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## Le Forum, Vol. 40 No. 2

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# *Le* FORUM



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

VOLUME 40, #2

SUMMER/ÉTÉ 2018



*Photo by: Jeanne Deschaine Theriault*

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other pertinent websites to check out -

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[http://www.johnfishersr.net/french\\_in\\_america\\_calendar.html](http://www.johnfishersr.net/french_in_america_calendar.html)

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

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## Lettres/ Letters

### To Le Forum:

Of the contributions featured, papers and other material in this expansive issue, Vol. 40 #1, I was particularly interested in the work of Jim Bishop. His Bio, noted that the piece first appeared in the Puckbrush Review, edited at the time by a great lady, Constance Hunting she had encouraged me to write poetry by publishing a few of my poems.

I also enjoyed Grégoire Chabot's piece, "R'garde moué donc ça" because I know the patois. In addition, I'm familiar with "Chabot," the name. I had an aunt name Eugénie, my mother's oldest sister [that I knew of at the time, there were more sisters than I knew of], a Coutu married to Adélard Chabot, and their children were named: Paul Chabot, Gabriel Chabot, Rita Chabot, Muriel Chabot, and Henri. Some of my stories include them.

Finally, the fine pieces by Professor Norman Beaupré that I think originally appeared in one or more of the Biddeford, Maine, weekly newspapers, once upon a time, already, long ago, were of great interest then. I got to read a few of the serialized pieces, in French, alternately in English. My sister, Thérèse Collard, deceased, had mailed them to me along with the obit clippings of people that I had known, growing up.

Still of great interest to me is that Professor Beaupré says in his bio that he graduated from Lewiston's Saint Dom High School having been, at the time, a novice attending the Winthrop Novitiate of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart in Winthrop, Maine. I read that his birth date Year is 1930. Mine is 1931. It happens that I was at the Winthrop novitiate at or about the time and that young Beaupré was there. I surmised that we might have attended within the same time period since we went to the same grammar school and probably sat at neighboring desks in elementary school.

I did not know that Norman from Biddeford was in my class because, as I remember, "a calling" was something very special, and I would not have known

any other from my class who might have responded. I just find it interesting that if we were there at the novitiate, at the same time, we did not know it because we did not know each other. Go figure. God works in mysterious ways. But we had to have had similar experiences because I cannot recall anyone else's name, there, on the farm at the top of the hill, at the same time that I was there.

I once tried to learn more about Monsieur Beaupré, having read that we had attended the same elementary school within the same time frame in Biddeford. Perhaps, he never read my e-mail and replied as he might have to the congratulatory messages he received for his pieces in the Biddeford press. I just wonder if we might have encountered each other, or if that he simply made a mistake in marking his birthdate. But, it is more likely that he arrived after I did, and he is not older than I, but, possibly, younger.

*Gérard Coulombe,  
Fairfield, CT  
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May 21, 2018

To: Governor LePage  
the Hon. Senator Angus King  
the Hon. Senator Susan Collins  
the Hon. Representative Bruce Poliquin  
the Hon. Rep. John Martin  
the Hon. Rep. Troy Jackson  
Lisa Michaud, ed., Le FORUM  
David Le Gallant, ed., Veritas Acadie  
Assn. Française

Re: Institutional Racism (Rape)

From: Roger Paradis



Last Sunday, May 20, 2018, and on Monday, May 21, 2018, I picketed at the University of Maine at Fort Kent (UMFK) against the University of Maine System Board of Trustees (UMSBT).

On May 21-22, 2017 when the UMS BT met at the University of Maine at Presque (UMPI), it endorsed a "Plan" proposed by UMPI to transfer, actually confiscate, the Elementary and the Secondary Education Programs at UMFK, to the Presque Isle institution. Without those foundation programs, UMFK cannot long survive. Already UMPI is muscling in on UMFK's highly successful BSN program. Aroostook County does not have the population to sustain two schools of nursing. Draw your own conclusion. I was informed by the Admissions Officer, some three weeks ago, that even the French program was on the chopping block. I rushed over to inform the young lady that, back in 1969 when the enrollment was half what it is now, UMFK had over fifty French majors and as many minors. The product will sell, but it requires informed, creative and positive promotion. The current exploitation and discrimination against UMFK and the St. John Valley is part of a grand design reaching back a score and more years.

The Acadians of la Vallée-du-Haut-Saint-Jean will no longer be treated like reservation Indians. The exploitation and discrimination must cease, and programs restored.

I have actively researched the current crisis since September last. I was writing a monograph on the Acadian Holocaust when I was persuaded to research the contemptible prejudice against UMFK and the people of the Valley. I pine for the quiet and private life that once was mine. I have no desire to embarrass the UMS BT, or to discomfit anybody or campus in the System. However, I beg you to believe me when I say that this recurring torment must cease and the wrong corrected.

Meanwhile, I am Roger Paradis, a retired history and folklore professor of UMFK, who resides at 835 Frenchville Rd., Fort Kent, Maine.

*(More letters on page 37)*



# All Too Clever To Rush Ahead of An Idea

*From: a Memoir, Leaving Maine\**

*By*

*G rard Coulombe*

*Born: Biddeford, 1931*

There were times when all of which follows had been pulled together all too cleverly in one topic sentence. I predictably rushed ahead as the idea developed far ahead of my ability to send my fingers flying so expertly to hit the computer keys. The result worked well while the mind stayed on task, but a quirk that caused a finger to hit delete provided a blank page without possibility in the confusion of what happened to be able to retrieve the opening paragraph of this paper which, here, starts all over again, and not as cleverly as did the original.

When I was a child, I knew that I could hold my pee for a time longer than urgency telegraphed the brain. In a house serving two parents, and three children, the oldest being me, I could “hold it in” as Mom used to ask me to do when we were walking home from the market as most people in our part of town [Biddeford: 1930’s] did.

At an early age, I was already familiar with all of the following: shame, embarrassment, fear, confusion, sadness, and anger. I attribute this to the talks my mother gave me while she had me on her knees to console or to teach.

Out of diapers, and into white cotton underpants, I was often required to hold it. As my mother said, as we walked home, “Can you hold it?” Of course, I could. What was I going to tell her? But there were times with or without my mother; my father worked the day and night shift, when I walked curiously to keep myself from peeing my pants. Running would sometime help, but only for a sprint. Hiding behind an elm never worked for the long distance. If one were far enough ahead, who cared? Mother could not see me. An elm tree trunk would do. And there were many elms lining the streets; any of those worked fine. I had buttoned up before she got to me. “I was resting.” I would say, as I picked up my cloth bags full of groceries. Had I asked Mother what to do, “She would have said, “Quick, G rard, find a tree and pee.” We only spoke French at the time, so I don’t know what it was she said that might have

sounded like her.

At home, as children, we all experienced shame; I was most embarrassed by recurrent constipation; I was most afraid, confused, saddened and the angriest when I could not get out of a jam and allowed that I had to walk through the only unlocked door to the house by walking through the shed and, upon passing through the back door, to suffer the slam of the broom on my backside when my mother stepped out from behind the door and swung the broom in a way to connect with my behind, for she felt she could land a solid blow upon my backside.

Allow me to dwell on “shame” for a while longer. The first floor of our flat had a room with a toilet, no bathtub or sink. A window over the kitchen sink opened to provide ventilation.

What embarrassed me the most was having to wait my turn, particularly in the morning when I got up, or at any time of the day when a member of the family had slipped in to do what had to be done. What I hated most was having to wait outside the door, better for a chance to squeeze by the one exiting to get to sit on the throne safely to make a clean dump. Otherwise, having to hold it was as good an opportunity for penance than any “Our Father who art in Heaven.”

It was not so much the fear of my peeing my pants as the fear of being caught with my corduroy knickers and blackening white underpants on. Had I been wiser, living on the first floor as we did had the advantage of allowing one to run out the back door to pee against the road bank climbing uphill behind the house. I thought of it, but stuck to the hit or miss routine of being first at the opened toilet door.

Embarrassment came later, when I was in high school, for I hated what fat too many of my classmates did which was to talk out of turn to embarrass our teacher who was well trained in the French classics and had us read from their works in class. We had a French Lit text, which included many excerpts from many French men and women

of letters. I recall reading Th ophile Gautier and Madame de S vign  for that class.

Frankly, I didn’t know at the time what it was about an all boys’ class that nearly all of them to spend most of their class time trying to embarrass the teacher. It succeeded all too often which caused him to stop teaching and to take up his preparation for another class. It was still a time when there was little respect for proper education in our town’s only Catholic high school. The distractors made the state of education dissolute.

There are many instances when as a child you encounter fear. There is always a bully around who experience a thrill whenever he knows that he is a victor if he can impose his will upon you with a threat or a blow to the body. It was at the time part of our training when in basic training. We were subjected to the brutal punishment of a drill sergeant and the equally brutal disparagement of another. That kind of pincer movement could get the victim a dishonorable discharge. Your good luck was the ability to survive the pain and shame.

My confusion over my vocation evaporated after I left the novitiate. Having been brought up within the Franco Canadian/American culture in which people had little choice but to offer thanks and prayer to God whose wisdom provided for your vocation, meaning, what you would become in life, it grew evidently clear if one’s eyes could be opened to the possibilities offered to all if only they would follow the helpful tracks of good education, financial standing, and helpful guidance that one could very well be anything one wanted. The only advantage one needed were parents financially advantaged so that they most likely owned or inherited their homes, had sufficient money in the bank to grow in wealth, buy their children the education that will advance their standing in business, wealth, education, professional occupation and preeminent standing in the community. Lacking any of those, the ladder that would have provided advancement was unavailable to them.

I had been lucky, even at an early age, to be provided the ability to climb the professional ladder of the advantaged religious as a priest or religious. Having failed due to illness and reconsideration of my goals for my age. Advanced schooling even with a high school education was to me, at least, obviously unavailable. Even if you, with hard work, managed to graduate from high school, without financial support from one’s  
*(Continued on page 5)*

*(All Too Clever To Rush Ahead of An Idea continued from page 4)*

parents and a lot of risk for them giving they had nothing to start with other than the pay check that permitted their living from week to week without managing to save for extras, your goal, realized, far too early in life, was to join them in the textile mills. All of my early playmates did that. And none of my future wife's graduating classmates went to college. The lucky two included the one who became an airline stewardess, and the perennial dancer in her youth who joined the Radio City Corps the Ballet. Me, I made a decision. I would leave town by enlisting in the military. Having failed that, I would have been drafted for the Korean War. The latter was a salvation for those who survived and used the G.I. Bill to further their education. One became a professor of history at San Francisco State.

Sadness and anger are left on my list of "when I was most" this or that. Sadness is a tough one. And so is anger. Perhaps I was most angry when I missed attending my maternal grandfather's funeral. I was there when his wife, my grandmother, died. That was quite a story to internalize when I was so

young, but, still, at the foot of her bed, on my knees, my hands clasped in earnest prayer for her immortal soul, I felt myself easing my way closer to her head, I slid sideways, my hands clasped in prayer, with one knee at a time joining the other, moving toward the whole of her head where I would be able to see all of her face and be witness to the pace of her dying. The meaning of good and bad death had been so ingrained into our heads at that early age, that I had images, one hopeful the other doubtful—angelic and devilish at the same time.

The anger over this reappeared when I totally missed my grandfather's passing. Although I was present for his funeral, I do not recall how I managed to attend her funeral and not his. Maybe I was away at school when he died and, therefore, older. That became a story in my life that left me puzzled over many years, and probably helped along with my mother's antagonism toward her sister, ingrained in my beliefs about her, that it all became related to my dislike for her, even sinfully, hatefully permitted me to dwell upon her visage in the form of gargoyles, not any specific one—out of her mouth poured not rainwater but venom. She

is dead. I do not wish that she know this. My mom is dead, too, so the two of them might have had an encounter by now with a chance to discuss together what I was thinking then. My mother might have known.

Yes, I was sad when my mom, dad, sister, brother-in-law died and some of my students passed over the years. Sadness as expressed by the tears shed, does not occur so readily now that someone I know passes or that someone else I know very well is soon to pass because, I too will pass, soon enough. For all the years that I will have managed to live a little bit longer, I do not forget all of the other relatives, some by their histories, some by their obituaries that might fill a roadside cemetery of size were they all drawn together by someone's foresight. There's a trend among some, to let them be buried where they fall instead of bringing them all back to a plot all their own to gather, once more.

Sorry, I have not attempted a family tree, never mind a forest of sibling trees, for that matter, and so I leave this story by hitting "save" for any of my own children interested in reading this summary of grandpa's thinking.

## Saint Louis High School class of 1950 by *Gérard Coulombe*

\*This Saint Louis High School class of 1950 photo represents half the number of graduates from the graduating class. The other half has to have had a photo of its own which has never been part of my collection for some reason, almost, as if the other half never existed.

By my count at least seven of those pictured are dead. I do not know about the others. Of those pictured, I know one well. He is Ernest Farley, pictured first at left in the front row. I last saw Farley at Roger Légaré's funeral in Fairfield. Roger is seen standing, first, at left between Farley and Reny. The first of the class to have passed is named Maurice Coté, next to last classmate at right, first row.

Missing from this photo, as are others, of course, is Richard, "Dick" Du-tremble, well known in high school for his prowess in sports and well known in life in Maine for his service to the State. Another famous Saint Louis Alumna is Richard, "Dick" Potvin who also made a name for

himself as an outstanding Maine celebrity who had long ago started making a name for himself along with his older brother Al



for their "entrepreneurship" along the Old Orchard Beach front when they were both very young.

I knew Potvin and Légaré better than most in my school. I started first grade by walking with Roger [known as Albert in the military] because we were made to

walk to school together on our first day and thereafter. Potvin, I knew because his mother and mine were close friends and we always accompanied our mom to their home to what was then the country on South Street, which was not that far to the nearby swimming hole along the log booms on the Saco Rive. Getting there required a walk through what was then the town dump, smelly though it was, the river swimming hole was carved out of the booms containing the logs floating behind them awaiting their turn to be hauled up the cradle lift to the saw mill on the river's banks beyond our clear view of the river of an iron train trestle and the drawing split waterfalls beyond the Route One overpass of Saco Island.



# Mémoires en Maison

par Gérard Coulombe

Quand j'avais quatre ans, un enfant écarté dans le gros monde, mon grandpère Coutu, le père de ma mère, m'avais garder en maison avec lui parce qu'il était mon ami, un homme gentils qui aimais d'être en cour de mois. C'était son plaisir de s'engager avec mois. On travaillais ensemble dans la court; on faisait ce que les gens font quand ils s'occupe a fair un petit peu, seulement pour passer le temps.

Mon grandpère était un homme qui brûlait de plaisir. Il s'amusait presque comme un jeune homme plain d'esprit comme un bon vivant. Cela me donnait beaucoup de plaisir d'être dans sa présence parce-qu'il m'inspirait parfaitement d'être toujours comme lui—un homme de politesse et de bonne senté qui m'aimait comme le sien. Il avait déjas beaucoup de petit a entretenir parceque ma tante et mon oncle Chabot avais déjas beaucoup d'enfants parceque les deux était plus vieux que notre mère.

C'eux la, je ne les avais pas mis, surement, en conaissance.

Ma grandmère était aveugle. Elle me touchais sur la tête pour dire, "Un bon, petit garçon." Cela, a tout les jours! Ma tante m'aimais, aussi. Elle était la plus jeune de les quatoze enfants née en maison. Trois des filles son mortes dans leur enfance.

J'avais deux jeune soeur, Thérèse et Julienne. Ma Tante Éva les aimait pas. Je ne s'avait pas pourquoi. Maman mas dit que c'était parce que le plus jeune de leur deux frère, par vacance en automobile, à ce fait tuer dans une accident bouwersante en voyage par les montagnes. J'étais trop jeune pour comprendre.

