waterville(SFS)		
48G1	Raphael "Ralph"	03 Mar	1908	Myrtle Bishop (b.1896 Springfld.)(Charles Bishop, b.Orono & _ Wooster b.Cherryfield)	Kingman 48P1		
	(b.1883 Kingman)	Mark-L. "Mack"	27 Dec	1920	Marcia-Ellen Gibb Kingman 48P2 (b.1898 Montana)(Edmond Gibb & Abbie-Ellen Sudbury !)		
	(b.1890 Kingman)	Elie (Hilaire)	25 Nov	1915	Lillian-B. Doane (Edwin Doane & Debora Ogden)	Old Town 48P3	
48G2	Hélène	14 Jul	1920	Edmond Daigle (#48L2)	Daigle, Me.		
48H1	Julie-Anna	07 Feb	1921	Mark Violette	Frenchville		
	Ida	14 Jan	1934	Alden Littlefield	Lewiston(SPP)		
48H2	Joseph	29 May	1943	M.-Aurôre Lizotte	Biddeford(St.Jos.)		
48J	Gertrude	12 Apr	1920	Joseph-L. Labonté	Walagrass(St.Jos.)		
	Émile	03 Nov	1921	Rose-A. Laferrière	Ft.Kent 48Q		
	Yvonne	25 Feb	1922	Albert Voisine	Wallagrass (to Wtv1.)		
	Alvine	19__		Magloire Caron	NB !		
48K	Yvette-L. 1m.	18 Oct	1941	Renaud Doyon	Waterville(SH)		
	" 2m.	03 Aug	1966	Louis-J. Gurney (Gagné)	Waterville(SFS)		
	Ida	14 Feb	1942	Adjutor-John Breton	Waterville(SH)		
	Henri-T.	06 Apr	1942	Lena Dubé	Eagle Lake ARCH 48R1		
48L	Edmond/Edouard	14 Jul	1920	Hélène Daigle (#48G)	Daigle, Me. 48R2		
48M	Alphena-J.	09 Apr	1934	Lawrence-S. Randall	Skowhegan(NDL)		
	Anne-M.	28 Jan	1935	Gédéon Ouellette	Skowhegan(NDL)		
	Louis-Valérien	08 Jun	1935	Thérèse Rossignol	Waterville(ND) 48S1		
	Edwin 30 Apr	1937		Anita Cyr	Waterville(SFS) 48S2		
	Aldéric-J.	14 Sep	1940	Fedora-Berthe Ouellet	Waterville(ND) 48S3		
	Thérèse	11 Apr	1953	Auguste Fortin	Waterville(ND)		
48N	Edwidge	05 Apr	1937	Réginald G. Michaud	Eagle Lake		
	Adrien	18 Jun	1947	Violette Blanchette	Waterville(SFS)		
48P1	Lillianne	20 May	1939	Clarence Binette	Old Town(St.Jos.)		
	(b.1917)	Charles-David					
	(b.20-7-1911 (Passadumkeag)	Lawrence					
	(b.1915)	George-Andrew					
	(b.5-1-1916 Old Town)	Ralph-Raphael					
	(b.6-2-1917 Old Town)	Florence-Myrtle					
	(b.18-4-1920 Old Town)	Pauline-Jeanette					
	(b.20-4-1921 Old Town)	Herbert					
	(b.1923)	Marion					
	(1924)						

(Continued on page 51)

(Daigle Family continued from page 50)

