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Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice

Norman Beaupré

James Myall

John François

Gérard Coulombe

See next page for additional authors

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Authors

Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice; Norman Beaupré; James Myall; John François; Gérard Coulombe; Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso; Marie-Anne; Guy Dubay; Martha Cyr Genest; Sr. Sharon Beavitt S.C.I.M.; Brian Lajoie; Denise R. Larson; Gary Pelletier; Albert J. Marceau; Ray Luc Levasseur; Yves Chartrand; Patrick Lacroix; Margaret S. Langford; Adrienne Pelletier LePage; Michel Lacaux; Danielle Laliberte Beaupré; Robert Bérubé; and Bob Chenard

Le FORUM



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

Un Joyeux Noël et une Bonne et Heureuse Nouvelle Année!

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WINTER/HIVER 2017-18



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Maine’s French Communities:

http://www.francomaine.org/English/Pres/Pres_intro.html Francoamericanarchives.org
other pertinent websites to check out -

Les Français d’Amérique / French In America

Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002

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

Franco-American Women’s Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>





Le Centre Franco-Américain
Université du Maine
Orono, Maine 04469-5719
Lisa_Michaud@umit.maine.edu
Téléphone: 207-581-FROG (3764)

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Aide Technique

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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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Lettres/ Letters

(See page 17 for more letters...)

Some comments on the essay by Patrick L. Lacroix, Ph. D.

(Le Forum, Vol. 39 #3, Pages 3-4)

FINDING A LARGER CANVAS: FRANCO-AMERICANS' ENDURING SIGNIFICANCE

By Gérard Coulombe

Note: my comments appear under each paragraph heading. I use the lead word, phrase or sentence from the paragraphs in the original piece to share my views

"How knowledgeable are you..."

My view of the Franco American Significance is greater than the basic outline.

"Since the publication..."

Perhaps, there is no larger canvas for the Franco American experience than that which exists; if there is, what could it be?

"Those of us who have taught..."

We fellow Americans may not care much about our particular ethnic origins, although, friends, including teachers of high school French were curious about my Franco American experience.

Note: My wife and I are Franco Americans. Our children were aware and decided not to extend their knowledge of our experiences. Although, I'll wager they heard their mother and I talk about our own Franco American experiences. As a result, they have held views of it, or they may have discussed it in private, shared opinions on their status and shared experiences with other ethnic groups. My wife is more likely than I to have knowledge of this. None of our children and grandchildren speaks French. We offered to teach them. They chose not to learn. None of the grandchildren speak French. School offered Spanish. Personally, I taught English in Port Washington N. Y. and administered schools at the secondary level in Darien Ct.

In the past, educators with whom I shared Franco-American experiences were pleased that I had and some even confessed to having had Franco American experiences of their own.

I am not familiar with the scholarship alluded to by the author. I do recall having received a letter some years back from a New Hampshire priest, also a Coulombe, inviting all named "Coulombe" to a celebratory gathering of the Coulombe clan that was to be held on L'Île d'Orléans to mark the arrival of the first one named Coulombe to arrive in Québec. In my exuberance over the priest's letter, I decided to share it with a highly respected teacher of French on our

staff because I knew her well and I thought that she would appreciate reading it. Perhaps, I was insensitive when she returned the letter with this observation: "The writer left out the accent marks. Thank you." She turned and walked away. That was all she said!

As to the magnitude of scholarship in Franco-American studies, will it ever matter to anyone outside Academia? Having been educated, early on by Canadian and Franco-American nuns and religious brothers of two orders, I recall not only the discipline, but also, the never stated but implied message, that our presence in Maine was transitional because we were returning to "notre patrie," perhaps, in the distant future. For us in our own Canadian schools, a daily repeated theme that few of us understood in elementary schools before World War Two is that we were being prepared for a return to the homeland. At the time, our education was totally French Canadian and Catholic in experience and orientation. We started school with "Oh, Canada" and ended, possibly, with a pledge of allegiance.

As a public secondary school administrator, I knew of no textbook or course where the emphasis was placed upon anything other than the general historical and political significance attached to standard history or to issues in American history, general or political. To my knowledge little specificity about anything other than that which was historical was ever among the chief topics discussed in our textbooks. There are exceptions but few or hardly any were ever developed or mentioned in passing [experience limited to New York and Connecticut].

I have no personal knowledge of History as studied in Québec. I do have some knowledge from relatives that my dad and I visited. Generally, I know why my grandparents and some French Canadian relatives settled in Maine. In my case it was either that

they were seeking employment or upward mobility, which was, as I recall, earning a few cents more per hour.

As for "Little Canada," here and there across the New England States and elsewhere about the country, I know that there were institutions. I know what these were. Because my dad was active, I knew a great deal more than my contemporaries about the religious disputes between French Canadian Catholics and the Irish hierarchy in Maine because my dad was part of the dialogue. I also know of the importance of money and status of managerial or office workers vs. hourly waged workers, tenants vs. landlords.

Addressing the choir on the nature of native chants is not that bad of an idea. From the perspective of graduate study and papers relative to Franco-Americans in the States there is still much to do. I am reminded of a friend who specialized in folklore and of how hard he worked collecting whenever he had a chance to spend time in the field. Perhaps that is what one must do to fish out of the pond the very special trophies that remain. So it will be an academic endeavor. However in secondary public education throughout the country, delving into popular culture and mystery will continue to remain available, even as the years fly by. Here and there, pockets of cultures past remain along with folk stories that are not that old. It ought to be up to local schoolteachers to engage their students in the job of historical retrieval, one generation at a time, before la souvenance, memory, totally evaporates.

To my knowledge, as a participant in the evolution of most Franco Americans in one city in Maine, one with which I am most familiar due to growing up in the community, having experienced Biddeford in the past while still having relatives in Biddeford, I would argue that there has not been any "hand-wringing" over the fate of the disappearing Franco American, particularly, in Biddeford, or of our culture and language. On the contrary, we Franco Americans, saw ourselves as being gradually integrated, in ways both pleasant and unpleasant. Much of it has to do with age and the ever growing and general American inculturation de choix.

"The field and sub-fields of Canadian history..."

The historical record in Canada following the arrival of the first generation to settle mattered little to us here, although as children of Canadian immigrants to Maine,

(Continued on page 4)

(FINDING A LARGER CANVAS:
FRANCO-AMERICANS' ENDURING
SIGNIFICANCE continued from page 3)

we had some knowledge of those left behind. Some Canadian relatives, uncles, cousins, and some friends visited. There was something else about the family that I knew but never, fully, understood as determined by the visits that we took as a family to so-called relatives of our dad's. Our dad seemed to have relatives not only in Canada, but also in just about every Franco-American town, Lewiston and Waterville, in particular. Although I got to know some relatives well for one reason or another, neither my mom nor I fully understood these relationships—were they of blood? Acquaintanceship? No one seemed to care. It was all of a generational nature, --unfathomable, as far as I was concerned.

“But is the history of Franco-American really just an extension...”

Franco-American history is not and has never been just an extension of Canadian history. It is so that Canadian life had to be adapted to American life. How could it have been otherwise? They had in their possession what they knew—their language, religion, idiosyncrasies, and their stories, some had useless as well as useful skills. My dad's father came over as a cobbler; I guess my dad went from the farm, perhaps, to the jobs provided by the textile mills.

Also, as much as my father might have intended to return to Canada at some point, his parents came to the States, and, so, he stayed. But three of his brothers remained in Canada and a sister had married an with her husband moved to Hartford, Connecticut. It is fair to say that from generation to generation in the States, we grew up learning how we were to shape our lives as Americans in service of American, not Canadian norms, experience and language.

“The francophone community...”

I am somewhat familiar with French Canada. My dad and I travelled to Canada by train from Lewiston, Maine, and so I became familiar with a few aspects of the Québec life, for I had cousins there. Also, as one who had spent time listening and observing, I took away a little bit of knowledge of “Canada” from observations of my own. Those helped me to form a few opinions of my own regarding my status as a Franco American. There was never to be the repatriation that my dad thought there would be, some day. I'm sure he knew that when he died.

In addition, on some Saturday or

Sunday nights, when my dad sat by the radio after supper to listen to radio Canada from Montréal, I pulled up a chair and sat next to him to listen to “Un Home et Son Pêché,” a favorite of his. Go figure.

“Alas...”

It is not surprising to me that Québec acquired a diminishing interest in the very people who had abandoned Québec for a better life in Maine. Later, when in my early teens, working Old Orchard at a time when it might have been well known as Little Québec, before most pulled up stakes and moved down to Florida, there was no love lost between those visiting or relocating to the States and those of us who had come before.

Increasingly, unless we were related, fewer and fewer from the Province of Québec cared for us “dans les États.” Some from the Provinces thought that we cousins, although somehow related, even as we felt more and more unrelated, possibly, and, possibly, even more known unknowns that we were out to pull the wool over their eyes, possibly, worse, that we were out to cheat them, our natural cousins. Such, we thought, grew the suspicions of our beloved cousins. There came a time when the best thing to have on a visit to Old Orchard was to stay away from them, and they from us, because they or we were ingrates. Frankly, a Quebecois was hard to love.

“The question...”

There always was a tension between those Franco-Americans who had money, who thought they had money and those who knew they didn't have any or knew well that life, theirs, and that of their families, depended on employment, on wages earned by the week, and not on education or advancement, but necessary to purchase, daily, groceries on the tab or to pay rent by the week. For our people, it was never about the future. It was always the now and then. Some of the children were never to finish school. But an 8th grade education was better than a third grade one. They would end up working in the mills. It was a future more firmly desired than the one that required school attendance, until the age of 16 when 16 permitted leaving school to enter the mills. The children of those who had went to college. Those of us who didn't might have desired a religious vocation. Some of us were chosen, some others prayed hard for an answer to their prayers. In those days, one's education very much depended upon a calling from God the Father, probably through the intercession of Mary, the mother of Jesus. Her intercession

had to have been paramount in many lives.

“We can and should ...”

Franco American History may be of dwindling interest now that those of us whose memories still hold strong and memorable attachments to the past, almost all, due to personal recollections of our Franco-American experiences, will soon enough end, as we die off. I do not know who will keep the flame going. Maybe, it will be teachers like Lacroix and his colleagues. My children have little or no memories of the kind that I still recall at age 86. Personally, I still recall who these people will be. Certainly not my children's children. They are having a hard enough time just knowing who they are.

I would first suggest...”

Those Franco-Americans, particularly those originating from lower Québec who still live their lives as Franco-Americans in transition, are special people because they never lost the faith. While some still hold to tradition, “*la foi et la patrie*,” others have either lost one or the other, and many more have lost both, having “moved on.” It is for these people as it was for our neighborhood, not so many years ago, when we knew, visited, helped and celebrated each other. Our children and our grandchildren now know little or nothing of family tradition. Although, some may love tourtière better than I do—taste, however is not necessarily, if at all, traditional. I'm only saying that mine have changed.

Second, Franco-Americans matter on a larger tableau.” I agree, we French Canadian Americans were never invisible. “Like everyone else, we suffered from and had our own bows from which we fired our own arrows. The existing order disrupted us and we, in time, disrupted the existing order. The latter didn't like it any better than we did. I don't even know that they took any joy in doing us in, either. It might just might as much to do with a matter of maintaining the status quo, plain and simple; It might just as well have been simple annoyance with a particular form of pestilence.

No doubt, by addressing Le Forum...”

To be honest, I enjoy being a member of an academic study group. Having read this piece, I am not sure that we Franco-Americans are understood by academics. for all that I know, there are still many stories to be told. To this day, I do not know that our group has been the subject of study in public and parochial schools, none of which today
(Continued on page 5)

Les bêtes de mon enfance

Les "bébites" ou les insectes et même les petites bêtes sont connues par tous et chacun même de nos jours. Je crois bien que c'est un terme d'enfant produit par les mamans et les papas afin de communiquer à leurs enfants l'essence de la simplicité de la parole tout comme "bobo", "quenoël", "caca", "pipi", "bédaine", "dodo", "bébelles", etc. La grande personne se mettait au niveau du petit enfant afin de tenter de se faire comprendre quoique l'enfant aurait compris le parler du grand monde si on le lui avait communiqué en pleine franchise. Mais, on a pris l'habitude des mamans et des papas d'antan, surtout les mamans, d'utiliser des mots de ce que j'appellerais des mots "bébé." Plus que notre langue disparaît au cours de années, plus les petits trésors de la langue tels ces mots enfantins disparaissent eux aussi. Je le crois bien. Cependant, il y a des mots tels "mémère" et "pépère" qui ont survécu. Peut-être on utilise plus le terme anglais "bugs" avec nos petits, je n'en sais pas.

Quoique soit le cas, les "bébites" de mon enfance existaient et ils existent encore au moins dans la mémoire achalandée de toutes sortes de choses du passé. Pour moi, ces choses sont réelles et vives. Il y en a plusieurs parmi vous mes lecteurs/lectrices qui me demandent comment je fais pour me rappeler de tout ça. Et bien, je dois avoir une mémoire du diable ou une mémoire de chien comme le disent les nôtres. A force d'y penser, ça vient. Quant aux "bébites" de mon enfance, voilà ce dont je me rappelle. En premier lieu, il y a les "maringouins", ces moustiques, ces verraces de "bébites" qui viennent en été nous piquer la chair et laisser des petites boursouffles rouges qui

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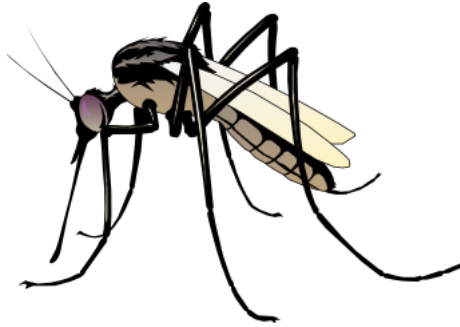
are "Franco," as a term might have suggested, at one time, Catholic, not secular. In my day, we were an innovative category.

But I understand what they, these academics in the field, are up against. Their field is narrow, and the opportunities narrow until they disappear when our kind dwindles to the level of zero even as family names remain alive and well.

"For more than a century..."

They came from Québec down to Maine. Most of all, they came to find work;

nous démangent à n'en plus finir. Je me souviens que j'étais au Brésil au Bom Pastor chez les religieuses du Bon Pasteur et Irma Priscilla qui m'avait invité d'aller passer quelques semaines avec elles. On m'avait donné la chambre de l'aumônier et pendant la nuit il y avait de grosses "bébites" qui m'avaient rongé la peau et j'avais senti la



démangeaison pendant des jours de temps. Soeur Priscille m'avait dit que les religieuses dormaient avec le drap pardessus la tête afin de s'esquiver de la morsure de ces "bébites". Un peu plus tard elle a acheté des moustiquaires pour cette chambre, m'a-t-elle dit.

Il y avait aussi les gros bourdons qui venaient menacer ceux qui osaient les approcher ou les taquiner avec des pailles ou des petits bâtons. En plus, il y avait les mouches ordinaires et les mouches à cheval. Celles-ci étaient féroces avec leurs dards et puis elles étaient grosses, les mouches à cheval. Il y avait aussi les puces, les poux, les punaises, et les autres infestations qui faisaient horreur aux mamans qui n'en voulaient pas de cette avarie de mauvaises "bébites" ni dans le lit ni dans les cheveux. Il y avait aussi

some jiggled between here and there and back again, stayed and married, travelled back and forth over the Fourth of July, mainly for the time they were out of the mills. They brought what they had with them that they owned, maybe a carpetbag full of long underwear, galoshes, and their religion. Before they grew their own, priests, brothers and nuns came from there to teach in their schools in whatever city or town with a river big enough to power a big mill. They learned new trades, they had to fight the bosses for what they earned, won and lost, mostly.

les "criquettes" [les grillons], les "mouches à feu" [les lucioles], les très petites "bébites" rouges, les coccinelles, et autres qui ne nous hantaient pas car nous n'en n'avions aucunement peur. Il ne faudrait pas oublier les "frémilles" ou fourmis qui venaient empiéter la nourriture hors des placards et à l'air, comme on le dit chez nous. Quant aux abeilles, on les laissait tranquilles car elles nous confectionnaient du miel après tout. Il y en a qui même de nos jours ont peur des "bébites" mais qui n'ont pas peur des chiens ou autres bêtes plus grosses. Il faudrait croire que les "bébites" apportent une certaine crainte ou un dégoût pour ceux et celles qui ont grandi avec ça. Je leur dirais à ces gens-là que toutes bêtes et toutes "bébites" sont les créatures du Bon Dieu.

Enfin, il existe des expressions avec le terme "bébête" telles, avoir des bébêtes dans la tête pour dire que quelqu'un est un peu fou; être en bébête pour signifier être fâché, et l'expression "en bébête" pour dire "beaucoup." "Bébête" reste encore collé dans ma tête souvent rêveuse et vagabonde. Ah, les souvenirs de mon enfance, elles m'apportent toutes sortes de "bêtises" qui tournent en petites joies d'une mémoire laissée à elle-même.

Norman Beaupré est natif de Biddeford et il a enseigné plus de trente ans à l'Université de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Son doctorat vient de l'Université Brown. Le Docteur Beaupré a beaucoup voyagé en France et ailleurs en plus d'avoir pris deux congés sabbatiques à Paris. Il est l'auteur de vingt et un livres publiés en français et en anglais. Sa dernière oeuvre s'intitule, "Souvenances d'une Enfance Francophone Rêveuse", un recueil d'une trentaine de contes et d'histoires qui sortent de son imagination active.

It took a while before they concluded that survival depended more than they had bargained on total assimilation. They stayed, fought in a sense, and waited for time to allow their children's total assimilation.

It worked for the most part. Who is left among the originals now? Count the

R.C. churches in Biddeford; the mills? What are they now? Where have settler children and grandchildren gone?

A new, abridged, and recently published history of Biddeford, hardly mentions Franco Americans. It is what it is, *passé*.

Les couleurs de mon enfance

Un aspect de mon enfance qui dure longtemps dans ma mémoire ce sont les couleurs. Lorsque l'oeil a été frappé par la vivacité des couleurs, surtout dans l'essor de la jeunesse, bien, il se développe chez l'enfant qui grandit, tout un arc-en-ciel gravé dans une mémoire sensibilisée par l'attrait du beau et du voyant. Qu'est-ce que la vie serait sans couleurs? Blanc et noir, c'est tout, tout comme les vieux films du passé. Sans couleurs c'est sans imagination et sans habileté de voir les choses telles qu'elles sont dans une nature prodigieuse de toutes sortes de couleurs. L'enfant est très sensible aux couleurs. Du moins, moi, je l'étais. Tout en grandissant, j'étais attiré par les couleurs vives de mon environne-

ment. L'enfant aime les couleurs qui lui sont inculquées en vertu de ses sens et de son penchant vers l'éblouissement de tout ce qui est de couleur. Moi, je l'étais et je continue de l'être même dans la maturité de l'âge.

Je viens de terminer un recueil de contes et d'histoires intitulé, "Souvenances d'une Enfance Francophone Rêveuse" dans lequel se trouve l'histoire du "Ballon viné." Viné n'est pas du français standardisé, c'est plutôt la couleur pourpre. Chez nous nous disions viné. Ceci faisait partie de notre parler à nous Franco-Américains. Quant à "pourpre" cela n'existait que dans les dictionnaires ou dans la langue des gens éduqués qui l'avaient appris d'une manière ou d'une autre. "Pourpre" c'était pour ceux et celles qui parlaient "bien." Cependant, "viné" nous appartenait et nous nous servions à plein jour de ce terme si bien connu et apprécié. Je dis dans mon histoire du ballon viné que le viné fut une couleur favotite surtout des plus âgés alors que je grandissais. Un beau chapeau viné, un manteau viné, des gants vinés, un beau ruban viné, et n'importe quel vêtement de la couleur viné furent portés avec fierté et un sens d'appartenance à la collectivité franco-américaine qui se voulait fière et indépendante des modes passantes.

Je le sais bien que pas tout le monde aimait la couleur viné. Il y en avait qui lui préférait d'autres couleurs plus vives et

plus attrayantes, surtout les jeunes. Mais, la couleur viné semblait attirer les dames plus données aux couleurs moins vives et plus adoucies telles le mauve, le lilas, le brun et le beige, et, on sait bien, le viné. Le viné se



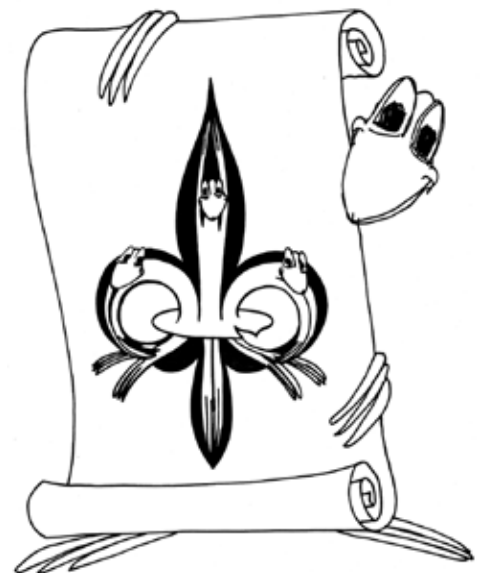
portait surtout en automne et en hiver. C'était une couleur frappante aux yeux de ceux et celles qui aimaient la couleur entre prune ou pourpre que nous appelons viné. Ceci se dit en anglais purple et parfois plum. Mais viné, tout le monde connaissait cette couleur. Excepté les hommes qui ne portaient guère attention aux couleurs, surtout le viné. Très souvent le mari demandait à sa femme de lui choisir une cravate ou même une chemise, un pantalon, des chaussettes, parfois des chaussures qui étaient propres à porter, et qui "matchaient" comme on le disait chez nous. Plusieurs hommes n'avaient pas le sens des couleurs et surtout l'harmonie des couleurs. Alors, il leur fallait une femme pour les "r'nipper" comme on disait chez nous.

Quant à moi et mes goûts de couleurs et d'harmonie de couleurs, j'ai toujours aimé le rouge, rouge écarlate, rouge voyant, le vert et son adhérent, le bleu vert, ainsi que le viné. J'aime les autres couleurs, mais je préfère celles-ci. J'aime bien le rose d'une belle fleur et le bleu ciel de l'azur. L'arc-en-ciel me plaît beaucoup surtout après avoir contemplé l'arc complet au Brésil lors de mon voyage dans le désert avec Soeur Priscille s.c.i.m. il y a plusieurs années de ça. Je ne l'ai jamais perdu de mon oeil intérieur. Tout jeune j'admirais les couleurs des vêtements de ma mère, surtout ses robes, car elle était fière, ma mère. Elle aimait les couleurs

voyantes, joyeuses, et vives. Les couleurs foncées et mates lui étaient ahurissantes. Je me souviens d'une de ses robes qu'elle portait sur une photo prise lorsque je n'avais que deux ans, je crois. Nous étions en promenade chez une des soeurs de ma mère à Augusta, rue Monroe. Ma mère portait une robe qui tirait sur le brun, et ce qui m'attirait la vue c'était le col qui me paraissait comme un col de clown en accordéon de toutes sortes de couleurs qui s'harmonisaient bien avec sa robe brunâtre. Je conserve encore la photo prise sur le gazon chez tante Mina. Elle s'appelait Hermina Hubert Drouin. Elle était bonne cuisinière, bonne modiste et bonne travaillante. Elle allait jusqu'à joindre son mari à la chasse de chevreuils dans les bois du nord du Maine. Elle était hasardeuse, tante Mina, et douée de l'entrain d'une fermière québécoise, car elle a vu jour au Canada tout comme les onze premiers enfants Hubert. Ma mère fut la treizième. Ah, les souvenances d'antan qui m'apportent les couleurs de ma jeunesse!

Quant au viné, et bien cette couleur n'a jamais cessé d'aménager mon imagination et mon intérêt. Même aujourd'hui la couleur viné stimule en moi des associations telles les cerises mûres que l'on appelait les cerises au vin de la couleur vinée, les pruneaux

(Suite page 7)



LePage's Comments Remind Us that Civil Rights History Isn't Just Blue and Grey

August 29, 2017 African-Americans, Civil War, Ku Klux Klan, Language, Maine, Politics

By James Myall

Maine Governor Paul LePage once again made national headlines for his defense of President Trump – and by extension, of confederate monuments – when he claimed that 7,600 Mainers fought for the Confederacy. That unsubstantiated claim appears to be off by a magnitude of several hundred, since the known number of Maine Copperheads is around 30. The governor was clearly attempting to justify the revisionist myth that the Civil War was not fought over slavery, and opponents were quick to point out that more than 70,000 Mainers fought for the Union – the highest per-capita enlistment rate of any Northern State. Mainers are justifiably proud of their state's abolitionist history, but it's all too easy to point to the state's contribution to the Civil War, and assume that Maine's historical legacy is one of simple racial advancement. Indeed, LePage himself has made similar arguments, saying that Congressman John Lewis, a Black Civil Rights Activist, should “thank Republicans” for ending slavery. The historical reality is much more complex than that.



Joseph-Caleb Paradis, 1864.

Image: Maine State Archives.

Many Mainers did fight, and die, in the Civil War motivated by their desire to end slavery. Some, like French Canadian Caleb

Paradis, even came to Maine from Canada to enlist. Paradis's comrades described him as being motivated by “a spirit sensitively alive to the maintenance of right, when he saw the attempts of ambitious men to extend the borders of slavery he sought the states, that he might add his influence and work in the cause of liberty.” Before the war, Colby College graduate Elijah Lovejoy became an abolitionist martyr when he was shot during an attack on his printer's shop in Illinois. Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin, written at Bowdoin College, became a rallying cry for abolitionists, of which Maine had many. William Ladd of Minot was one such who spoke out vocally against slavery, and many nameless others contributed to the underground railroad and its role in Maine.

Yet at the same time, even many of these abolitionists were initially wary of confrontation with the South. Governor Israel Washburn, a Republican, who denounced slavery as a foundational evil in an 1861 address to the state legislature admitted in the same speech that Republicans weren't seeking too “interfere” in southern law, and voiced his hope that war could be avoided. When Washburn again addressed the legislature in June, to ask for an appropriation of money and the activation of the militia after President Lincoln's call for volunteers against the Confederacy, he made no mention of the evil institution, but focused instead on the treason committed against the country.

(Continued on page 8)

(Les couleurs de mon enfance suite de page 6)

mûris sur la branche qui avaient donc cette belle couleur alors que ces fruits luisaient en plein soleil, et les beaux paysages au coucher du soleil alors que les couleurs changent du brillant au plus douces et tendres couleurs de la brunante parfois avec des éclats du viné. J'aimais m'asseoir dans l'herbe lorsque j'étais jeune pour admirer les couchers du soleil jusqu'à ce que maman m'appelle pour rentrer chez nous et me préparer pour la nuit. Les couleurs que je venais d'admirer restaient collées dans ma vision intérieure et je tombais endormi avec le doux couloir de couleurs menant à l'infini absorbées par la vue et calquées à mon cerveau d'enfant.

Je me souviens que la voisine, Madame D. de la côte aimait dire à son mari, Frank, qu'elle n'aimait pas les couleurs trop pâles car elle les trouvait sans vie, sans éclat.