Notre grandmère Coutu est morte en maison dans sa chambre. Cette chambre n'était pas biens allumer. Il avait seulement un lit, un petit bureau et une chaise en bois. J'étais l'a, en chanbre, sur mes genoux, tout pret du lit quand elle est morte. Elle a

bien souffrit. Parce que, je pensais, comme l'instruction disait, que, sans le Bon Dieux, le diable venait prendre l'esprit de quelq'un qui vas, subitement, mourire; je pensais que, peut-être, ma grandmère était perdue parce que le diable l'amenait a l'enfère! Quand on est petit, on comprends pas ças, la mort. Mes en déjà, en chambre c'est une autre chose. Comment oublier l'Histoire Sainte? Pourtant, c'était emberlificotant.

\* \* \*

Note: The above account reminds me of essays written for the French class at Saint Louis High School, Biddeford Maine, in the late 1940's. I think our teacher's name was Le Frère Fernand, and, perhaps, his name slipped my mind. I remember him as a gentle man who was "razzed" by many classmates while he read aloud from a Madame de Beupré text. I do not know why I have never forgotten Madame. Perhaps it was the quality of the reading. Brother "what's his name" read with engrossing charm.

I offer my sincere apologies for my French, and all other errors of commission and oversight because of my age. [86] G. Coulombe.

## HOW DO YOU PRONOUNCE DOIRON, ANYWAY?

by Paul Doiron

<http://www.pauldoiron.com/about/>

One of the most common questions I am asked is how I pronounce my name. I published this explanation last year but have decided to run it again since it remains a source of confusion.

When you grow up with an uncommon surname, mispronunciation is a lifelong companion. Doiron is a French name. There are lots of Franco-Americans in my home state of Maine. The name refers to the village of Oiron in the Poitou region of France. Long ago, one of my ancestors somehow acquired the surname d'Oiron. In the language of Michel de Montagne, Jean-Paul Sartre, and Maurice Chevalier this translates as "from the flyspeck of Oiron." Somewhere over the centuries, the apostrophe was misplaced, and we all became Doirons. I doubt it ever occurred to the original Monsieur d'Oiron that his American descendants would spend their lives suffering through endless mispronunciations of his elegant monicker.

In my life I've been called just about everything: Doron, Dyer, Drier, Dye-run,

Dry-run. The most common variant was, and is, Dorian (as in Gray). The American tongue has difficulty wrapping itself around the French diphthong. I am sympathetic to this handicap although I sometimes wonder how Agatha Christie managed to create a world-famous Belgian detective with a surname almost identical to my own, and yet somehow hostesses in restaurants continue to page me as, "Darren, party of two."

So Hercule Poirot has been of no help. (Sometimes, I fancy that if ever I have a son I will name him Hercule. Either that or Elvis Aaron. One or the other.) The truth is I respond to nearly any sound that roughly approximates the six letters in my name. Shout Doo-run-run! and I'll know you mean me.

In fact, my name has been mispronounced so regularly, in so many different ways, that I have stopped bothering to correct people. What does it matter, after all? I know you bear me no malice when you call me "Paul Do-iron." That pronunciation isn't so far off the mark actually. I'll take it over



Author Paul Doiron

most of the alternatives.

My great aunt Oline (pronounced O-lean, like the no-fat cooking oil) used to pronounce our last name Dwerron. Being much older and Frencher than me gave her considerable authority on the matter. But asking your average American to look at the name Doiron and make that mental leap—"Oh, of course, it's Dwerron, like that dwarf from Middle Earth!"—seems like an unreasonable expectation to me.

Truth be told, not all of us Doirons pronounce our names the same anyway. I'm sure I have a distant cousin who calls herself Darien, like the Connecticut township. And who am I to say she's wrong. It's her name as well as mine.

For the record, though, it's Dwarren.



# Anti-Immigrant Rhetoric is Old, Tired, and Wrong

April 13, 2018, Ku Klux Klan, Maine, Politics, Waterville

By James Myall

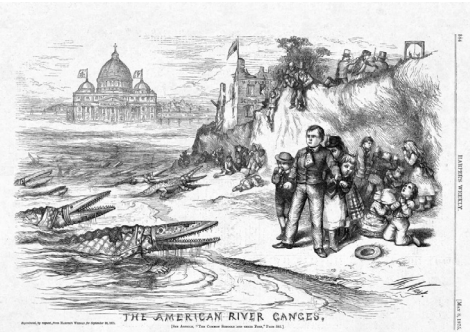
2018 is in danger of becoming the year of the white supremacy in Maine. Multiple elected officials have been outed as racists in recent weeks, from the town manager of Jackman to a school board members in Oxford Hills and Minot. Meanwhile, legislation in the statehouse has been called out as discriminatory by immigrants and advocacy organizations. One legislator has partnered with an anti-Islamic hate group; another has called immigrant assistance programs part of a “war on whites.” Most recently, the mayor of Waterville, who has a long history of aggressive anti immigrant remarks, is facing a recall effort.

It’s tempting to see this as turmoil caused by the relatively new arrival of refugees and migrants of African origin in Maine. But anti-immigrant sentiment has much deeper roots in the Pine Tree State, much of it directed against Franco-Americans.

French-Canadian immigration to Maine began as early as the late 1830’s, and picked up pace after the Civil War at the height of Maine’s industrial boom. This was a time of large scale immigration to the United States at large, and French Canadians in Maine faced many of the same prejudices as immigrants to other parts of the country. Key to understanding the discrimination they faced is understanding how they were viewed by American society at the time. In particular, French Canadians were seen as different for their religion (Catholicism) and their “race.” Anti Catholic sentiment was very strong in the US at the time. Catholics were viewed as having a loyalty to the Pope which was incompatible with American Citizenship. Some even thought Catholics were naturally servile and unfit to act as citizens in a Republic. This view stretches across US history, from Alexander Hamilton to the opponents of John F Kennedy.

The notion of French Canadians as being racially different to Americans of British descent seems strange to us today. We classify both groups as “white.” But 19th century Americans classified race differently. “White” was a much narrower category; largely restricted to people of Northern

European ancestry – especially England, Scotland, Germany and Scandinavia. Early descriptions of French Canadian arrivals in Maine focus on their appearance, often describing them as “dark.” Even as late as 1911, the “Dillingham Commission” of the US Congress compiled a “dictionary of races” which described “the French race” as a mixture of “broad-headed Alpine brunettes,” “tall, long-headed Teutonic...blonds,” and “long headed brunettes or Mediterranean types.”



Thomas Nast, “The American River Ganges” for Harper’s Weekly, May 8, 1875. The Protestant minister protects innocent American children from Catholic bishops coming ashore, their miters resembling alligators’ mouths.



“St Patrick’s Day 1867” Cartoon by Thomas Nast for Harper’s Weekly

Through this lens, the experiences of French Canadians in the 19th century are not so different from those of today’s New Mainers, who are similarly targeted for their race and, in the case of Muslim immigrants, for their religion.

In Waterville, the destination for

many of Maine’s first French-Canadian immigrants, some residents were quick to point out these differences. In 1862, the superintendent of the local baptist Sunday school called French Canadians “the Greeks at our doors,” a reference to the Trojan War, where the Greeks tricked the Trojans into opening their gates, before they slaughtered the city’s inhabitants. The clear implication was that Waterville’s growing Franco-American population was a threat. Mr Chase was nonetheless concerned for the souls of the newcomers, especially the children. He urged their conversion of the new arrivals, even if they were “nobody but French.”

A Portland journalist visiting Waterville in 1894 described the Plains, the city’s Franco American neighborhood in condescending terms, noting “the delicate shades and distinctions of color between the babies and the dirt they roll in.” She also compared French and Irish immigrant communities by saying “the abounding wealth of one being in babies and dogs; the other in babies and pigs.”

Just as today’s anti immigrant campaigners worry about the influence of “foreign values” in schools, so did the their predecessors. The Ku Klux Klan gained a foothold in Maine by decrying the influence of Catholics and Jews on public school boards.

Today’s critics of multiculturalism complain that they are losing their country, or that immigrants are taking over. The sentiment would have been familiar to readers of the Maine Klansman, the newsletter of the KKK, which described Lewiston as

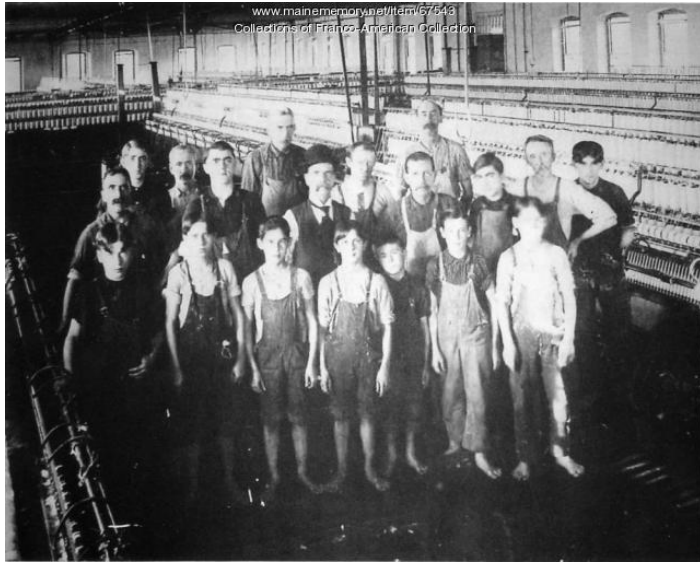
If anyone walks down Lisbon Street in Lewiston, he will certainly think that he is in Quebec, or an alien land, instead of the United States. French is spoken nearly everywhere.

Responses to the perceived threat from French Canadian immigrants varied from the outright violence perpetrated by the Klan and their 19th century predecessors, the Know Nothings, to legislation targeted at immigrants. Successive efforts targeted immigrants’ ability to get citizenship, and vote with that citizenship (1855); prohibited them from serving in the militia (1856); instituted a literacy test to deter Non English-speaking voters (1892); and prohibited children from speaking French in public schools (1918). Many of these were not repealed until the civil rights era of the 1960s. Maine’s longtime prohibition law (Continued on page 8)

# Poetry from the Lewiston Mills of 1909

September 3, 2017 Children, Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Organized Labor

By James Myall



Workers in a textile mill, thought to be in Lewiston, Maine. Image: University of Southern Maine, Franco-American Collection / Maine Memory Network

In the early twentieth century, thousands of children worked in Maine’s manufacturing industries – in textile mills, shoe shops, granite quarries, and sardine canneries. These children faced dangerous working conditions, worked long hours, and missed out on the opportunity for an education. Although the state did pass a series of laws to regulate child labor, these laws were often incremental (for example requiring 16 weeks schooling for child workers), and brazenly ignored by many factory owners.

The practice of child labor was especially prevalent among Maine’s Franco-Americans, for several reasons. Firstly, Franco-American families were more likely to be poor, and in need of the extra income. But most French-Canadian immigrants

also came from an agricultural context, in which children were expected to work from a young age. Even in rural Quebec, school attendance was relatively low.

Children worked in Maine’s mills from their earliest beginnings, but by the turn of the 20th century, there was increasing concern for the welfare of the children and the abuses perpetrated by employers. In 1909, the National Child Labor Committee dispatched photographer Lewis Hine to Maine to record and report on conditions for children there. Hine, who is now well known for his photographs of child laborers, visited industrial sites across the country. In Maine, Hine did not photograph inside the factories, because the local owners had been “warned” about him from their colleagues further

south, and prevented him from entering the factories. Instead, he talked to children entering and leaving the mills.

The same year as Hine compiled his photographs and reports, a local physician, Doctor Joseph-Amedée Girouard, published two poems against child labor. The works, part of a collection called *Au Fil de la Vie* (Lewiston, *Le Messenger*, 1909), are strident and forthright, calling out the well-to-do of society for overlooking the plight of the children and other workers.

Girouard was born in Saint-Hya-

*(Anti-Immigrant Rhetoric is Old, Tired, and Wrong continued from page 7)*

was motivated by the stereotype of the drunk Catholic immigrant, and it led to the disproportionate arrest of Franco-Americans.

Today’s anti immigrant crusaders like to think they’re responding to a unique threat on their culture or way of life. But they’re not. For the most part, they’re just repeating the same arguments we’ve heard for decades. Arguments that have proven time and again, to be false.



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.



Recruiting poster, Bates Mill, Lewiston, 1861. Image: Museum L-A

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

(Poetry from the Lewiston Mills of 1909  
continued from page 8)

cinthe, Quebec, in 1865. After attending the local seminary, and medical school in Montréal, he practiced in Montana, before moving to Maine, and working first in Westbrook, and then Lewiston. There, Girouard joined fellow natives of St-Hyacinthe A-N Gendreau, and Louis Martel, as the founding doctors of St Mary's Hospital, the first hospital in the state of Maine. All three were artists as well as medical men. Gendreau and Martel founded Le Messenger, Lewiston's Franco-American newspaper, and Martel was a longtime civic leader, including in the musical and theatrical fields. Girouard's contributions included his poetry.

The following two poems are reprinted from *Au Fil de la Vie*. The original French is accompanied by my own inadequate translation (thanks to members of Facebook's "French-Canadian Descendants" group for their help with some words).



"Girls going to work in Bates Mfg. Co." Lewis Hine for the National Child Labor Committee, April 24, 1909. Image: Library of Congress.

## La Chanson des Ouvrières

Le matin quand la cloche triste;  
Là-haut dans le sombre clocher,  
Où nous la voyons trébucher.  
A chaque son, à chaque plainte,  
Nous accourons d'un pas égal,  
Nous ouvrières, jeunes filles,  
Nous accourons dans nos mantilles,  
Et dans le grand air matinal.

Nous sentons bien notre paupière.  
Quelque fois lourde sur nos yeux;  
Mais nos cœurs sont pourtant joyeux,  
Nous avons fait notre prière.  
A nos métiers nous accourons  
Et sans jamais nous mettre en peine,  
Nous surveillons nos brins de laine;  
Ensemble donc nous travaillons.

Et comme là dans la feuillée,  
Du haut des grands arbres mouvants,  
Nous entendons dès le printemps,  
De sa fine voix ondulée;  
L'oiseau qui chante ses chansons,  
Lorsque sur la branche il travaille,  
Faisant son petit nid de paille;  
De même aussi nous, nous chantons.

Tandis que de nos mains fiévreuses,  
Nous attachons les fils cassés,  
Qui sont devant nous disposés,  
En longues nappes filandreuses;  
Surveillant toujours nos métiers,  
Avec la même exactitude,  
Sans relâche, sans lassitude,  
Dans leurs mouvements réguliers.

## The Song of the Drones[1]

In the morning when the sad bell;  
Up there in its gloomy bell-tower,[2]  
Where we watch It toll.[3]  
At each sound, at each groan,  
We hurry, one and all,  
We drones, young girls,  
We hurry, wrapped in our shawls,[4]  
And in the fresh morning air.

We feel our poverty keenly.  
Sometimes heavily in our eyes,  
But our hearts are yet joyful,  
We have said our prayers.  
To our looms[5] we hurry  
And never without being in pain,  
We watch over our wisps of wool;  
And so, together, we work.

And just as the foliage  
Sways atop the great trees,  
And we hear, as soon as spring comes,  
From his delicate undulating voice;  
The bird singing his songs,  
While he works on the branch,  
Making his little nest of straw;  
So we also sing.

While with our feverish hands  
We tie together the broken threads,  
Which are put in front of us,  
In long stringy sheets;  
Always watching our looms,  
With the same care,  
Without relaxing, without tiring,  
In our regular movements.