Robert					
(b.1930)					
48P2	Rose-Anne (b.1924 ME)	13 Sep	1941	Arthur-J. Allain	Madison(St.Seb.)
	David (b.1921 ME)	24 Dec	1946	Pauline Grenier	Madison(St.Seb.)
	Alfred-M. (b.1926 ME)	07 Apr	1947	Phyllis Hébert	Madison(St.Seb.)
	Bennie-E. (b.1925 ME)	26 Jun	1948	Loretta Leblanc	Madison(St.Seb.)
	Claude-W.	18 Aug	1951	Lena Théborge	Madison(St.Seb.)
	Fletcher-John (b.1929 ME)	23 Feb	1952	Helen May Gaffrey	Madison(St.Seb.)
	Vallair-F.	17 Dec	1955	Janet Safford	Madison(St.Seb.) 48S4
48P3	Edwin (b.3-2-1919 Passadumkeag)				
48Q	Thérèse	17 Aug	1948	Henry Chassé	Ft.Kent(St.Ls.)
48R1	Maxine-M.	__ Jun	1966	Lawrence-J. Bourgoin	Maine
48R2	Jeanne	31 May	1948	Gérard Lamontagne	Lewiston(SPP)
48S1	Évangeline	14 Jul	1956	Edouard Chamberland	Waterville(ND)
	Léon-R. 1m.	09 Aug	1958	Pauline Verville	Waterville(ND) 48T
	" 2m.	before	1980	Linda Wood	Waterville !
	Jeanne-M.	28 Jul	1962	Wilfred-Ronald Rafuse	Waterville(ND)
	Rita-M. 1m.	03 Aug	1963	Paul-Émile Gagnon	Waterville(ND)
	" 2m.	19__		Harold Shaw	_____
	Lillianne-M.	19 Feb	1966	Roger-Emery Caret	Waterville(ND)
	Donald	17 Feb	1968	Susan-Hope Roy	Waterville(ND)
	Yvette	19 Oct	1973	Richard Lake	Waterville(ND)
	Alice	1972		Richard Carson	Waterville(JOP)
48S2	Edwin-Donald	15 Jul	1961	Theresa-Agnes Poulin	Waterville(ND)
	Yvette-Edna	23 Feb	1963	Robert-Milton Leary	Waterville(ND)
	Raymond-Alb.	28 Aug	1970	Pearl-M. Alley	Waterville(ND)
48S3	Lucille-M.	25 Jun	1966	Felix M. Zelenkewich	Winslow(SJB)
	Joseph-Roland	19__		Carole	_____MA
	Ing	19__		Lenny	Ferrara MA
48S4	Dim-Mary	25 Oct	1974	Peter-J. Willette(Ouellet)	Skowhegan(NDL)
	Laurie	07 Oct	1978	Joël Violette	Skowhegan(NDL)
48T	Elizabeth	19__		Edgar Perdomo	California
	Annette	01 Sep	1978	Mark Follansbee	No.Vassalboro
	Carolyn	circa	1982	Timothy Reifer	Hawaii
50A	Hilaire	17 May	1874	Anaise LeBrun	Frenchville 50C
50B	Willie	11 Nov	1907	Alexina Daigle	Frenchville 50D
50C	Philomène	1m.	18__	_____ Bouchard	_____
"	2m.	06 Jul	1901	David Daigle (#48C)	Winn, ME
				(Lindore Daigle & Lucie Cyr)	
	Laura-M. (b.19-8-1879 St.Hilaire)	07 Jul	1901	Denis Daigle	Frenchville
	Félix-Hilaire, 27 (b.Daigle, ME)	22 Apr	1919	Elizabeth Gobon, 35 (b.Paspébiac - widow)(William Lorwell & Rosalie Leblanc)	Caribou
	Willie	08 Feb	1921	Céline Dumais	Daigle, Me. 50E
50D	Lse.-Augustine	02 Jul	1945	Phil.-Arthur Poulin	Augusta(St.Aug.)
50E	Roland-Élie	05 Sep	1949	Eugénie-Yvette Roux	Lewiston(HF)
53A	Onésime	09 Nov	1879	Léa Martin	Lille 53C
	Euphémie	02 Mar	1897	Vital Dumont	Grand Isle
53B	Théodule	13 Oct	1888	Catherine Cyr	St.David, Me. 53D
	Delphine	06 Nov	1889	Onésime Cyr	St.David, Me.
	Élise	25 Oct	1892	Denis Albert	Madawaska
	Rémi	18 Jun	1895	Exilia/Zithe Doucet	Lille, Me.53E
	Anne	14 Apr	1896	Alexis Beaulieu	St.David, Me.
	Séverine	02 Oct	1899	Vital Beaulieu	St.David, Me.
	Modeste	01 Jul	1901	Ubald Cyr	St.David, Me.

(See next issue for more on the Daigle Family)



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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