C'est pour cela que tous les murs de sa maison à l'intérieur étaient d'une couleur foncée et parfois sombre. Les voisins et les parents la trouvait un peu étrange, Rose-Éva. C'est comme cela qu'elle s'appelait. Il y avait tant de femme chez nous lorsque je grandissais qui avaient deux prénoms tels Marie-Ange, Marie-Thérèse, Rose-Alba, Rose-Hélène, etc. Moi, l'enfant aux couleurs, j'associais ces noms avec les couleurs qui me venaient à l'idée. Pour moi Marie-Ange c'était la couleur des anges, le rose angélique; Marie-Thérèse, c'était la couleur verte des prairies; Rose-Alba, fut la couleur viné parce que cette dame était vieille; Rose-Hélène, la couleur bleu d'un ciel sans nuages car Rose-Hélène avait toujours le beau sourire aux lèvres. Alors, les couleurs m'ont toujours inspiré d'une manière ou d'une autre, et stimulé mon imagination qui souvent était rêveuse. Quelle est donc votre couleur de jeunesse?

A-t-elle changé? Et vous les hommes qui vous hasardez de lire mes rubriques, êtes-vous sensibles aux couleurs ou vous vous en foutez bien? Et vous tous mes lecteurs/lectrices, aimez-vous le viné?

Norman Beaupré est natif de Biddeford et il a enseigné plus de trente ans à l'Université de la Nouvelle-Angleterre. Son doctorat vient de l'Université Brown. Le Docteur Beaupré a beaucoup voyagé en France et ailleurs en plus d'avoir pris deux congés sabbatiques à Paris. Il est l'auteur de vingt livres publiés en français et en anglais. Il est rendu à la finition de sa dernière oeuvre, "Souvenances d'une Enfance Francophone Rêveuse", un recueil d'une trentaine de contes et d'histoires qui sortent de son imagination active.

(LePage's Comments Remind Us that Civil Rights History Isn't Just Blue and Grey continued from page 7)



Child's "slave cloth" sleeveless jacket and pants, unknown maker, Louisiana, 1850s. Cotton; hand spun and woven. Image: National Trust for Historic Preservation.

Was Washburn hesitant to alienate some of Maine's powerful industrial interests? Like the whole country, the economy of Maine relied on slavery, in the form of cotton exports from the south. The industrialization of Maine had flourished in the decade before the civil war, especially with the establishment of numerous textile mills that turned slave-picked cotton into cloth. Some industrialists, like the Cabot family who financed Brunswick's mill, even inherited fortunes made in the Atlantic slave trade. The Bates mill in Lewiston stockpiled southern cotton in the 1850s, a move that allowed it to profit from the war when it was able to be one of a select few producers of uniforms for the Union army. Other mills, like the Pepperell Company of Biddeford, profited on both sides of the ledger. The Pepperell Company's "Rock River" line of cloth, named for the Saco River, was originally sold to plantation owners to make inexpensive but tough clothing for slaves.

Even Maine's best-known civil war heroes were not necessarily fully committed to racial equality. Joshua Chamberlain, the hero of Gettysburg is also admired for his gesture of respect for the Confederate troops at Appomattox, during the surrender that officially ended the conflict. Today, that gesture is often held up as a righteous display of reconciliation. But as Bowdoin College History Professor Patrick Rael notes, Chamberlain's "chivalry" at Appomattox portended a lack of commitment by

many on the Union side towards the hard work or Reconstruction following the war. Chamberlain not only revealed himself to be a moderate in the treatment of former Confederates, but he would go on to defend southern states' rights to restrict government to "their best minds" (i.e. white ones).

Chamberlain's colleague-in-arms, General Oliver Otis Howard of Leeds, Maine, was a major figure of the Reconstruction effort. He headed the Freedman's Bureau, and helped found Howard University, the first of the Historically Black Colleges and Universities in the United States. Yet after the Freedman's Bureau was dismantled in the face of Southern opposition, Howard went on to spend years fighting to drive Native Americans onto reservations. Hardly a civil rights icon.

Howard was responsible for directing hundreds of freedmen to Maine during his time at the bureau, finding them paid employment working for friends of his like Adams Merrill, who owned a quarry in Brownville. While these jobs allowed blacks to escape the tenant farmer status of many of their peers in the south, the motives of the Mainers who employed them were suspect. As much as charitable causes, the businessmen were also grateful for a cheap source of labor, and sometimes underpaid the freedmen while housing them in substandard conditions. One third of Merrill's workers died of pneumonia after a Maine winter in their uninsulated homes the company had provided. The rest fled Maine by 1879.

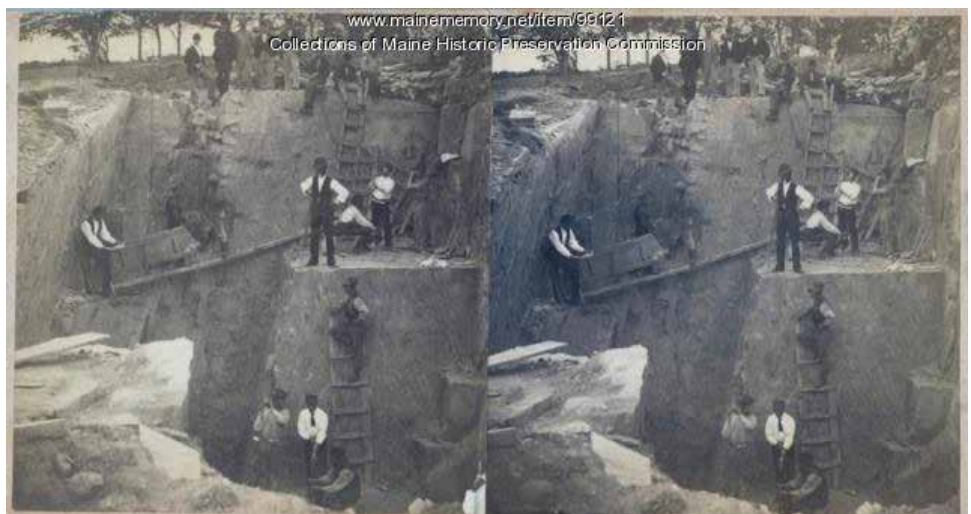
Maine has some prominent examples of historic black spaces, but these are themselves the results of discrimination and segregation as n Maine results of segrega-

tion. The Abyssinian Meeting House in Portland, the oldest surviving black church in Maine, and the third-oldest in the United States, was founded precisely because black parishioners, in their own words, treated like second-class citizens at the existing churches. The story of Malaga island, and the state-mandated eviction of the community there, has become better known in recent years, but the colony's very existence, in an isolated and impoverished spot, is a prime example of segregation.

For most of its existence, Maine has not had a vibrant African-American community nor indeed any community of color as we would identify it today. Nonetheless, Maine's Republican party, which had initially been active in the cause of Black suffrage nationally, devoted efforts to persecuting immigrants locally, especially Catholics.

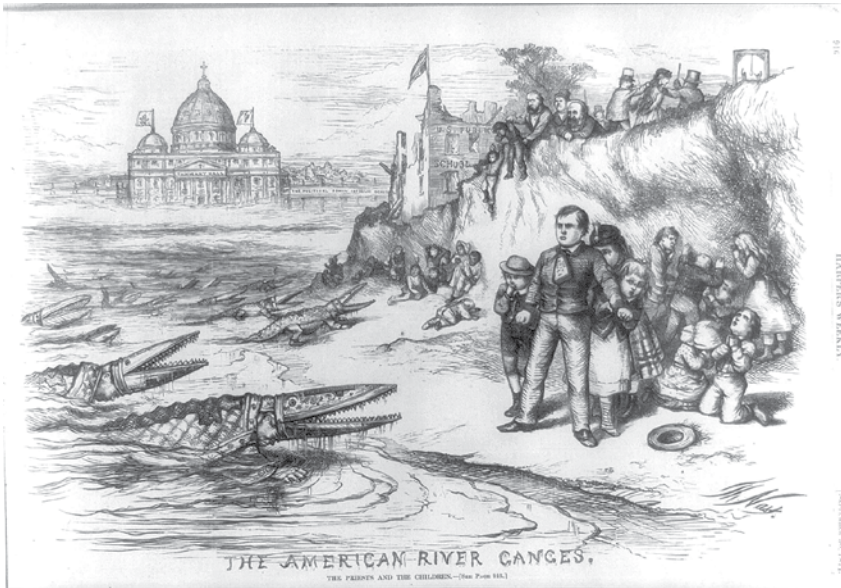
James G. Blaine was Speaker of the US House of Representatives during a critical period of Reconstruction. Yet he would emerge as leader of the dismissively-titled "half-breed" faction of the Republicans in the 1880s, less radical than the "Stalwart" faction. Like Chamberlain, Blaine was advocated for leniency for former Confederate officials and veterans. While Blaine was a consistent defender of black suffrage, he was also a notoriously cynical politician, and it's hard to tell how much he was motivated by moral imperatives, or the desire for more Republican voters in the South. In a similar vein, his name became synonymous with a series of anti-Catholic laws aimed at codifying a separation of church and state, but which became a dog whistle for protestant voter against Catholic immigrants.

(Continued on page 9)



African-American workers at the Merrill Quarry, Brownville, Maine, 1868. Stereoscope. Image: Maine Memory Network/Maine Historical Society.

(LePage's Comments Remind Us that Civil Rights History Isn't Just Blue and Grey continued from page 8)



"The American River Ganges," an anti-Catholic cartoon by Thomas Nast that appeared in Harper's Weekly in 1871. A protestant minister defends American school children against Catholic bishops depicted as alligators. An American public school is depicted as a fort on the beach, while in the distance, Tammany Hall, the well-known New York Irish political society, flies the Papal flag.

Even before the Civil War, Maine had undertaken a series of anti-immigrant measures, many of which were supported by the same politicians who supported the abolition of slavery. In 1855, under its first Republican governor and a Republican majority in the House, Maine passed a series of laws, which barred any state courts from naturalizing non-citizens (thereby restricting citizenship applications to federal courts), made new citizens register to vote at least three months before an election; and restricted the participation of those who were not native-born Americans in militia companies. Portland Mayor Neal Dow became the father of Prohibition in Maine and the United States, a law that was predicated partly on anti-immigrant stereotypes, and which resulted in disproportionate arrests of Franco-American and other Catholic residents.

In the 1890s, as Southern states were adopting "Jim Crow" laws to prevent African-Americans from voting, Maine adopted at least one custom from that period, the literacy test, designed to prevent immigrants, especially Franco-Americans, from voting. This effort was accompanied by local campaigns to overturn election results, or prevent Franco-American voters from registering. In this context, it's unsurprising that Maine would be a hotbed of Klan activity in

the 1920s. The literacy requirement would not be repealed by Maine voters until it was struck down by the courts as a violation of the 1964 voting rights act.

What are we to make of these contradictions? It would be wrong to conclude that every historical character is a villain, or that each was as bad as the other. There were clear lines in the debate over slavery. As early as 1688, Americans (the Quaker community of Germantown, Pennsylvania) had petitioned against the practice, asking "what thing in the world can be done worse towards us?" Jefferson's first draft of the Declaration of Independence tried to pin the crime of slavery on King George, calling it a "cruel war against human nature itself" and an "assemblage of horrors," words that southern delegates to the Constitutional Convention in Philadelphia presumably had struck out. By 1861, the United States was one of just a handful of Western nations not to have abolished the institution of slavery. The states which chose to secede over the issue of slavery, and labelled the institution the "cornerstone" of their new Republic, knew full well that they were acting in defiance of the moral consensus of the day. We should feel free to judge their character accordingly.

But we should also be willing to hold ourselves to higher standards than even the

"heroes" of the past. Most historical figures do indeed fall short by modern standards. Men who were abolitionists saw no contradiction in being anti-immigrant, or disputing the necessity of black suffrage. Ordinary Mainers (like all Americans) benefited from the slave economy, and the low-wage work of immigrants. The lessons that should be drawn are to push ourselves further, not to give up on progress half-won, and to recognize the need to fight prejudice and discrimination on multiple fronts.



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.

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



100 Years Ago, Maine's Economy Was Powered by Immigrants

September 18, 2017 Logging, Maine

By James Myall

In 1910, Maine was at the peak of an immigration wave that was providing crucial labor for its biggest industries. The US Census of that year found that 16% of Maine's population, or one in eight residents, were immigrants. That's a far greater share than today, when less than 3% of the state's population was born abroad. In fact, the diversity of the Maine of 1910 more closely resembles the populations of New York or Florida today. And just as immigrants today provide a critical source of workers for key industries in those states, Maine's biggest industries a century ago depended on immigrant labor.

Understanding the extent of this phenomenon is made possible by a demographic project from the University of Minnesota, the Integrated Public Use Microdata Series (IPUMS), which provides harmonized data from various censuses, stretching back as far as 1850 in the United States. For some years, the project provides sample data (from 1 to 10% of all records), but for an increasing number of censuses, data is available for every recorded individual. In 1910, the census enumerated more than 750,000 residents, and IPUMS allows users to download and analyze a plethora of information on each person, including their place of birth and occupation.

Contemporary reports by the US Census Bureau estimated that Maine's manufacturing industries produced \$176 million of goods in 1909 (more than \$4.4 billion in today's money). Two-thirds of that output came from just four sectors – paper and wood pulp; lumber and timber; textiles; and footwear. Analysis of the IPUMS data show that each sector was heavily dependent on immigrant – and often Franco-American – workers. In the two most productive industries, paper and textiles, nearly half of the workforce was born abroad.

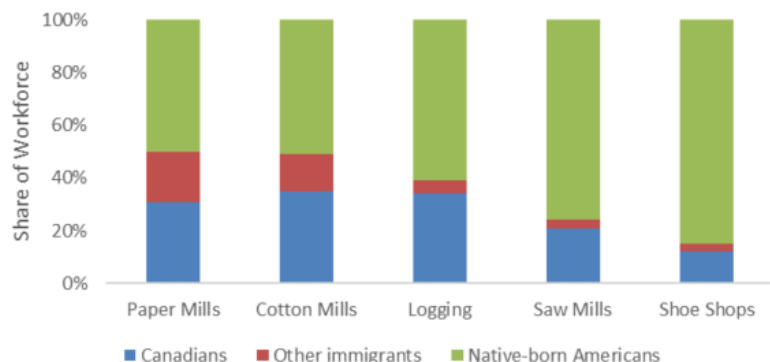
These data confirm the long-held narrative that Franco-Americans and other immigrants powered the industrial revolution in Maine, and elsewhere in New England. But they also reveal just how crucial these workers were to the Maine economy in 1910. Without this supply of labor from abroad, it's hard to imagine how any of these industries would have operated at the same level.

The data also show that Franco-Americans and other immigrants were a strong presence in other sectors of the economy, some less well-known than the textile and paper mills. Despite the effects of the industrial revolution, Maine still had a strong agrarian economy in 1910. While the size of this sector was less precisely estimated, re-

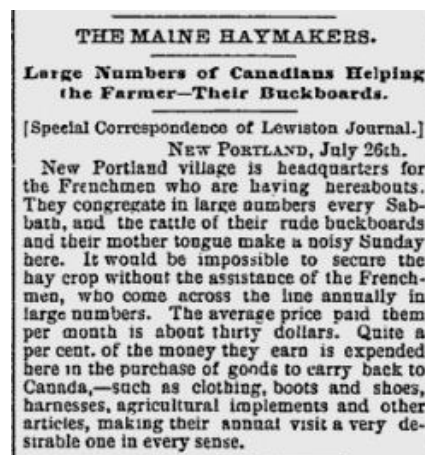


Winding Room Workers, Cabot Mill, Brunswick, 1925.
Image: Pejepscot Historical Society / Maine Memory Network.

In 1910, Maine's Largest Industries Relied on Immigrant Labor



Source: US Census 1910 and IPUMS. Author's analysis.



Lewiston Evening Journal, July 29, 1885.

(Continued on page 11)

(100 Years Ago, Maine's Economy Was Powered by Immigrants continued from page 10)

ports at the time put its value at \$60 million, more than the textile and paper industries combined. More Mainers were working as farmers than any other single occupation, and while the majority of them were native-born Americans, one in nine (11%) farmers was still born abroad. In the later 19th century, thousands of New England farmers had headed West, and newspaper accounts noted that their abandoned farms were increasingly being revived by Franco-Americans and other new arrivals.

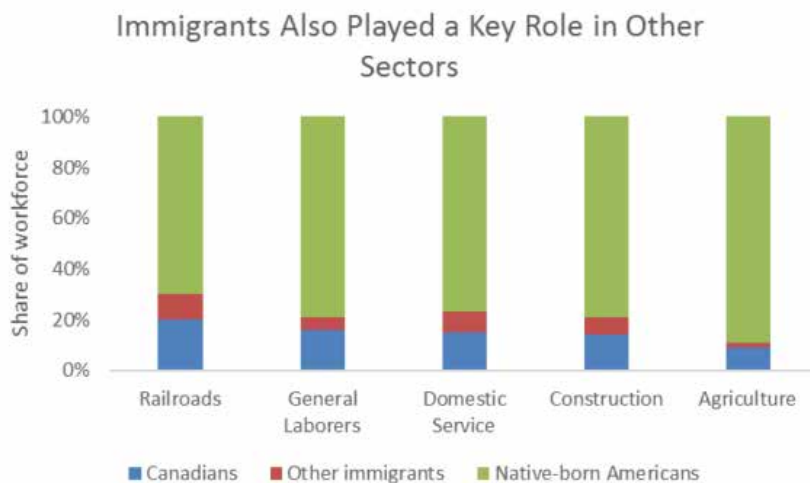
Just as today, the immigrants of a century ago also did much of the manual work that native-born Americans preferred not to do. The 1910 census shows disproportionate numbers of immigrants working on the railroads, as construction workers, and as “general laborers” – who would work on short term projects as needed, from clearing canals and laying roadbeds to working in the shipyards on seasonally on Maine’s farms. Some of the earliest Franco-Americans in Maine arrived in the 1840s and 50s in this role, and many had occupied the same position in Québec. The 1910 census shows that this itinerant and intermittent form of work was still a way of life for many.

1910 marked the high point of immigration to Maine for several reasons. At the national level, the first comprehensive immigration laws were soon enacted, greatly restricting the flow of new workers from Europe (though they did not apply to arrivals from the Americas). The 1920s saw a rising tide of anti-immigrant sentiment that made Maine a more hostile place for Franco-Americans, and the Great Depression then made the US a far less attractive destination for immigrants. By the time the United States was experiencing its post-war recovery, the political and economic dynamics of Canada, and Quebec in particular, were shifting to provide more opportunities for French Canadians, and less incentive to leave for the US. As a result, the foreign-born population of Maine dropped to half its size by 1950, and reached its present historic low by the 1980s.

We can learn from this history. Maine’s economy was most vibrant when it had a growing supply of workers, facilitated by a steady stream of arrivals from Canada, Europe, and elsewhere. Today, Maine faces many of the same demographic challenges as in the 19th century. Employers are struggling

to find workers, the population is aging at an alarming rate, and school districts are wrestling with the impacts of declining

enrollment numbers. In overcoming these current challenges, Maine could draw many lessons from its past successes.

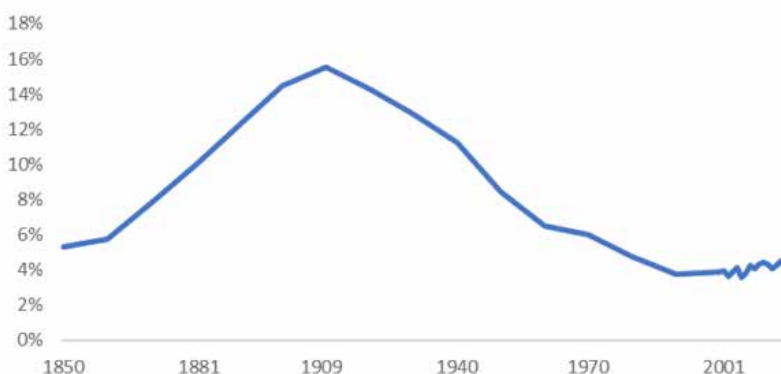


Source: US Census 1910 and IPUMS. Author's analysis.



Canal workers, Lewiston's Little Canada, date unknown. Image: University of Southern Maine / Maine Memory Network

Maine's Foreign-Born Population Peaked in 1910, and Declined Swiftly Thereafter



Source: US Census 1850-2000, American Community Survey 2001-15 and IPUMS. Author's analysis.

Les Quatre Saisons de Danté Hébert

par
John François

Printemps Maïs Tendre

Un beau jour dans juin, quand le soleil brillait clair, Danté Hébert fouillait des fossés dans son clos de maïs avec sa sheuve pour mieux égouter sa terre. Le mince et le fier Cajun se trouvait bien satisfait avec sa récolte parce que le maïs était grand avec beaucoup d'épis. Et quand Émilie, sa chère femme, est arrivée avec de l'eau à boire, il lui a dit, "Regarde, ma chère 'tite crêpe, comment pleins les épis commencent à être! On pourra bien vite manger du bon maïs tendre, ain?"

Émilie pensait que Danté était le meilleur récolteur dans toute la communauté de l'Anse Chaoui, sauf peut-être pour Valsin Boudreau, leur voisin. Mais naturellement, elle lui aurait jamais dit ça. "Ouay, donc!" sa 'tite crêpe dit. "Je peux pas espérer." Mais, elle était bien tracassée, parce que Valsin venait de passer. "Mon cher, il faut que je te dis que Valsin est venu ce matin, et il nous a laissé une douzaine d'épis de maïs tendre. Il dit que le sien est déjà paré à manger."

Danté, de sa part, était bien étonné. "Quoi? Mais, je comprends pas. J'ai planté

mon maïs une semaine avant lui. Le sien peut pas être déjà paré. T'en as dérobés pour voir?"

"Non, mon cher," Émilie dit, "pas encore." Mais elle avait menti. Elle avait dérobé deux épis, et les avait trouvés parfaits, juste bons à griller.

"Bien sûr," Danté dit avec le commencement d'une grosse colère, "Valsin les a cassés trop de bonne heure. C'est pas la première fois qu'il essaye, de sa maudite



manière, de te faire croire que t'as pas marié le meilleur homme!"

Émilie pensait que la compétition et la jalouserie de Danté était rendue hors de raison. C'était une affaire qui avait commencé quand les deux la courtoisaient, quand elle était toujours jeune fille. Valsin se foutait souvent de Danté, et elle aimait pas ça. Alors, elle avait décidé de marier le mince

et le fier Danté Hébert plutôt que le gros et le canaille Valsin Boudreau. L'année passée, par exemple, Valsin les avait amené du maïs tendre avant que le leur était prêt à manger. Pauvre Danté avait pris ça dur, même comme un affront à sa virilité, si tu veux croire. Alors, cette année-ci, Danté avait fait sûr de planter son maïs avant Valsin. Il avait gardé un oeil sur les activités de son voisin, et bien de bonne heure en mars, il avait planté. Quelques jours après ça, il avait vu Valsin dans son clos après plantait le sien.

Émilie guettait Danté appuyé sur sa sheuve, son front tout froncé. "Peut-être," Danté dit, "il a pris ce maïs d'une autre place, et il essaye de nous embêter. Mais, on va voir, ain? Espère que je rentre quand j'aurai fini ici!"

Émilie a partie chez eux, en pensant beaucoup dur quoi faire. Même si c'était le maïs à Valsin ou non, ç'aurait juste commencé du train. Elle aurait pas dû dire rien. Elle aurait fait mieux à donner les épis à Boudin, leur chère truie. Une fois, par exemple, Danté avait voulu prendre son fusil à deux coups pour effaroucher la vieille vache à Valsin qui avait rentré dans son clos de maïs. Danté faisait serment que Valsin avait fait exprès de la lâcher de sa savane. Merci Bon Dieu qu'elle l'avait arrêté.

Asteur, en sortant du clos, Émilie a eu une idée. Faisant sûr que Danté pouvait pas la voir, elle a cassé une douzaine d'épis et les a mis dans son tablier et s'est dépêchée pour la maison. Une fois là, elle a pris le sac de maïs que Valsin avait laissé et elle l'a vidé
(Suite de page 13)

to separate myself from mythic over large imaginings that being Franco-American was something so other worldly, that not being one had its advantages.



My intended was a hometown girl whom I had known even as she and I had attended the same Catholic high school, but on separate sides of a real dividing wall with the girls on one side and the boys on the other. Since I was of a different parish, I had

never met her while we were both attending the same school and that the enrollment on our side was near fifty boys in the senior class made up of two sections or two classes.

While I was away, she had had a job in the secretary pool of a machine shop in Biddeford. Having also aspired to higher education, she had chosen nursing as a career and been enrolled on scholarship at Saint Mary's School of Nursing in Lewiston. Upon graduation, she was employed by the hospital and was using her salary to pay off student loans.

I did ask in a phone call to Saint Mary's student housing after I had received permission from the nun-in-charge-of-nursing for permission to speak to my student nurse girlfriend. I had always found "sister" agreeable. My girlfriend would not travel to North Dakota so that we could attend college there. With that out of the way, I would
(Continued on page 13)

A Greyhound Proposal By Gérard Coulombe

Upon my discharge from the military with the Korean G.I. Bill available to me, I had already decided to attend college. Where I would attend depended on where the girl I thought of as my girlfriend would be willing to go. Also, I had not even asked her to marry me. I had already been thinking of North Dakota because the cost of a college education there appeared to me to be least expensive.

This is the truth. I had never planned to marry French or Catholic. It was an escape plan of sorts that I had dreamed up

(A Greyhound Proposal continued from page 12)

attend the University of Maine following a short summer work interim in the Pepperell blanket folding department. Then the time came to travel to Orono to enroll.

The semester proceeded with its up and downs. Although I thought of myself as suitable for electronics, the fact that I had spent a good part of my enlistment attending some form or another of Radar school, that did not make me good at math. I was good at memorizing schematics and at understanding color codes and symbols to differentiate one type of electronic component from another, and I understood, generally, how systems worked. So, I changed majors rather than wallow in oblivion.

By the start of the second semester, I had changed majors. I was also interested in marrying my girlfriend. The first year ended with a decision on taking a job. My roommate, Buddy, and I would room together at his mother's house in his home town, and we would also work together for a small construction company. Thetwo of us started our summer work program with jobs working with a two-bag cement mixer from which we turned out foundation mix for a house building job that the boss had. Then, we were assigned to a construction job on off U.S. Rout 2, west of Rumford. The job involved demolishing a bridge over a small stream crossing the lower end of the road to Andover, Maine. While on the job, my college roommate and I decided to live on the job in a two-man tent on the left side of the road meandering north. We thought that living on the job would save us the time traveling to and from the job and would allow us some time to enjoy the outdoors.

On the first and only "week-end" trip home, in reality, to use my sister's washing machine so that I could wash my muddy, sweaty clothes, Buddy dropped me off in Lewiston where my girlfriend had finished her RN at Saint Mary's Hospital and had started working off the money she had been granted to finish off her program.