(Continued on page 10)

(Poetry from the Lewiston Mills of 1909  
continued from page 9)

Et nous tissons ainsi sans cesse,  
Pour couvrir indifféremment,  
Le vieillard, l'adulte, l'enfant,  
Et l'indigence, et la richesse;  
Le misérable ou le proscrit,  
Et l'épouse et la fille infâme,  
L'infidèle et la belle dame  
Et l'orphelin qui nous sourit.

Puis si parfois quelque tristesse  
Soudain vient obscurcir nos yeux,  
Que quelque soupir douloureux  
Monte en nos cœurs pleins de jeunesse;  
Il faut du revers de nos main,  
Des larmes arrêter la foule,  
Car chacune d'elle qui coule,  
Nous empêche de voir nos brins.

Il faut que rien ne nous chagrine,  
Et pourquoi pleurer après tout?  
Ne trouvons-nous pas que partout,  
Le travail est la loi divine?  
Ne voyons-nous à chaque instant,  
L'homme ici-bas à bout d'haleine.  
Et que sous le poids de sa peine,  
Chacun se traîne, agonissant?

And we weave like this incessantly,  
To cover mercilessly,  
The old man, the adult, the child,  
Poverty and wealth,  
The wretched or the forbidden,  
The wife and the fallen woman,  
The infidel and the beautiful woman  
And the orphan who smiles at us.

If, sometimes, some sudden  
Sadness comes across our eyes,  
That brings up some aching sigh  
In our joyful hearts;  
It puts a stop to our hand,  
Tears to stop the whole group,  
Because each drop that trickles  
Stops us from seeing our threads.

It must never distress us,  
And why cry about it?  
Don't we find that, throughout,  
Work is the law of God?  
Don't we see, at each turn,  
Man on earth, breathless,  
Each under the weight of his pain,  
Crawling, dying?



*Lewis Hine for National Child Labor Committee, 6 P.M. April 23, 1909. Hine's caption reads "Boys all work in Bates Mfg. Co., Lewiston, Me. Several of smallest have been there several years. Larger boys get \$4 to \$5 a week. Nearly any one could not speak English." Image: Library of Congress.*

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(Continued on page 11)

(Poetry from the Lewiston Mills of 1909  
continued from page 10)

## Le Travail de L'Enfance

Les petits qui vont à l'usine  
Ont un sort bien avarié;  
Car le travail les assassine,  
Et devant l'infâme machine,  
Comme ils font pitié!

Leurs deux petites mains s'épuisent,  
En rattachant là tous les jours,  
Les brins que les machines brisent;  
Leurs petits pieds se paralysent  
A peiner toujours.

Eux qui devraient courir ensemble  
Le long des grands bois parfumés  
Où la fraîcheur de l'ombre tremble;  
Le dût maître qui les rassemble,  
Les tient enfermés.

Comme des oiseaux mis en cage,  
Nés pour l'air et la liberté  
Perdent bientôt leur doux ramage;  
Ainsi ce petit monde à gage,  
Passe sans gaîté.

Jamais ni le doux babillage,  
Ni les jeux et ni les plaisirs  
N'embelliront leur apanage;  
Ils ne connaîtront de leur âge  
Aucun des loisirs.

Puis dans cette ignoble fournaise,  
Où le grand nombre doit périr,  
Leur petite forme s'affaïsse,  
Et bientôt tombant de faiblesse,  
On les voit mourir.

Riches, à travers votre ivresse  
Du haut de vos chars émouvants,  
Ne voyez-vous pas la tristesse,  
Et la désolant faiblesse  
De ces enfants.

Malgré votre pieux sourire,  
Où par des mots sous-entendus  
Tant de mépris pourrait se lire;  
Ne les entendez-vous dire  
Nous sommes perdus.

Entendez-vous l'accent qu'ils mettent  
A crier leurs appels divers  
A vos cœurs durs [sic] qui les rejettent;  
Et la triste plainte qu'émettent  
Leurs tombeaux ouverts.

## Child Labor

The children who work in the mills  
Bear a curse most rotten;  
For their work will kill them,  
And faced with the infernal machine,  
How pitiful they are!

Their two little hands are exhausted  
From reattaching every day  
The blades of the machines which break;  
Their little feet are paralyzed  
With pain every day.

They should be running together  
Beside the great sweet-smelling forests  
Where the cool shade waves;  
The harsh master who brought them there,  
Holds them prisoner.

Like birds put in a cage,  
Born for fresh air and freedom  
Soon lose their sweet chirping;  
So this little world of wages  
Passes joylessly.

Never the sweet babble,  
Nor games, nor pleasures  
Embellish their domain;<sup>[6]</sup>  
They do not know any  
Of the pleasures of their age.

Then into this awful furnace  
Where a great many will perish,  
Their little bodies sink,  
And soon drop down from feebleness,  
Watch them die.

You wealthy folk, riding high<sup>[7]</sup>  
Atop your moving carriages,<sup>[8]</sup>  
Do you not see the sadness,  
And the sorry enfeeblement  
Of these children.

Despite your pious smiles,  
One can read so much contempt  
Behind your implied words;  
Do you not hear them saying  
We are lost.

Listen to the emphasis they put  
On calling out their many appeals  
To your hard hearts that reject them;  
And the sad groans which come from  
Their open tombs.

## Notes:

[1] *Ouvrière* (in the feminine) is a worker-bee or other worker-insect. The masculine, *ouvrier*, is used for a human laborer.

[2] *Clocher* can also be used as a metaphor for someone's parish or village.

[3] *Trébucher* typically means to "trip" or "stumble." Here it perhaps implies that the bell is not chiming in perfect time. The image is also reminiscent of well-known lines from John Donne's *Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions* (1624): "Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind, and therefore never send to know for whom the bells tolls; it tolls for thee."

[4] *Maintille* literally refers to a particular kind of Spanish lace or silk shawl (a mantilla). Here, Girouard is probably referring to more everyday wear.

[5] *Métier* has a double meaning – it can signify a loom, but also any craft or trade.

[6] *Appanage* is an old term for the domain of a French king granted him for financial support.

[7] *Ivresse* can mean "drunkenness" or simply a sense of euphoria.

[8] *Char* typically denotes an automobile among Maine's Franco-Americans in the 20th century. The traditional meaning is a "chariot," but it can also be used for a float, as in a parade.

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



# World Acadian Congress 2019

May 4, 2018 *Franco-American News and Culture Louisiana, Maritimes, New Brunswick Canada, New England, Prince Edward Island Canada*

**By Juliana L'Heureux**

## Que les célébrations commencent!



*Symbols of Acadian pride are exhibited throughout the communities where the festivities are scheduled. ~L'Heureux photograph*

Thanks to the outreach of social networking, I was able to catch up with what's happening for the 2019 celebrations.

Congrès mondial acadien 2019 Promotional Tour in Louisiana and New England!

As a matter of fact, I've followed the growth of the Acadien Congresses since the late 1990's, during the beginning years. As time flies (le temps passe!), in August 2019, the program will mark its 25th Silver Anniversary!

Once every four years, Congrès Mondial Acadien is scheduled in a location where the descendants of the Acadian settlers scattered to and congregated, after 1755, during the horrible Le Grand Dérangement.



*Acadian Cross in Madawaska, during the World Acadian Congress. Juliana and Richard L'Heureux (Savoie is among the names memorialized at this site ~ my husband's grandmother's name). ~ L'Heureux photograph*

In other words, the quadrennial international Acadian Congresses are coordinated in regions where the descendants of the displaced families can reunite. They bring attention to the areas where the Acadians settled, while they take the time to celebrate, and learn about their special French history, genealogies, and the cultures of their ancestors and relatives. As in the past, I am excited to report about the 2019 Congrès Mondial! Each program is hosted in a beautiful location where plenty of space is provided for families to meet and celebrate their shared heritage. Moreover, I look forward to speaking with the ambassadors who are busy educating the Acadian and Franco-American groups about the planned schedule of programs. Over the years, I have enjoyed the pleasure of attending many of the events, the parades, the family reunions and the religious celebrations, scheduled during the international programs.

Lucie LeBlanc Consentino posted the announcement on her informative social media page:

“The Chair of the Congrès mondial acadien 2019, Claudette Thériault, will be traveling in New England to hold public presentations about the CMA 2019, which will be held from August 10-24, 2019, in Prince Edward Island and Southeastern New Brunswick. The delegation will also travel to Louisiana to promote the events. The first part of the programming (August 10-15, 2019) will mostly be held in Prince Edward Island and the second part (August 15-24, 2017) will be held mostly in Southeast New Brunswick.”

A basic schedule of locations is at this website.

In 2019, the 6th edition of the Congrès mondial acadien will be held on Prince Edward Island and in Southeastern New Brunswick from August 10–24, 2019. It will mark the 25th anniversary of the event. In order to better publicize the event, a delegation from the host region will travel to the United States at the end of April (and I have been assured, they will eventually be in Maine).

Members of the delegation will be attending the Festival International de Louisiane, which is being held in Lafayette from April 25–29. The following week, they will give a few public presentations in New England, where many Acadians and friends of Acadie reside.

Information-rich cultural programming will be delivered at the 2019 Congress, and the culminating point of the week will be the show put on by the CMA 2019 on the Festival's biggest stage, right before the closing show. The “Congrès mondial acadien 2019 Kitchen Party” will feature nine artists and groups from the Maritimes, Quebec and Louisiana, who were already taking part in this year's Festival.

From my point of view, every “Acadian Congress” is a cultural festival where the friendly Acadians decorate their communities to welcome international visitors and host the many family reunions, at the events.

Among the many highlights within the programs are the displays of brilliant Acadian symbols of pride, exhibited throughout the venues and in businesses. Although, I'm not sure if awards are given to the most creative Acadian Pride exhibits and decorations, this consideration would certainly be something to highlight in the programming (just my opinion).

<http://francoamerican.bangordailynews.com/author/jlheureux/>

# NH PoutineFest Origin Story

By Timothy Beaulieu

## Intro

NH PoutineFest is a celebration of the Québécois dish, poutine. People of all backgrounds from all over New England and beyond have come to really enjoy and look forward to this very unique food event. To most attendees of the event this is a great food event, but to Franco-Americans around New England there is a much deeper meaning.

## My Story

I'm a 30-something third generation French-Canadian descendent, but grew up with very little knowledge about what that was exactly, a pretty common story these days. My only connection to that part of my background was my last name. My family took a lot of pride in it, and always pushed back on folks who pronounced it in various anglicized ways.

In the early 2000s my grandparents moved from Massachusetts to be closer to us in New Hampshire. It was during this time, as a young adult, I began to pick my grandfather's brain about what my Canadian (the term he used) heritage was all about. I learned a little about frozen split pea soup, hard mill work, a desire for a simple life, and also shame in an accent and language. My great-grandparents did not hand down the language and raised their children to blend in as much as possible. It was clearly difficult for them to fit in.

In 2007, my grandfather passed away, but my questions and curiosity did not. I began to notice there was ignorance, by no fault of our own, in my generation to our heritage.

I began to wonder why is there not a closer bond between French-Canadian descendants in New England and those still in Québec? If there are so many of us, why do so many not take pride in it?

I began to dig. I watched YouTube videos on the history of Québec and immigration to New England, read various blogs, and looked for current information on French-Canadians. It seemed like there was quite a bit about the history of French-Canadian immigration, but our story seems to

stop in the 1950s and early 1960s. There are no mentions of it after that time period.

In my searches I came across the movie, "Reveil-Waking Up French." It struck a bit of a cord with me and backed up my finding that our story disappeared decades before. The young people in the movie seemed interested in their heritage and the French language. As each generation passed away, it became harder for them to connect to it.

I felt bad that our heritage and culture seems to have been forgotten. After some thought, I decided it was time to take some action.

## FACNH

I did some searching for local French organizations that appeared open to French-Canadian descendants, who were interested in bringing back the culture. The one caveat, they also had to be open to someone who was completely American and rediscovering their lost heritage.

I was happy to find a handful still in existence. Many seemed to focus on religion and language. The language piece interested me greatly, but I was unsure if I would be welcomed as an "Anglophone" (I had never heard that term before) and I had long since given up interest in organized religion.

A group that appeared to be attempting a different path was the Franco-American Centre in Manchester. Their web presence was in French and English and they appeared to be trying out some new events to attract young people.

I reached out to the Executive Director, John Tousignant, and was pleasantly surprised by his take on our story. We shared the same view of the path forward for the preservation of the culture and language in New England.

I volunteered with the Centre for a year and joined the Board of Trustees soon after that. Over that time I kept track of who

I saw at our events, how our social media presence was functioning, and what our plans for the future were.

The Centre was doing consistent small events; I knew that would only keep us treading water. We needed something big to appeal to young people

## Poutine Idea

I had been visiting Montreal since I was in my early 20s. When I was younger I viewed it as a trip to Canada, as I got older it became a trip to the Motherland. I always noticed this strange food "poutine," that was some sort of Canadian obsession.

In the summer of 2015, I took my wife and son to Montreal for the first time, kind of like a visit to the old country for the next generation. I again noticed the plethora of poutine. Upon my return to New Hampshire I began to see it popping up down here too...hmm.

After a little research I discovered Poutine was not a Canadian obsession, it was more than that. It was a Québécois creation/cultural phenomenon of the 1960s, it was first looked down upon in the rest of Canada, then became accepted and now spread to the United States. Well then.

## Back to Research

I began to think perhaps poutine could be the key to rebooting our story with the new generations or maybe I was insane. Google held the answers.

People in our area were searching for poutine, and a lot. Google Trends data at the time indicated that the Boston-Manchester area had the second most poutine searches in the entire continental United States and all the blogs I came across about it were written by folks in my age range.

I put up a cryptic post about a potential new cultural event on the Franco-American

*(Continued on page 16)*



(N.D.L.R. This essay is being used with permission and has appeared in a slightly edited form under the title "Why We French Canadians Are Neither French nor Canadian" in the on-line journal *Zócalo Public Square*. It is part of "What It Means to Be American" <<http://www.whatitmeanstobeamerican.org/>>, a project of the Smithsonian's National Museum of American History <<http://americanhistory.si.edu/>> and Arizona State University <<https://newamericanuniversity.asu.edu/>>, produced by *Zócalo Public Square*, <http://www.zocalopublicsquare.org/>.

## FRANCO-AMERICANS: MORE THAN CANNED SPAGHETTI

by Robert B. Perreault

Whenever my family visits Québec, people other than our relatives are surprised to hear Americans—even our grandchildren, ages five and seven—speak fluent French. They're amazed to learn that French is our mother tongue and that we also speak English without a French accent. Likewise, if we leave our native New Hampshire to travel elsewhere in the US, we get blank stares upon mentioning that we're Franco-Americans from New England.

"Franco-American, as in canned spaghetti?" some ask.

I roll my eyes and sigh. "No connection whatsoever."

Geographically, Franco-Americans resemble Mexican Americans of the Southwest because we also live near our cultural homeland. But unlike Mexican Americans, we're unknown outside our region. No wonder Maine journalist Dyke Hendrickson entitled his 1980 book about Franco-Americans *Quiet Presence*.

From the earliest French expedition to the Carolinas in 1524 to the founding of Québec City in 1608, New France eventually extended across North America from the Appalachians to the Rockies and south to the Gulf of Mexico. But over time, through conquests, treaties, and sales, French North American colonies became part of the British Empire or of the US. The only exceptions were islands near Newfoundland and in the Caribbean, plus an independent Haiti.

For socioeconomic and political reasons, as second-class citizens under British rule in the very country they had founded, roughly 900,000 French Canadians left Québec between the 1840s and the Depression. Many settled in New England and eastern New York. The earliest, mostly farmers, engaged in agriculture or logging in rural areas, or in the manufacture of textiles, shoes, paper, and other goods in urban areas. After the Civil War, when migration increased drastically, members of Québec's business and professional classes settled among

their compatriots. Today, Franco-American descendants of the original French Canadian immigrants total over 3,000,000.

Among the region's mill towns, there emerged four with Franco-American populations significant enough to vie for the unofficial title of French-speaking capital: Lewiston, Maine; Manchester, New Hampshire; Lowell, Massachusetts; and Woonsocket, Rhode Island. These cities and others had Franco-American neighborhoods called *Petit Canada* (Little Canada), comprised of residences, churches, schools, businesses, social organizations, newspapers, and other institutions designed to preserve the French language and Franco-American culture. There, one could be born, educated, work, shop, pray, play, die, and be buried almost entirely in French. Streets with names such as Notre Dame, Cartier, and Dubuque were lined with multi-family houses in whose yards there might be a shrine to the *Sainte Vierge Marie*, the *Sacré-Coeur de Jésus* or to one's favorite saint. From those homes came the aroma of *tourtière* (pork pie), *tarte au sucre* (maple sugar pie), and other delights.

Unlike other groups who've become well known, most Franco-Americans tend to live and practice their culture in intimate, unassuming, and conservative ways. In my opinion, the root of this *quiet presence* lies in our history.

When the French Revolution began in 1789, it not only replaced the monarchy with a republic, but it also secularized and made freethinkers of the French masses. Having left France a century earlier, our ancestors missed that Revolution.

Fast-forward to Québec's *Révolution Tranquille* (Quiet Revolution) of the 1960s, which had somewhat the same effects on the Québécois as did the French Revolution on the French people. But Franco-Americans were living in the US during that *Révolution*. In fact, Québécois tourists to our region sometimes comment that Franco-Americans remind them of their parents and grandpar-



ents in the pre-*Révolution Tranquille* era.

Yet even though the *Franco* half of our collective psyche missed both revolutions, the *American* half of our dual identity experienced the sociocultural revolution of the 1960s in the US. Consequently, while the *Franco* side of our brains remained in the past, the *American* side evolved toward the future.

My hometown, Manchester, New Hampshire, once housed the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company (1831-1936), which attracted immigrants from Québec and Europe. With Manchester's total population at 78,384 (1920 U.S. Census), Amoskeag's work force peaked at 17,000, some 40% of whom were Franco-Americans. At its highest, Manchester's Franco-American population reached nearly 50% of the city's total. Manchester is also home to the first credit union in the US, *Caisse Populaire Ste. Marie*/St. Mary's Bank, founded in 1908.

Born in 1902 in Danielson, Connecticut, my father came to Manchester in 1925 to work as a Linotype machinist. My mother was born in 1915 in New Bedford, Massachusetts, but moved to Manchester with her family before her first birthday. My parents met in 1949 and married in 1950. I was born in 1951.

My family background is mixed in the chronological and sociocultural sense. My paternal side in New England dates to my great-grandfather, born in 1849 in Webster, Massachusetts. He, my grandfather, and my father belonged to the working class as skilled machinists of various sorts. Meanwhile, my mother was the first US-born member of my maternal line, her predecessors having remained in Québec for several more generations. Born in 1886 on his family's farm, my maternal grandfather  
(Continued on page 15)



*(Franco-Americans: More Than Canned Spaghetti continued from page 14)*

rejected rural life, went to college in Joliette, Québec, and migrated to New England in 1907. He worked as a French-language newspaper editor and eventually as president of the Association Canado-Américaine, a Manchester-based New England-Québécois fraternal life insurance society. As such, he belonged to the upper-middle class. My mother, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers were all housewives.

Unlike many Franco-Americans, we lived across the Merrimack River from Manchester's Petit Canada, where we were *the French family* among Scottish, Irish, Polish, Greek, Swedish, and other ethnicities. Although my father's relatives spoke French, they favored English. Other than belonging to St. George, one of Manchester's eight French-language parishes, they weren't members of any Franco-American institutions. By contrast, my mother's relatives spoke French exclusively and were heavily involved in various aspects of Franco-American culture.

Out of respect for my maternal grandparents, French was the chosen language in our home when I was a young child. I recall, at age four, visiting our Scottish neighbor who had a black dog. With my rudimentary English governed by French, I said, "Dog black." When the lady replied, "Black dog," I was confused, but quickly learned English by playing with neighborhood children. At age five, I had a neighbor friend whose grandmother spoke only Polish. Hence, I concluded that grandparents spoke languages other than English.

My awareness of the difference between our family and others increased when I started school. Nearly every neighborhood kid attended either the public

school around the corner from our house or the English-language parochial school near my Franco-American parochial school, St. George. There, French and English were taught on an equal level, each during its half of the school day. Thus, we had to be fluent in both languages upon entering first grade. Our most important subject was *catéchisme*, almost as if French were the official language of heaven. Surprisingly, *l'histoire du Canada* wasn't taught, nor was Franco-American history. In fact, I don't recall the term *Franco-American* having ever been pronounced in class.

That term in French—*Franco-Américain*—is something my maternal grandfather, uncles, and aunts all used. My mother always said we were *Canadiens*, despite our having been born in the US. Anglophone kids called us *French*, and some adults called us *French Canadians* and still do. *Franco-American* seems to be a term used mainly by community activists.

Nowadays, much of the daily culture that Franco-Americans once lived by is practiced outside the home during festivities such as *la Saint-Jean-Baptiste* on June 24<sup>th</sup>, feast of the French Canadian patron saint. In Manchester, one can eat some of the aforementioned traditional foods in a few restaurants, including the popular *Chez Vachon*, a must-stop for candidates during New Hampshire's first-in-the-nation presidential primary. There, the specialty is *poutine*, (French fries and cheese curds in gravy), a late-20<sup>th</sup>-century Québécois invention some call a heart attack on a plate.

With every generation, most Franco-Americans have put a bit more American water in their French wine. Many today don't speak French and know little about their ethnic heritage. Sociologists attribute this phenomenon to natural acculturation of

immigrants and their descendants to their adopted country. In the US, pressure from proponents of the English language and American culture has accelerated this evolution. However, because the human brain can retain one's mother tongue and native culture while absorbing a new language and way of life, immigrants and their descendants need not forsake one for the other. After all, haven't the food, art, music, customs, technology, and general knowledge brought to the US by immigrants made American culture all the richer?

Though most Franco-Americans are such in name only, our family is an exception. My wife is the first woman I ever dated who introduced me to her mother in French. We raised our son in French. He and his wife, a former student of mine, are doing likewise, the seventh generation of French-speaking Perreaults living on US soil.

To us and to a minority of Franco-American families in our region, the French language and our Franco-American culture are gifts we lovingly pass on from generation to generation.

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*(NH PoutineFest Origin Story continued from page 13)*

Centre's Facebook page, with a photo of poutine. The reaction was off the charts. "Do I have something here," I thought. My last research step was a survey to membership base of the Centre and Facebook fans about poutine. The results were mixed. Folks 25-45, were all in. The older groups seemed interested, but not as excited. Game on.

### Pushing Ahead

In the fall of 2015 I decided we needed to have some sort of poutine event. I wasn't sure what that would be though. I noticed there was a PoutineFest in Chicago that seemed to do well (Chicago had way fewer searches for Poutine than our area). I reached out to them for information and began to model our event like theirs, a 200-300 event in a restaurant or function space. An event of 300 people would be a giant turn out for the Franco-American Centre.

### New Identity

I knew this event had to have a "cool factor" and it had to attract everyone, not just Francos to work. That said, it also had to connect with young people curious about their French-Canadian heritage. Tricky!

I decided it should be a standalone brand from the Centre. I struggled to explain to my friends what a Franco-American was, let alone what the Centre did. The term seemed like an attempt to make us sound Patriotic, but still French? It's not something the new generations identify with.

Meanwhile poutine was a highly searched term in our area, thus the stand alone brand, NH PoutineFest, was born. To this day, many of our attendees have no idea who is behind the event. They just like it.

### Location

With the help of the interns at the Centre I begin to pitch the idea of a small poutine event around to function halls in the area. Some flat out said no and others had no idea what I was even talking about.

I started to think outside the box a little bit. Our Centre wasn't too well known with young people and we had a small volunteer base. Maybe it was time to partner with someone a little bigger than we are.

I've always loved baseball and really enjoyed going out to games at our AA team

the New Hampshire the Fisher Cats. They also have a beautiful stadium with function space overlooking the field.

I put a call into them expecting the usual rejection. Well what do you know, the Director of Events was a French-Canadian descendent who knew poutine all too well. We had found a home!

We worked with the Fisher Cats to have an event in the outfield bar for about 300 people to coincide with La fête nationale.

We had a brand and a venue, we just needed vendors to make Poutine using the same work flow as the Chicago event. How do I convince them to come?



*Pictured FACNH Volunteer Abby Snarski. Photo by: FACNH intern - Jingyin Wen*

### Viral Poutine

We built out the website to explain who we were and also began to post some content on the new NH PoutineFest Facebook page. It was mid-March 2016, and we weren't on anyone's radar.

One night at about 6 PM I decided it was time to put an event out on Facebook. That's tubby time for my son, so I made a quick event and posted it. This post began to go viral while I gave him a bath, and was everywhere by the next day.

People could not believe a PoutineFest was coming to NH. Folks began to email us, call the Centre, and bombard the Facebook Page with messages. The best part of this, restaurants called us asking to join. Within 48 hours our event reached hundreds of thousands of people. The social media age had brought us to life!

We knew it was popular, but had no idea it would get this crazy. We re-grouped with the Fisher Cats and increased the potential attendees from 300 to 1,500. The event would also be paired up with a French Heritage game.

The game component basically gave us the ability to recreate what an Expos game

had been like in Montreal, with the help of the Québec Government Office in Boston, we were able to do it.

Roger Lacerte was the French announcer for the game, modern Québec pop music was played throughout the stadium, and Franco-American Trivia was presented on the big board.

I had been to "Canadian" Heritage nights at the ballpark, but this was the first time I had ever seen one done like this. The other sports teams had clearly not fully understood the difference between Canada and Quebec, way too much red at those games. This game was a true French-Canadian Celebration.

### Established Event

We ended up selling out of those 1,500 tickets that's first year and while the event didn't go off without any bumps, it was a successful first year. We had put a new French-Canadian event on the map. Our event drew attendees from all over New England these people were primarily in their 20s and 30s.

In year two, we made some changes, but the overall theme and feel of the event was the same. We fixed most of the bumps we ran into in year one and had an amazingly successful event. The Fisher Cats wore "poutine jerseys" for the game and even had a fleur-de-lis on the arm (the 2018 version is even better). I'm pretty sure no NH professional team has ever had a fleur-de-lis on their jersey until that day.

Our third event is coming up fast, we continue to tweak and improve the event. We also still treat NH PoutineFest as a standalone brand from the Centre and have really built up a strong following on Facebook. We will be adding more of the French language to this year's event, to really put a spot light on the language and its importance. Our French speaking volunteers will be wearing Je Parle Français buttons to identify them as French speakers, for those who would like to either speak French or may need assistance in French. It has been an interesting ride with NH PoutineFest. I believe its success shows that despite what some say, the future for our heritage, language and, culture is bright.

### Merci!

There are some folks I'd like to thank for all the success of NH PoutineFest has *(Continued on page 17)*

*Editor's note: The Société internationale Veritas Acadie is honoured and indebted to Le Forum for the publication in its entirety (in two parts) of the article by Professor Roger Paradis taken from its historical journal Veritas Acadie 6. For subscriptions to Veritas Acadie or excerpts of Professor Paradis' article contact chouetteacadienne.siva@gmail.*

**Professor Roger Paradis\***

## L'influence d'un livre

Placide Gaudet,

*Le Grand Dérangement*

*Sur qui retombe la responsabilité de l'expulsion des Acadiens, Ottawa Printing Co., Ltd., 1922, 84 pages*

The title of Placide Gaudet's popular monograph, *Le Grand Dérangement*, is not original. He did not coin the expression. The phrase existed in Acadian oral tradition long before the twentieth century. In 1815, the Rev. Andrew Brown interviewed some Acadian families who were settled at Chezzetcook, and he reported that the term was commonly used by the inhabitants with reference to their removal and the loss of "la terre de leurs père."<sup>1</sup> The words are eloquent and mild, a euphemism to attenuate what was otherwise a great human tragedy.\*\* The Acadians at Chezzetcook lived in the shadow of Halifax, and the ordeal of the Deportation taught them to be discreet. Their survival depended on it, and Gaudet was keenly aware of this.

Two years before Gaudet published his monograph, abbé Thomas Albert wrote verbatim in his elegant *Histoire du Madawaska*: "La déportation ne prit pas fin avec le Grand-Dérangement (sic) de la Nouvelle-Écosse en 1755", which was the common Acadian usage known wherever

there was an Acadian presence, even in the remote Madawaska Territory. Wherever the Acadians had their pied-à-terre the expression, *Grand Dérangement*, followed them.<sup>2</sup> "Peu d'évènements ont causé des aventures aussi romanesques, aussi curieuses que le grand dérangement, c'est ainsi," wrote Jean-Baptiste-Antoine Ferland in *La Gaspésie*, in 1877, "que les Acadiens ont nommé leur expulsion de la terre de leurs pères."<sup>3</sup> Placide Gaudet used the popular expression for the title of his popular book, and it was a guarantee of its universal appeal and acceptance. In 1924, two years after the publication of this classic work, Émile Lauvrière appropriated the phrase for the title of Chapter XIV of his *La Tragédie d'un Peuple*. As lately as 2003, Governor General of Canada Adrienne Clarkson used the expression in a "Proclamation" in the name of Queen Elizabeth II, in her right as Queen of Canada, intended for the Acadian people. As in "common" use, the term *Grand Dérangement* was used four times in the official French version of the said 2003 Royal Canadian Procla-

mation while its official version in English rendered it "Great Upheaval". Small wonder since the name, Placide Gaudet, became a household name among Acadians, and his *Grand Dérangement* became the last word on the deportation for well-nigh a century.\*\*\*

A common practice of historians, shared by Gaudet, is to refer to the Acadian deportation as an "expulsion," which is clearly misplaced. While technically not a misnomer, the word lacks precision. It implies that the inhabitants were simply forced out of Nova Scotia. This was the fate of the American Tories, in 1783, after the American Revolution. They were given a year by the Continental Congress to make arrangement for their departure and to decide on their new zion. The Acadians were not so fortunate. Their fate was extirpation and deportation, not banishment. Words matter. They were removed and dispersed, not merely compelled to leave. The assumption was that, in the populous thirteen American colonies, they would be assimilated and cease to exist as a people.

Placide Gaudet's monograph on the deportation is one of the best researched contemporary studies on the subject. The Acadian historian was a salaried researcher at the Dominion Archives, and he had access to a multiplicity of depositories otherwise unknown or unavailable to less privileged historians, and a plethora of documents. His formidable and compulsive quill is understandably passionate, because his ancestors were swept into the deportation maelstrom. (Continued on page 34)

*(NH PoutineFest Origin Story continued from page 16)*

had so far:

All the historians, researchers, bloggers, and movie makers who have helped pass down our history. Without their efforts our story would have been forgotten.

John Tousignant for all his efforts to keep our language, heritage, and culture alive and also for believing in a crazy idea



Photo by: FACNH intern - Jingyin Wen

to have a poutine event at a baseball stadium.

Nathalie Hirte, Joe Theriault, Jo-Ann Belanger, and Carolyn Maheu. These folks have been instrumental volunteers in the success of the event since day one and continue to be a part of it today.