From there the two of us took the Greyhound Bus to Biddeford and home. It was already dark when I proposed to her on the bus. We would tell our relatives. Find a priest to marry us, look for an apartment in Bangor before the start of my sophomore year, when I would return to school in the fall. That gave us just under two months to get ready.

On Saturday, before returning to the

job, I gave my fiancé a ring. Later that same afternoon, an aunt of her's, the daughter of her Grandfather's second wife, following the death of his first, and other relatives came to the house, a huge, white duplex with swings hanging from the attic beams. The earlier mentioned aunt had worked as a maid in the Catskills and had been married to a Jewish piano tuner before he passed away, as I earlier mentioned, Aunt Angie had been first to arrive. My intended ran to her aunt, saying, "Look at the ring he gave me." The aunt took her niece's hand, pulled it up to her good eye to better see the ring on her ring finger, examined it and said, "Oh, dear, what a lovely zircon." I thought it a compliment, but my wife to be knew the difference secreted in her aunt's words.

We learned together from the monsignors heading up the parishes that we thought we still belonged to that, one, they did not know us, and two, we were not on the parish roles, having both been away for several years—five for me and three for her, and three, we would need to be instructed in the sacrament of marriage to be married after being re-enrolled in the parish registers.

That would have been a problem for our parents because neither my parents nor my relatives had cars, and my betrothed's parents were not about to travel the distance. It was probably all about distance. Time and loss of wages involved were always, for them, a matter for discussion. My solution, eventually, was to visit the Newman Chapel at the University to speak to the Newman Chaplain about our circumstances. With not much ado about anything at all, he agreed to marry us; all that he needed to know was the date. . We set a date on the visit spot and told him we would be back with the names of the best man and that of the person who would give the bride away. The date was set for the Saturday before the start of school. The priest agreed. And it was done.

In a week, I was back at the University to register, find an apartment off campus because we were too late to qualify for a campus apartment in faculty and married student housing, and to complete the arrangements to be married. I had lined up for best man a guy from my hometown who was a Marine Corps veteran attending the University and a friend who with Roger lived in a house they rented off campus. Roger was the guy with whom I had started first grade back then when we both lived near the Bradbury Street School. He quickly agreed to give the bride

(Continued on page 14)

(Les Quatre Saisons de Danté Hébert suite de page 12)

sous la galerie. Après ça, elle a mis le maïs qu'elle avait cassé dans le même sac et l'a remis sur la galerie.

Pas longtemps après, Danté rentre, toujours en colère. "Où son maïs?" il demande, ses yeux éclatants.

"Dans le sac sur la galerie," Émilie dit, en tordant les mains.

"Viens, on va voir quel espèce de maïs c'est ça!" Il va sur la galerie, vide le sac, et dérobe trois épis. "Ha! Juste comme je croyais! Ils sont pas parés à manger. J'ai envie de lui ramener."

Émilie commence à plaider. "Oh, mon cher, quitte ça aller. Ça va juste faire du train. Allons donner le maïs à Boudin, plutôt, et oublier tout ça."

Danté l'a regarde avec les yeux méfiant. "Vasin essaye de nous embêter, et tu me demandes d'oublier ça?"

Émilie lui prend la main. "Coute, j'ai une confession à faire. Aujourd'hui, quand je t'ai apporté de l'eau, j'ai ramassé des épis sur le dernier rang, le rang qui attrape le plus de soleil. Ces épis-là sont plus gros que les autres, et j'en ai cassés une douzaine. Je voulais te surprendre avec du bon maïs tendre à soir, ton maïs tendre à toi."

"Émilie! Quelle 'tite diablesse! Alors, où est mon maïs?"

Sa 'tite diablesse a sauté par terre et s'est mise à quatre pattes. "Je les ai mis ici, dans un tas sous la galerie, où ils pouvaient rester frais. Gardez donc!"

Danté prend un épi et le dérobe. "Émilie! Je peux dire que celui-ci est parfait. Hô ouay, on va manger ça à soir, ma chère 'tite poule." Danté regarde avec dédain le tas sur la galerie. "Tu veux pas que je lui ramène les siens?"

Sa chère 'tite poule s'est mise à rire. "Pourquoi, Danté? Regarde donc comment ça fait de la peine. Ses épis sont si petits, et pas mûrs encore."

Danté a sauté sur la galerie et il a pris à coups de pieds le tas de maïs qu'il croyait appartenir à Vasin. Quand les épis étaient épaillés dans toute la cour, il a pris un grand souffle.

"Là, je me sens mieux!"

(A Greyhound Proposal continued from page 13)

away. The Newman Chaplain was agreeable to both because he knew them from Chapel.

There was one more item on my agenda, and that was to arrange a reception to follow the wedding at the Bangor House. It was early; we were a small party; we had asked for lobster bisque for an entrée; we were to be provided with a small wedding cake, salad and coffee. I paid for the nuptial breakfast and for my wife-to-be's debt to the nursing school with the money I had saved from my summer job. The latter added to the sum of three hundred dollars. It would have taken her several months to work that off. I was not waiting for the nursing school's sister superior to ruminate on it. She gave me a price for my fiancé's freedom from indentureship, and I gave her cash in exchange for a release from service for debt.

The chaplain married us. I wore a tux. She wore a short, pink dress. We gathered in Bangor. Father gave a blessing. We ate breakfast. The lobster was a treat even if there was more bisque than lobster. But that is what I had ordered from the menu. I was not all that well informed about good food. My summer diet had been abundantly conservative--Dinty Moore Beef Stew, hot dogs and beans, an occasional steak and lots of string beans with some baked potatoes from the surrounding coals.

We spent the noon hour and part of the afternoon at our apartment in Bangor at the back of a single family home for which I was to pay by the week. We drank beer. Ate leftovers from marital luncheon, and talked a lot with our friends. And then they left us. We changed separately. Friday afternoon, all day Saturday and Sunday, until I had to go to the market to return bottles for the change to take the bus to the university Monday morning to attend my first class, we were free for a time, for, I would be, pretty much, broke until such time as the GI Bill checks started coming in following my enrollment

for the sophomore year.

I had often told myself that I would not marry French and Catholic. I do not know what specific objections I had held on either score. I grew up speaking French as my primary language. It was the language spoken in my neighborhood if not of the whole town. More people spoke French at home; all right, we spoke Québec French or Mainiac French. Or, if one wants to be particular, we spoke a derivative French, one spoken by adults and the children in Maine. As an aside, when my father visited us on Long Island, New York, for the 1964 World's Fair, he did not speak to the children, in French or English. Our children never did want to speak French, so their grandfather did not speak to them. My father could be a stubborn man, a man stuck within his customs. But the point is that in our hometown, business was conducted, for the most part in French; if a businessman wanted to make a sale, that is. As kids, most of us ran around town, and our language of play and commerce was French. I pledged that if were to bring a girl home to introduce to my parents, she would only speak English. The first time that I brought a girl home to introduce to my parents, she was a blond bombshell from Kennebunk. From my viewpoint, she was unlike any other girlfriend. A terrific girl, she was. My father smiled when I introduced her and then resumed reading his paper. Only my mother spoke to her in her own, halting English, but, at least, my mom made the effort, made herself understood, told the guest that she didn't speak very good English, and I appreciated that.

Once married, having entertained half a dozen or so guests for the afternoon following the wedding and in celebration, including my college friends and maybe two of my wife's nursing school classmates, and her hometown "best friend" being present, we spent the hours remaining of the day testing our endurance for each other.

On Monday morning, I counted the

change from my bottle returns. With it, I had enough for the bus to Orono and back if I brought my own lunch, which I had to do because we had no money. At this juncture in our marriage I learned an important life lesson: One never, ever slices lettuce. I was to shred it! I knew then as I know now, although I have grown old enough to ignore the dictum. Being told that one never slices the lettuce when one's own mother always sliced the lettuce is one of those forewarnings. I sensed it. Marriage had its ways of doing things. My wife's first critique of the way I did things set the stage for years of jousting over complex and nonsensical things.

My first goal as a provider was to register with the University housing office for married student housing. The gentleman in charge was a retired US Army Major who ran roughshod over the office. Everything had to go through him. He was the one to decide who got an apartment as they became available. As Veterans, we were given preference, but that as was as far as it went.

To my surprise I got what I wished for, a call from the housing office. I was told of an available apartment in a one story sixteen unit, eight back to back, building. There were two of those, in line, on the back farm road exit to the macadam highway headed to Bangor, south or north to Old Town.

So, we moved into our one room apartment, one of sixteen in the building, as I have said. We were #12, away from the road, fronting the larger eight apartment double-deckers. Each apartment had one entrance/exit. What one would call a double-double hung window faced the galleria wall and rooftop overhang that ran the length of the building. It was about 12 feet from the front door to the back of the unit. Behind the wall opposite the front door was the shower. To the right was a convertible bed and couch on which we slept. The shower

(Continued on page 15)

“La Pie Bavarde”

In December of 1999, Marie-Anne Gauvin, “La Pie Bavarde”, in a pique of longing for summer, wrote about the lovely fruit to be picked in the St. John Valley, all the while being mindful of the approaching holidays. While we are celebrating, we can all look forward to “les fraises et les framboises” of warmer days.



Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso

(Suite page 15)

(A Greyhound Proposal continued from page 14)

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### Mots du jour:

|                                                                  |                                                              |
|------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| Tenir quelque chose pour acquis = To take something for granted. |                                                              |
| Tamias                                                           | = Chipmunk, called <i>un suisse</i> in the Valley.           |
| Chaudière                                                        | = Pail, the French dictionaries call a pail <i>un seau</i> . |
| Entre-temps                                                      | = Meanwhile                                                  |

~~~~~

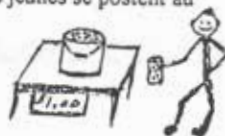
A tous et à chacun:

Déjà nous commençons à penser aux fêtes qui approchent. Ceux et celles qui se sont approvisionnés de petits fruits sauvages pendant l'été vont assurément préparer des desserts fruités pour accompagner les autres bons mets du temps des fêtes.

Ah! Les fraises et les framboises de chez nous sont spéciales. Les petites fraises des champs sont très répandues par ici. Si vous êtes bon ramasseur ou bonnes ramasseuses vous équeutez vos fraises en les ramassant. C'est chose tenue pour acquis. Le mari anglophone d'une petite cousine au Connecticut a une ferme **PICK YOUR OWN** et quand il m'a vue cueillir ses grosses fraises cultivées il a ri en disant, "All you French people hull your berries in the field." Je l'avais fait tout bonnement par habitude mais son commentaire m'a fait réfléchir. Encore une différence de chez nous! J'ai essayé de lui faire comprendre qu'on équeute les fraises de champ en les ramassant parce qu'elles sont petites et que l'habitude nous reste. Imaginez-vous donc de toutes repasser vos petites fraises à la maison pour enlever la queue de chacune. Elles seraient écrasées en confiture.

Les framboises *asteures*. Les framboises, c'est des framboises, pas vrai? Oui, mais savez-vous pourquoi hors de notre région les gens ne ramassent point de framboises sauvages? Une collègue au Connecticut me racontait que chez elle à Indiana les cotonniers des framboises sauvages avaient de grandes épines plus grandes que celles des rosiers. Je l'a croyais à peine. Puis un jour nous étions allées à un restaurant et autour du parking il y avait des framboisiers. Je me suis avancée pour cueillir une framboise et j'ai sursauté. Ma foi du "bon-vice", comme disait une cousine, il y avait des épines de deux à trois pouces. On aurait cru que c'était un arbuste d'aubépines (hawthorn bush). Alors, vous voyez que nos framboises sont des plus faciles à cueillir pourvu que les guêpes nous laissent tranquille. On peut s'approcher des cotonniers sans s'estropier!

Au mois d'août nous avons les noisettes le long des bois. C'est à nous d'aller les cueillir avant les écureuils et les tamias (suisse). Dans le conté d'Aroostook, connaissez-vous des anglophones qui vont aux noisettes? Ceux que j'ai connus ne savaient même pas ce que c'était des noisettes. Quand nous avons une année de bonne récolte de noisettes dans la Vallée les jeunes se postent au bord des routes pour les vendre aux yverres. Si vous considérez que le jeune est allé les ramasser, qu'il a dû les battre pour amollir la pelure piquante puis enlevé cette pelure avant de pouvoir récupérer la noisette, il ou elle gagne bien son argent.



J'en oublie probablement ou j'en saute comme les bleuets. J'ai découvert après ma retraite des cerises à grappe le long d'un chemin de campagne. J'ai goûté, elles étaient bonnes. La semaine suivante j'y suis retournée avec une petite chaudière (un seau) mais entre-temps il avait gelé. Je n'avais jamais mangé de si bonnes cerises. Attendez après une ou deux gelées avant d'aller aux cerises. Elles seront noires, juteuses et délicieuses. Vous aurez les dents et la langue noires et la bouche épaisse, tellement que vous pouvez vous étouffer si vous en mangez trop. C'est pourquoi on les appelle *chokecherries* en anglais. Avec ces cerises vous pouvez faire de la gelée ou du vin.

Voilà comment l'environnement a contribué beaucoup à la richesse de notre héritage. Je vous souhaite tous de passer de belles fêtes. Amusez-vous bien.

Votre pie bavarde,

Marie-Anne



was sheet metal painted black. In front of the front wall windows, by the entrance, was the kitchen/work- study table. As to the back wall, there was, in addition to bathroom/ shower, the kitchen counter. There were cloth curtains hanging from a wire strung from end to end of the 1" by 12" closet capping board. On the counter there was a double hotplate with a collapsible oven in which or on which we could prepare meals. A sizable space heater stood on the wall opposite the bathroom. It burned coal as long as the coal was not frozen into big ice chunks of it. We had two straight back chairs at the dining/study table where I worked on homework. We had a lamp on the table and a floor lamp by the chair, and a wall lamp over the couch so we could read sitting or lying down. The floors were made of wood. The walls were sheetrock on four by four studs. In winter, the pipes were subject to freezing. That's why there were no doors on kitchen cabinets or under the counter.

My wife had taken a job at Bangor Hospital because she could walk from the apartment to the hospital. Now, she had to take the bus to work in Bangor. So she was the one commuting. She worked in the pediatric ward of the hospital, a job she did not like because her training choices did not conform to the department's childcare techniques. Perhaps she did not like the hospital work and soon found a job working for an obstetrician from whom she learned the use of hypnosis in delivery and learned to teach it to patients who wished to use hypnosis, as she had used the practice herself to give birth to our children.

Our move to campus had been to save money for rent and the commute. Living in campus housing that was reasonably priced saved us a lot. Rent for a "furnished" apartment was very affordable. We also paid per pieces to furnish the apartment: Chairs, table, couch, and refrigerator were priced reasonably by the month, all due when Uncle Sam started paying us. Almost all couples in these apartments intended to get with child as soon as possible in order to apply for larger quarters. It's only a guess. The 36 unit total apartments in the two, one-story buildings were known on campus as Fertile Valley.

Irish French Fries

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine

Irish French Fries: In 1781 Thomas Kennedy (1760-1801) a native of Ireland married Euphrosine Bouchard in Kamouraska, QC. That made his children 1/2 French. In 1781 Thomas Kennedy, Jr. (1788-1856) married Catherine Amiot. That made his children 3/4 French.

In 1843 in Rivière-du-Loup Thomas Kennedy III (1816-1888) married Nathalie Michaud. Their children then became 7/8th French. In 1871 Thomas Kennedy IV (1847-1917) Married another lady also named Nathalie Michaud in St. François, N.B. making their Children 15/16th French.

Oscar Kennedy (1879-1974) married Virginie Morin in 1898 having then children who were 31/32 French. Oscar's son Ernest Kennedy (1909-1981) married Alphena Collin giving us children who were 63/64th part French. That's 98.45% French.

An Irish surname? Absolutely and as late as the 1911 N.B. census the family is still identified the family as Irish, but the pedigree chart is filled 98% with French names.

Some of the women in the pedigree are Euphrosine Bouchard whose mother was Josette Saucier; Catherine Amiot whose mother was Madeleine Prevost; Nathalie Michaud

whose Mother was Anastasie Viel. The other Nathalie Michaud whose mother was Zoé Nadeau; Virginie Morin whose mother was Zithée Nadeau and Alphonsine Collin whose Mother was Marie Lang. Now each of these grandmothers named also had grandmothers and great grand mothers unnamed here.. But do I see any other Irish name in the list here given. That's a dozen French names to grapple with the one Irish name.

That is to say, we do not undervalue our Irish roots but assimilation works both ways. The French may pick up Irish values, but the Irish may adopt French practices. Cherchez-la-femme -search out the women. Those women taught their children the Our Father in French and "Ainsi-soit il" (So be it instead of "Amen").

An Immersive Experience

by
Gérard Coulombe

As youngsters, we had the choice of using our ears with which to listen to the radio where adventures of various sorts ran supreme from *The Lone Ranger* to *The Shadow Knows*. As we grew older, we also had the choice of using both our ears and eyes to watch and listen to movies and later to attend Saturday afternoon feature length films, including cartoons, approved for viewing, and screened for our entertainment, like *Captains Courageous* and the cartoon, *Popeye the Sailor*.

As a bilingual youngster, I could also listen to Montreal stations, one of which featured a French-Canadian soap opera called, *Un Homme et Son Péché*. In many ways, listening to the on-going story line was much like eavesdropping on a penitent on the other side of the confessional, as one knelt waiting with the shutter closed to block out the priest's head in profile, while being able to hear the penitent on the other side who couldn't modulate his voice, as he recited all of his venial sins, and worked up to the mortal sins, as father probed with his questions before giving absolution and assigning penance.

The radio was a tabletop Cathedral Philco, "cathedral" because of its shape, pointed like that of a church window or façade. The value of radio in the 1930's,

other than the obvious one, was that it forced us to focus our minds and therefore taught us to listen. How else could we imagine a radio script setting of *The Shadow Knows*? How were we to respond to The Lone Ranger and his mighty horse, Silver, without a highly developed capacity to stage the events we habitually listened to and saw in our mind's eye?

For many years during my childhood, the "Shadow" character had me dreaming that, without being seen by anyone, I could levitate in a room without anyone present, knowing I was there, because I was pres-



ent but unseen, and I could listen as they conversed one with another. I valued this superpower, as I dreamt and imagined its possibilities.

Legion of Decency screenings took place on Saturday afternoons in "La Salle Paroissiale," which in this case was the basement of "l'Église Saint André." The church is now forever closed. It has been decommissioned, but as far as I know, there was no ceremony officially noting the occasion. Today's parishes are shrinking so that, as there were three Catholic churches in

town when I was growing up, there is only one active church today. The school we attended standing to the rear of the church was given over to senior housing. The convent that housed the teaching sisters is still standing. The building that housed the teaching brothers was demolished many years ago.

My sisters and I started attending movies, "les vues animées," at the parish hall at least once a month. It was a noisy experience, always filled with kids like us. We were mostly of elementary school age. The biggest moneymaker other than the dime it cost for attending was the bags of popcorn sold. In this way, the Catholic way of enjoying the movies was for the parish a blessed fundraiser.

In our parish, the weekly church bulletin listed the movies being shown at local theatres and their ratings. Going to the movies to see films on the index as banned for being morally objectionable virtually meant that we were committing a mortal sin every time we went to the movies, and, therefore, we had to avoid viewing these movies at a cost to our immortal souls for willfully going to the movie house to see them. In a city whose population was mostly objectionable, a fair number of those purchasing a ticket for a double feature, cartoons, coming attractions had to have been committing mortal sin, but I never judged.

My friend Normand loved to go to the movies and I loved going too. It cost a nickel when we started going to the movies. When movie theatres started charging a dime, it became a tricky job to beg our moms for the needed dime. Getting a nickel out of
(Continued on page 17)

(An Immersive Experience continued from page 16)

my mother was easier than getting a dime. I was older than my sisters, but not by much. Thirty cents a week to go to the movies was a lot of money. My parents did not go. My parents visited relatives together and with us kids when we were toddlers. Hard as it is to believe, my mother never went to the movies. If she ever did, she never said. She could always be persuaded to give us the change for my two sisters when of age and I to attend. Persuasion involved dragging on to her apron strings, as she went about her business because she never stopped for us, we had to follow her, had to drag her to a stop, to beg, whimper, cry, and promise never to ask again because it would be the last time for whatever reason, ever. "C'est vrais, ça."

I know that our mother saved her dimes not only to pay the rent, but also to purchase from her cousin, "Monsieur Poirier" who worked for Rawleigh Products, going door to door, and from whom she bought the few beauty essentials she needed.

There was only one time that I recall mother ever talking our father into going to the movies with me; although, it was with reluctance that that he agreed to go to the Central Theatre with me where I could get him in, free, to see the re-release of *Gone with the Wind*. He found Clark Gable's character a feckless fraud.

There were two theatres available to us, initially. The City Theatre located in the center of downtown Biddeford was in City Hall with its clock tower topped by an open bell tower with a cupola. I remember listening to Wendell Willkie as he spoke to the assembled citizens of Biddeford from a podium on an elevated platform in front of the Union Soldier monument in City Hall Plaza. The good thing about the City Theatre is that it was at the core of the building with the front entrance at sidewalk level on Main Street. The climb up the several flights of stairs to the main floor gave us shelter from the elements whenever crowds assembled, lining up to purchase their tickets to attend a movie.

Saturday was usually a double feature day and included a Tom Mix Western, which was in the main the reason for attending. Of course a complete bill included "the news of the day, coming attractions, a serial, a cartoon, and, at the time I started attending, the Saturday afternoon bill included a vaudeville act of some kind. For the price, the bill of entertainment was well worth it.

We kids, boys and girls, sat in the balcony, center aisle, below the projection booth. We were there long enough to grow into relationships with the girls and they with us. Smooching in the balcony while eating popcorn or a favorite candy bar, a Needham, which we bought at the candy store adjacent to the Thatcher Hotel entrance became a weekly event, one worth looking forward to. As we grew as kids, the occasions of sin just kept growing and growing. I don't know that many boys understood that smooching with a girl we liked and who liked us was anything more than an occasion for sin. We might confess going to the movies but never thought of smooching as a mortal sin that we had to reveal. As far as sex was concerned, we were innocents.

But most pastors and curates kept reminding us as they stood in the pulpit to preach that the movies were the shortcut to eternal damnation. I don't have any idea how other kids thought of the admonition to avoid movies at all cost with the possible exception of those shown in the church basement. Evidently my sisters and I when older and all the kids I knew and their parents hadn't quite signed on to the pledge as much as moms had to the "blue buttons" or "bouton bleu" that married women pledged to in order to keep their husbands away from "drink." My mom was convinced that joining alone would save our dad from the alcohol which he bought on Saturday afternoons and hid from her by pouring the contents of a bottle of brandy into a clean, empty bottle of turpentine. My brother-in-law on one occasion [on the occasion of my dad passing] took one bottle from the stash out of the closet in the shed and chocked on it when he took a swig—thereby convincing mother that her husband, Felix, might have had too much to drink from time to time, but he had never had a secret stash in the shed.

In grammar school, Monday morning was a time for spiritual self-examination. The principal was responsible for our education and for the state of our immortal souls. It was his job to provide us with a well-rounded education as well as with an opportunity to save our immortal souls. Therefore, we stood in class and awaited the sound of the public address system to come to life when his voice came over the speakers in our classrooms. He led us in reciting the Our Father and a Hail Mary; he read the day's announcements and called us boys who had gone to the movies to report to the office.

(Continued on page 18)



Lettres/ Letters

Dear Le Forum,

As a contributor to *Le Forum*, I wish to thank the editor, *Lisa Desjardins Michaud*. Miss Michaud's devotion to the publication encompasses nearly all aspects of the publishing process. She is the Editor-in-Chief, etc. From my reading of the tasks for which she is accountable, those of editor, technical expert, researcher, communicator, secretary, odd job specialist, and all other small acts that she must perform to put the magazines in the hands of readers, are tasks that entail all aspects or the magazine's transition from start to finish. For all this, I am thankful for all she does and more for her devotion to a most worthwhile project.

Thanks to the publication's readers for the magazine's survivance.

Sincerely,

Gérard, Pierre, Guy Coulombe
Fairfield, CT

Note: I wish to purchase subscriptions for a library and son. Included is a check to cover charges and expenses—the balance is a contribution to be used as the editor sees fit.

**IF LE FORUM WOULD
CEASE TO EXIST....
WOULD YOU MISS IT?**

**PLEASE CONSIDER A
MONETARY DONATION
OR SUBMISSION TO HELP
KEEP "OUR VOICE" ALIVE!**

**THANK YOU FOR YOUR
CONTINUED SUPPORT!**



(An Immersive Experience continued from page 17)

I suppose one could lie or rather choose not to concede having attended. But I was one of the boys who felt obliged to admit to having seen a movie over the weekend.

Those of us conceding guilt raised our arm in surrender so that our teacher could count hands and then excuse us to go to the principal's office where we lined up in the hallway in front of the principal who stood outside of his office with a strap in his hand. We were asked, in turn, "Gerard, did you go to the movies?" Those of us lined up, said, "Yes! Reverend Brother Armand." Whereupon the principal said, "Show your hand!" Then he struck us across the palm of the hand with a short razor strop.

I never forgot that the slap of the strop striking the flat of the hand hurt. But it was either the strop or the everlasting fires of purgatory or hell. But it did not stop me from seeing the double bill of a Tom Mix and Charlie Chan the following week.

Meanwhile, there was another movie house in the adjoining town across the Saco River that occupied us boys and also cost

a dime for the double feature; the cost of admission included a serial, cartoon, travelogue, and coming attractions. At least one feature was a Western involving one of my favorite cowboy stars, Hopalong Cassidy or Gene Autry. The line outside the Mutual in Saco was very long if we got there late. We had to get there early to get in line so that we could still run down the aisle to the front row, which was our favorite place to sit. We liked it so much that we stayed for the second showing of the cowboy feature.

I grew up to love the movies. I worked different jobs while I attended Catholic schools, and the most consistent job I held throughout my adolescent and teen years was that of an usher. Two of my all-time favorite films were *The Razor's Edge* because it was a Maugham classic and *Duel in the Sun* because Gregory Peck starred and I always thought that it was the last movie I was to see as an usher. For that film I stood behind the screen to watch the movie because there was a long overture before the title and credits came on screen. I also wanted to sense the power of being at the cinema. As an aside, I confess that I loved Jennifer Jones. She was so beautiful

in *The Song of Bernadette* and so sultry in *Duel in the Sun*.

Note: There were bakery products available all over town. As kids in the Clifford Park neighborhood, we were familiar with the baker who baked from his "patisserie" in the basement of the four-floor flat he lived in on upper Clifford Street near Pool.

I only guess that he lived on the first floor. But early Saturday mornings when, as six to nine year old kids going to play war games in the park where we searched, actually to look at, closely, for new and old quarried, left over, oddly piled blocks of granite with a lot of green, moist and thick patches of lichen on shards of broken, odd pieces of branches and granite amidst the little ponds, we would stop by the driveway and sneak up to the racks and steal, maybe lift, a chocolate covered napoleon or two, and we licked at the thick quarter inch chocolate frosting that topped the rectangular piece.

From MARTHA'S MEMOIRS **SCHOOLING**

by Martha Cyr Genest
Van Buren, ME

Education: Our Mother and Grandmother gave us our first education. As we often mentioned, we were taught to love God which gave us a sound upbringing, both spiritual and for the world. We were taught at home to respect authority, from the maid to our teachers, priests and fellow men. If our parents were not at home, the hired girl or our Grandmother Michaud, a good Irish Mémère, would look after us.

My sisters, Cecile, Marie and I went to the old convent which was on the hill across from Bridge Street where Leon Rossignol's home is now. It was started in 1891 by the Good Shepherd Sisters of Quebec. I was not five when I started school in 1899. It was a long walk to town. My Father would hitch a team of horses to a large wagon in spring and fall. In the winter it was a lovely old sleigh with plenty of fur robes and shawls. We would gather all the children along the way. To me it was one big project that helped so many who did

not have transportation. I used to sit with Dad as he was afraid I would get lost with the others since I was so small. We were proud of being farmers and riding with Dad and old Shep.



I followed the regular curriculum. Being so small, I caught all the germs that came around and plentiful at the time; small pox, measles, mumps and even others not in



style now. We brought our lunch, which usually was a couple of plogues (buckwheat pancakes) with good home made butter rolled around a piece of "boudin" (blood) sausage, beef other meat. We always had homemade bread with "creton" (special meat loaf) in winter, Mother made those so good. In the large classroom was an old potbelly stove. We took turns warming our lunch. Some would toast their bread, a few would have doughnuts they would warm up. We kept our ginger bread for the afternoon recess.

If it was stormy, sometimes we had to wait for my Dad or the hired man to pick us up. In those days, I do not remember that we were kept after school too often, as we had to ride together. The teacher probably
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did not know of after school punishment. What we had was the good old ruler on the hands or sometimes on the legs. No one complained, then, we took it all in, not even telling tales after school. We always had so much fun riding back, Shep would run along and bark. Sometimes we would stop at the Post Office. The mail was not delivered then. We did not get much mail. Sometimes, there would be an almanac for Grandpa or Mother would get a post card from one of her brothers out West.

By 1901 the Academy on the hill had become too small. A new school and Convent for the nuns were built on upper Main Street. It opened its doors February 1902. We went to school at 8AM, a short recess at 10 and home for dinner at 11:30. We were back for classes at 1PM and out at 3:35. Those who were quarter boarders had a snack of nice slices of homemade bread covered with butter and molasses. Those were prepared in the morning and the molasses had really gone into the bread. This was a good nourishing treat with milk. We went to the chapel, then supervised studies until 5:45 or sometimes later. We went to school for three days, then we had Thursday off. We had a half day on Saturday.

I wish I could describe the following in such a way that in the year 2000, the students could visualize schooling of 1900. Our sisters at the convent were expert in French and English, they were our friends. On of the superiors when I went to school was Mère Marie-Ange. She was so graceful, and her diction was so soft and lady like. When she coached us for a play or to get an honor, we really felt we knew how to act and really felt like ladies. The prizes we won then were beautiful books. I still have one of these books I won for catechism, I treasure it. Some times there was a gold or bronze medal or a crown of laurel to be awarded. To me this was such a rich heritage, I often reminisce of those days when I was young. We had so may nice plays. I used to love to dress as a mammy, we would burn cork and use it to blacken our face and dress in all

kinds of costumes. We also had lovely musicals, most of us were good singers, we took piano lessons and were there when needed.

I have just found out that my sister, Anne has a box in her attic with one of the paintings I made when I was 13. I had really worked hard at it. I am planning to have it at the Arts and Craft Fair in Caribou at the end of October. I can not believe that after 69 years, I can still see Mother Marie de l'Espérance, one of the teachers trying to make a class of teenagers. That word was not in style then, we were young ladies. Some of us were running after those better instructed than we were in the stages of life. To this day I do not dare talk about sex because in our dictionary it said; distinction between male and female. Now one is almost shocked



what they give for a definition. Any way we were all out for fun.

One of our best places to play at school was to make some kind of a hiding place in the wood pile and have a post office for our letters. When we were younger we were the mail carriers for the older girls to their boy friends at the College across the street. They too had their cache under a big pine tree near my Grandfather's hill. Many graduates from both the Convent and the College when they talk about their Alma Mater always mentioned the nice walks they took or the good times they had sliding on my Cyr Hill.

Just now I feel we were really cheated as we could not even ask a sister her name. Some of us had been in the library alone and ransacked the place and finally found the book with the names of the Sisters. One day not long after that I had a French letter to write and my best friend and teacher was Soeur St-François de Paul, her name was

Philomene Larourche, To this day I still have chills down my spine. The next day sister came in class and called for me. She looked at me twice and said "ma pauvre Marthe", my poor Marthe, I can not even think that you had stooped so low as to do this awful thing to me, and she raved on so that I felt pretty cheap. I had to write on the blackboard my apologies to the whole class. It was left there for two days. I shall never forget that. Some 60 years later, I was teaching at the High School, and one girl who had really been naughty would not even excuse herself. Well, I hope she does not regret her little tantrum as many years as I did mine. I still do. Dear sister died some years ago, I can still see the name Larouche in front of me. That name is taboo in my mind.

The church, school and homes were all heated with wood. My Father would sell "bois de corde", meaning wood cut according to the needs of the people for furnace or stove. My Father was a man who could write his name on a potato barrel and read in his prayer book with large script, but he excelled in math. He taught me at a very young age how to measure cord wood.

That extra money paid for the extras we studied at school; music, piano, or organ at the time, oil painting. I took commercial courses, shorthand and typing were not included, we had to pay for those. We had to take those courses after school or Thursday. We had school on Saturday. My Dad was always so considerate about all we wanted to study, even if it meant he had to go in the lumber camps during the winter to earn money he could not earn in Van Buren. The sisters also taught us different needlework and painting.

School days, school days, dear old golden rule days. We really made the best of all that was offered to us. Seeing the short hours children are in school now, makes me wonder how they can cram so much in so short of a time.

Many things passed from 1907-1911, but the best was that I graduated with honor with my diploma in Commercial Courses. Wish I could find it, as through the years I lost a few of my treasures. I still have one of my prizes of catechism, "Les Fêtes du" *(Continued on page 20)*

(Schooling continued from page 19)

Monument Laval". I had won this prize coming before all the Classical Course graduates. I am still proud of that, and it made my parents feel that religion classes had been put before anything else. This was June 21, 1911. What a long summer it seemed to me. My Father and Mother had decided that as small as I was, I should not work in a store or an office and should take a post graduate course in September. The following is to show you, that "poor little misery" I really was not.

Reliving the scenes of 40 years ago, takes me back to graduation time, and the famous class of 1924, who were burned out of school a few weeks before graduation and were tickled blue to be able to walk up to St-Mary's Hill and finish their senior year.

Photos taken then are not much different than now, 1964 graduates; the 1924 girls also ran up the hill in the snow, and always seem to gang, as you do so well now. One wonders if the girls now do shake the dust cloths out of the window, like we did in 1910-11 and like also did in 1923-24. Girls are not so much different than they were some 50 years ago. So girls cheer up, if some of us oldsters seem to give you a cold stare some morning when going o church. Maybe if we had had a vestibule then, we may have lingered too...and would relive this now while searching our attic.

Talking about Sacred Heart High School, the writer has just received a thank you note from the Charles Lacroix family from Quebec City about the note written on a paper with a photo Sacred Heart High School on the cover. Mr. Lacroix was then operating the mill at Notre Dame, known as the Madawaska Lumber Co. and Mr. Jos Delisle of town and Mr. Lacroix had the contract to build the new school. I quote; "Ça

m'a fait plaisir de recevoir votre lettre, je remarque que la petite statue que les bonnes soeurs m'avaient fait acheter, pour l'école



du Sacre Coeur est encore la. Vous savez, ça venait d'Italie et elle coutait un peu plus

chère que la bonne Soeur avait fait semblant de dire, quant elle l'avait demandée. Elle était très smart." (I was plaesased to receive your letter, I noticed that the small statue that the good sisters had me buy for Sacred Heart is still there. You know, it came from Italy and was a lot more expensive than the good sister made it appear when she asked for it. She was really smart.)

As a Senior Service Corps Member at Borderview Nursing Home I have met some of the friends of years ago, especially M.J.M. from Frenchville. He was a boarder but was older than I, and we went over the dear Convent days. It makes me feel so young at heart to know that so many of these gals were still living I am not talking of the boys because at the time, we were not to talk to the College friends except in certain occasions when we were introduced and all this stuff. What I could write about these few minutes, when we would run to the window and wave at them. The College students had Wednesday and Saturday afternoons off. They always went for a walk with a PRE-FECT (teacher's aide) that is what I mean in the Cyr Hill write up. We had many nice walks with some dear old friends and many times through the years I have met someone who brought back the past.