The Québec Government Office in Boston for their guidance, standing by us when we were just starting out and for being a great partner on this year's event.

The FAC Board and the Fisher Cats for their knowledge and help with the event.

My wife for her putting up with all the time I put towards this

Finally, my grandfather for passing down the stories he knew and peaking my interest in our heritage. I'm not sure he would have believed he helped inspire an event like this.



Tim & Dan Beaulieu

# When there's a knock at the door, it means no one is there

by Grégoire Chabot

She was in the depths of despair. In ways she had never, ever been before. A dark despair that hid its true nature and lifespan. Temporary or permanent. One day or forever. Who knew?

All that remained were questions. Everywhere. 24 X 7. Not an answer in sight.

Even the safe, secure, sound old answers that she loved so much were now powerless. They turned to ashes if she tried to speak them. Often, the words that once seemed to leap so confidently from her lips couldn't even muster up enough courage to approach them. They stayed in her mouth until she eventually swallowed them whole

Which was the better approach? Stand unwaveringly next to the picture window next to the front door all day. Or seek refuge in the darkest, furthest corner of the house – attic, cellar, wherever – in an attempt to deny the very existence of reality and of that uniformed man who would show up one day with his piece of paper announcing the death of her dear, dear little Maurice. “The War Department regrets to inform you that ...” She had been there when her friend, Mme. Cournoyer, was handed the telegram about her son, Joseph, and tried to find some words of comfort for her as despair filled the room. Poor ol' crone, she had thought. But lately, since Maurice announced his fatal decision, despair had begun to gradually take over her own life.

There was only one question that DID have a well-defined answer: would the uniformed man one day knock on her door? The answer: Yes, without a doubt. It was inevitable. All that was left to define was the « when. »

How did things get to be so bad, she had started asking herself? It was going so well ... and for quite a while, too.

All the decisions she had made when she married had been good ones. All of the boys she had would become priests, she had declared. The girls, if she had any, would go to work in the mills as soon as possible. Didn't have to be an expert in high finance to know that she and Adjutor couldn't send even one of their boys to “collège” up in Québec with just the money they made. And she so very much wanted to have more

than one.

The girls were ... well ... girls. You sent them to school for as long as the law said you had to. After that, it was off to work until they became wives ... because that was the only thing they could become, after all.

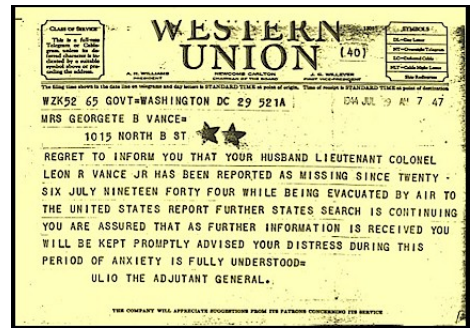
Her first two were boys who went off to a « collège/séminaire » when it was time as it had been established (at least in her mind) per omnia secula. It all worked fine until the first-born – heaven knows what got into him – come home for Christmas vacation during his last year. He was wearing a cassock and everything ... and he meets this girl and it wasn't long before all thoughts of becoming a priest vanished, driven away by the monopolizing thought of HER.

Since then, she had never really taken to HER (Rita was her actual name). Even though SHE treated her better and with more respect than her own oldest daughter.

But, « le Bon Dieu » had taken care of that problem as HE so often does. Her fifth child – Albert – went to the seminary and stayed there right 'til the end. Came home with a roman collar and an assignment to a miniscule and very poor parish in a town called Riversbend. So the tally was 3 boys, 2 priests. Not bad at all. She never held out much hope for the two boys – Charles and Philippe – born somewhere in the middle of her 10 kids. One couldn't get enough of science, the other of sports. Their preference would have been to spend that hour of Mass every Sunday lost somewhere else ... in a book or on the rink ... if they could have. And there was no way they were going to go to church every single morning like their mother, sisters, and priestly brothers.

But the youngest, the very last child, seemed destined for the priesthood from a very early age. And she greeted his declaration (at the age of 12) that he was determined to become the third priest in the family with tears of total joy. And all had gone so well for a while. For 8 years actually. Until last month.

That's when he came back for that damned Christmas vacation that had ruined her dreams for the oldest. That's when Maurice did some dream-ruining of his own, declaring that the priest thing definitely



wasn't for him.

But there was a big difference this time: war. A big, expanding, all-devouring war that wanted to destroy everything in its path. And that was everything.

That war loved young men – boys really – like the 20-year old Maurice. It would seduce them with dreams of glory and then kill them in the middle of the dream. She so hoped that her youngest would have enough common sense to stay at the seminary, even if his vocation was gone. There, he was safe. Otherwise, war, the witch, the bitch would take him, seduce him, fill his head with dreams of glory and then kill him. She was sure of it.

But common sense isn't a common commodity among men, regardless of their age. They much prefer dreams to reality. He left the seminary, joined the army, and went off to death.

And ever since then, his mother had waited – with a combination of resignation and terror – for the arrival of the man with the piece of paper in his hand

Who knows. Maybe « le Bon Dieu » will make it all turn out for the best, she told herself. She had just poured coffee into her favorite cup. Coffee always had a bit of a calming effect on her. She was putting the usual four teaspoons of sugar in her coffee when she noticed a knocking at the door. The front one. In perfect rhythm with each spoonful. One ... two ... three ... four. She desperately wanted to take a sip before answering the knocks, but her hands – her entire body, actually – were shaking uncontrollably.

She held the cup as firmly as she could with both hands and placed it on the small table next to the picture window. She took off her apron, let out a small sigh and walked slowly, calmly almost, to the front door.



# Quand on frappe à la porte, y a-t-il toujours quèqu'un?

par Grégoire Chabot

Elle était au comble du désespoir. Comme jamais auparavant. Un désespoir noir qui voulait pas lui indiquer s'il était temporaire ou permanent. Une journée ? Une éternité ?

En effet, il ne restait que des questions. Partout. 24 sur 24. Pas de réponses.

Même les belles, bonnes vieilles réponses qu'elle aimait tant n'avaient aucun pouvoir. Elles se transformaient en cendre si elle essayait de s'en servir. Ou bien les mots qui autrefois sortaient de sa bouche avec tant de confiance, n'avaient plus le courage même de traverser ses lèvres. Elle devait les avaler tout rond.

Quelle était la meilleure stratégie? Rester plantée au grand châssis près de la porte d'en avant toute la journée ou se réfugier dans le coin le plus sombre de la maison – le grenier, la cave, n'importe où – pour essayer de nier l'existence même de la réalité et de ce beau monsieur en uniforme qui allait venir un jour avec son morceau de papier pour lui annoncer la mort de son cher p'tit Maurice. « The War Department regrets to inform you that ... » Elle était là quand son amie, Mme. Cournoyer, avait reçu son télégramme à elle. Elle avait vu son désespoir. Pauvre gueuse, avait-elle pensé. Mais dernièrement, elle avait commencé à ressentir son propre désespoir, et ça depuis le moment que son Maurice lui avait annoncé sa décision fatale.

La seule question avec une réponse sûre: l'homme en uniforme avec son télégramme allait-il un jour frappé à sa porte? Oui, sans aucun doute. Inévitable. Il ne restait que de préciser le « quand. »

Comment ça se fait que c'est rendu à ce point-là, elle c'était mise à se demander. Pi ça allait si ben avant ça ... pi pour une si bonne secousse.

Toutes les décisions qu'elle avait prises quand elle s'est mariée avaient bien marché. Elle avait décidé que tous les p'tits gars qu'elle aurait deviendraient prêtres. Les filles, si elle en avait, iraient travailler aux moulins aussitôt que possible. Pas besoin d'être ben smarte en finances pour savoir qu'elle pi Adjutor pourraient jamais envoyer même un gars au collège au Canada seulement avec l'argent qu'ils gagnaient. Pi

elle était certaine d'en avoir ben plus qu'un.

Les filles étaient ... ben ... des filles. On envoie ça à l'école pour aussi longtemps qu'il le faut. Après ça, on les envoie travailler jusqu'à temps qu'elles deviennent femmes/épouse ... parce que c'est rien que ça que ça peut devenir, après tout.

Ses deux premiers étaient des gars qui se sont rendus au collège/séminaire quand c'tait le temps comme ce fut établi per omnia secula. Pi ça ben marché jusqu'à temps que le plus vieux ... je sais pas quoi c'est qui l'a pris ... est venu en vacances de Noel sa dernière année. Il portait la soutane pi tout ... pi y a rencontré c't'a fille-là pi ça pas pris longtemps avant que c'tait bye-bye prêtre.

Depuis c'temps-là, elle avait jamais trouvé Rita – la fille qui était devenue la femme du plus vieux ... de son goût, même si Rita la traitait mieux et avec ben plus de respect que sa plus vieille.

Mais le Bon Dieu avait tout arrangé ça. Son cinquième – Albert – s'était rendu au séminaire pi y était resté jusqu'au bout. 3 gars. 2 prêtres. Pas pire. Elle avait pas eu grand espoirs pour les deux autres gars – Charles pi Philippe. Un s'intéressait aux sciences. L'autre aux sports. S'ils avaient pu, ils auraient manqué la messe pour se perdre – un dans ses livres, l'autre à la patinoire.

Mais le plus jeune, le dernier né, s'était orienté vers le sacerdoce depuis sa jeunesse. Et elle reçut avec larmes de joie sa déclaration – à 12 ans – qu'il voulait absolument devenir the troisième prêtre de la famille. Et ça avait marché parfaitement jusqu'au mois passé.

Revenu pour les maudites vacances de Noel, Maurice avait détruit le beau rêve de sa mère – tout comme l'avait fait l'ainé il y avait une vingtaine d'années – en déclarant que le sacerdoce, c'tait pas pour lui.

Mais il y avait une grosse différence cette fois-ci : une guerre qui grandissait et grossissait et s'acharnait de plus en plus d'un jour au lendemain. Cette guerre désirait des jeunes comme Maurice pour les séduire avec des rêves de gloire et pour les tuer au beau milieu du rêve. Elle espérait que son plus jeune aurait le bon sens de rester au séminaire même sans vocation. Autrement, la guerre, la garce, allait le prendre, le



séduire, le rendre rêveur et le tuer. Elle en était certaine.

Mais on trouve très peu de bon sens chez les hommes qui préfèrent beaucoup les rêves à la réalité. Il quitta le séminaire, s'enrôla dans l'armée presque aussitôt et partit à la mort.

Et depuis ce temps-là, la mère attendit – avec une résignation mêlée de terreur, l'arrivée du monsieur avec le morceau de papier officiel.

Qui sait. Tedben que le Bon Dieu va tout arranger ça pour le mieux, se dit-elle. Elle venait de verser du café dans sa tasse favorite ... ce café qui la calmait un tout petit peu chaque jour. En mettant les quatre cuillerées de sucre dans son café, elle s'était rendu compte qu'on frappait aussi à la porte. D'en avant. En cadence avec chaque cuillerée. Un ... deux ... trois ... quatre. Elle voulait prendre une gorgée avant d'aller répondre. Mais ses mains – tout son corps vraiment – tremblaient beaucoup trop.

Elle prit la tasse dans ses deux mains et elle la mit – avec difficulté et en tremblant – sur la petite table près du grand châssis. Elle enleva son tablier, passa un petit soupir, et se dirigea lentement – calmement, presque – vers la porte d'en avant.



# A Brief Guide to Celebrate the Feast of St-Jean-Baptiste and Summer with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture

*By Albert J. Marceau  
Newington, Conn.*

The natural seasons of Spring and Summer as well as the Catholic liturgical seasons of Easter, Pentecost and Ordinary Time are the subjects of my third installment of Franco-American literature and culture, as published by the National Materials Development Center for French, abbreviated as NMDC. Like the first two installments, the ten books that are examined for the article are from the nine-volume set entitled: *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*, and the cookbook, *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspillé dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère* by Betty A. Lausier Lindsay.

As I wrote in my previous installment, Easter is the defining holiday in the Catholic liturgical calendar, because it is about the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Easter is set on the first Sunday that occurs after the first full moon after the Vernal Equinox. Since Easter is a moveable feast, it can fall as early as March 22 and as late as April 25. Since the Resurrection of Christ occurred soon after dawn on the day after the Jewish Sabbath, as recorded in the four Gospels (Matthew 28:1-4, Mark 16:1-2, Luke 24:1-2, and John 20:1-2), there is the practice of morning Mass on weekdays, and the Sunrise Service which usually occurs early in the morning of Easter Sunday in many Protestant Churches. Easter is the first day of Easter Week, and it is the first day of the Easter liturgical season, which lasts for 40 days, until Ascension Thursday. Ten days after Ascension Thursday is the Feast of Pentecost, and the following Sunday is the Feast of the Holy Trinity. The Thursday after the Feast of the Holy Trinity is the traditional date for the Feast of Corpus Christi, which is moved to following Sunday, in both the U.S. and Canada. Since Easter can occur from March 22 to April 25, the three cited

feast days are also moveable feasts, hence Ascension Thursday can occur from April 30 to June 3, Pentecost Sunday can occur from May 10 to June 13, and Corpus Christi, as a celebrated on a Thursday, can occur from May 21 to June 24. It should be noted that the Catholic tradition of the nine-day novena is from the period of days between Ascension Thursday and Pentecost Sunday.

It also should be noted that the liturgical vestments that are worn by the priest in each of the liturgical seasons change color. White is the liturgical color for the Easter Season, although gold vestments are encouraged for Easter Sunday and Easter Week. White is used until Pentecost Sunday, when the liturgical color is red. White again is used for Holy Trinity Sunday and Corpus Christi Sunday, which is followed by green as the liturgical color of Ordinary Time.

Lastly, it should be noted that Easter, Pentecost and Corpus Christi are three feasts that have an additional prayer called a Sequence, which is heard between the Epistle and the Gospel. The Sequence for Easter is: "Victimae paschali laudes immolent Christiani," which in English means: "Let Christian men, their voices raise and sing, the Paschal Victim's praise." The Sequence for Pentecost is: "Veni, sancte Spiritus, et emitte coelitus lucis tuae radium," which in English means: "Come, O Holy Spirit, come: And from thy celestial home, shed a ray of light divine." The Sequence for Corpus Christi is: "Lauda, Sion, Salvatorem, lauda ducem et pastorem, in hymnis et canticis," which means in English: "Praise, Sion, the Savior, Praise to the Lord and the Shepherd in hymns and in songs."

The Feast of St. Joan of Arc is fixed to May 30, the day when she was burned at the stake by the English in 1431, for witchcraft and the wearing of men's clothes. In 1456, Pope Callixtus III examined the

proceedings of the trial, and denounced the verdict, and declared her a martyr. In 1803, Napoleon Bonaparte declared her a national symbol of France. She was declared blessed by Pope Pius X on April 11, 1909, and on May 16, 1920, she was formally canonized a saint, a virgin, and a patron of France by Pope Benedict XV.

The Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist is fixed to June 24, because it is three months after the Feast of the Annunciation on March 25, (Luke 1:26-27, 36), and six months before the Nativity of Jesus Christ, better known as Christmas, on December 25. Also, June 24 is three days after the Summer Solstice on June 21<sup>st</sup>, when the day is the longest in the Northern Hemisphere. Hence, the days are beginning to shorten, and just as St. John the Baptist said to his followers in the Gospel of John 3:30: "He [Jesus Christ] must increase, and I must decrease." Likewise, Christmas is on December 25, four days after the Winter Solstice on December 21, when the day is the shortest in the Northern Hemisphere. In 1908, Pope Pius IX declared the feast day to be the holiday for the French-Canadians.

## The Franco-American Authors

The study of the Franco-American authors and their literary works in relation to Spring and Summer, as well as the religious and civil holidays for the months of May, June and July, are divided into chronological order by the holidays.

## The Feast of Corpus Christi – Variable dates from May 21st to June 24th

Emma Dumas (1857-1926) published her novel, *Mirbah*, under her nom de plume of Emma Port-Joli, and it was published in ten installments from May 1910 to March 1912 in the Franco-American newspaper, *La Justice* of Holyoke, Massachusetts. It was published twice by the NMDC. First as a single volume in 1979 of 247 pages, and a second time in 1980 for the *Anthologie*, where 90 pages were edited out of it, as found on pages 56 to 213 in volume four. *Mirbah* as a novel is unusual for many reasons, and it is somewhat morbid, for it opens and closes at a funeral Mass. It is the only novel where the central character is a Franco-American woman is an actress, whose name is Marie-Louise Bertrand, but whose stage name is Mirbah, hence the title of the novel. Since the main character is connected to the Franco-American community in Holyoke, she brings a play entitled "Repentir," (meaning "Repent"), to Holyoke in 1888, thirteen years after a horrible fire (Continued on page 21)

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that happened in the Church of the Precious Blood in Holyoke on May 27, 1875, on the Feast of Corpus Christi, as a means to honor those who died in the fire. The novel is based on a real event, which was national news, for one can read newspaper reports about it in the *New York Times* (“A Terrible Calamity: Seventy Human Beings Burned and Crushed to Death,” May 28, 1875, p. 1) and the *Chicago Tribune* (“Another Horror: Burning of a Catholic Church at South Holyoke, Mass.,” May 28, 1875, p. 5). Also, some of the characters in the Franco-American community were real people, such as Ferdinand Gagnon, the editor of *Le Travailleur* in Worcester, and Rev. Dufresne, the founding pastor of Precious Blood Parish in Holyoke. The preparations for the celebration for the Feast of Corpus Christi, which is called “Le Fête Dieu” in the novel, as well as the tragic fire and its consequences, are found from pages 90 to 138 in volume four of the *Anthologie*. (In the single volume, the preparations for the Mass and the consequences of the fire are found from pages 41 to 123. Oddly, the reprint of the single volume by the NMDC is missing a listing of the dead at the end of the volume, as promised in a footnote on page 123.) One of the ironies of the tragedy is that the religious service was near its end, for the Mass had been completed, and the last stage of Eucharistic Adoration, with the singing of the hymn “Tantum Ergo,” was in progress when some candles ignited a drape, and the fire spread quickly throughout the wooden church, as described on pages 97 and 98 of volume four in the *Anthologie*, or pages 49 to 51 in the single volume. The reason the novel was chosen for the Feast of Corpus Christi is because it is the only Franco-American piece of literature in the *Anthologie* which mentions the feast day.

The Feast of Corpus Christi is an elaborate feast day Mass, and one can hear an excellent recording of it, with the original Latin poetry of the Mass that was written by St. Thomas Aquinas (ca. 1225-1274), especially the Sequence he wrote, known by its opening line: “Lauda Sion, Salvatore.” The recording was made by the St. Gregory Society in New Haven, Conn., entitled “Solemn Mass of Corpus Christi” with music composed by Josquin DesPrez (1440-1521), and it is available through their

website, <http://saint-gregory.org/>.

### The Feast of St. Joan of Arc – May 30<sup>th</sup>

Dr. Joseph-Hormisdas Roy (1865-1931) wrote a sonnet entitled « Les voix de Jeanne d’Arc » which is found on page 256 of volume three of the *Anthologie*. The sonnet was first published in 1902 in Lowell, Massachusetts in his book of poetry entitled *Voix étranges*. The sonnet is a concise description of how the English Catholic religious authorities perceived her supernatural voices that aided her as a military leader of the French, and how her condemnation was her martyrdom.



### Memorial Day – May 30<sup>th</sup> (traditional date)

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque, the nom de plume of Leo-Albert Lévesque (1900-1974) wrote a poem about Memorial Day, entitled “Memorial Day,” which is found on page 150 of volume nine of the *Anthologie*. Although the title is in English, the poem is written in French, and it is written in five quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab cdcd et cetera. When Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote the poem, Memorial Day was celebrated throughout the U.S. on May 30, but since the National Holiday Act of 1971, it is now celebrated on the last Monday of May, hence the current practice of the Memorial Day Weekend. Nevertheless, there are some cities, such as New Britain, Connecticut, where the holiday is still celebrated on May 30 with a parade. Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote a description of how Memorial Day is celebrated, opening with the children, who are spectators of the parade, waving their little flags, and thereby, making them

as much a part of the parade as the former soldiers who are marching past them on the street. He described the destination of the former soldiers who are marching, the local cemetery, where the war-dead are buried, and who are remembered on this day. He noted the flowers in bloom for Memorial Day, culminating with the image of: « La blanche fleur de Paix, » meaning: “The white flower of Peace.”

### Flag Day – June 14<sup>th</sup>

Dr. Philippe Sainte-Marie (1875-1931) wrote a poem in honor of the American flag, and the country it represents, simply entitled « Le drapeau, » which is found on pages 211 to 212 in volume six of the *Anthologie*. It is written in seven quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab cdcd, et cetera.

Joseph-Arthur Smith (1869-1960) wrote a poem that would be appropriate for either Flag Day in the U.S., which is June 14, or Independence Day, which is July 4. The title of the poem is « Le drapeau étoilé » (traduction du « Star Spangled Banner ») and it is found on pages 34 to 35 of volume three of the *Anthologie*. Francis Scott Key (1779-1843) wrote “The Star-Spangled Banner” as a poem, and his first draft was written while he was aboard a British ship in the harbor of Baltimore, Maryland on September 13 and 14, 1814, as he witnessed the British bombardment of Fort McHenry, during a diplomatic mission for the exchange of prisoners between the Americans and the British during the War of 1812. The melody was taken from another song, “To Anacreon in Heaven,” which is ascribed to the English composer, John Stafford Smith (1750-1836). “The Star-Spangled Banner” did not become the official national anthem in the U.S. until 1931. Francis Scott Key wrote the poem in four octets, with a rhyme scheme of ababccdd, and the second couplet are the same two lines in the four octets, so they are the chorus of the anthem. Joseph-Arthur Smith preserved the same rhyme scheme for his translation of the anthem, which he first published in the July 3, 1907 issue of *L’Étoile* in Lowell, Massachusetts, as cited in the bibliography section of volume three of the *Anthologie*.

### The Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist – June 24<sup>th</sup>

Since there are eight pieces of literature in the nine-volume *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre* that are about or connected to the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the

(Continued on page 22)

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Baptist, there is the further subdivision by the seven authors into the three pieces of prose and the five pieces of poetry.

### Part One – The Prose

Rev. Charles Dauray (1838-1931) who was the pastor of Precious Blood Parish in Woonsocket, R.I., from 1875 to his death in 1931, gave a speech before the members of the Société St-Jean-Baptiste in Montreal on June 25, 1884, and the full title of the speech is: « Les prêtres canadiens des États-Unis : Discours prononcé au banquet du cinquantenaire de la fête St-Jean-Baptiste, Montréal, le 25 juin 1884. » The speech is found on pages 106 to 112 of volume one of the *Anthologie*. It was previously published in the 514-page book entitled: *Noces d'or de la Saint-Jean-Baptiste: Compte-rendu officiel des fêtes de 1884 à Montréal*, which was edited by P. Ph. Charette, B.C.I., and published in Montreal in 1884, as cited in the bibliography section of the said volume.

An extensive study could be made of the speech by Rev. Dauray as it is a solid example of the cultural ideology of La Survivance, but two examples are chosen here. In the first, on page 108, Rev. Dauray explained to his audience in Montreal, as to how the Franco-American parish effectively recreates everyday life of the French-Canadian village. He wrote: « L'Eglise n'est pas seulement ce phare lumineux qui conduit le chrétien à travers les écueils qu'il rencontre partout sur le chemin de la vie, mais pour les Canadiens émigrés, c'est la patrie; c'est là qu'ils viennent tous les dimanches pour rendre leurs devoirs à Dieu, c'est là qu'ils se rencontrent, qu'ils se voient, qu'ils se parlent, qu'ils se connaissent et qu'ils forment les liens d'amitié qui doivent unir les cœurs dans une même paroisse! » The translation of the passage is: "The Church is not only this luminous lighthouse which brings the Christian through the pitfalls that he meets all along the way of life, but for Canadian emigrants, it is the country; it is there that they come every Sunday in order to convey their duties to God, it is there that they meet one another, where they see one another, where they speak to one another, where they know one another, and where they form the bonds of friendship which must unite their hearts in the same parish!"

On page 111, Rev. Dauray defined how the priest is central to La Survivance: « Nous continuerons donc de toutes nos forces à conserver à notre peuple et sa foi et sa langue; par là nous aurons accompli notre double mission de prêtre et de patriote. » The translation of the passage is: "We shall continue therefore with all our strength, to preserve our people and their faith and their language; through this, we will have achieved our double mission of priest and of patriot."

Ferdinand Gagnon (1849-1886) gave a speech before the members of the local Société St-Jean-Baptiste in Worcester, Massachusetts on June 24, 1879, and the title of the speech is: « La Saint-Jean-Baptiste : Discours prononcé le 24 juin 1879, à Worcester, Massachusetts. » The speech is found on pages 95 to 102 in volume one of the *Anthologie*. The source of the reprinted speech is cited in the bibliography, from the book *Ferdinand Gagnon. Biographie, éloge, funèbre, pages choisies* that was published in Manchester, N.H. in 1940. It was published in 1886 in Worcester, Mass., in the book that was edited by Benjamin Sulte, entitled *Ferdinand Gagnon, sa vie et ses oeuvres*. The speech by Ferdinand Gagnon is a brief history of the growth of the Franco-American community in Worcester, for he opened the speech with a recollection of the celebration of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist that was held ten years earlier, on June 24, 1869. He also mentioned his earlier newspaper, *La Voix du Peuple*, before he established *Le Travailleur* in Worcester. Unlike Rev. Dauray who saw the parish as the culmination of a community, Ferdinand Gagnon saw the press as an intrinsic part of society, for he said on page 97: « Un bon journal, ce n'est pas la gazette à sensation. Ce n'est pas le compendium des meurtres, des accidents. [...] Un journal... doit changer le courant de l'opinion publique suivant les principes du vrai et du juste. » The translation of the quote is: "A good newspaper is not a sensational tabloid. It is not a compendium of murders, of accidents. [...] A newspaper... must change the current of public opinion following the principles of truth and of righteousness."

Adélard Lambert (1867-1946) wrote a short chapter entitled « Une fête Saint-Jean-Baptiste dans un village américain, » within his unpublished manuscript entitled: *Souvenir d'enfance*, which is found on pages ten to seventeen in volume seven of the *Anthologie*. Adélard Lambert effec-

tively described life in a Franco-American parish, in Central Village in Manchester, N.H., where he at the age of 25 years, went about with his friend Charles Rabouin, to gather men for the choir, in order to have a high mass on the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist.

### Part Two – The Poetry

Anna Duval-Thibault (1862-1951) wrote a poem entitled « La Saint-Jean-Baptiste » which is found on pages 220 to 221 in volume two of the *Anthologie*. It is written in seven quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab. The central image is how everyone in an unnamed village in the Province of Quebec is called to the Mass by the bell in the bell-tower of the old wooden church in the center of the village. Within the village church, the priest leads everyone, by means of the Mass and his sermon, to venerate St. John the Baptist, which culminates in the last two lines of the poem: « Le Saint qu'il nous louait sans cesse / Notre patron et notre appui. » The translation of the two lines are: "The Saint whom we praise without ceasing, / Our Patron and our support."

Dr. Joseph-Amédée Girouard (1865-1938) wrote a poem entitled « Pour la Saint-Jean-Baptiste » which is found on pages two to four in volume four of the *Anthologie*. It is a narrative poem of 82 lines, composed in rhyming couplets.

Joseph-Arthur Smith wrote a poem entitled « Souvenirs d'une Saint-Jean-Baptiste: Rêverie sur l'Esplanade à Québec » which is found on pages 36 to 38 in volume three of the *Anthologie*. It is a narrative poem that recollects the French heroes in the Canadian past, and it is written in three sestets with a rhyme scheme of aabccb, followed by six quatrains of abab, and then two sestets of aabccb. The poem was first published in the June 24, 1913 issue of *L'Etoile* in Lowell, Massachusetts, as cited in the bibliography.

Rémi Tremblay (1847-1926) wrote two poems on the subject of the holiday in honor of St. John the Baptist, both of which are found in volume one of the *Anthologie*. The first poem is « Le cinquantenaire : Cantate (Lué par l'auteur au Congrès National, séance du 28 juin 1884), » which is found on pages 256 to 259, and the second poem is entitled « La Saint Jean-Baptiste, » which is found on pages 260 to 262. « Le cinquantenaire » is a narrative poem written in nine quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab, followed by six octets with a rhyme (Continued on page 23)



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scheme of ababcdcd, and then three sestets with a rhyme scheme of aabcbc. « La Saint Jean-Baptiste » is a narrative poem of 72 lines, composed in rhyming couplets.

#### Independence Day – July 4th

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote a poem entitled « Feux d'artifice » which is found on pages 261 to 262 of volume nine of the *Anthologie*. It is a concrete poem, or spatialist poem, for the shape of the lines roughly resemble a candlestick. The poem has no political message, but since the Fourth of July, Independence Day, is celebrated with fireworks, it is listed under Independence Day, especially since the third and fourth lines have a reference to Summer: « Centaines de prunelles/ Illuminent le ciel d'été. » The translation of the two lines are: “Hundreds of pupils illuminating the Sum-

mer sky.” Notice how Dion-Lévesque uses an unusual image, for he reversed the usual image of the black pupil of eyes in daylight, with the reflective pupil of eyes seen at night, which are reflective and colorful, like the sparks from fireworks.

#### The Franco-American Foods for Spring and Summer

The idea of foods prepared in a Franco-American tradition for Spring and Summer is hard to define, as there is no strong association of a particular food with a specific holiday, such as the turkey dinner at Thanksgiving, or fish for the Fridays of Lent. Possibly for Summer, lighter foods would be preferred, such as soups, salads and cool desserts. Betty A. Lausier Lindsey wrote five recipes for soup, three of which are for pea soup, as found on pages 64 and 65 of her book. She listed salads under the heading of “Vegetables,” but there are only two recipes for salads – potato and cole slaw – as found on pages 68 and 69 of her book. On the same two pages, she included

two recipes for salad dressing – French and Italian – and two recipes for vegetables, one for stir-fry, and the other for Boston baked beans. She listed three recipes for pie on page 48, cream pie, Canadian brown sugar pie, and raison pie. Surprisingly, Betty A. Lausier Lindsey did not include a recipe on how to make ice cream, or desserts with ice cream.

#### How to Purchase the Books

The best means to purchase copies of the cookbook, *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspillé dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère*, as well as any of the nine-volume set, *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*, is 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 business e-mail address is: [libpopulaire@yahoo.com](mailto:libpopulaire@yahoo.com).