At the opening of the Senior Center September 1st, a Gentleman and 2 ladies came to shake hands with me, he said I came to St-Mary's in 1917...well I was off the run for St-Mary's boys, but I answered "Your Father was Mr. Harvey of St-Francis, I was the lumber office gal who used to go there and pay the river mill men. Your Dad was one of the bosses. It does strike one funny after 60 years and even 65 Years to look at some on e right in the eye and feel like saying is your Father still around. This is what I mean by saying...it is so good to remember and reminisce.

était plutôt grande et robuste.

Edith Chassé, à Philias (Philouse) Charles Chassé et Marguerite Pelletier, soeur de Fortunat, Henri, Willie, Siméon, Flavie Dubé, Modeste Toussaint, Deline Bossé, Hélène Côté, Marie Eveline Cyr, Clara Marquis et Elise Michaud, à 17 ans, a épousé Beloni Chamberland, agé de 26 ans, à Ste. Agathe le 21 mai, 1891. De 19 à 45 ans, Edith a donné naissance à 12 enfants. Rosaire, le cadet, avait 10 ans à la mort de Beloni en 1929. Edith a élevé les derniers. Le clan compte 86 petits-enfants: Belone en a eu 14; Joseph 8; Fortuna; Olivier 9; (Suite page 21)

EDITH CHASSÉ CHAMBERLAND (1874-1953)

Jacqueline Chamberland Blesso

(Published in the St. John Valley Times June 21, 1995)

Des cheveux de neige ondulés croisent en diagonal la gauche du front intelligent pour s'enrouler dans un chignon toujours en place. Je vois des yeux bleus dans ce beau visage de lait écrémé de ma grand-mère

paternelle, avec mes yeux de sept ans quand elle nous a gardé, mon frère aîné, Ronald, et moi, pendant que "les sauvages" amenaient un nouveau né chez nos parents. Cette septuagénaire, la matriarch des Chamberland,

**(EDITH CHASSÉ CHAMBERLAND
(1874-1953) suite de page 20)**

Siméon 11; Eva Albert Corriveau 2; Catherine Marquis 8; Yvonne Ouellette 11; Gérard 7; Raoul 6; Roseanna (Rosette) Saucier 4; et Rosaire 9. Ils ont aussi engendré de familles nombreuses. Sauf pour une autre branche, tous les Chamberland de la Vallée Saint-Jean ont du Chassé.

Edith et Belone ont cultivé la terre et ont élevé leur famille au deuxième rang des concessions de Ste. Agathe sans aide d'éducation formelle. Belone souffrait d'attaques d'épilepsie. On lui faisait respirer du camphre quand il subissait une crise. Ils ont construit une maison "au bôrd" (près du lac) en 1928 et ils ont vendu la terre à Siméon (Belone II, Joseph, Olivier, Yvonne et Raoul ont aussi cultivé la terre et élevé des bétails). Belone y a survécu une seule année. Dans cette même maison, Gérard a entrepris le commerce d'épicerie en 1934, ce qui a grandi et diversifié et que son fils, James, a continué au même endroit sous le nom de *Chamberland Building Supplies*. Gérard allait en trainee chez Alfred Soucy à Fort Kent pour acheter des produits. Mère aidait à vendre des seaux de 20 livres de beurre d'arachide, de la farine, du riz et du sucre qui arrivaient dans des sacs de 100 livres,

des fèves dans des sacs de 125 livres et du vinaigre, du lard salé et de la mélasse dans des tonneaux. Gérard a épousé Eva Guerrette en 1937. Mère, Rosaire, Raoul, Rosette (la fondatrice de Rosette's Restaurant à Frenchville) habitait le "bôrd d'en avant" et Gérard et Eva le "bôrd d'en arrière." En 1947, après que Rosaire, Raoul et Rosette



EDITH CHASSE CHAMBERLAND

avait quitté la maison, et à l'augmentation de la famille de Gérard, Edith a pris un petit appartement auprès de Raoul qui avait épousé Imelda Sirois en 1939. Mère Edith y est décédée en 1953.

"Derrière chez mon père" et ma

grand-mère on élevait des poulets, des cochons et des vaches dans le poulailler et dans la petite étable. On barattait la crème en beurre, cuisait de la bouette [nourriture pour les cochons et les vaches] et ravitaillait les animaux avec des patates. On tondait les moutons. Edith cardait la laine, la filait sur son rouet, et la tournait en verge sur le dévidoir; elle tissait des couvertures sur son métier et elle tricotait des mitaines et des bas. Son remède pour dormir était une ponce [goutte] de brandy à l'eau chaude sucrée. Ronald, se souvient de sa douceur et de son imperturbabilité. J'ai demandé à mon père, Gérard, si elle était sévère. "Non, mais on l'écoutait quand elle parlait." Elle était douée d'une belle voix, et elle chantait dans les veillées.

De Sebastien Chassé et d'Elizabeth Grandmaitre de Besançon, par la branche d'Edith et de Belone, les Chassé-Chamberland se sont répandus au bout du monde. En 1986, 500 sont venus à la réunion des Chamberland à Ste. Agathe d'à travers l'Amérique du nord, et même d'Angleterre et du Japon. On a installé un monument en pierre et on a planté 13 pommiers en commémoration de chaque membre de la famille à l'endroit de la première maison au deuxième rang.

Fr. Antoine Gosselin

Fr. Antoine Gosselin, First Pastor of St. Bruno in Van Buren.

Few people ever realize today that it was a Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick who got the St. Bruno mission in present day Van Buren its first pastor.

Lets back up a moment to the American Revolution.

David S. Cook writes at p. 83 of his book, "Above the Gravel Bar: The Indian Canoe Routes of Maine:

"During the war, the British and the Americans both courted the Malecite as potential allies. The British stationed on the lower St. John, actively sought an alliance with this tribe, which they hoped would give them political control of the area. The Americans, in the person of (Col.) Allen, sought to keep them neutral. Allen realized the stakes were control of the eastern wilderness."

Now let us move on a generation to 1838 the year Fr. Gosselin accepted the St. Bruno pastorship with responsibility for the Indian missions of Tobique, Woodstock and Medoctec, N.B.

It was the year of the Papineau Insurrection in Quebec, and Sir John Harvey, Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick had a similar concern: preventing the St. John River Indians from thinking "à la



Américaine" like the Penobscot Indians of Old Town had begun to think in terms of their relationship with the State of Maine.

Since 1810 the Province of New

Brunswick had paid an annual stipend of £50. for Catholic Missionary services to the St. John River Indians. The government there considered this a wise Investment owing to the fact that since the Quebec Act of 1774, the British had good relations with the Catholic episcopacy in Québec which gained for New Brunswick a pacifying influence on the Malecite indians of the St. John River.

Pastors of St. Basile made an annual trek down river to the Indian missions to carry out that service. But by 1835 when Rev. Antoine Langevin came into the St. Basile parish, the Parish had sufficiently grown in size and population as to keep the pastor there full time. Fr. Langevin had no time for the down river trek.

Come the Papineau Insurrection, Sir John Harvey felt a dire need to renew the Catholic missionary services to his St. John River Indians as he spoke of the Malicites in his communications with the Bishop of Québec.

Three times, Sir John wrote to the Bishop making such a request. The Bishop had replied that he could not immediately provide an assistant to Fr. Langevin immediately since there was a shortage of priests in
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(Fr. Antoine Gosselin continued from page 21)

their Diocese of Québec. But Sir John was insistant, even to the point of boarding a Ship at St. John and traveling all the way up the St. Lawrence to meet personally with the Bishop when the Bishop was on his tour of the diocese and then at Kamouraska.

Fr. Gosselin had served as a missionary in the Gaspé region where he had learned English since the Robins of the Isle of Jersey ran the fishing industry there, hiring many Acadians as fishermen.. He had later been appointed Founding Pastor of the parish of St. Agnes de Charlevoix, but Fr. was a timid person and he had run into the brashness of some of the Québécois parishioners there. He had even asked the bishop for a transfer to a different parish.

Eventually the Bishop wrote to Fr. Gosselin, asking him if he was fluent in English. Service in the St. John River area of New Brunswick require a pastor who could deal directly with the government of New Brunswick which supplied that stipend for

missionary service to the Indians.

When Father Gosselin relied affirmatively to the Bishop question regarding fluency in English the bishop. He then offered Fr. Gosselin the assistant curate assignment in Fr. Langevins area.

The Bishop wrote to Governor Harvey telling him, I have found you a missionary priest. One may not be originally impressed in meeting the man since he is a very timid person, but he is well educated and if given a chance he will deliver the needed service.

I read into that a startling difference between Fr. Dionne's active engagement in American political affairs as opposed to Fr. Gosselin reluctance to getting so directly involved.

In 1847 when Bishop John Bernard Fitzpatrick visited the two priests, he had told both to get their church wardens to deed the parish properties (in Maine) to the Bishop of Boston. Fr. Dionne acted promptly and the Ste. Luce Trustee's deed to the Bishop of Boston got recorded immediately that year. But the St. Bruno parish deed to the Bishop

of Boston only got recorded in 1852. The difference may lie in Fr. Gosselin's direct ties with New Brunswick authorities. Fr. Dionne had no such link with the New Brunswick Government furnishing an annual stipend to the pastor of Indian service. Fr. Dionne would later communicate directly in personal letters with the Governor of Maine. We have no such record in Fr. Gosselin's case.

Father Dionne had "du front Québécois" which allowed to jump right in between the Whigs and the Democrat impacting on the life of his parishioners in the rear settlement lots as we've described in a previous letter.

When push came to shove at St. Bruno, Fr. Gosselin left the parish 1852 for a safe parish in southeastern New Brunswick, serving the Acadians in the area but well under the cover of his familiarity with New Brunswick government.

Guy Dubay Madawaska, Maine

Fr. Dionne

Some back ground to Father Dionne's Politics may be necessary. In 1847 James C. Madigan wrote to Rt. Rev. John Bernard Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston saying in part, "Fr. Dionne is my confessor". There's more to the letter which will surface later, but for the present here is a bit of stage setting.

In 1831 the State of Maine incorporated the town of Madawaska. Edward Kavanaugh and Irish Catholic and a Democrat from Newcastle, Me (Damariscota) brought the warrant for the first Town meeting held outside of Pierre Lizotte's home in August of that year. Lizotte had some concern as to the legitimacy of this gathering so he did not let the residents enter his house for the meeting. The weather was fine and the meeting was held outdoors. In the next month Kavanaugh saw himself elected to the U.S. Congress.

Of course, British authorities challenged this incorporation of the town of Madawaska of some 4000 square miles from present day Hamlin to St. Francis, Me., and from Grand Falls to Connors, N.B. The 1840 U.S. Census takes notes of residents on both sides of the river. The present Maine side of the Town has residents located in "Madawaska South, while N.B. residents are listed in the "Madawaska North" section of that federal record.

The Democrats of Maine had sent the

State Militia to the Fish River area where Fort Jarvis was erected. In 1841 Governor Edward Kent, a Whig, replaced the Democrat Governor John Fairfield. When Federal troops were sent to replace the State Militia on the Fish River, the Whigs arrived in the St. John Valley and Fort Jarvis was renamed Fort Kent. Regardless of the prior incorporation of the town of Madawaska the Whigs at Fish River got the State of Maine to Organize Hancock Plantation as an electoral district for their area.

The Democrats bounced back. John Fairfield back in the governorship opted to allow himself to be named to fill a vacancy to one of Maine's U.S. Senate seats. Edward Kavanaugh, president of the Maine Senate moved into the governor's office. The Clerk of the state Senate at the time was a fellow parishioner of Edward Kavanaugh, James C. Madigan, Irish Catholic and Democrat. St. Patrick's at New castle today has the oldest still standing Catholic Church building in New England. The relevance in citing the religion of these politician will surface later in the Know-Nothing phase of Fr. Dionne's experience in Maine politics.

The international boundary having been set by the Treaty of Washington of 1842, Acting governor Kavanaugh sent James C. Madigan, Esq. to go up to the Madawaska Territory to organize a municipal government up there. Madigan helped to organize Van Buren Plantation with Jo-

seph Cyr, Paul Cyr and Belonie Violette as members of the board of Assessors of that plantation covering what is Now, Hamlin, Cyr Plantation, Van Buren and the easterly half of Grand Isle. Democrat, of course he suggested the plantation be named after Democrat President Martin Van Buren. Madigan of course had to grandfather the Hancock Plantation organization, so from 1844 to 1859 the St. John Valley has a municipal organization of three multiple township plantations.

Madigan next helped to organize Madawaska Plantation with Firmin Cyr, Regis "Bonhomme" Daigle and Sylvain Daigle as assessors of that new plantation covering what is now Frenchville, St. Agatha, Madawaska and the westerly half of Grand Isle.

In 1846 the officials of Madawaska Plantation sent a letter to Bishop Fenwick of Boston asking for permission to build a chapel "In the middle of the Plantation. The Bishop must have smiled when he received the letter since letter writer mis-spelled the Bishops name and addressed him as "The Bishop of Bangor" But look at it this way, from the point of view of Madawaska, Boston or Bangor, what's the difference? It's all "from away" anyway!.

The Residents of Madawaska gave as their reasons for wanted a chapel on the southerly side of the river as, "spring ice flow sometimes prevents us from crossing (Continued on page 23)

(Fr. Dionne continued from page 22)

the river at the time we need to perform our Easter Duties, but they also played the American card, saying "In case of a war with Great Britain we need a chapel on our side of the boundary."

Well Bishop Fenwick approved of the move but he died about a month later. Msgr. Antoine Langevin, pastor of St. Basile was not altogether pleased with the proposal. But in the next Summer, the Rt. Rev. John Bernard Fitzpatrick, Bishop Fenwick's successor personally came to the St. John Valley to study the situation. He visited with all three missionaries here at the time, Fr. Antoine Gosselin at St. Bruno in Van Buren Plantation, Fr. Henri Dionne at Ste. Luce in Madawaska Plantation and of course Fr. Antoine Langevin at St. Basile, N.B.. In the bishops' travel Journal we read, "Saturday, Crossed the St. John river and traveled by the worst road imaginable to St. Lucy".

Fitzpatrick advised both Frs. Gosselin and Dionne to have the church wardens assign the parish properties to the Bishop of Boston.. Fr. Dionne acted promptly and the deed is record at the Register that year but Fr. Gosselin hesitated. One of his church wardens, Joseph Cyr was reluctant. Cyr even sold his homestead in present day Keegan, Maine to his brother and moved to St. Leonard, N.B. where we find him listed in the N.B. census of 1851. The church wardens of St. Bruno eventually signed the deed without Joseph Cyr's signature and the deed got recorded in 1852, the year Fr. Gosselin left St. Bruno for a new assignment among the Acadians in the south eastern portion of the province of New Brunswick.

After visiting Fr. Dionne, the Bishop went up to Fort Kent to see James C. Madigan. Both came back down river, picked up Fr. Dionne and canoed down to Little Falls (Edmundston, N.B. today) to Hon. John Francis Rice's place, where the magistrate, Rice laid out a banquet feast and invited Fr. Langevin to the gathering. There the three Irishmen, good Catholics all, bent the good Pastor's ear and Fr. Langevin reluctantly allowed the chapel erection plan to go on. Legend has it that some suggested that the mission be called Notre-Dame de La Paix (Our Lady of Peace) Some is supposed to have said that it might more aptly be called (Notre Dame the La Chicane). Of course the official name today is Notre Dame du Mont-Carmel.

Madigan's association with Fr. Dionne very likely opened the door to Fr. Dionne's

inclination toward Democratic politics. He had been sent to the area in 1841 by the Bishop of Quebec as an assistant to Fr. Langevin. To get him out of his hair, Fr. Langevin had sent Fr. Dionne to the Ste. Luce mission up river. Both the mission sites of St. Bruno had been bought in 1826 by Fr. Sirois, then pastor of St. Basile who had deeded the properties to the Bishop of Quebec.. When the Treaty of Washington set that mission in Maine, the mission became a parish in 1843 with Fr. Dionne as its first pastor.

In Hancock Plantation where Madigan had taken up residence, Col. David Page, a Whig received appointments as U.S. Post Master at Fort Kent and Deputy Collector of U.S. Customs. Upon the departure of the Federal troops, Col. Page received title to the "Government Lot" on the Fish River. But Major William Dickey got title to the barracks of Fort Kent. Dickey, a Democrat from the same area as Kavanaugh and Madigan became the head honcho in Democratic politics here. {Father Dionne befriended him and Dickey even wrote a complementary letter on Fr. Dionne's work in setting up "An Academy" in this community. The letter appears in of all places, in a Woodstock, N.B. newspaper. Fr. Dionne's affinity for Democratic politics becomes evident in his letters to Governor Hubbard in 1853.

In 1851 Maine had passed the first Prohibition Act ever passed in the State of Maine. In the next election we find a third party candidate running on the "Anti-Maine Law" ticket, that is on an anti-prohibition ticket. When Anson P. Morrill, the land Agent opted to run for governor on the "Maine Law" and "Know Nothing" ticket, that he is for the prohibition law.

This race resulted in the inability of any candidate winning a clear majority of votes, then require. We've already noted that the election went to the State Legislature and the Whig Candidate succeeded the Democrat incumbent, John Hubbard with whom Fr. Dionne had written two letters in French. Fr. Dionne had spoken positively of Rep. Joseph Nadeau, Democrat of Fort Kent and Rep Isaac Tabor, Democrat of Houlton, but spoke negatively in regard to Rep. Pattee of Fort Fairfield, no good word regarding Col. Page of Fort Kent. On the request for assistance in the back settlement road plans (asking for \$600 on the matter) he cites a surveyor Mr. (Isaac) Small and the land agent, Anson P. Morrill and William H. McCrillis of Bangor on the Stumpage fee question discussed earlier.

The history of the Know-Nothing impact on the St. John Valley and on the life of Fr. Henri Dionne in particular is a Story waiting to be told. Our rear lot roads (Les Chemin des Concessions) came about as a concession of the State of Maine to the Free Soil movement of that time. Fr. Dionne took the part of the homesteaders over that of the Lumber Barons. When the claptrap of Know-Nothingism reached into Madawaska Plantation, Fr. Dionne's health began to fail.

In 1858 Major William Dickey ran for the sole Aroostook County State Senate seat. Reports in the Aroostook Pioneer show Dickey carrying a plurality of votes but the Republicans challenged the result and the entire vote of the three Plantations" Van Buren, Madawaska and Hancock were thrown out of the count following an investigation by the State Senate. The election went to the legislature and the Republican legislature chose John McCloskey, republican of Houlton to fill the State Senate seat.

In the investigations the plantation clerks had complained of the plantations being so large that they did not know all the voters. The state figure, "We'll take care of that: We'll set up single township plantations. So Township 18 range 5 became Dionne Plantation, T. 18 R. 4 became the new reduced in size Madawaska Plantation, and T. 18 R. 3 (parts of which had been in Madawaska Plantation and in Van Buren Plantation became Grant Isle Plantation. Paul Cyr who went down to Augusta as State Rep. from Van Buren Plantation game back from Augusta as State Rep from Grant Isle Plantation and his homestead had not budged one inch.

Isn't it like in politics that after we criticize a man for his Democratic politics, the Republicans would "honor" the good priest" by naming the new plantation after him. His health was broken and he left the parish and died in Quebec at the age of 47 in 1861.

Guy Dubay
Madawaska, Maine

Biographical Sketch

Sister Renée Caron

(Sister St. Marcella)

August 30, 1917 - October 6, 2011

Submitted by Michael Guignard

Written by Sr. Sharon Leavitt, S.C.I.M.

Sister Renée Caron's (Sister St. Marcella) life on earth began on August 30, 1917, in the city of Lawrence, Massachusetts. The register at St. Anne Church in that city reads that on August 31, 1917, Renée became God's loving child in baptism and was given the name Marie Renée Marcelle. The Reverend Father Charles Leflem, S.M. officiated at her baptism. Present were her godparents, Miss Albertine Vanasse and Mr. Joseph Voisine.

Her mother and father emigrated from Canada when they were nine and ten years old respectively. Her mother, Angéline Valcourt, was born in Notre-Dame-du-Lac and her father, Carl Caron, came from Trois-Rivières, Québec.

Renée was the youngest of the family of nine. She had three sisters: Marguerite, Theresa and Madeleine and five brothers: Lionel, Gerard, Raymond, Armand, who was a Marist Priest, and Joseph, her closest brother.

Her Aunt Marguerite Valcourt, her mother's only sister, lived in the same house with her grandmother Aglaée Valcourt. These two had a great influence on the young life of Renée who lost her mother to illness and surgery when she was only fourteen years old. At an early age, Renée learned the way to St. Anne Church where she loved to attend daily Mass and pay visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

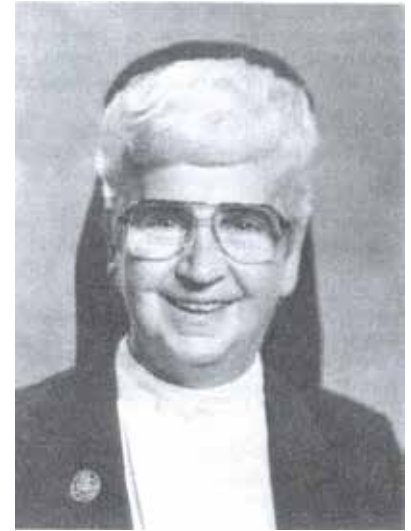
Renée's most cherished memories are from her warm and loving family life where the gospel had a primary place. Its influence on their daily lives was rewarding. Renée's mother and father were a couple whose qualities complimented each other. They were people who were happy in a simple home. This happiness communicated itself to each of their loving children. Angéline and Carl Caron bequeathed treasures of faith to their family: courage in times of misfortune; an abandonment to Divine Providence; a loving ambiance of warmth in the home, hands extended to each other, hands of faith,

hands in prayer. Renée fondly remembers kneeling with her parents with the family to pray. Their example, encouragement, and gently reminders affirmed their children. They learned that God is ever approachable and that He is ever with us as a loving Father. Prayer was important and God's Will could be recognized in daily events. They were taught about loving service to one another, to neighbors and to the Church. Dad was an usher and a member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Mother shared her sewing and colling skills in the neighborhood. They reminded their children that love is merely a word until we act upon it. This was the legacy left to their children.

One spring day when Renée came home from school, she found her mother pacing back and forth in front of their grocery store. She was beautiful to behold with her lovely white hair set in a French roll and her spotless white apron wrapped around her motherly figure. Renée was able to detect a preoccupied, sad look on her mother's face. Getting in step with her mother, they continued walking back and forth. Finally, Renée asked the reason for mother's worried look. Her mother replied "Things are what they are and not what I would like them to be." She was telling her young daughter that she must accept what could not be changed. Within a few days, she would undergo major surgery. It was not long after this encounter that her dear mother passed away.

Renée attended St. Joseph grammar school and high school in Lawrence, Massachusetts. She was an outstanding student. She graduated from high school in 1936. During her high school years she was deeply touched by the kindness and devotion of the Good Shepherd Sisters who were her teachers. This example of love and goodness coupled with the example of her parents, her attendance at daily Mass and her reception of Holy Communion all graced her with the call to religious life.

Sister Renée embarked on her journey



with the Lord who pursued His beloved. She entered the postulate on August 25, 1937. In August of 1938 she became a novice and prepared for the consecrated life of a Good Shepherd Sister. Then, on August 15, 1939, Sister St. Marcella made her profession, pronouncing the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience as a Good Shepherd Sister of Québec.

*"O Lord you have enticed me,
and I was enticed;
You have overpowered me
and you have prevailed."
(Jer 20:7-9)*

Sister Renée studied at St. Joseph College in Windham, Maine and earned her B.S. in Education. Later, she studied at Boston College and earned her M.S. degree in Education, specializing in Administration.

For many years she taught in Grand Isle, in Old Town, and in Van Buren, Maine, where she later became principal of the grammar school and Sacred Heart High School. She was then assigned to St. Anne High School in Lawrence, Mass., for four years and then was appointed principal of St. Joseph High School in Biddeford, Maine. The dedication of the Yearbook of St. Louis High in 1965, speaks highly of the respect and admiration of the student body. It follows:

"Sister Renée commands the respect of the faculty and students alike by her efficiency and her progressive outlook on education. She envisions her central task as that of sharing responsibilities to advance human freedom, initiative and leadership, especially in the field of religious endeavors. Many latent ability has been brought to light under her instigation and persistent efforts."

(Continued on page 25)

(Sister Renée Caron (Sister St. Marcella continued from page 24)

It was after these assignments that she was named on the Provincial Council with the role of Supervisor of Studies. During this time she also served as Supervisor of the Diocesan High Schools under the supervision of Msgr. Armand Cyr, Superintendent. During this time Sister was also named Secretary of the New England National Catholic Association of Secondary Schools. After serving two years, she was appointed Chairwoman of this same association.

In 1975, Sister Renée was called upon by the General Superior to Québec to become the bilingual secretary to the Apostolic Nuncio of Haiti and the Antilles. His Excellency Msgr. Luigi Conti was Nuncio at this time. During her four-year stay in Haiti, she was stationed in Port-au-Prince at the Nunciature.

Upon her return to the United States, Sister Renée worked at St. Anne Home in Methuen, Massachusetts, and then in Old Town and South Portland, Maine. Her last community was at Marie Fitzbach Convent in Biddeford, Maine. From here, she volunteered to work with Hospice, at the food pantry and with the lonely home bound. Renée shared, "I know now that my life has been planned, prepared and presided over by a God whose love continues to urge me on...this is what I celebrate after 64 years of religious life...a lived experience of God's faithful love! My heart leaps with gratitude and joy!"

At this stage of life, Sister Renée's health continued to decline and she resigned herself to transfer to Good Shepherd Pavilion where she continued to live fully every moment of her life of prayer, dedication and edification to everyone there until the call of the Beloved beckoned her to her heavenly reward.

In 1967, Sister Renée was asked to speak of her vocation to a group of college freshmen at Husson College in Bangor, Maine. This address, beautifully summarizes her vocation and life of dedication and love. It follows:

I can truthfully and sincerely say that we in my community are truly happy religious. I cannot say that in my life I have not met with difficulties, trials, lonesomeness

and even crises. Yet, I do not remember ever having given the thought of taking back what I deliberately and joyfully gave to Christ on my profession day. God's strength and grace saw me through it all.

Mine has been a strong faith and this is thanks to God's special graces to me given at baptism, nurtured in a Christian home, deepened by spiritual readings, meditations, Mass in my life, the Blessed Mother and my vows to God.

As a young religious I set my goals: wanting, and this with determination, to develop solid and wholesome attitudes as

*but I call it sheer joy in **Serving Christ in others.** 3) My love for people especially those who make up my religious family and where I received the strength needed because I always felt that they too were here for the same purpose—to give everything to Christ in order to serve.*

*No matter what we do or even if we go "where the action is" requires that we not come empty-handed. This brings me to one of my favorite topics **a genuine prayer life.** A prayer life that culminates in a deep relationship with Christ. One of the obstacles to prayer is our fear of being honest and open, of being ourselves and acknowledging and accepting our very real gifts and limitations, our unwillingness to share self, to take the risk and to let go, to trust others and to allow God's transforming action to take place in us.*

I have often pondered and prayed for positive attitudes and a wholesome philosophy of life. I wanted to develop an optimistic, refreshing outlook on life. I greatly desired this because I wanted a full life of friendship with Christ, not a haphazard or aimless goal. I knew I was desirous of following in the footsteps of Christ and our Foundress, Mother Mary of the Sacred Heart. Having drawn up my own philosophy of life, I found great inspiration in a number of valiant, dedicated, generous women with whom I share community.

Sister Renée's last entry was entitled "Testimonies and Thanksgiving" and follows:

I count among the most significant events the fact that I have "realized" religious life, the effect prayer and community life have on the people whose lives I touch either in formal ministry or in connection with all who come

to visit, gifting me with their presence or other special remembrances. I have learned the depth of God's fidelity to me and that is always an eternal discovery and eternal growth.

In my many years of religious life, I realized that I continue to learn, to believe, to trust God. I have experienced the presence of Jesus and long to walk with Him and for Him. His call has brought me to this particular way of journeying and my gratitude is as endless as is my desire to live it well. (Continued on page 26)



well as a good philosophy of life. I looked around for true warm and understanding friendships, models of sisters who inspired me and gave me courage to do likewise in their endeavors to follow Christ.

Motivating forces which I wanted to strive for: 1) To love Christ, really love Him and fill myself with his compelling love so that through me, He may be found and loved a wee bit more. 2) The desire to give of myself wholeheartedly to others, to serve the Church and this with genuine giving. I suppose today we would call this witnessing

Sister Renée Caron (Sister St. Marcella)
continued from page 25)

God called me into existence and I go through life celebrating life and hope. I am a pilgrim journeying toward a goal where I continue to discover life and love. To love, to give love, and life...this is my hope, my destiny and I return to God from whom I came. Love is all that matters for He is love. "My soul has the glory of bearing the image of God and of being a sigh from His heart so full of love."

I truly believe that my prayer life now flows from the total person that I am and there is no longer a separation between prayer and life. Prayer has become a way of life—a response and an attitude toward living. I can face the despair, the discouragement, the lonely days to come