## Worcester City Council Heard Three Appeals to Save Notre-Dame des Canadiens; Choquette Gave a Lecture on the Former Parish

*By Albert J. Marceau  
Newington, Conn.*

The Worcester City Council heard three appeals to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens church from demolition, each on a Tuesday: April 24, May 8, and May 15, 2018. Each of the appeals were an agenda item on the evening's sessions, through the efforts of two advocacy groups – Preservation Worcester and the Save Notre-Dame Alliance. The significance of the date of the first appeal is that it occurred days after the owner of the property, the Hanover Insurance Group, could legally demolish Notre-Dame des Canadiens. Hence, the goal of the first, second and third appeals by Preservation Worcester and the Save Notre-Dame Alliance, was to persuade the Worcester City Council to pass a resolution for a three-month delay against the permit for the demolition. During the delay, the two advocacy groups decided to find another developer who would preserve Notre-Dame

des Canadiens as a building, but to be used for the public good. The goal of the Hanover Insurance Group is to demolish Notre-Dame des Canadiens and to build a luxury hotel on the site at Five Salem Square in Worcester.

#### The First Appeal

On Tues. April 24, 2018, members of Preservation Worcester, Save Notre-Dame Alliance, and individuals gave their testimonies and reasons before the Worcester City Council in order to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens from demolition.

Ted Conna of the Save Notre Dame Alliance read from a letter that he received earlier the same day from Rep. James P. McGovern (D) of the Second District in Massachusetts. Ted Conna also made photocopies of the letter, which he made available to all present. Rep. McGovern made it clear that

he supported the effort to save the building, as written in the opening paragraph of his letter: “It has come to my attention that the Save Notre-Dame Alliance (the Alliance) will be heard by the Worcester City Council tonight. I wanted to express my support for your efforts to locate a developer who could provide a fair and reasonable alternative to [the] demolition of this beautiful building.” Rep. McGovern promised that he would work for financial support for the renovation of the building, provided that the Save Notre Dame Alliance is able to halt the demolition of the building. He wrote in the third paragraph of his letter: “Should the Alliance prevail upon the owners of Notre Dame to delay irreversible demolition actions on the Notre Dame site, I would be pleased to provide whatever assistance possible to facilitate discussions with appropriate developers identified by the Alliance, and to provide support in Alliance efforts to access federal, state and local grants, tax credits, etc., for the benefit of the project.”

#### Choquette Gave a Lecture on the Former Parish

On Wed. April 25, Leslie Choquette, Ph.D., gave a lecture on the history of the former parish of Notre-Dame des Canadiens in Worcester, entitled: “Worcester's French-Canadians at Notre Dame and Beyond.” The lecture was part of the (*Continued on page 24*)

*(Worcester City Council Heard Three Appeals to Save Notre-Dame des Canadiens; Choquette Gave a Lecture on the Former Parish continued from page 23)*

induction ceremony for new members of Phi Alpha Theta and the History Honor Society at Assumption College that was held in the Salon de la Maison Française from 5:30 to 7PM. She gave her lecture with numerous slides, and her history of the parish covered the entire history of the parish, from 1868 to the present, and its three churches, the most famous being the current building that may be soon demolished. She gave two intriguing facts about the current Notre-Dame des Canadiens. The first intriguing fact was that the site of Five Salem Square was chosen by the Fifth Pastor, Fr. Louis D. Grenier (1904-1939), who announced publicly on April 26, 1926, the Monday after the Third Sunday after Easter, that the Virgin Mary came to him in a dream, and told him that she wanted a church in her honor at the Salem Square site. The second intriguing fact is that the First Bishop of Worcester, Massachusetts, John Joseph Wright, who was in the office from 1950 to 1959, wanted to make Notre-Dame des Canadiens his cathedral. However, there were two problems. The rectory was in need of much repair,

and more importantly, the church was part of a national parish, so he could not make it his cathedral, and so he chose St. Paul's Church in Worcester to become his cathedral. Bishop Wright was installed as the Bishop of Diocese of Worcester on Tuesday, March 7, 1950 in the Cathedral of St. Paul on 38 High Street in Worcester, which is three-tenths of a mile from Notre-Dame des Canadiens. (In an effort to clarify the facts, Leslie Choquette responded by e-mail to your reporter on May 17, 2018, that her source for the two intriguing facts is from the parish history, *A Parish Grows Around A Common: Notre-Dame-des-Canadiens, 1869-1995* by Richard L. Gagnon. The facts can be found on pages 64 to 65 and 80 of the said book.)

After her lecture, and during the question and answer period, Jonathan Ostrow and Ted Conna, both of whom are members of Preservation Worcester and the Save Notre-Dame Alliance, spoke about the groups that they represent, and they asked for people in the hall to sign the petition

to save Notre-Dame from demolition. A third member of the two advocacy groups, Toni Ostrow, was there as well, gathering signatures. They received many signatures, from a former parishioner of Notre-Dame des Canadiens, Charles Belisle, to the surviving founder of the French Institute, Claire Quintal. Leslie Choquette spoke with Jonathan Ostrow, and she agreed to send images of Notre-Dame des Canadiens to the him, for the use on the Facebook account of the Save Notre-Dame Alliance, which is: <https://www.facebook.com/savenotredamealliance/>.



*Your reporter, Albert Marceau, speaking before the Worcester City Council on Tues. April 24, 2018. The argument that he gave was that the Mark Twain House and the Old State House, both in Hartford, Conn., where once considered for demolition, and today, both buildings are museums and cultural centers. The same could happen for Notre-Dame des Canadiens in Worcester. Photo by Bill Coleman of Worcester, Mass.*

Both Jonathan Ostrow and Toni Ostrow spoke individually to people about the plan by the Save Notre-Dame Alliance to raise \$100,000 for seed money to conduct a feasibility study, in order to find another developer who would preserve the building, and repurpose it. Jonathan Ostrow emphasized that the group is asking people to pledge any amount of money, as little as ten dollars, and the pledge form can be found on the Facebook account of Save Notre-Dame Alliance. It is also possible to give a pledge to the group via e-mail, and to send one's name, contact information, the amount of the pledge, and whether or not to publish one's name and pledge publicly to the e-mail address of [savenotredame2018@gmail.com](mailto:savenotredame2018@gmail.com). Jonathan Ostrow emphasized the meaning of "pledge," that it is a promise to donate funds, and as planned by the Save Notre-Dame Alliance, the payment would not be due until after there would be a stay of demolition, and when a feasibility study could be made.

### The Second Appeal

On Tues. May 8, 2018, Preservation Worcester and the Save Notre-Dame Alliance again gave arguments a second time to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens from demolition before the Worcester City Council. I was unable to attend the session before the city council, as I had a board meeting the same night for the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut, which had been postponed by one week. Since I could not be in two places at the same time, I wrote an e-message to the entire city council, which I sent at 5:40PM. Here is the entire text of my e-message:

"As I cannot attend the city council meeting that will start in a few minutes, as I am committed to a board-meeting at the French-Canadian Genealogical Society of Connecticut that will meet in little better than an hour, I am sending the following e-message."

"The building of Notre-Dame des Canadiens cannot be replaced once it is destroyed, and given its unique architectural beauty, I ask you to consider a three-month delay in order to prevent the demolition. Notre-Dame des Canadiens could be repurposed as a concert hall and a cultural center that would add cultural value to the City of Worcester. As I spoke before your council about two weeks ago, the Mark Twain House in

Hartford was nearly torn-down in the 1920s in order to build a gasoline station. Today, there are gasoline stations on Farmington Avenue in Hartford, but there is only one Mark Twain House on Farmington Avenue in Hartford, which is a tourist destination, a place of learning for schoolchildren about American literature, and a cultural center for all. I would like to see the same for Notre-Dame des Canadiens in Worcester, where I would enjoy hearing an organ concert, or a theatre piece. Sincerely, Albert J. Marceau, MA, Newington, Connecticut."

I received an immediate response, a mere nineteen minutes later, from one of the councilors, while the meeting was in session. Councilor Gary Rosen responded at 5:59PM: "Thanks for your email, Albert. I recognize that the City Council has no authority in this matter. Whether we even have any influence remains to be seen. In any case, I believe that the people of Worcester will some day regret the demolition of his magnificent structure that actually enhances

*(Worcester City Council Heard Three Appeals to Save Notre-Dame des Canadiens; Choquette Gave a Lecture on the Former Parish continued from page 24)*

all the development occurring downtown. I plan to support the request at tonight's Council meeting for a three-month reprieve. Gary Rosen."

The Worcester City Council voted in favor of the reprieve of demolition, during their meeting on Tues. May 8, 2018. But their authority is limited, as stated by Councilor Gary Rosen in his e-message to your reporter. Aviva Luttrell, a reporter for *Masslive.com*, wrote that the reprieve was a non-binding request to stop the demolition process, and that Mayor Joseph Petty and City Manager Edward Augustus Jr., would meet with the Hanover Insurance Group, and ask them to delay the demolition process for three months, so further options to save the building could be explored. Luttrell quoted Councilor Candy Mero-Carlson: "I don't believe any one of my colleagues wants to see this beautiful structure come down..." Zachary Comeau, a reporter for the *Worcester Business Journal*, noted that the Save Notre-Dame Alliance met recently with U.S. Rep. Jim McGovern, city officials and members of the development team of the Hanover Insurance Group, and they collectively concluded that six million dollars would be necessary for redevelopment to be viable, unlike the eight to ten million dollar figure proposed by Pamela Johan, a spokesperson for the current developer of City Square II, as noted by Aviva Luttrell in her report. (See: "'You fight until the end:' Worcester City Council backs non-binding request to delay demolition of historic Notre-Dame church," by Aviva Luttrell, *Masslive.com*, May 9, 2018, and "City to ask Hanover to delay Notre Dame demolition after petition supported," by Zachary Comeau, *Worcester Business Journal*, May 9, 2018.)

### The Third Appeal

On Tues. May 15, 2018, Preservation Worcester and the Save Notre-Dame Alliance again gave arguments to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens from demolition before the Worcester City Council. Barbara Haller of the Save Notre-Dame Alliance summarized the purpose of the meeting with the Worcester City Council in an e-mail that she sent the previous day to supporters, like your reporter. The purpose of the meeting was to thank the city council for their work, and to support the five petitions that were

submitted to the council by Ted Conna, and to speak to the City Manager and urge him to save the building as soon as possible. In short, to build on the success of the vote from the meeting of the previous week. Although your reporter planned to go, a front of severe thunder storms and the 75-mile through them, prevented your reporter from attending the meeting. Nevertheless, your reporter sent an e-message to the Worcester City Council, entitled "I Support the Salvation of Notre-Dame des Canadiens." The core point of my e-message is: "I fully support the efforts [of] Preservation Worcester and Save Notre-Dame Alliance for their intrinsic cultural value of the building known as Notre-Dame des Canadiens. It is a jewel on the green of Worcester Center, and as such, it should be saved from demolition. As I wrote one week ago today to all of you, Notre-Dame des Canadiens should become a cultural center, for theatre and performing arts, due to the beauty of the building itself, and [as well] as the acoustic properties it must have as a church, with the organ pipes still intact. I would not mind driving 75 miles to hear a concert, or to hear the theatre, at such a cultural center, as Notre-Dame des Canadiens could be in the future."

On the morning of Wed. May 15, 2018, your reporter telephoned the office of Preservation Worcester, and he was told that the Worcester City Council voted to take no further action until the next scheduled meeting on Tues. May 29, 2018. He was also told that it is possible that the Hanover Insurance Group could order the demolition of the building within the next two weeks, and nothing could be done to stop it. However, there may be a series of private meetings between the advocacy groups, and the owner, and the building will stand.

### An Unknown Future

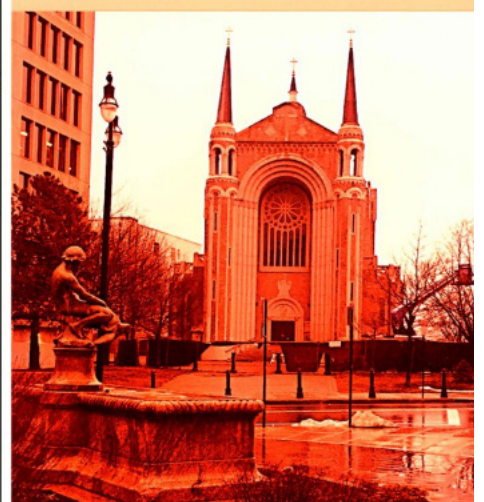
Since *Le Forum* is not simply a newspaper that reports the news, it is a periodical with an emphasis on advocacy, the readers of *Le Forum* are encouraged to consider making a pledge to the Save Notre-Dame Alliance, either through their Facebook account, or via e-mail, [savenotredame2018@gmail.com](mailto:savenotredame2018@gmail.com). Remember, it is a pledge to pay, not to pay up-front. Also, the reader could contact Preservation Worcester, either through their website, [www.preservationworcester.org](http://www.preservationworcester.org), or via e-mail at [info@perservationworcester.org](mailto:info@perservationworcester.org), or by phone at (508)-754-8760. Notre-Dame des Canadiens may no longer be a functioning

church, but it does not mean that it should be destroyed. It is a beautiful and unique building, with presumably excellent acoustics, and it could be performing arts center.



*A photo of Notre-Dame des Canadiens, taken in 1930, from the book *A Parish Grows Around the Common: Notre-Dame-des-Canadiens, 1869-1995* by Richard L. Gagnon. The viewer will notice not only the cars from the 1930s in front of the church, but the photo was taken of an angle of the church that is rarely found in photographs today.*

GREAT CITIES SAVE GREAT BUILDINGS!



[savenotredame2018@gmail.com](mailto:savenotredame2018@gmail.com)  
[facebook.com/savenotredamealliance](https://www.facebook.com/savenotredamealliance)

*The Save Notre Dame Alliance gave away copies of this card at their appeals before the Worcester City Council as well as in the Salon de la Maison Française after Leslie Choquette's lecture on the parish on Wed. April 25, 2018, in order to publicize their cause, to save Notre-Dame des Canadiens from demolition.*

# Qui perd sa langue ne parle plus : le maintien de la langue française à Lewiston (ME), passé et actuel

par Jack Schrupp

Cet article résume une thèse présentée au Williams College Department of Romance Languages en vue de l'obtention du diplôme de baccalauréat en 2018. Comment la langue française à Lewiston (Maine) a-t-elle survécu jusqu'à nos jours? Lorsque nous pensons au Maine, l'état le plus septentrional dans la Nouvelle-Angleterre, nous pensons souvent aux pinèdes denses et à une côte sauvage parsemée de phares. Nous ne pensons guère aux villes industrielles telles que Lewiston qui font tout autant partie du paysage que les pins et les plages. Lewiston est la deuxième plus grande ville du Maine et l'un des centres francophones les plus dynamiques de la Nouvelle-Angleterre, voire des États-Unis. Situé sur la rivière Androscoggin, Lewiston est devenu une puissance industrielle régionale vers la fin du dix-neuvième siècle lorsque des milliers de Canadiens-français y sont venus cherchant du travail dans ses moulins. Ces nouveaux arrivants ont apporté la langue française et au fil des années, ils ont enraciné une communauté linguistique dynamique – une île française dans une mer anglophone – dont les vestiges sont encore visibles. À la fin du siècle, ces immigrants, préoccupés par la préservation de leur culture – à savoir la langue française – ainsi que l'assimilation à la culture américaine, ont commencé à s'identifier en tant que franco-américain. Les Franco-Américains sauvegardaient la communauté linguistique de leurs parents et grands-parents en se battant contre le transfert linguistique à l'anglais dans tous les domaines. Grâce à leurs efforts, la langue française y persiste toujours.