by listening to my hear and responding to it. By reflecting on my hopes and dreams, joys and sorrows, accomplishments failures, I can find my true self and the God who lives within me. God and I have walked together through a half century and more of mystery and discovery, not without struggles. We have walked together in Love. May His Name be praised now and forever.

A later entry from Sister Renée refers to death and its impact on her life. It reads:

I am a person in love with life and living it to the full. At present, on the eve of my eternal life, I have come to grips with the term **death**. Death to me has taken on a new face, one revealing Life—a life that is changed, a continuum of life and the fulfillment of life. This revelation gives me life here and now because I am experiencing this Life within me like never before. **The**

kingdom is here! A favorite reminder which keeps me powerfully focused, alive and brimming with Life is:

**O my soul, you have
the glory of being
the image of God, of being a sigh
from His heart so full of life!**

Sister Renée Caron's long and fruitful life drew to a close at St. Joseph Convent on October 6, 2011.

Her Mass of Christian Burial took place on October 10, 2011 at St. Joseph Convent. The Celebrant and Homilist was our Chaplain, Father Normand Richard. Concelebrants were Fathers Ron Labarre, Roland Lajoie, S.M., and Paul Plante.

History of the Railroads

(N.D.L.R. This article first appeared in **REVUE**
de la Société historique du Madawaska)

by **Brian Lajoie, Van Buren, ME**

(The two individuals interviewed for this article were Mr. Edwin Parent, born in 1924, and Mr. John Lajoie, born in 1928. Both men were extremely useful sources of information).

The construction of the railroads in northern Maine meant many hardships for the people involved. Large gangs of Italians were the first groups of individuals who helped build the railroad tracks. Steam engines were the first modes of power for the railroads. The passenger trains were an important link of communication as well as transport for the area. As time went on, pullman cars, baggage, dining, lounge and mail cars were added in the 1930's. The name given to two important passenger trains were the "Aroostook Flyer" and the "Gin" train. Mail was processed and sorted as the train traveled from one town to the next. In Van Buren, there were to southbound trains leaving at 7:00 a.m., and 3:00 p.m. The two northbound trains would arrive at 12:00 noon, and 11:00 p.m. On special occasions and holidays there would be extra trains added. Diesel engines eventually replaced the steam engines which marked the end of a great era. The only major mishap involving the railroads in the Van Buren area was when the 11:00 p.m. passenger train derailed about

two miles south of Van Buren. This happened in the 1950's when passenger trains were eliminated.

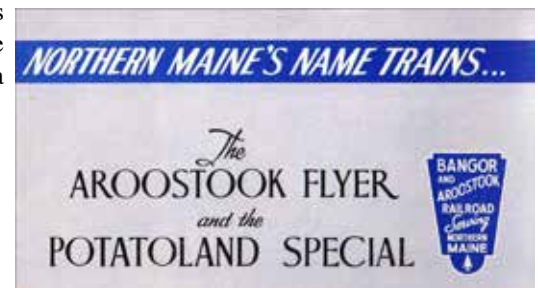
One of the major reasons for the railroad to be built in this area was to service the lumber mills, farmer, and merchants. Ice cream from Bangor was even brought in to supply the local hotels. The freight trains that hauled potatoes to the Boston and New York markets were called "The North Star" by railroad people and the people in the area named it "The Potato Special".

The international railroad bridge between Van Buren and St. Leonard is unique in the fact that it is the only international railroad bridge in northern Maine. It was and will continue to play an important role in the international trade between the U.S.A. and Canada.

In conclusion, it is important to note that as the railroad presence diminished in our area, so did the town lose a bit of themselves in the process. Railroads do indeed play an important role in the economic activity and prosperity of a region.



The Bangor & Aroostook (or "BAR," the road's official reporting marks to avoid confusion with the Boston & Albany) was tucked away in the upper fringes of Maine, connecting the coastal ports of Bangor and Searsport with the border of New Brunswick in the state's vast northern emptiness. Interchange with the Canadian National was carried out at St. Leonard via Van Buren, Maine. The BAR's principal trains, the Potatoland Special and Aroostook Flyer, were launched in the 1930s and ran the entire length of the railroad's system from Bangor to Van Buren. At its southern terminus (Bangor) connections were made with the Maine Central where travelers could continue journeying southward if they so chose. The 230-mile corridor could be completed in about 6 1/2 hours.



Rivers Through the Wilderness, the Forgotten Thoroughfare

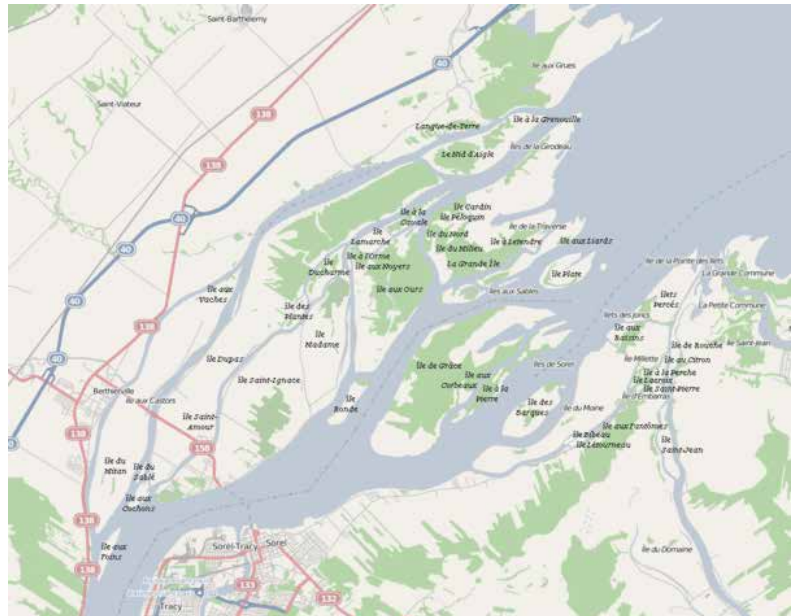
by Denise R. Larson

The transnational history concept discussed in Patrick Lacroix's "Finding a Larger Canvas: Franco-Americans' Enduring Significance" (Le Forum, Fall/Automne 2017) is exceptionally applicable to transportation methods of the early to mid-nineteenth century in northern Maine and southern Canada, which were more alike than Maine and southern New England were. Mainers and Canadians were in the same boat—a canoe to be exact. The two were in the same topographical region but in different countries.

When Maine Governor William King and his Executive Council hired Major Joseph Treat to survey the land and waterways of central and northern Maine along the Penobscot and St. John rivers, Treat knew he'd need a guide, a canoe, and a couple of paddles. The extremely limited road system that existed in Maine in 1820 ended in Howland, just north of Bangor. Beyond that settlement, the surveyors would encounter only wilderness paths and seasonal Indian camps until they reached the Acadian settlement on the St. John River.

Treat requested that Captain John Holyoke accompany him, and he also hired Lieutenant Governor John Neptune as his guide. Neptune was the second chief of the Penobscot tribe and knew the region well. He provided a new birchbark canoe and a paddle, both for \$10, and agreed to the pay rate of \$1 a day. With the invaluable help provided by Neptune, Treat made note of canoe portages, falls, rips, and obstructions in the rivers during the autumn survey. In the 1820s, the Penobscots still practiced a migratory lifestyle that took them to various places according to season for fishing and hunting, so travel by canoe and the best way to do so was of great importance to them. Treat wisely made use of Neptune's knowledge and skills on river and stream.

At Madawaska, the survey crew found that the Maliseet people had placed their wigwams among the Acadian cabins on both sides of the Madawaska River in an



Archipelago Lac St. Pierre in the St. Lawrence River (Courtesy of Wiki Commons)

area that is now Madawaska, Maine, and Edmundston, New Brunswick. The Acadians had arrived shortly after Madawaska's founding circa 1785 by the half brothers Pierre Duperré and Pierre Lizotte from Kamouraska. (The progenitor of the Duperré family was Michel Dupere, a soldier in the Quebec garrison in 1686 and later a cooper.) The brothers facilitated the procurement of land concessions by the Acadians from the British.

Madawaska's importance in a boundary dispute with British North America (Canada was still a colony of Great Britain) centered on its location at the junction of the St. John and Madawaska rivers, the latter of which flowed from Lac Témiscouata. An Indian portage joined the lake with the the St. Lawrence at Rivière-du-Loup. Travelers could continue on the St. Lawrence to Kamouraska and Quebec City, creating a line of communication across the northwest arm of New Brunswick, which became a province in 1784 after Nova Scotia was inundated in 1783 with English-speaking Loyalists from the newly established United States.

By the end of the 55-day, 500-mile survey, Neptune had earned \$65, Treat had made expenditures totaling \$359.75, and the governor had gained valuable information about what was at stake in the border dispute. The governor and council were well armed with information about the availability of timber, its transportation to mills, and the possibility of settlement in the north woods when debating the boundary question, which eventually was settled by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842.

Using the results of Treat's survey, once land became available, settlements sprung up at the junction of a good stand of pine and a waterway strong enough to carry the wood to a mill town, where a swift stream produced energy to power saws that milled logs into lumber for shipment aboard vessels that more times than not were built in the mill town for the lumber trade, which was a leading Maine industry, along with shipbuilding.

Water Travel Was the Way of Life

Five years after Treat's survey, 1825, a census was taken of the inhabitants of the islands in the archipelago Lac St. Pierre on the St. Lawrence River in the parish of Sorel in Richelieu County, Quebec Province. The archipelago is a cluster of tree-covered islands where the water expanse widens and the Richelieu River joins the St. Lawrence. While life on an island in contemporary times means wonderful views and fresh air but also an eye on ferry schedules and worries about reliable and expensive electricity, the people who lived on islands in the archipelago had no such concerns.

There was plenty of wood on the islands to cut for construction of barns and houses and for fuel to heat them. The soil cleared for crops was loamy and rich as it received an annual fertilization of silt and nutrients during the spring floods. Transportation was not a problem—everyone used boats to carry people back and forth and extra produce to market towns.

(Continued on page 28)

(Rivers Through the Wilderness, the Forgotten Thoroughfare continued from page 27)

Inventories of household goods of island families of the area often listed a canoe but no carriage or saddle. The river was their road. The fur-trading companies, Northwest Company and Hudson's Bay Company, preferred to hire young men from the islands in Sorel parish to paddle canoes and deliver furs from remote western posts to Montreal and other shipping ports.

Who were these hard-working, clever people? Not surprisingly, most were young couples, some with large families; others were two generations of a family. Though Library and Archives Canada states on its website that the 1825 census was taken from June 20 to September 20, the microfilm of the census schedules for Sorel parish is clearly marked "November." Perhaps it took a while for the enumerator to find someone to ferry him around the islands to collect the data. His handwriting on the schedules is at times very difficult to decipher. Perhaps he was addled by the trip.

On Isle de Grace, there are sixteen heads of household. Only one is single. The families range from just two members, a married couple, to eleven members. There are three Lavallé families and the Rageotte families, pere et fils. There is a total of seventy-two persons living on the island, with twenty-two younger than six years old.

Isle St. Pierre has one family in residence, the Contard (?) family, with seven in the household. Isle aux Ours boasted three families, that of Pierre St. Martin with ten members; Jean Cote, six; and Michel Bergeron, four. Isle Ronde was populated by the families of Antonin Robechean, seven members; and Augustine Frommae (?), two members. On Isle St. Ignace there are twelve families for a total population of 59, with seven younger than six years old. Four families have the surname Godsen. Isle Madame has fifteen families with a total of ninety-three persons with twenty-nine younger than age six.

Living on the two islands of St. Ignace and Madame are five Bellard families in residence, some dit LaTour, others LaFour (but that could have been a misunderstanding or miscommunication with the enumerator). There were also two Guevremont families. The novelist Germaine Guevremont set her novel *The Outlander* in the archipelago of Lake St. Pierre. She wrote about four-masted ships and steamers going up the St. Law-

rence to Montreal, of daily life on the islands, giving details such as watching ducks on the lake and in the buckwheat stubble. Her characters, the people who live on the islands in Lac St. Pierre, travel by boat and canoe, clear the forest along the shoreline, build houses and barns and sheds, and know their neighbors, many of whom are family relations.

Today the archipelago is predominately a nature preserve. There are a few settlements. The leading occupations are farming and grazing livestock. Present-day houses of residents are built on pilings to avoid damage by the spring floods. A major flood in 1865 carried away dozens of houses and barns. The population, which was approximately a thousand in 1861, took about thirty years to rebound and now numbers about twenty-five hundred. Transportation is by barge, boat, ferry, or across a bridge to the mainland. The region is the habitation site of hundreds of species of birds.



Germaine Guèvremont

Road Building Was Slow and Expensive

The 1820s was a remarkable era both in Maine and the provinces of Lower Canada. Society was on the cusp of revolutionary changes in methods of transportation. Water transport was the common means of travel. Roads were so bad in Maine that travelers from Boston to points north of Portland had to go by horseback or risk having to dismantle a carriage or wagon and carry the parts, as well as the baggage, across a particularly rough stretch and reassemble everything on the other end, as reported by a man taking his new bride to Bath. Travel was a little better in Quebec Province. In 1812, coach service was offered between Quebec City and Montreal six days a week. The coach was pulled by four horses, and the fair was about \$12. By 1820, corduroy roads were being built to aid land travel and increase market trade. They were constructed of logs

laid perpendicular to the roadway in wet, low spots to prevent the wheels of vehicles from being stuck in mud. A traveler in 1832 complained that corduroy roads caused him to bounce up and down so much on his seat that his breeches were sure to wear out.

When the U.S. government wanted to take a stand and rattle some sabres over the disputed northern boundary with British North America, it stationed seven infantry companies at Hancock Barracks in Houlton and started the cutting of a military road to Bangor in 1828. It was finished in 1832, linking the edge of civilization to the most remote U.S. government post in the Northeast. At stake was a vast supply of standing timber that was claimed by both governments. Gradually the road was widened and improved, becoming a vital link for travel and commerce.

Canals Were A Raging Fad that Soon Faded

Canals were all the rage as the best and modern way to improve transportation from about 1800 to 1850. Canals were expensive to build, often requiring creative financing such as lotteries, subscriptions, and a bank's capital investment. In Maine, the canal from Thomas Pond to Sebago Lake and the Fore River to Westbrook and its mills was nearly sixteen miles long in a run of thirty-eight miles. It handled a hundred and fifty barge-like boats and featured a two-lane towpath for horses.

Water transportation had been greatly improved with the construction of canals that connected lakes and major waterways, but the construction of canals fell by the wayside when rails were laid for trains to connect major and minor cities. The opening of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railroad in 1850 in Oxford County and many other railroads throughout the region in quick succession tolled the end of the popularity and economy of canals.

Life Away from a River Was Exceptionally Rough

From 1830 to 1850, famine and social upheaval drove millions of people to emigrate from the British Isles to British North America. It was an era in which land ownership defined a successful person, someone with a future. Without land, a person could not vote, serve on a jury, or be a magistrate. A man without land could not

(Continued on page 29)

(*Rivers Through the Wilderness, the Forgotten Thoroughfare continued from page 28*)

hunt to provide fresh meat and fowl for his family. He had to use precious resources to buy food. The majority of the landless but adventuresome from Great Britain went to the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence River area, and western United States, avoiding the already populated East Coast. Among those hopeful emigrants was Susanna Moodie, a young wife, mother, and author. She wrote of her experiences in *Roughing It in the Bush*; or, *Life in Canada*.

Twelve years after Treat's survey, the Moodies traveled along the great St. Lawrence River in search of land for a homestead. Woefully unprepared and with no guide to help them judge good land from bad, they had a hard time of it.

Arriving at Quebec City during the start of a cholera epidemic in 1832, Susanna had to stay on board but described in great detail and glowing terms the diversity of islands in the "splendid river," the deep and clear St. Lawrence. Some islands were wooded, while others were partially cleared and had white-washed structures on them. On seeing it for the first time and from aboard ship, she favorably compared Quebec City with Edinburgh, which she considered to be a vision of beauty. Sailing on to Montreal, Susanna was disappointed in its lack of "grandeur" and filthy streets, especially at a time of "pestilence."

Mrs. Moodie was not unlike the filles de roi who had arrived in Quebec a century and a half earlier. Like many of them, she was a city girl in total ignorance of the hardships of "life in the bush," which is what she called pioneering in the deep, dark, undisturbed forests of Canada. She was accustomed to having servants and socializing with the genteel middle class of England. The cultural shock was tremendous. She bitterly regarded her family's immigration as banishment from civilization to a prison of rough work and poverty, the unrelenting forest of Canada being the walls of that enclosure. She saw no transitional space from the civilization of the city to the crude isolation of the deep woods. A system of roads connecting settlements and the development of a suburbia had not yet happened. On their lot of land carved from the wilderness, working in the kitchen garden and putting a crude fence around it was more work than she as a gentlewoman ever expected to do and forced her to be braver than she could

have imagined. Their subsistence farm was so deep in the backcountry of Ontario that their five-year-old son had never seen a village. When they finally left their cabin and emerged from the forest into a town, their oldest son asked how all the houses had come to meet in one place.

Upon relocating to Belleville (in south-central Ontario), the family encountered a plank road that ran to one of the mills. Susanna found out that to construct such a road, the passageway of about twelve feet wide was graded with a ditch on each side. Squared timber called "scantling" was placed along each edge of the bed as a frame and covered with soil. Pine planks, each about three inches thick, were laid on the framing and pinned into it with wooden pins. For a double-wide road, a third scantling ran up the center and the ends of planks were pinned to it. At the time, the typical dirt road consisted of potholes and mud or potholes and dust.

Susanna Moodie had emerged from the woods after eight years, in 1840, a more self-assured and self-sufficient young woman who no longer placed high importance on what other people thought of or said about her. She was confident in her own worth and abilities. She went on to have a career in writing and is called one of the grandmothers of Canadian literature. *Roughing It in the Bush* was published in 1852.

Some Sought Out a Challenge

A foil to Mrs. Moodie's unwilling immigration to the bush is the life experience of Louisa Dickinson Rich as described in her book, *We Took to the Woods*. Writing a century after Moodie, Rich, fleeing the disillusionment of post-war society, enthusiastically abandoned city life for the simple life near Umbagog Lake in Maine. The only road was a dirt path from the cabin to the dam that her husband maintained for a timber company. She wrote of the hardships as challenges and the isolation as insulation from a world that has gone mad with war, profit, and lost morals.

Forever Moving Forward

Whatever the motivation, the nineteenth-century men and women who traveled the rivers and ventured into the woods of northern Maine and southern Canada came to realize the potential of the wilderness but also the tenacity of Mother Nature to preserve her creation against small but

determined mortals who forced their way over hers but only as long as they stayed vigilant. How quickly a woods clearing or a tote road reverts to wilderness once again is well understood by Mainers and Canadians alike. But the rivers and streams continue to run through the forest. From them we can glimpse the beauty and new potential of the landscape, just as Treat and Neptune did nearly two hundred years ago.

Denise R. Larson lives in the greater Bangor metropolitan area and writes about history and genealogy. She is also the author of several novels recently published on iBooks.

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Remembrance Day

(N.D.L.R. Materials, photos provided by the Ste-Agathe Historical Society, Terry Ouellette. Writing, research provided by the late Gary Pelletier (2008) to the Franco-American Centre.)

by Gary Pelletier

A Remembrance Day, honoring Denis Daigle (1889-1933) and Renaud Franck (1907-1927). The Day was held at the Ste-Agathe Historical Society's Preservation Center. To Honor these two Game Wardens for putting their lives and safety on the line to protect the Fish and Wildlife. They worked in an era when people thought that it was their given right to kill and catch everything they saw in the fields, streams and forests.

One must not forget that these trying times were during the depression years and this also brought out the worst in poachers. These two men were sons of the St. John Valley and dedicated their lives to protect our natural resources.

Eighty years after their passing, much has been forgotten and old records are hard to come by. Both of these men fell through the cracks of time and history. They were French, and from the Valley, all traits of the era that was not recognized by the Southern administration of the time.

Most new and young wardens would not know men of years ago that worked in this field. The Warden service started in the 1880's. It got more serious in the mid 1890's and again throughout the depression years. Wardens were alone all the time and were the only law in town. By the 1920's a new patch was on a Warden uniform and it depicted a single tree. The phrase came about-a Warden behind a tree.

Renaud Franck

Renaud Franck was the son of Donat Franck, a Warden, and one of four Franck's that were Wardens. This in itself was a landmark for a family to have so many protecting the natural resources of this great State. I find this family and one other that had a family tradition of wardens. The second one came into the picture some forty years later. That family had five Wardens. Three were born in Sinclair with St. Agatha roots. Parent's and Grandparent's were from St. Agatha. It is and was not uncommon to have two and three that were Wardens from a family but four and five from two different

eras and from the same locale is uncommon.

Donat Franck, was a Warden in Oxbow and a newspaper article dated July 1939 depicted him and a William (Sleepy) Atkins, of Portage, caught two people violating the Fish and Game laws and these two spent 30 days in the crowbar hotel in Houlton. A stiff fine for any poachers with an over the limit violation. It appears the judge was an avid outdoors man or that he felt a message should be sent to the poachers.

James Franck Sr., resigned in early 1927. In an interview with Mrs. Franck of Van Buren on Acadian History, she states



that Donat Franck was warden until 1929 or so. Not long after his son drowned Mr. Franck quit the Service and went to Skowhegan.

Donat Franck Jr. was a warden for a short time in the late 20's. He left with his Dad.

Renaud Franck, was hired by his Dad, Donat to monitor Square Lake fishing activity. He drowned within this short period as a part time deputy warden.

In these early days of Fish and Game enforcement Wardens and Deputy Wardens were hired on as help at certain times of the year to assist them in capturing poachers that were involved in illegal activity for the pursuit of killing game, some as trade and others for family. Their pay as a part time



Warden came from the Warden that hired them and would put in an expense account after the period he was needed to assist in these law enforcement ventures. These are found in the archives in the Commissioner's Reports in August.

It was not uncommon to hire men under 21 years of age in these days as they were young, able and determined to be a law enforcement officer.

Denis Daigle

Denis Daigle was the son of Octave and Olive (Nadeau) Daigle.

Denis was a Warden for several years and worked the Stockholm, Caribou District by foot in these early days. In these days of yesteryear as a Warden it was not uncommon to be gone on patrol for several days or weeks.

As one looks at the span in years, there is not any difference as to the job of a Warden. He had to walk, summer, spring, winter and fall. No communications, airplanes or boats with motors. No back up or any assistance of any kind. W Warden was on his own day and night. In these years and until the late forties nothing much changed from the 1880 era of Warden Service.

Denis monitored from Cross Lake to the Canadian border at Limestone, a straight distance of 40 plus miles.

Denis patrolled the area that at that time poaching activity was great. Most of the people that broke the Fish and Game laws did so with dogs. He patrolled the lumber camps as the camps would have a deer slayer to get the meat for the lumbermen. Denis worked alone and on a cold winter day was found in a trappers camp in the Stockholm area.

Several different versions were talked about but all came to the same conclusion, he was found frozen in a trapper's camp. He
(Continued on page 31)

(Remembrance Day continued from page 30)

apparently was found two days after he had passed away. It was said that he died from a heart attack.

Two men were held for two days and released after being questioned. Two days to be held for anything is a long time. One must remember that no autopsy was made, no doctor was present and Mr. Daigle was on duty as it was a 24/7, 365 days job. When these Wardens left their residence they were working. No days off or holidays were granted or vacations.

This era puts us in the depression era when dogs were being used to kill deer. It was a silent way to kill deer as many trained dogs to chase deer and not bark.

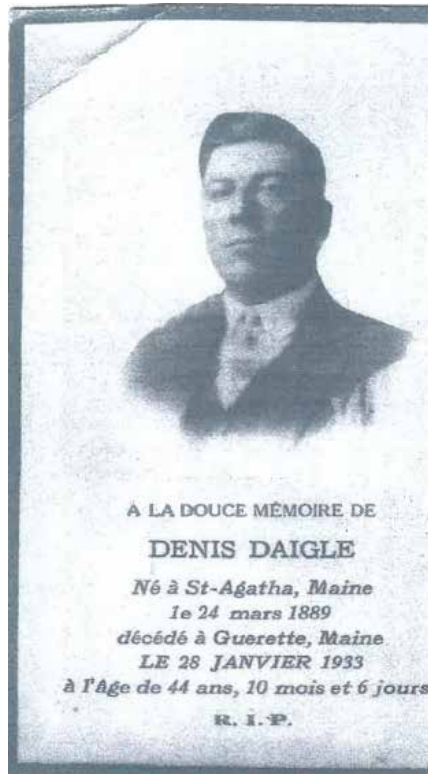
Newspaper articles dated 1933 of the Bangor Daily News addresses these dog-deer issues of the time. The headliner was Why Deer Are Scarce, Correspondent Flays Senseless Slaying by Merciless Killers and Bloodthirsty Dogs.

The article refers to the Madawaska Lake and Square Lake areas. The same are Denis Daigle was working. Makes one wonder about the incident.

The Commissioner's report of 1895 also refers to the dogs as vicious killers, silent and deadly.

Denis had a nephew, Donat Daigle and he also was a Warden for a short period of time during WWII.

Was Denis perhaps murdered? A question left unanswered...



Check out the Game Warden's website:

<http://www.maine.gov/ifw/warden-service/fallen-heroes-honor-roll.html>

Fallen heroes: Renaud Franck and Denis Daigle are not mentioned.

Ste-Anne's Church in Hartford Likely Will Be Sold in the Future; Monthly Mass in French at St. Augustine's Church Likely to Continue

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

Rev. Thomas J. Walsh, the Pastor of St. Augustine Church in Hartford wrote in the weekly bulletin of St. Augustine's Church in Hartford for the week of November 5, 2017 that property of Ste-Anne/Immaculate Conception Church will be sold by the Archdiocese of Hartford sometime in the future. The following two paragraphs are his own words from the weekly bulletin:

"On June 29th, the Parishes of St. Anne-Immaculate Conception and St. Augustine were merged by the Archdiocese. We have just completed the legal requirements of this merger. This included the Certificate of Consents of Merger, amending the Certificate of Origin of both parishes,

restating the Certificate of Incorporation, and notifying the Connecticut Secretary of the State. We also had to notify the Internal Revenue Service, the Connecticut Department of Revenue Service, and the State Bureau of Labor."

"People have asked me what will happen with St. Anne-Immaculate Conception Church. Eventually, the Archdiocese of Hartford will sell the property. The Archdiocese has already sold the former St. Michael's Church here in Hartford and is in the process of selling various properties throughout Hartford, New Haven and Litchfield Counties."

It should be noted that the Parish of



St. Anne-Immaculate Conception had been bridged with the Parish of St. Augustine since Sunday, March 4, 2012, when Rev. José Mercado, who had been the Pastor of

(Continued on page 32)

(*Ste-Anne's Church in Hartford Likely Will Be Sold in the Future;*
Monthly Mass in French at St. Augustine's Church Likely to Continue
continued from page 31)

St. Augustine Parish, became also the Pastor of St. Anne-Immaculate Conception Parish. Rev. Mercado said his first Sunday Mass at St. Anne-Immaculate Conception Church at 8:30AM on Sunday, March 11, 2012, the scheduled time for the French Mass, but he said the ordinary, the Gospel, and the homily of the Mass in English, while the first and second readings, the psalm, and the petitions were said in French by the lector, Albert Marceau, and the opening, communion and closing hymns were sung in French by the cantor, Jean Folly-Kakabi. The said format was the standard means the French Mass was said at St. Anne-Immaculate Conception Church from Sunday, March 11, 2012 to Sunday, June 25, 2017. Rev. Mercado remained the Pastor of both parishes until Thursday, June 29, 2017, when he was transferred to the newly created Parish of St. John XXIII, which comprises of the former parishes of St. Louis, St. Lawrence and St. Paul in West Haven.

The Mass in French at St. Augustine's Church in Hartford

Rev. Walsh has said the Mass in

French at St. Augustine's Church in Hartford on the first Sundays of October, November and December 2017, at 7:45AM. The liturgical calendar for each of the Sundays were: October 1 (the 26th Sunday in Ordinary Time, Year A); November 5 (the 31st Sunday in Ordinary Time, Year A); and December 3 (the First Sunday in Advent, Year B). Rev. Walsh has said the entire ordinary of the Mass and the Gospel in French, while he has always given the homily in English. The first and second readings, the psalm, and the petitions were said in French by the lector, Albert Marceau. The opening, communion and closing hymns were sung in French by the cantor, Jean Folly-Kakabi, with the exception of the French Mass on Sunday, November 5 when he and his family were in Frankfurt, Germany for the wedding of his nephew.

Each of the three French Masses consisted of roughly a dozen Francophone former parishioners of Ste-Anne-de-Hartford, plus three or four Hispanic parishioners from St. Augustine who attended because it was the first Mass on Sunday, at 7:45AM. The Francophone parishioners were: Extraordinary Eucharistic Minister Lorena Dutelle

of South Windsor, Lector Albert Marceau of Newington, Cantor Jean Folly-Kakabi of Hartford, Usher Patrick Labrie of Hartford, Jean and Solange Agba and their three sons of Hartford, Ghislain and Rita Larochelle of East Hartford, and Aline Maras and her daughter of Hartford. One of the hymns that was sung for the First Sunday of Advent was "Venez divin Messie." Before Rev. Walsh gave the final blessing at the close of the Mass on December 3, he gave the pleasant news that he hoped to see all of us on the first Sunday in January 2018, which will be the Feast of the Epiphany. After the Mass, Rev. Walsh wished each of us individually a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, which was each of the former parishioners of Ste-Anne wished to one another.

Some of the hymns that will be sung for the Feast of the Epiphany are: "Il est né, le Divin Enfant," "Viens, peuple fidèle," and "Marche des Rois Mages."

So, readers of *Le Forum* are invited to attend the French Mass at St. Augustine Church on 10 Campfield Avenue in Hartford, Conn., at 7:45AM on Sunday, January 7, 2018. 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 Brief Guide to Celebrate the Holidays with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

The National Materials Development Center for French, abbreviated as NMDC, published numerous books on Franco-American Literature and Culture that are largely forgotten today. In particular, it published a nine-volume set of Franco-American literature entitled: *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*. The general editor of the series was Richard Santerre, who received his doctorate from Boston College in 1974, and the title of his dissertation is: *Le Roman Franco-Américain en Nouvelle-Angleterre, 1878-1943*. The nine-volume set was published in 1981, and it contains writings from 29 Franco-American authors. Unfortunately,

the nine-volume set does not have a comprehensive index to the prose and poetry of the 29 authors, which makes the anthology extremely difficult to use if the reader wishes to find a sample of prose or poetry on a given topic, such as La Survivance, or la fête de St-Jean-Baptiste. After I completed my master's degree in history from Central Connecticut State University, I decided to work on creating an index to the nine-volume set of Franco-American literature, and I hope to publish it within a year, as a supplement to a future edition of *Le Forum*.

Since Christmas and New Year's Day are featured in the current issue of *Le Forum*, I suggested to Lisa Michaud that I could

write a sample of my index to the *Anthologie* on the same topic, and she agreed that it was a good idea.

The Franco-American Authors

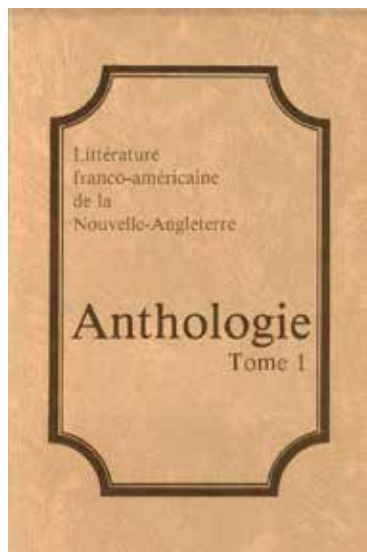
Honoré Beaugrand, (1848-1906), the author of the first Franco-American novel: *Jeanne la fileuse. Épisode de l'émigration franco-canadienne aux États-Unis* (Fall River, Massachusetts, 1878), wrote a short story about New Year's Day, entitled: « Le fantôme de l'avare : Légende du jour d'an, » which is found on pages 69-76 of the first volume of the *Anthologie*.

Louis Dantin, the nom de plume of Eugène Seers (1865-1945), the author of the Franco-American novel *Les enfances de Fanny* (Montréal, 1969), wrote a short story about Christmas, entitled « Le Noël de Caroline, » which is found on pages 34-43 of the ninth volume of the *Anthologie*. He also wrote a poem about Christmas, entitled « Noël intime, » found on pages 56-57 of the said volume. He also wrote a poem about the winter season, entitled « Soleil d'hiver, » found on pages 54-55 of the said volume.

(Continued on page 33)

(A Brief Guide to Celebrate the Holidays with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 32)

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque, the nom de plume of Leo-Albert Lévesque (1900-1974), the author of several books of poetry and author of *Silhouettes Franco-Américains* (Manchester, N.H., 1957), wrote a poem about Christmas, entitled: « L'éternel Noël : à ma mère, » found on page 251 of the ninth volume of the *Anthologie*. He also



wrote three poems about winter: « Neige, » on page 181, « La forêt en hiver, » on page 182, and « Pluie de janvier, » on page 186 of the said volume.

Anna Duval-Thibault, (1862-1951), the author of the Franco-American novel *Les Deux Testaments, Esquisse de Mœurs-Canadiennes* (Fall River, Massachusetts, 1888), wrote two short stories about Christmas, both of which are found in the second volume of the *Anthologie*. The title of one is: « Une première veillée de Noël aux États-Unis : Peinture de mœurs canadiennes, » found on pages 200-204, and the other is « Une tournée de l'Enfant Jésus : Conte de Noël, » found on pages 205-210 of the said volume. She also wrote a poem about New Year's Day, entitled « Le nouvel an, » which is found on page 242 of the said volume.

Dr. Joseph-Amédée Girouard (1865-1938), the author of the book of poetry, *Au fil de la vie. Recueil de poesies*, (Lewiston, Maine, 1909), wrote a poem about snow, entitled « La neige, » which is found on page 12 of the

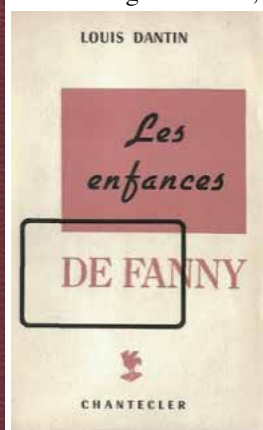
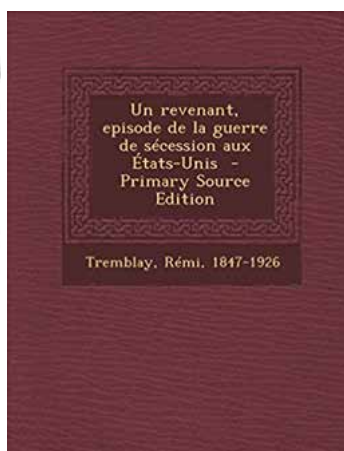
fourth volume of the *Anthologie*.

Adélard Lambert, (1867-1946), the author of the Franco-American novel *L'Innocent Victime* (serialized in *Le Droit* of Ottawa, Canada, September 1936), wrote a short story about Christmas within an unpublished manuscript, *Souvenir d'enfance*, entitled: « Une fête de Noël d'un vieux soldat, » which is found on pages 18-26 of the seventh volume of the *Anthologie*.

R.P. Louis-Alphonse Nolin, omi (1849-1936), wrote a poem about Christmas, entitled: « Bethléem, » which is found on page 69 of the seventh volume of the *Anthologie*.

Corinne Rocheleau-Rouleau (1881-1963), the author of the biography, *Hors de sa prison, extraordinaire histoire de Ludvine Lachance, l'infirmière des infirmes, sourde muette et aveugle*, (Montréal, 1928), wrote a three-act play entitled: « Les fêtes chez l'habitant, » which is found on pages 187-241 of the fifth volume of the *Anthologie*. Of the nine Franco-American authors who are cited in the article, Corinne Rocheleau-Rouleau wrote the most comprehensive piece of literature that encompasses how three generations of a Franco-American family celebrated the holidays from Christmas to New Year's Day through dialogue and songs.

Rémi Tremblay, (1847-1926), the author of the Franco-American novel, *Un Revenant: Episode de la Guerre du Sécession*, (Montréal, 1884) wrote a poem about winter, entitled: « Un nuit de décembre : Sonnet, » which is found on page 273 of the volume of the *Anthologie*. He also wrote the lyrics to a song about New Year's Day, entitled « Le jour de l'an, » which is found on pages 277-278 of the said volume, but the melody and accompaniment is from another song, entitled « De la valse des adieux »



The Franco-American Foods for Christmas

The NMDC published a cookbook in 1983 entitled *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspillé dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère* by Betty A. Lausier Lindsay. The cookbook is not specifically written for recipes for the holidays, but it does have several recipes for pastries and cakes that were served at Christmas, and has surprising details of family costumes for the holidays, such as the Christmas dinner was often cooked chicken with vegetables.

How to Purchase the Books

The easiest means to purchase copies of the *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre* as well as *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspillé dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère* would be to contact the Franco-American book vendor, Roger Lacerte, the owner of La Librairie

Populaire, 18 rue Orange, Manchester, NH 03104-6060. His business phone number is (603)-669-3788, and his a business e-mail address is: libpopulaire@yahoo.com.

Till we meet again, I hope

It had to happen because she was near her 90th birthday and she had been battling cancer for several years. But it doesn't make it any easier. I knew Marjorie Gautreau-Allen for 17 years. At first, I knew she might exist, then I met her by chance in Vermont and well, as they say, the rest is history. She became the type of person, as Ty Cobb reportedly said after the death of the great Babe Ruth, that you hope we might be able to meet again, some day.

For over 20 years, I've been researching the lives and careers of baseball players of French descent. At one point, I decided to set my sights on Walter Paul (Doc) Gautreau after learning from a former major leaguer in Québec that the Cambridge native was still able to speak French as late as the 1950's.

After four games with Philadelphia, Gautreau played the rest of his major league career with the Boston Braves. He married in 1926 in Boston and in 1927, Marjorie

was born. I have to add that from 1929 to 1933, Doc played for the Montréal Royals, the same team Jackie Robinson played for in 1946.

Anyway, when I started my baseball research in the mid-90's, the chance of ever meeting Marjorie was unrealistic. Then, I got lucky. Tom Simon, a lawyer from Burlington, invited me to write the story about a French-speaking Vermont pitcher in his book 'Green Mountain Boys of Summer'. He invited me again, this time to attend the book's launching in the summer of 2000 in Montpelier.

I got a lot more than I expected. Also included in the weekend's festivities was a reunion of players from a former minor league. On Saturday morning, a meeting was scheduled in a high school auditorium type of room. I was walking in the area between the lower and upper decks of the room. A baseball-research friend was following me. I noticed a small woman seated on the left, in the first row of the room's upper deck. Next to her was a much taller man. She had a name tag, as most of us did. The name on the tag was 'Marjorie Gautreau-Allen'. I walked a

few more steps and had to stop.

My friend behind me bumped me. What are you doing, he said in French. I can't believe what I just saw, I answered. I backed up a few steps and asked the lady if, by any chance, she was the daughter of Doc Gautreau. Yes, was her initial answer. Who are you, she asked me. Listen, do I have to talk to you, I replied.

Turns out, and I was already aware of that, that Doc Gautreau managed the Saranac Lake team in that league from 1936 to 1939. Marjorie was at the reunion since she grew up under the eyes of many people from the league, being aged 8 to 12 at the time.

Later that day, we sat down and she showed me all the stuff she had with her. Turns out again that she had been researching the career of her father, who died in 1970, for many years. Because she had never really learned to speak French, she didn't have much about the family's stay in Montréal as she was little at the time. On the other end, that was my focus from the start.

So we pooled our resources and, except for the year 1935, we ended up knowing
(Continued on page 35)

Ce n'est qu'un Au revoir, j'espère

Ça devait arriver parce qu'elle était près de son 90e anniversaire de naissance et parce qu'elle avait combattu le cancer depuis plusieurs années. Mais ça ne rend pas la chose plus facile. Je connaissais Marjorie Gautreau-Allen depuis 17 ans. Au début, je savais qu'elle pouvait exister, puis je l'ai rencontré par chance au Vermont et, comme on dit, le reste a suivi. Elle est devenue le genre de personne, comme Ty Cobb aurait apparemment dit après la mort du célèbre Babe Ruth, qu'on souhaite pouvoir rencontrer à nouveau, un jour.

Depuis plus de 20 ans, j'ai fait des recherches sur la vie et la carrière de joueurs de baseball d'origine francophone. À un moment donné, j'ai décidé de me concentrer sur Walter Paul (Doc) Gautreau après avoir appris d'un ancien joueur québécois des majeures que le natif de Cambridge était toujours capable de parler français aussi tard que durant les années 1950.

Après quatre matchs avec Philadelphie, Gautreau a joué le reste de sa carrière

dans les majeures avec les Braves de Boston. Il s'est marié en 1926 à Boston et en 1927, Marjorie est née. Je dois ajouter que de 1929 à 1933, Doc a joué pour les Royaumes de Montréal, la même équipe pour laquelle Jackie Robinson a joué en 1946.

De toute façon, quand j'ai commencé mes recherches sur le baseball, la probabilité de rencontrer Marjorie était vraiment impensable. Puis, j'ai été chanceux. Tom Simon, un avocat de Burlington, m'a invité à écrire l'histoire d'un lanceur parlant français du Vermont dans son livre 'Green Mountain Boys of Summer'. Il m'a invité de nouveau, cette fois pour assister au lancement du livre à l'été de 2000 à Montpelier.

J'en ai eu plus que je m'attendais. Faisant également partie des événements de la fin de semaine, il y avait les retrouvailles de joueurs d'une ancienne ligue mineure. Le samedi matin, une rencontre était prévue dans une salle du genre auditorium d'école secondaire. Je marchais dans l'espace entre les parties inférieure et supérieure de la salle. Un ami chercheur de baseball me suivait. J'ai remarqué une petite femme assise sur la gauche, dans la première rangée de la partie supérieure de la salle. À côté d'elle, il y avait un homme beaucoup plus grand. Elle avait une étiquette de nom, comme la plupart d'entre nous. Le nom sur l'étiquette était <<Marjorie Gautreau-Allen>>. J'ai marché

quelques pas de plus et je me suis arrêté.

L'ami derrière est entré en collision avec moi. Qu'est-ce que tu fais, a-t-il dit en français. Je ne peux pas croire ce que je viens de voir, ai-je répondu. J'ai reculé de quelques pas et j'ai demandé à la dame si, par chance, elle était la fille de Doc Gautreau. Oui, a été sa réponse initiale. Qui êtes-vous, m'a-t-elle demandé. Écoutez, faut vraiment que je vous parle, a été ma réponse.

Il se trouve, et j'étais déjà au courant, que Doc Gautreau avait dirigé l'équipe de Saranac Lake dans la ligue de 1936 à 1939. Marjorie était aux retrouvailles parce qu'elle avait grandi sous les yeux de plusieurs personnes de la ligue, de l'âge de 8 à 12 ans.

Plus tard cette journée-là, nous nous sommes assis et elle m'a montré tout ce qu'elle avait avec elle. Il se trouve qu'elle avait fait des recherches sur la carrière de son père, mort en 1970, depuis plusieurs années. Parce qu'elle n'avait jamais vraiment appris à parler français, elle n'avait pas grand chose sur le séjour de la famille à Montréal, elle était petite à l'époque. De mon côté, c'était ma priorité depuis le début.

Nous avons mis nos ressources en commun et, sauf pour l'année 1935, nous avons fini par déterminer exactement partout où Doc avait joué. Des années plus tard, j'ai découvert où Doc avait joué en 1935 en
(suite page 35)

(Till we meet again, I hope continued from page 34)

almost exactly where Doc Gautreau played. Years later, I found out where Doc Gautreau played in 1935 reading a French paper from Montréal. But she didn't remember.

My relationship with her and her husband Bill went further than baseball research. For years, we exchanged letters and e-mails, a new system with which Marjorie became very good at since she was doing a lot of research about her father's genealogy. The couple actually went to retrace her father's acadian roots in New Brunswick, a province in Canada.

Anyway, Marjorie mentioned to me that I should come down and pay them a visit in Clinton, Maryland. Since I was going to turn 50 on January 31, 2011, I decided to make a bucket list trip. One place I really wanted to go was Baltimore, to visit a number of baseball things such as the Babe Ruth birthplace since he was born on February 6. But I also could see on the map that Clinton was not that far from Baltimore.

One sunny morning in February, I left Baltimore and first drove to Washington to see the stadium of the Nationals since that's

where the Montréal Expos, my childhood team, moved after the 2004 season. Then, without telling Marjorie and Bill, I moved on to Clinton and the street where Marjorie and Bill have lived for a long time.

As I parked the car, in front of the house, I could see a small vehicle facing me in their driveway near the sidewalk with a woman being at the wheel. I got out of the car, recognized her, walked to her window and just said Hi. Can I help you, she said. Then she focused on my car license plate from Ontario, looked at me and looked at the license plate again. Yves, she asked, is that you? I certainly am, I said. Then she got out of the car in a hurry. She was similar to her father, who was barely over five-foot tall, and I am close to six feet, but she started hugging me like I don't remember having been hugged like that before or since. You made it, she kept saying over and over. From a distance, I could see her husband Bill walking back the dogs, and the dogs and Bill wondering what was going on!

We spent an enjoyable rest of the day and she made me promise to come back in the summer to go to a baseball game at Camden Yards. She didn't have to ask me

(Ce n'est qu'un Au revoir, j'espère suite de page 34)

lisant un journal en français de Montréal. Elle ne s'en souvenait pas.

Ma relation avec elle et son mari Bill a dépassé la recherche sur le baseball. Pendant des années, nous avons échangé des lettres et des courriels, un nouveau système avec lequel Marjorie est devenue très bonne parce qu'elle faisait beaucoup de recherches sur la généalogie de son père. Le couple est d'ailleurs allé remonter les racines acadiennes de son père au Nouveau-Brunswick, une province du Canada.

De toute manière, Marjorie m'a mentionné que je devrais leur faire une visite à Clinton dans le Maryland. Comme j'allais avoir 50 ans le 31 janvier 2011, j'ai décidé de faire le genre de voyage avec plein de choses jamais faites auparavant. Un endroit où je voulais vraiment aller était Baltimore pour visiter plusieurs endroits de baseball comme le lieu de naissance de Babe Ruth, né le 6 février. Mais je pouvais aussi voir sur la carte que Clinton n'était pas vraiment loin de Baltimore.

Un matin ensoleillé de février, j'ai quitté Baltimore et me suis d'abord rendu à Washington voir le stade des Nationals

parce que c'est là que les Expos de Montréal, l'équipe de mon enfance, avait déménagé après la saison 2004. Puis, sans le dire à Marjorie et Bill, j'ai mis le cap sur Clinton et sur la rue où Marjorie et Bill ont habité depuis longtemps.

Alors que je stationnais l'auto, en avant de leur maison, je pouvais voir un petit véhicule me faisant face dans leur entrée de cour, près du trottoir. Une femme était au volant. J'ai débarqué de mon auto, j'ai reconnu la conductrice, j'ai marché jusqu'à sa fenêtre et j'ai simplement dit Bonjour. Est-ce que je peux vous aider, m'a-t-elle dit. Puis elle a remarqué ma plaque d'immatriculation de l'Ontario, m'a regardé et a regardé de nouveau la plaque. Yves, a-t-elle demandé, est-ce que c'est toi? Bien oui, ai-je répondu. Puis elle est descendue de son véhicule en vitesse. Elle était semblable à son père, qui mesurait un peu plus de cinq pieds, et je mesure près de six pieds, mais elle a commencé à me serrer tellement que je ne me souviens pas de l'avoir été comme ça avant ou depuis. Tu l'as fait, a-t-elle répété plusieurs fois. À distance, je pouvais voir son époux Bill en train de faire marcher les chiens, et les chiens et Bill se demandant ce qui se passait!

Le reste de la journée a été agréable et elle m'a fait promettre que je reviendrais

twice! I was back and this time, we spent an enjoyable evening, yapping about baseball and all kinds of things with Bill joining the conversation at times. They had to leave before the end of the game. Shortly after, a man, who had been seated behind us and was attending the game because the Boston Red Sox were playing the Orioles, told me he couldn't help but had listened all night about all the interesting stuff we had been talking about. I told him Marjorie was the daughter of a former major leaguer from Boston. Turns out he was from Holyoke and was the high school coach of Mark Wohlers, the one-time closer of the Atlanta Braves.

Marjorie and I had many more of these conversations with Bill. I returned in 2012, 2013, 2014 and 2015 to attend baseball games, but also spent Christmas with them *(Continued on page 36)*



à l'été pour un match de baseball à Camden Yards. Elle n'a pas eu besoin de me le dire deux fois! J'étais de retour et cette fois, nous avons passé une soirée agréable à jacasser sur le baseball et sur plein d'autres choses avec Bill qui se joignait parfois à la conversation. Ils ont dû quitter avant la fin du match. Peu après, un homme, qui était assis derrière nous et était au match parce que les Red Sox de Boston jouaient contre les Orioles, m'a dit qu'il n'avait pu s'empêcher d'écouter tout ce que nous avions raconté d'intéressant. Je lui ai mentionné que Marjorie était la fille d'un ancien joueur des majeures de Boston. Il se trouve que l'homme était de Holyoke et qu'il avait été l'instructeur à l'école secondaire de Mark Wohlers, un releveur des Braves d'Atlanta.

Marjorie et moi avons eu plusieurs autres de ces conversations avec Bill. Je suis retourné en 2012, 2013, 2014 et 2015 pour des matchs de baseball, mais j'ai aussi passé Noël avec eux en 2014 et 2015. Ils *(suite page 36)*

(Till we meet again, I hope continued from page 35)

in 2014 and 2015. They not only took me out for Christmas brunch but in 2014, they took me to the September 11 Memorial at the Pentagon. A female neighbour had died in the building, from the plane crash, and her husband later died of a broken heart, Marjorie said.

Everytime I visited them, they took me around to show me their favorite eating places, introducing me to people at the same time, and also to talk about their involvement in the Neighbourhood Watch program. Almost everytime we sat in the living room, somebody would ring the door, people of all ages, to visit.

I couldn't go for Christmas in 2016

(Ce n'est qu'un Au revoir, j'espère suite de page 34)

m'ont non seulement amené à un brunch de Noël, mais en 2014, ils m'ont aussi amené au Memorial du 11 septembre au Pentagon. Une voisine était décédée dans l'édifice, suite à l'écrasement d'avion, et son mari est mort d'un cœur brisé, selon Marjorie.

Chaque fois que je les ai visités, ils m'ont promené à leurs endroits favoris pour manger, me présentant à des gens par la même occasion, et aussi pour me parler de leur implication dans le programme de Surveillance de quartier. Presque chaque fois où nous étions assis dans le salon, quelqu'un sonnait à la porte, des gens de tous âges, pour visiter.

Je n'ai pas pu y aller à Noël en 2016 et je prévoyais y aller au début de 2017 mais

and was planning to go early in 2017 but health issues restrained my travelling for a while. And now she's gone, physically, so no more hugs and 'Thinking of you' e-mails. Life goes on, I guess. While alive, she kept writing and talking about the blessings in her life, her long-time partnership with Bill, her sons, her grandchildren, how well she was treated at the hospital. I can't even remember one negative thing she said and we actually talked about subjects such as politics and religion.

We had so many laughs. In one of her last e-mails, she talked about all that hair on the face of Washington Nationals outfielder Jayson Werth. I made her laugh when I replied that with the amount of money he's been making, his wife must really like kiss-

des questions de santé ont restreint mes déplacements à ce moment. Et maintenant elle est partie, physiquement, donc plus d'accolades et de courriels <<Je pense à toi>>. La vie continue, j'imagine. Encore vivante, elle continuait à écrire et à parler de tous les bienfaits dans sa vie, son partenariat de longue date avec Bill, ses fils, ses petits-enfants, le traitement qu'elle recevait à l'hôpital. Je ne peux pas me souvenir de l'avoir entendu dire une chose négative et nous avons parlé de sujets comme la politique et la religion.

Nous avons tellement ri. Dans un de ses derniers courriels, elle a parlé de tous ces poils qui couvrent le visage du voltigeur Jayson Werth des Nationals de Washington. Je l'ai fait rire quand j'ai répondu qu'avec la quantité d'argent qu'il faisait, sa femme devait vraiment aimer lui embrasser le vi-

ing his face like that!

Wherever she is now, I hope it is a nice living room to one day eventually welcome Bill and the dogs. And I hope I will be able again to visit. Through my years of baseball research, a handful of people never wanted to meet me, while others were nice enough to meet me in order for me to fill some blanks.

One thing is for sure, for me there has been only one Marjorie Gautreau-Allen. I will never forget her energy and warmth for a total stranger from Canada. Au revoir, Mademoiselle Gautreau, et à bientôt, peut-être!

***Yves, your friend
from Ottawa***

sage comme ça!

Où qu'elle soit maintenant, j'espère qu'elle est dans un salon pour éventuellement accueillir Bill et les chiens. Et j'espère pouvoir y faire encore une visite. À travers mes années de recherche sur le baseball, quelques personnes n'ont pas voulu me rencontrer, tandis que d'autres ont été assez gentilles de m'aider à remplir ce qui me manquait.

Une chose est sûre, pour moi il n'y a eu qu'une seule Marjorie Gautreau-Allen. Je n'oublierai jamais son énergie et sa chaleur pour un étranger du Canada. Au revoir, Mademoiselle Gautreau, et à bientôt, peut-être!

***Yves, votre ami
d'Ottawa***

his chest. Al wasn't the only one to die in those mills but he was the only one that was my friend and classmate. We were both descended from French-Canadian immigrants drawn to the original mills. In 1964-1965 we both worked on machines for outfits that occupied former Goodall buildings while awaiting our fate with the Vietnam draft. I worked just around the corner from Al at Eastern Plastics Corp and his death left me wondering which was the greater threat to my life – war or factory work.

No one was prosecuted or punished for the death of Albert Glaude.

However, the powers-that-be wasted no time in charging three children with the Stenton mill fire. Two 13 and one 12-year old were charged with felony arson and confined at Long Creek juvenile prison. I find it profoundly disturbing that we still jail *(Continued on page 37)*

Requiem for Albert Glaude

Behind every great fortune lies a great crime.

--Honoree de Balzac

Ray Luc Levasseur

December/2017

Le Forum's summer/2017 issue published my short story, STONES. The story is autobiographical fiction. Truth is I was one of the boys depicted in the story and we did smash the windows of a dormant textile mill in the Springvale section of Sanford, Maine. As a 9 year old I felt abandoned mills were a curse on those of us who lived in their shadows. Sixty-one years later I still feel this way.

Shortly after STONES June publication, the real-life story of Sanford's aban-

doned mills continued to play out when the five-story, long idle, Stenton Trust Mill was torched and gutted to its miserable core. The building was initially owned and operated as part of the Goodall mill empire until the town was left punch-drunk by the termination of nearly 4,000 jobs in the early 1950's.

A spin-off of Goodall, Seamloc Carpet Company then occupied the building prior to Stenton. It was at Seamloc that 18 year old Albert Glaude was killed in 1965. Al was asphyxiated when a machine's rollers crushed

(Requiem for Albert Glaude continued from page 36)

children this age, be it for status (non-criminal) or criminal offenses. America's race to the top as the world's largest prison system employs the use of prisons and criminal justice mechanisms as a front-line response to social problems, from poverty and racism to mental illness and drug addiction.

Mill and factory owners in Sanford made big money. Albert Glaude, and others killed on the job were sacrificial lambs for profit. Waterways near the mill and factories were thoroughly polluted, as was the very ground these buildings stand on. (The EPA removed barrels of hazardous wastes from the Stenton mill site 7 years ago but there's plenty more there in the form of lead and asbestos). The labor force was squeezed to work more hours for less money. Work was often the tedious, mind-numbing sort (my job at Eastern Plastics most certainly was). And when Franco-Americans first broke into the workforce they suffered discrimination in job assignments and were the first to be laid off.

The Goodall mill owners are considered the patron saints of Sanford by some. I'm not one of them. I can't see how those who exploit others for profit, then abandon them, should be idolized. While Goodall continued to press workers for less wages and more productivity, i.e. more speed-up, investment bankers gained a foothold in the Goodall empire. And then came the union busting Burlington Industries which bought a controlling interest in Goodall. After assuring the people of Sanford that the Goodall mills would remain in Sanford, Burlington proceeded to strip those same mills of its newest and best machinery and sent it to its southern mills. That was the kiss of death that left almost 4,000 Sanford workers jobless.

There are not only lessons in this, there are crimes.

The charred hulk of the Stenton mill is a monument to what happens in the wake of misuse, abuse and abandonment. Prior to the fire the Stenton buildings (there are two) were riddled with smashed windows and attracted adventurous kids, skateboarding teens and anyone seeking temporary shelter from the elements. There are still many "French" in the neighborhoods surrounding the Stenton mill living in small apartment

buildings and single family homes as well as subsidized housing. Also in the shadow of Stenton is what's been called "ground zero of Sanford's heroin epidemic." If you've got a good arm you can throw a stone from ground zero and smash a Stenton window. Drug abuse is up in Sanford, along with foreclosures, joblessness and the high school drop out rate. Needless to say, the average household income is down.

Ain't the first time a Sanford neighborhood has got a bad rap. In 1971 the Sanford Tribune editorialized in favor of an urban renewal project referring to the neighborhood I grew up in as a "Hideous wasteland that lies between Main street and the river." So they obtained the funds and bulldozed much of the neighborhood. There's now an empty lot where I lived with my family. There's condos where a textile mill stood. Main street now looks like the homogenized main



drag in thousands of other urban renewals. But, hey, its got a Rite Aid.

After smoke cleared from the Stenton fire the town tried to identify and locate the current owner of the building. The task was like following the paper trail of a fugitive from justice. Every bank and other "institution" that once owned Stenton claimed no current connection to the property. The last owner of record was Gateway LLC whose chief executive was tracked to the gambling mecca of Reno, Nevada. He also denied any current connection to the Stenton mill. As a Limited Liability Company Gateway's members cannot be held personally liable for the companies debts and liabilities. That's a sweet arrangement that allows Gateway to walk away from removing the fire's debris and its toxic wastes. It also enables it to avoid paying \$157,521.72 in unpaid property taxes, any fees and interest attached to this debt, and any liens on the property. In other words – no accountability.

No surprise that Gateway was located in a gambling mecca because with its LLC protection in was running a Three-Card Monte con on the town of Sanford, where the dealer always wins and the conned always loses.

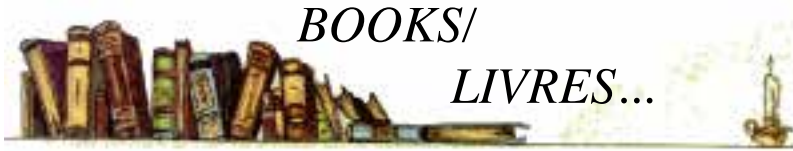
Meantime, the boys were being held fully accountable. They were released from prison on July 5 and placed under house arrest. At court appearances in October and November they admitted to "criminal mischief" for starting the Stenton fire. Each was sentenced to one year probation under very strict conditions. The felony arson charge was continued with the judge retaining authority to adjudicate the charge should he be dissatisfied with the boys conduct while on probation. Restitution was not part of the sentences because the boys families don't have the money.

Following the sentences the District Attorney (prosecutor) emphasized that the boys were being held "accountable" for their crime, and will be under "constant supervision." She also suggested that probation could also include involvement in the "restorative justice" process.

In theory, restorative justice looks to be an improvement over the current criminal justice system based on punishment and retribution. Restorative justice too emphasizes "accountability" but goes beyond punishment to address and repair the harm caused to individuals and community by a law breaker. The problem in this case is that if these boys are subjected to the restorative justice process as currently practiced they will be the only ones held accountable. Missing from the process would be the Goodall family, their surrogates, banks, financial investors, Seamloc, Stenton, Gateway LLC, and any other profit driven entity connected to the Stenton buildings that caused harm to individuals and community.

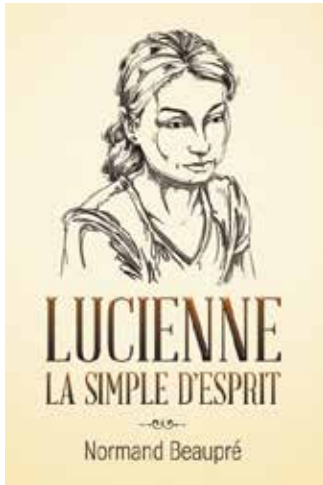
Indeed, to get at the real harm done by the aforementioned would require transformative justice which takes some restorative justice principles and infuses it with social justice. In a more just world we'd hold Goodall to Gateway accountable and squeeze them for reparations for the harm they've inflicted on others. Transformative justice might entail removing the statue of mill emperor Thomas Goodall from near the town square and replacing it with a
(Continued on page 38)

BOOKS/ LIVRES...



LUCIENNE LA SIMPLE D'ESPRIT

par Norman Beaupré



Voilà l'histoire de trois générations québécoises qui aboutit à l'émigration aux États-Unis en Nouvelle-Angleterre. Elle est tissée d'aventures et d'événements assez frappants pour susciter l'intérêt de ceux et celles qui jouissent des effets de la passion d'amour, de l'attachement à un héritage vibrant, du défi de l'émigration, du chagrin de la mort, en plus du bouleversement d'une jeune femme hantée par ses incapacités intellectuelles et qui est connue sous la l'appellation de Lucienne, la simple d'esprit.

Son histoire nous emmène au centre des filatures en Nouvelle-Angleterre où oeuvrent ces émigrés, souvent appelés les travailleurs de moulins. Cousue dans cette aventure est l'histoire de Célie et son amant algonquin, Timiskamengo, ainsi que l'histoire de Héloïse Lanouette Charbonneau, la

femme qui a du "casque" et de l'entrain. Sa fille, Lucienne, découvre, malgré ses limites intellectuelles dites d'arriérage, qu'elle a des dons de la guérisseuse. Lucienne devient la femme qui, en dépit de ses challenges, se voit femme entière et mûre dans une communauté en gestation façonnée d'émigrés de la descendance des colons pur-laine telle les Lanouette de Batiscan au Québec.

Plus qu'un roman, c'est une page de la réalité historique qui nous révèle les défis et les luttes, ainsi que les accomplissements et les succès d'un peuple d'émigrés qui devient à la longue les Franco-Américains.

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Language: French



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.

Norman R. Beaupré
14 Gertrude Avenue,
Biddeford, Maine 04005

Email: Norman@NRBeaupre.com
Website: <http://www.nrbeaupre.com>

https://www.amazon.com/Lucienne-Simple-DEsprit-Normand-Beaupre/dp/1641511613/ref=sr_1_2?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1513048219&sr=1-2

*(Requiem for Albert Glaude continued
from page 37)*

statue honoring Albert Glaude and all the men, women and children who labored in Sanford's mills.

Mill backwash continued into the 21st century when Tennford Weaving Company terminated its workforce of over 100, closed its doors and skedaddled south in 2001. One of those terminated was my mother. None who lost their jobs received their promised severance pay. Located in an old Goodall building, Tennford was a couple blocks from Stenton.

My uncle, a life-long resident of Sanford, told me a couple years ago that a good barometer of Sanford's economic health can be determined by watching the commuter traffic each morning from the town square. It's mostly outward bound towards the jobs that Sanford lacks.

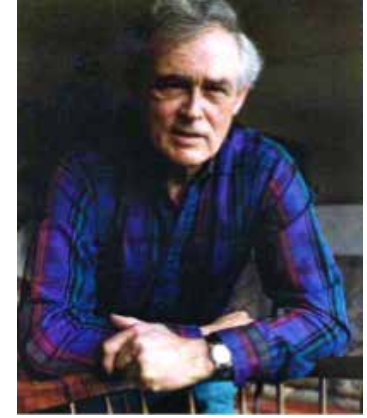
The story of Albert Glaude, abandonment, neglect, and the punishment of 12 and 13-year olds is not unique to Sanford. We see it in communities from West Virginia to Michigan. While every ethnic group, race and gender is impacted, the common denominator is class. It is workers who make

the greatest sacrifices and endure the most pain while the profit-makers continue to short-change us as they deflect any attempts to hold them accountable.

Sanford officials are already talking "redevelopment" of the Stenton mill property once they obtain funding and the debris and hazardous materials are removed. All it took to get them to do what should have been done decades before was 3 adventurous boys with a pack of matches. Perhaps the boys should receive a public service award rather than punishment and a criminal record.



BOOKS/ LIVRES...



L'intérieur du capot avant

Compilé par M. Trefflé Jacques Lessard.

Originaire d'une famille francophone, le français était la seule langue parlée dans notre maison. Tout le quartier ne parlait que le français aussi. J'ai assisté à une école paroissiale qui a enseigné les séances du matin en anglais et en français dans l'après-midi. En finissant la 8^e année, J'ai assisté à une école publique jusqu'à l'obtention du diplôme.

J'ai également recherché mon ancêtre qui a navigué de Chambois Normandie à la Nouvelle-France (maintenant appelé Québec) au début des années 1600.

Je me suis toujours demandé quand j'étais un jeune étudiant, combien de mots ont la même orthographe et les mêmes significations dans les deux langues. Cela m'a incité à rechercher des Cognates (Mots Apparentés) français-anglais communs.

Je suis étonné que tant de personnes anglais et de français ne réalisent pas ce potentiel. Cette liste d'anglophones est incroyablement longue. Si vous pensiez que l'apprentissage du vocabulaire français était difficile, commencez par cette liste et vous serez étonné.

Après avoir obtenu mon diplôme de l'école secondaire, je suis entré dans un apprentissage de machine-outil de quatre ans et je suis devenu certifié.

Sujet: Mots Apparentés

Dans notre langue Française - Anglaise il y a beaucoup de mots apparentés.

Ce livre aidera certainement les francophones parlant français à améliorer leur vocabulaire et leurs aptitudes à écrire. Les accents dictent seulement la prononciation.



For those among you who are not geographically aware that Maine borders the provinces of Québec and New Brunswick, whose heritage most of whom reverts to Normandy, France.

The states of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont all border this French Canadian province, Québec and consequently these three states now consist of 40% French descendants and from that, the state of Maine is 50%.

I have recently relocated to the capitol city of Augusta, Maine from Winslow, Maine. I am amazed that there are so many French descendants that are living in Augusta and also the governor is a French descendant.

This booklet that I am marketing is an excellent tool to augment and improve ones French language.

There are more than 3000 cognates in our French/English language. Here is an example.

J'ai aussi produit plusieurs livres français ayant des couvertures françaises et aussi les pages d'instructions. Si les élèves avaient une copie française de ce livre, ils seraient en mesure de cultiver et d'acquérir une meilleure récolte.

Note: If you choose to do group purchasing on a single purchase order, the cost will drop to \$15.00 each.

Études françaises, francophones et québécoises

Voici: Je réponds toujours aux gens qui me disent qu'ils ne connaissent pas la langue française et qu'ils connaissent déjà beaucoup de mots. J'explique que tous les mots anglais qui se terminent par un (tion) ou (sion) sont épelés et signifient exactement la même chose dans les deux langues et ils sont surpris.

Exemple: attention, admission, confusion, permission, fabrication, accélération, coordination, etc. etc. etc.

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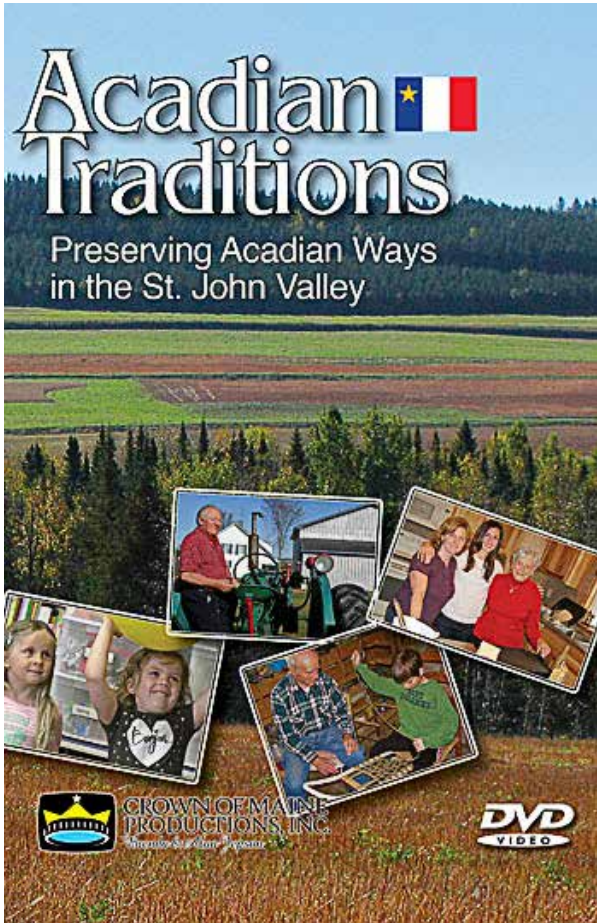
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See how the Acadian descendants tap the trees to make maple syrup off the grid, watch them make snowshoes – the only mode of travel in winter years ago; view the way pre-school children are taught French through songs and games, and see how buckwheat is harvested and turned into ployes. These and many other Acadian customs are featured.

They are filmed in the beautiful St. John Valley with its forests, fields and slow flowing river.

Running Time: 1 Hour.

Price: 19.95

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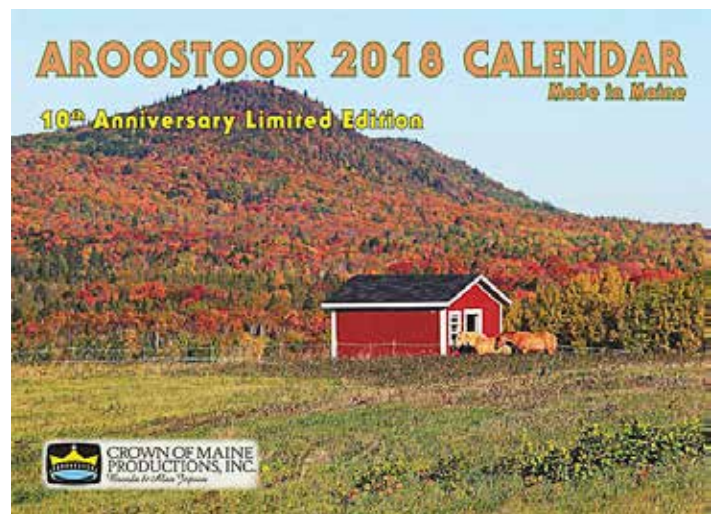
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Movie Review *Revue de film*

The Home Road, directed by Tonya Shevenell (Home Ice Productions, 2017)



Ray Shevenell on the road
(Photo used with permission)

On a cool, cloudy morning in May 2015, 74-year-old Ray Shevenell set out from Compton, Quebec, determined to reach Biddeford, Maine—some 200 miles away—on foot.

As Ray's daughter Tonya reminds us in a newly-released film, if the idea sounds absurd, it still wasn't quite original. In the spring of 1845, Israel Shevenell (1826-1912), Ray's great-great-grandfather, had himself made the trek from the Eastern Townships to southern Maine. Israel had been a young man with an idea; he became the first French Canadian in Biddeford. Ere long, he persuaded his parents and siblings to join him.

Tonya Shevenell's *The Home Road* chronicles Ray's journey over the course of thirteen days. It is a story that the filmmaker continually enriches with her father's past and with the aspirations of generations before him. Its challenges are rendered in

images from remote parts of New Hampshire and Maine. What secret self-doubt, we are left to wonder, might have animated Israel's mind in these wilds, while stubbornness forced him forward? The trials of the Ray's trek, even with modern conveniences, should elicit admiration but also temper our inclination to romanticize the old "pioneer days."

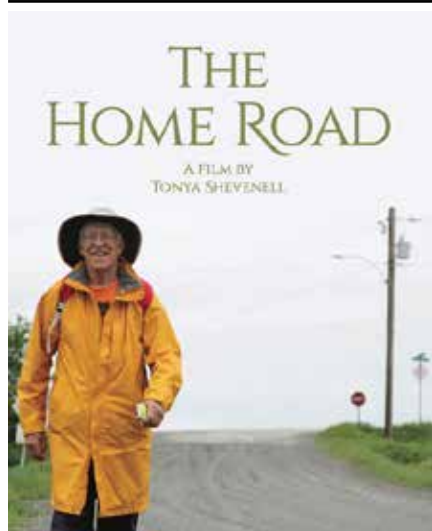
Beyond its cinematic qualities, as Tonya Shevenell's first production, *The Home Road* shines for its sincerity. It is a touching homage to family, an unadorned tale of adventure, and a statement about unexpected twists in the road—the ones Ray faced in his walk to Maine, but also the figurative bends that made this story possible. Appearances by Franco-American history writers James Myall and David Vermette add valuable context along the way. If questions linger at the end, it is not that the director fails to do justice to the past. Rather, more research

is needed on French-Canadian migration prior to the Civil War. How exceptional was Israel?

In a different sense, Ray and Tonya *are* exceptional and opportunities to view the film remain. Screening events were held last summer and fall; additional dates have been set for March and April. Encouraged by this first foray, the director expects to release a book on lessons drawn from the trek and has begun work on a second documentary, which highlights stories from Maine's past.

Information on the movie and the journey behind it is available on an accompanying website, <http://www.thehomeroad.com/>.

— **Patrick Lacroix**



THE HOME ROAD - DOCUMENTARY FILM

A 74-year-old Maine man retraces the journey of his pioneering, 19-year-old great-great-grandfather, who left his home in Canada in 1845.

The Home Road is inspired by the coming-of-age story of my great-great-grandfather, Israel Shevenell. I wish I could talk to the 19-year old who set out on foot April 1st, 1845, headed southeast from his home in Compton, Quebec; crossed the border; trudged through lingering winter snow in New Hampshire's White Mountains and deep mud in the Saco Valley; and arrived at his destination of Biddeford, Maine two weeks later. He earned \$8 a week as a brick maker in this booming coastal town; it was steady work and more money than he could make farming at home. He walked back to Quebec that fall and convinced his family to move to Biddeford with him. Israel became the city's first permanent French-Canadian settler; contributed to its growth and changed the course of Shevenell family history. In 2015, my father, Ray Shevenell, celebrated the 170th anniversary of this pioneering trek by retracing Israel's journey, walking the nearly 200 miles from Compton, Quebec to Biddeford, Maine.

This walk is the foundation for The Home Road documentary film. Layered over this adventure are narrations, interviews, archive photos and film, and stories; exploring the themes of migration, movement and "home".

All Home Ice Productions and Malibu Maine orders are personally fulfilled by Tonya or Matt, so please feel free to contact us or say hello at tonya@homeiceproductions.com or matt@homeiceproductions.com or call 207-400-0231.

Our mailing address is

Home Ice Productions
PO Box 10418
Portland, ME 04104.

<https://malibu-maine.myshopify.com>

POÉSIE/POETRY

Still Life

With Champagne and Wine Bottles

Daneault/ Leblanc/ Fournier relatives and Le Forum readers:
may your post-party moments be as joyous as mine. . .

Next-to-last guests linger by the steps
deaf to their friends' horns honking.
Voices plead "You, in the pickup.
Back out! Then, the clean-up crew
departs muttering: "So much left to do . . . "

But I, admiring the half-cleared space—
wadded cloths, bottles, plates all askew—
with camera in hand, seek the right shot.
What shall I leave? discard? arrange?

Musing, I place foie gras, and dips,
on a gaudy plate with crackers.
Something's lacking; I fill a flute
from a lingering champagne bottle.

Suddenly, a thought: The City of Lights—
with its artists, writers, musicians.
If the right film invites me, I'll go there tonight.
Let me see ... Voilà! **Midnight in Paris.**



*Sketch of Margaret Langford
by Ernie Hébert*

Dozing, I find myself in the past
partying with famous revelers.
While Eliot and Stein both peruse my verse,
Dali makes an odd sketch of my clutter.

Now, will we dine at Chez Maxim
where the blasé elite often gather?
Then, wind up our night at the Moulin Rouge
with Lautrec, La Goulue, and the cancan?

As we drink, eat, dance, and cavort,
my muse whispers she's very inspired.
When we sleep at last, we'll dream the still life—
proudly poised—awaiting its photo.

Margaret S. Langford

*(écrit après lecture du Forum, Vol. 39 #2, Sumer/été 2017, parution "le reportage
chez les Cannucks" m'a inspiré, voici une petite création spontanée)*

LE Clou d'Amerique

quand je suis né là-bas dans ma campagne, au bout des chemins creux,
dans une maison rude et simple, là où vivaient des gens heureux,
ma mère sur mon berceau s'est penchée, et dans ma main elle a glissé,
Un objet petit mais dur, aux angles arrondis, la pointe bien acérée.

C'était un petit clou, beau et fier et raide comme le bon droit François
Qui glissait entre mes doigts, mais qui en silence s'attachait fort à moi
Elle me dit mon enfant écoute ces mots et grave les à jamais dans ta mémoire
Car ce clou, est rempli de ta culture, de ton identité de tous tes liens et ton savoir.

Garde le sur ton cœur, tiens le bien au chaud l'hiver, partage avec lui tes bonheurs
Dis lui tes peines, dis lui tes espoirs, dis lui aussi tes rages, il est ton tuteur
fonce dans la vie, sans jamais le lâcher, et ton clou bien à toi, il te faut l'enfoncer
partout où tu iras, n'enfonce que le tien, oublies celui des autres, surtout des étrangers.

ET quand tu vieilliras, au soir de ton chemin, transmet le aux enfants qui mènent leur destin
dis leur que sans ce clou, leur vie, ne serait plus rien, qu'un tas de chimères, ou de machins
que leurs ancêtres français, fondateurs du pays, doivent par leurs gestes revivre en permanence
et qu'ainsi pur toujours aux soleil d'Amérique, une flamme Franco éclaire nos silences.

— **Michel Lacaux 17.07.17**

Québec

Ville de souvenirs
Tellement de rêves d'avenir
Ville d'Histoire
Tellement d'espoir

Si un jour je pouvais
Revoir ta splendeur d'autrefois
Revoir tes habitants
Avec leur courage ardent.

Gloire de nos ancêtres
Fierté de nos pères
Amour de leur Patrie
Et de leur Dieu bénit.

Ne perdons pas leur foi
Soyons fidèle à leur loi
Cultivons notre Héritage
Faisons le Pèlerinage.

— **Adrienne
Pelletier LePage**

Recipes/Recettes

(N.D.L.R. since the Spring issue of *Le Forum* will be out after Mardi Gras, I thought of printing this recipe in this issue.)

King Cake with Cream Cheese Cinnamon Filling

Submitted by Danielle Laliberte Beaupré

- 2 - 8 oz. cans of reduced fat crescent rolls
- 4 oz. reduced fat cream cheese
- 2 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1/3 cup light brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon round cinnamon

Preheat oven to 350°F. Coat a 10" round pizza pan with nonstick cooking spray. Separate crescent rolls at perforations into 16 slices. Place slices around prepared pan with points in the center.

About halfway down from the points, press seams of individual rolls together to form a joined circle of rolls. In a mixing bowl, beat cream cheese, confectioner's sugar and vanilla until creamy. Spread on dough in the center where seams have been pressed together.

In another small bowl, combine batter, brown sugar, and cinnamon mix with a fork until crumbly. Sprinkle over cream cheese. Fold dough points over filling, then fold bottom of triangle over points, forming a circular roll like a king cake. The filling should be completely covered by the crescent rolls at this point.

Bake for about 20-25 minutes or until golden brown. Cool slightly and drizzle with colored Mardi Gras Icing.



Mardi Gras Icing

- 1 cup confectioner's sugar
- 1-2 tablespoons skim milk
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
- yellow, green, red and blue food coloring

In a small bowl, combine all ingredients except food coloring. Divide mixture into 3 bowls. In first bowl, add a few drops of yellow food coloring. In second bowl add a few drops of green food coloring. In third bowl add equal drops of red and blue food coloring to create a purple. Drizzle over baked cake.

History of King Cakes

Epiphany, celebrated in European countries, marks the coming of the wise men who brought gifts to the Christ Child. Epiphany is also called Little Christmas on the Twelfth Night, and is celebrated twelve nights after Christmas. People from all of the world celebrate Epiphany by exchanging gifts and feasting. A very popular custom that is still celebrated is the making of the "King's Cake" which represents the three kings who brought gifts. A plastic baby is baked inside the King Cake, and the tradition is whoever receives the baby in their piece of cake must buy the next King Cake or throw the next party. King Cakes are made of a cinnamon filled dough in the shape of a hollow circle. The cake is topped with a delicious glazed topping and then sprinkled with colored sugar. The three colors of the sugar are Purple (representing Justice), Green (representing Faith) and Gold (representing Power). Today the King Cakes are baked with a wide assortment of fillings inside the cake. King Cake is the preferred

dessert and snack in New Orleans during Mardi Gras. Hundreds of thousands of King Cakes are eaten in New Orleans during the Carnival season.

Many are shipped throughout the U.S. for those displaced New Orleanians longing for a taste of Mardi Gras. In fact, a Mardi Gras party wouldn't be a Mardi Gras party without a King Cake.

You might be wondering, "Why on earth would a plastic baby be inside of a cake?" Well, the baking of King Cakes is a tradition in New Orleans that begins on King's Day, at the start of the Mardi Gras season. A tiny baby, just like the ones you see here, is baked into the cake. The person whose piece of cake contains the baby furnishes the King Cake for the next party (which are usually held once a week on Sundays until Fat Tuesday.) However, when celebrating Mardi Gras out of town, most people regard the person who 'got the baby' as the King or Queen of the party being held. Either way, it is a tasty way to spend an afternoon, and we promise you'll love it, too! A new idea that has recently

grown in popularity at children's parties is to serve cupcakes decorated like regular kingcakes and put a baby in each one. That way, every child will experience the thrill of finding the baby!



*Mardi Gras
Feb. 13, 2018*



Coin des jeunes...

Douce nuit

Douce nuit, sainte nuit!
Dans les cieux ! L'astre luit.
Le mystère annoncé s'accomplit
Cet enfant sur la paille endormi,
C'est l'amour infini!
C'est l'amour infini!

Saint enfant, doux agneau!
Qu'il est grand! Qu'il est beau!
Entendez résonner les pipeaux
Des bergers conduisant leurs troupeaux
Vers son humble berceau!
Vers son humble berceau

C'est vers nous qu'il accourt,
En un don sans retour!
De ce monde ignorant de l'amour,
Où commence aujourd'hui son séjour,
Qu'il soit Roi pour toujours!
Qu'il soit Roi pour toujours!



Silent Night

Silent night, holy night!
All is calm, all is bright.
Round yon Virgin, Mother and Child.
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace

Silent night, holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar
Heavenly hosts sing Alleluia,
Christ the Savior is born!
Christ the Savior is born

Silent night, holy night!
Son of God love's pure light.
Radiant beams from Thy holy face
With dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth
Jesus Lord, at Thy birth



Une menterie historique!

DECEMBER 12, 2017

par Robert Bérubé



Lorsque j'étais très jeune nous faisions une distinction entre une menterie et un mensonge. Un mensonge c'était le mot utilisé par et pour les religieuses lorsque quelqu'un ne disait pas la vérité et une menterie c'était la parole utilisée pour toutes les autres personnes. Si on ajoutait le qualificatif de grosse, petite, maudite, ou de (insérer un sacre) de menterie cela augmentait ou diminuait la sévérité du vocable. Aujourd'hui, je veux corriger une menterie historique!

Dans son dictionnaire généalogique et dans "À travers les registres", en 1886, Cyprien Tanguay raconte une histoire au sujet d'une Jeanne Baillargeon et ce raconter a été répété par plusieurs. Certains l'ont transformé, il y en a d'autres qui se disputent car il y a deux jeunes femmes nommées Jeanne Baillargeon qui sont nées dans la même période de temps.

Les deux Jeanne Baillargeon sont mes ancêtres donc, je vous parle d'elles aujourd'hui.

En citant Marie de l'Incarnation, Tanguay raconte que les Iroquois avaient massacré plusieurs familles françaises et ils avaient capturé plusieurs prisonniers y compris une jeune fille âgée d'environ neuf ans qu'il nomme Jeanne Baillargeon. La citation de Tanguay est rattachée à Jeanne Baillargeon fille de Jean Baillargeon et de Marguerite Guillebourday dans son dictionnaire. Dans "À travers les registres", il note "qu'elle avait été enlevée en 1655, et était âgée de quatre ans seulement". Ce qui veut dire que la prisonnière est née en 1651. Plusieurs personnes disent que Tanguay s'est trompé et que la Jeanne Baillargeon de l'histoire est la fille de Mathurin Baillargeon et de Marie Métayer.

Tanguay continue son récit en affir-

mant que la jeune prisonnière s'était adaptée à la culture et à la vie des Haudenosaunee (Iroquois). Quelques années plus tard, selon Marie de l'Incarnation, Monsieur de Tracy avait obtenu le retour de prisonniers français. Marie Guyart, (Marie de l'Incarnation) avait rédigé le suivant: (selon Tanguay)

« Elle fut emmenée dans leur pays où elle demeura près de neuf ans ! Elle se plût tellement aux coutumes de ces sauvages qu'elle était résolue de passer avec eux le reste de sa vie. M. de Tracy ayant obligé cette nation à rendre tous les Français qu'ils tenaient captifs, elle se retira dans les bois de crainte de retourner en son pays. Lorsqu'elle se croyait en assurance, une religieuse lui apparût et la menaça de la châtier si elle ne retournait pas avec les Français. La crainte la fit sortir du bois et se joindre aux autres captifs que l'on mettait en liberté. À son retour, M. de Tracy lui donna cinquante écus pour se marier ; mais il voulut qu'elle fût premièrement mise aux Ursulines pour reprendre l'esprit du christianisme, qui s'était fort affaibli parmi les Iroquois. Quand elle vit le tableau de la mère Marie de Saint-Joseph, elle s'écria : Ah, c'est celle-là qui m'a parlé, et elle avait le même habit. »

Donc, si elle a été prisonnière pendant neuf ans, elle aurait été âgée de 13 ans à son retour si nous utilisons les données de Tanguay. (1668-1670)

Il faut admettre que cette histoire est extraordinaire et que pour des croyants fervents, il est très intéressant d'avoir un miracle qui figure dans l'arbre généalogique. Ce qui expliquerait en partie pourquoi certaines familles Baillargeon se sont disputées dans le passé afin que leur Jeanne soit la source de la vision.

Même si aujourd'hui certains pensent que les récits de Marie de l'Incarnation figurent plutôt dans l'imaginaire et le fantastique, il faut comprendre qu'à ce temps et même dans un passé assez rapproché les gens croyaient beaucoup à ces manifestations. Les livres d'histoire sont remplis d'événements légendaires hors du commun ayant comme fonction la moralité et le catholicisme. Même si les faits sont inexacts ce qui comptait c'était la piété et la foi!

Donc, voici une courte biographie de nos deux Jeanne Baillargeon: (A) et (B)

Jeanne Baillargeon (A)

Jeanne Baillargeon fille de Jean Baillargeon et de **Marguerite Guillebourday** est née le 4 mai 1651. Elle a été baptisée le 7 mai 1651 à Québec. Le 28 novembre 1664, elle épousa **Jean Labrecque** fils de **Jacques Labrecque** et de **Jeanne Baron**, à Château-Richer. Jean est né le 30 août 1634 à Saint-Jacques de Dieppe. Jean est décédé le 31 juillet 1673 à Tadoussac. Il s'était noyé à Chicoutimi. Jeanne trouva Pierre Brulon comme conjoint en deuxième noces, le 1 novembre 1674 à Sainte-Famille de l'Île d'Orléans. Pierre décéda le 8 janvier 1678, et elle devient l'épouse d'Antoine Mondain, le 3 février 1681 à Saint-Laurent de l'Île d'Orléans. Antoine est décédé le 16 octobre 1707 et Jeanne est décédée le 19 août 1729 et elle a été enterrée le lendemain, à Québec.



Jeanne (A) Baillargeon et Jean Labrecque sont parents des enfants suivants:

Nom	Naissance	Mariage	Décès	Conjoint(e)
Jacques	12 août 1667 Québec	16 novembre 1693 Saint-Laurent I.O.	23 novembre 1749 Saint-Laurent I.O.	Marguerite Paquet Lavallée
Marguerite	1669	26 février 1691 Saint-Pierre I.O.	19 octobre 1748 Saint-Laurent I.O.	Antoine Godbout
Françoise	8 juin 1673 Sainte-Famille I.O.	10 juillet 1736 Saint-Pierre I.O.	27 décembre 1736 Saint-Laurent I.O.	François Gosselin

(suite page 46)

Jeanne Baillargeon fille de **Mathurin Baillargeon** et de **Marie Métayer** est née et a été baptisée le 5 novembre 1654 à Trois-Rivières. Le 16 juin 1669, elle épousa **Paul Hus**, au Cap-de-la-Madeleine. Paul est le fils de Léonard Hus et de Marguerite Lefan et il est né le 16 février 1645 à Petite Couronne Montigny, Rouen. Jeanne (B) est décédée le 19 août 1733 et elle a été enterrée le lendemain à Sorel. Paul Hus est décédé le 20 mars 1734 à Sorel.

Jeanne Baillargeon et Paul Hus sont parents des enfants suivants:

Jeanne (A) Baillargeon et Pierre Brulon sont parents des enfants suivants:

Nom	Naissance	Mariage	Décès	Conjoint(e)
Antoine	14 octobre 1675 Sainte-Famille I.O.		6 juin 1697 Québec	
Catherine	4 juin 1678 Sainte-Famille I.O.	9 février 1699 Saint-Pierre I.O.	19 juin 1706 Saint-Laurent I.O.	François Noël

Jeanne (A) Baillargeon et Antoine Mondain sont parents des enfants suivants:

Nom	Naissance	Mariage	Décès	Conjoint(e)
Louise	30 novembre 1681 Saint-Laurent I.O.		27 août 1686 Saint-Pierre I.O.	
Geneviève	19 mars 1684 Saint-Laurent I.O.	5 avril 1709 Québec	1 juin 1723 Montréal	Pierre Payment Larivière
Pierre	24 avril 1686 Saint-Pierre I.O.	9 janvier 1710 Québec	15 décembre 1717 Québec	Gabrielle Devin
Jean	10 août 1688 Saint-Pierre I.O.		15 août 1704 Québec	
Claude	15 août 1691 Saint-Pierre I.O.			
Charlotte	5 février 1695 Saint-Pierre I.O.	8 janvier 1714 Québec	17 décembre 1763 Québec	Pierre Dierce Beaulieu
Charlotte	5 février 1695 Saint-Pierre I.O.	8 janvier 1714 Québec	17 décembre 1763 Québec	Pierre Dierce Beaulieu
Anonyme	15 septembre 1697 Saint-Pierre I.O.		15 septembre 1697 Saint-Pierre I.O.	
Michel	21 avril 1699 Saint-Pierre I.O.		23 janvier 1750 Saint-Roch-des-Aulnaies	



Donc, laquelle des deux Jeanne Baillargeon est l'observatrice du phantasme? La réponse est aucune d'entre elles.

Il existe un autre document qui raconte cette histoire et c'est le livre: "Les Ursulines de Québec" aux Editions Darveau (1863).

Dans la section intitulée "Deux captives ramenées des cinq-cantons par le Marquis de Tracy—Iroquoises aux Ursulines" nous apprenons l'histoire de deux jeunes filles françaises qui avaient été enlevées lors de leur enfance et qu'elles avaient été ramenées avec un grand nombre de prisonniers de guerre. Elles avaient été rachetées et ramenées au pays par le Marquis de Tracy qui les fit entrer au pensionnat. Elles avaient vécu dans le territoire Iroquois aujourd'hui dans l'État de New York. Les renseignements suivants ont été repérés par les religieuses: "Le 28 mai 1666, sont entrées Marie M. Bourgery, âgée de quinze ans, et Anne Baillargeon, âgée de dix-huit ans, qui avaient été prises par les Iroquois et ramenées au pays par nos troupes..."

Les auteurs répètent l'histoire de la jeune Baillargeon y compris l'histoire de l'apparition.

Donc, les deux Jeanne Baillargeon ne sont pas les garantes de la manifestation. Cependant, Anne Baillargeon est la soeur d'une des Jeanne. Anne est la fille de Mathurin Baillargeon et de Marie Métayer. Elle n'est pas notre ancêtre. Anne Baillargeon est née le 19 novembre 1651, à Trois-Rivières. Elle épousa Jean Bolton (Polton) vers 1667?, au Cap-de-la-Madeleine. Elle épousa Jacques Duguay en secondes noces, le 29 avril 1709, à Trois-Rivières. Elle est décédée le 8 mars 1722 à Trois-Rivières. Il semblerait qu'Anne n'a pas eu d'enfants.

(suite page 47)

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

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.

DAIGLE (Deag*)

FAMILY #1

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.

53C	Edouard	14 Nov	1917	Emilia Soucy	Lille (Grand-Isle)	53F
53D	Laura	13 Jun	1910	Donat Bossé	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Joséphine	19 Jan	1914	Wilfrid Letendre	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Thomas	29 Jun	1920	Bernadette-Ange Beaudoin	Augusta(St.Aug.)	53G
	Odile	07 May	1923	Jules-J. Jolicoeur	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Euchariste-J.	08 Mar	1924	M.-Clémentine Lessard	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Lucie	01 Jun	1925	Napoléon-E. Poulin	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
53E	Olivine	05 Oct	1918	Wilfrid Letendre (widower of Joséphine Daigle)	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
53F	Élise-M.	07 Oct	1942	Conrad Rivard	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
53G	Lionel-Viateur	15 May	1944	Jeanne'd'Arc Arbour	Augusta(St.Aug.)	53H
	Lucille-M.	19 Apr	1950	Paul-Émile Bilodeau	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
53H	Arlene	13 Jul	1963	Gary-N., Towle	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	Dolores	1m.15 Apr	1967	Charles-E. Harriman	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
	"2m.	11 Dec	1970	Ronald Pushard	Augusta(civil)	
	"rev.	11 Sep	1971	" "	Augusta(St.Aug.)	
61A	George	28 Nov	1946	Ida Simard	Lewiston(HC)	
74A	Denis	01 Aug	1908	Amanda Bouchard	Wallagrass 74B	
74B	Arthur	02 Apr	1934	Rose-Emma Moreau	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Paul	27 Jun	1936	Armande Bisaillon	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
	Réginald	19 Apr	1947	Annette Grégoire	Biddeford(St.Jos.)	
75A	David	12 Apr	1920	Laura Lajoie	Van Buren 75B	
	Hippolite-Simon	27 Jun	1921	Willina Hébert	Frenchville 75C	
75B	Joseph-L.	04 Jun	1945	Lucie Michaud	Lewiston(SPP)	
75C	Alda	01 Jul	1948	Glorio Marchand	Lewiston(HC)	
85A	Rose-Délina	28 Nov	1942	Sylvio-J. Morin	Lewiston(St.Mary)	
88A	Rita	23 Dec	1935	Wilfrid Tardif	Lewiston(SPP)	
96A	Cletus	19 20 May	1908	Éva Bernier, 20	Fitchburg, MA	96B
	(b.1889 Fitchburg, MA)			(b.Holyoke, MA)(Louis Bernier & Atta Allard)		
96B	Arthur-James	28 Dec	1935	Éva-M. Leblanc	Madison(St.Seb.)	96C
	"	2m.24 Nov	1938	Phyllis-Eliz. Martin	Skowhegan(NDL)	
	Lester	10 May	1941	Jeannette Morrow	Madison(St.Seb.)	96D
	Lorraine	13 Aug	1945	Gérald Bearor(Bérard)	Madison(St.Seb.)	
	Harrison	26 Jun	1947	Theresa Bearor(Bérard)	Madison(St.Seb.)	96E
96C	Jacqueline-R.	07 Jul	1956	Norman Cowan	Madison(St.Seb.)	
96D	Rowena-Ann	03 Sep	1960	Lawrence Leclair	Madison(St.Seb.)	
	Gloria-Francis	21 Aug	1965	David-Walter Johnson	Madison(St.Seb.)	
96E	Susan-M.	29 Jun	1968	Paul-R. Friend	Madison(St.Seb.)	

(Une menterie historique! suite de page 46)

Voici les descendants de mes deux Jeanne jusqu'à moi.

Jeanne (A): fille de Jean Baillargeon et de Marguerite Guillebourday	Jeanne (B) fille de Mathurin Baillargeon et de Marie Métayer
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Francoise Labrecque

Louis Hus

Genviève Gosselin

Marie Anne Hus

Jacques 3 Bouffard

Joseph François Baribeau

Madeleine Bouffard

Madeleine Baribeau

Élisabeth Gaudette

Marguerite Bélanger

Joseph Chenette

Antoine Paquin

Fernande Marion

Joseph Paquin

Thomas Marion

Olive Paquin

Huguette Marion

Lucienda Fréchette

Robert Bérubé

Eugène Bérubé

Robert Bérubé



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THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

MISSION

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

LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

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

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

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

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

OBJECTIFS:

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