Bien que la plupart des francophones à Lewiston soient toujours des Franco-Américains, un nombre croissant sont des immigrants africains. S'installent à Lewiston à partir de 2010, ces nouveaux arrivants redonnent un dynamisme à la francophonie. Il faut mentionner que Lewiston est surtout connu pour ses immigrants somaliens, dont peu parlent le français. Les immigrants dont nous parlons viennent principalement de l'Afrique subsaharienne – à savoir du Congo – et ils parlent tous le français. De plus, ils ne

s'attendent pas à trouver des francophones à Lewiston. En revanche, les Franco-Américains ne s'attendent pas à accueillir des francophones. Ces deux communautés sont contentes, néanmoins, de se trouver ensemble. Pour les immigrants, la présence des francophones est rassurante. Ils trouvent une nouvelle patrie où leur langue se parle. Ils trouvent également l'occasion de s'intégrer à la société américaine sans parler l'anglais. Par contre, les Franco-Américains sont ravis d'avoir plus d'occasions de parler le français ; et vu que le nombre de francophones à Lewiston augmente pour la première fois depuis des décennies, beaucoup d'entre eux croient qu'une renaissance est possible dans le cadre de leur langue. Bien que la langue française soit stigmatisée à Lewiston dans le passé, le français devient un desideratum sentimental et son apprentissage est à la mode, même patriotique. Tout ceci est le fruit de l'immigration. Les nouveaux arrivants créent non seulement des occasions à parler régulièrement le français, mais également des espaces où la langue française est privilégiée.

Cette étude examine la francophonie – passée et actuelle – de Lewiston et le rôle des domaines dans ses efforts à maintenir la langue française. Une situation sociolinguistique – dans ce cas une francophonie – se caractérise par les domaines linguistiques et les comportements linguistiques dans ces domaines. Aucun domaine ne peut, à lui seul, garantir le maintien d'une langue minoritaire. Afin de la maintenir, il faut avoir plusieurs domaines – un réseau – dont chacun touche une dimension différente de la vie quotidienne. Il est à noter qu'un domaine n'est pas figé, il évolue au fil du temps. Il se dilate et se contracte. Il disparaît et réapparaît. Cette étude suit donc six domaines au fil du temps : le domaine familial, le domaine du travail, le domaine éducatif, le domaine religieux, le domaine socioculturel et le domaine des médias qui – de nos jours – est devenu synonyme de cyberspace. Chaque chapitre aborde des efforts en vue du maintien linguistique dans ces domaines dans une communauté de francophones différente.

Le premier chapitre porte sur les premiers immigrants canadiens-français ; le deuxième chapitre aborde les Franco-Américains ; et le troisième chapitre traite les immigrants africains francophones de nos jours.

Au cours de l'été 2017, j'ai passé deux mois à Lewiston, assistant aux activités francophones auxquelles j'étais accordé accès. Au début, j'ai assisté à toutes les réunions d'un club français, dont les membres sont majoritairement africains. Au fil du temps, j'ai noué des rapports, même des amitiés, avec ceux qui y assistaient régulièrement. Ces relations se sont étendues au-delà des horaires du club français.

Nous avons fait du jardinage communautaire. Nous avons partagé des repas. Nous avons sympathisé et nous avons passé de bons moments, tout en français. À la fin de mon séjour, j'étais intégré dans la francophonie de Lewiston et je connaissais bien les comportements linguistiques des francophones locaux. Il est à noter que je voulais observer les comportements linguistiques des locuteurs sans qu'ils eussent l'impression d'être systématiquement observés. Je ne faisais pas des entrevues officielles, je ne posais pas de questions de recherche spécifiques et je n'enregistrais pas mes interactions. Cette étude est donc un mélange des observations et des réflexions, voire des conjectures. Pour cette raison, je tente de maintenir un dialogue ouvert et honnête sur mes limites, car il y a des limites à ce que les données qualitatives peuvent nous offrir. Je réussis néanmoins à faire entendre les voix francophones de Lewiston – passé et actuel – et les mettre en cadre des domaines.

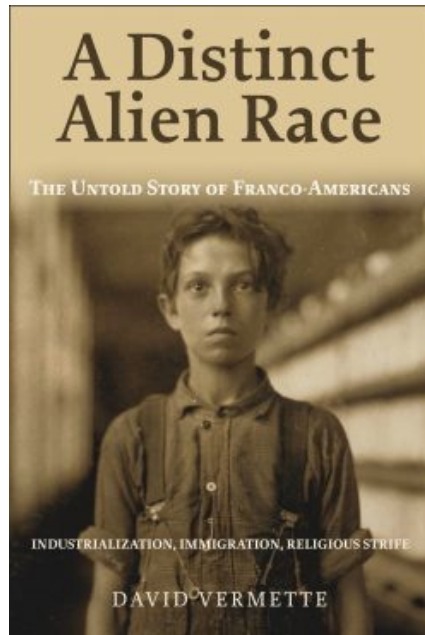
Pourquoi Lewiston ? Lewiston est une francophonie transfrontalière issue de l'immigration. Relié au Canada par les immigrants québécois et à l'Afrique par les immigrants africains, Lewiston fait partie d'un discours plus grand. Ce qui se passe à Lewiston au niveau linguistique a donc des incidences sur ce qui se passe au Québec et dans la Francophonie – une communauté vivante et dynamique partagée par quelques centaines de millions de locuteurs autour du monde. Selon cette perspective, la francophonie de Lewiston et chaque domaine qui y figurent sont dignes de notre attention.

*Cette étude est disponible dans les archives numériques Williams College.*



Pre-order now; pub date 15 Sept. 2018

## A Distinct Alien Race



The Untold Story of Franco-Americans, Industrialization, Immigration, Religious Strife

“The French number more than a million in the United States.... They are kept a distinct alien race, subject to the Pope in matters of religion and of politics. Soon... they will govern you, Americans.” — British-American Citizen (Boston), 1889

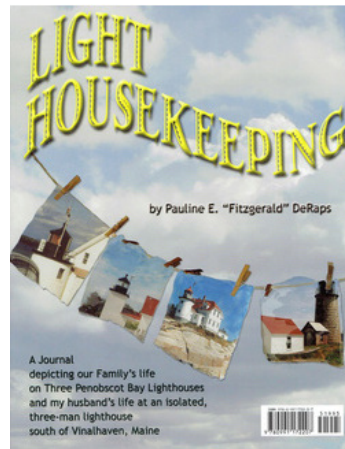
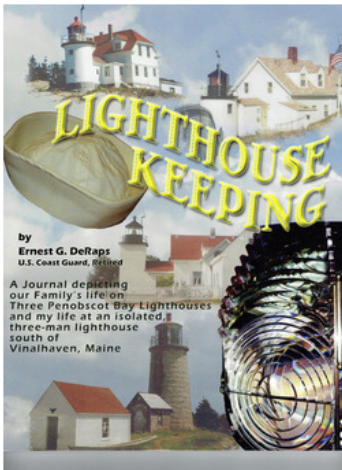
Americans don't think of Canada as a source of potential terrorists—speaking a foreign tongue, serving a foreign religion, and invading their country. But when a million French-Canadians crossed the border between 1840 and 1930, many seeking work in New England's burgeoning textile industry, they were cast as foot soldiers in

an alleged Roman Catholic plot.

A Distinct Alien Race places these Franco-Americans in the context of contemporary issues: the rise and fall of manufacturing in the U.S.; Nativism and the fear of the Other; emigration to the U.S. across land borders; and the construction of race. Vermette traces individuals and families, from the textile barons whose profits in the Caribbean and China trades financed a new industry, to the rural poor of Québec who crowded into fetid tenements after the Civil War. His social history exposes the anti-Franco-American agitation of Protestant clergy, the Ku Klux Klan, and the eugenics movement.

David Vermette is a researcher, writer, and speaker on the history and identity of the descendants of French North America. He was born and raised in Massachusetts.

<http://www.barakabooks.com/catalogue/a-distinct-alien-race/>



## Lighthouse Keeping

*By Ernest G. DeRaps  
U.S. Coast Guard , Retired/  
By Pauline E. "Fitzgerald" DeRaps*

A Journal depicting our Family's life on Three Penobscot Bay Lighthouses and my life at an isolated three-man lighthouse south of Vinalhaven, Maine

*Ernie DeRaps*

Contact Address: *Pigment Art  
Richmond, Maine*

Phone: (207) 737-4011 Mobile: (207) 242-7147

<https://www.pigmentartstudio.com/index.php/lighthouse-keeping>

About Ernie: In January 2008 after retiring with 28 1/2 years Military (Navy -9 1/2 Years & Coast Guard 19 years, some as a lighthouse keeper); 21 years with the State of Maine and 12 years building I.C.F. houses with my son and son-in-law, and after celebrating my 80th birthday, my wife asked me to stay home and quit work. Consequently I took up ART. The first year I painted several Maine coast and Maine interior scenes, even some wild flowers.



During the later part of 2009, I read in an art magazine about doing a big show at a gallery. In order to do this one had to make a series of paintings of similar size and similar theme. I started creating one painting a week, of Lighthouses that I had colored slides of. Upon completion number 14, I asked myself, "Where do I go from here?". I decided to paint (again, one a week) painting of Lighthouses! I decided to paint every Lighthouse on the coast of Maine, starting with the most southerly (Boon Island) and proceeding northeast.

I have completed painting 65 lighthouses in the Maine Coast Series, each are 16"x20".

I would be most happy to have anyone come view them. They hang on my basement studio walls. I have photographed all of them and printed 4" x 6" photos of them. I also have group photos as they hang on my basement walls. I plan not to sell any of this series until I have been able to display the completed project in a gallery or galleries.



**BOOKS/  
LIVRES...**

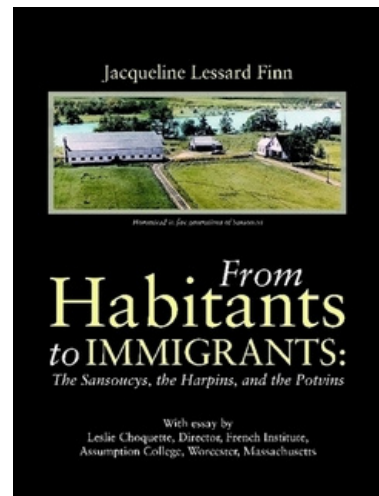
**From Habitants to Immigrants:  
The Sansoucy, the Harpins, and the Potvins**  
*By Jacqueline Lessard Finn*

*Paperback, 238 Pages  
Price: \$22.00*

From Habitants to Immigrants: The Sansoucy, the Harpins, and the Potvins, is the story of three French Canadian families, from the forays of the Carignan Salières Regiment in 1665-66, to settlement in the Canadian wilderness, dependence on a family economy, the pain of epidemics and war, the loss of French Canada, the ensuing cultural conflicts, the end of available

farmland, and finally, emigration to the mill towns of Massachusetts and the creation of a Franco-American diaspora across the United States.

The chronicle of the Sansoucy, Harpin, and Potvin families reveals the strength of French Canadian families, parishes, and communities, their sorrows, limitations and joys. It is the story of generations of



oppressed but resilient people in the context of the social, economic and political events of their times, their emigration and eventual assimilation as industrious and patriotic American citizens.

The book contains oral histories, family letters, and photographs.

<http://www.lulu.com> • [www.amazon.com](http://www.amazon.com)  
Email: [finnjph@gmail.com](mailto:finnjph@gmail.com)

**Franco-American cookbooks**

April 6, 2018 *Home A Taste of Quebec, Acadians, Cajuns, Creoles, Out of Old Nova Scotia Kitchens, Tourtiere, Vicki Branton*

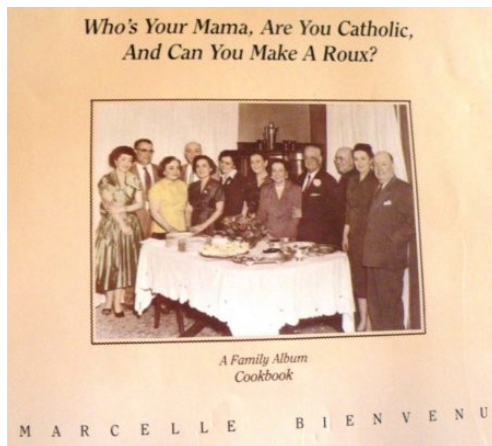
**By Juliana L'Heureux**

**Les livres de cuisine  
franco-américains**

Cookbooks contain more than recipes. They often describe a lot about cultures.

Over the years, I've collected more than a few culinary books especially focused on French and Franco-American cuisines. Therefore, an article shared with me by a writer for a Louisiana newspaper gave me reason to pull out a few of my bookshelf cookbooks. These are among the references I use for recipes served by traditional Franco-Americans, when cooking for special occasions, holidays or just because they happen to taste good. It's interesting to note how Franco-American recipes and culinary traditions are diversified blends of many cultures that are rooted in the French language and customs. For example, distinctly Quebec culinary recipes are often a combination of historic food sharing with Native Americans and Acadians.

In Louisiana, the culinary blends include Creole and Cajun, rooted in the French and Franco-American traditions.



*Franco-American cookbooks, like the one written by Marcelle Bienvenu, about her Louisiana family, are often sources of recipes that have been handed down by families, through generations.*

In other words, in the collective sense, Franco-American cooking is truly

“un mélange”. There are as many layers to Franco-American cooking as there are ingredients in Jambalaya.

Food writer Vicki Branton writes for the Louisiana newspaper The Daily Iberian. Her article about the differences and similarities between “Creole versus Cajun” cooking is now bookmarked in my computer files. I've also made a print copy to add to my cookbook collection.



*Vicki Branton is a writer for the Louisiana newspaper The Daily Iberian.*

She gave her permission for me to reference her food analysis in this blog.

Of course, the Acadians in Louisiana are often referred to as Cajuns, a shortened reference to their origins in Nova Scotia. They were the victims of Les Grand De-  
(Continued on page 29)



BOOKS/

LIVRES...

(Franco-American cookbooks continued from page 28)

rangement, or the 1755, “Great Upheaval”. Following their expulsion by the British, from their homes in “Acadia” (Nova Scotia), many of the refugees found their way to Louisiana, where they assimilated into the culture and became the Cajuns. Their oral history recipes expanded to include the native ingredients found in Louisiana.

Creole cooking is somewhat different from Cajun, but the culinary traditions are included in the overview of Franco-American cultures and diverse regional tastes.

These differences and similarities are evident in several of my cookbooks.

Branton explains some of the difference between French, Cajun and Creole cooking.

In fact, France’s culinary history is the backbone of what evolved into Cajun/Creole cuisines, so popular in Louisiana and throughout the American south. All three traditions – French, Cajun and Creole – depend on the “foundational skills” of knowing how to make a roux, bouillabaisse and fricassees.

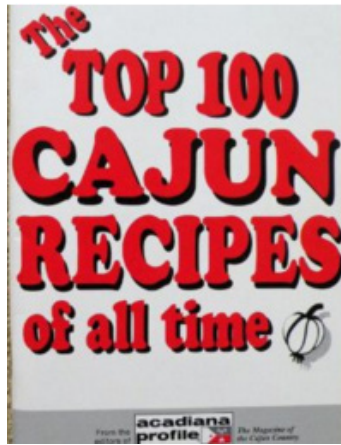
The technique, and pride, in knowing how to make a roux is nicely explained in “Who’s Your Mama, Are You Catholic and Can You Make a Roux?”, a family recipe book by Marcelle Bienvenu.

Typically, the Creole ladies who entertained in New Orleans presented a taste for French finery. They set a formal table with linens, china, crystal and silver service. Moreover, the Creole meals were served in courses accompanied by wines. Coffee and liqueurs were served following dinner.

On the other hand, the Cajun ladies who lived outside of New Orleans were creative about how they assembled their cooking ingredients. They looked out of their back door and whatever swam, flew or crawled may well have ended up in their cooking pots.

These abilities to create family recipes using local ingredients are certainly evident in Quebec, and in the Acadian settlements located in northern Maine, and in the Canadian provinces of New Brunswick and the Maritimes.

Here are a few of the cookbooks I’ve pulled out of my library:



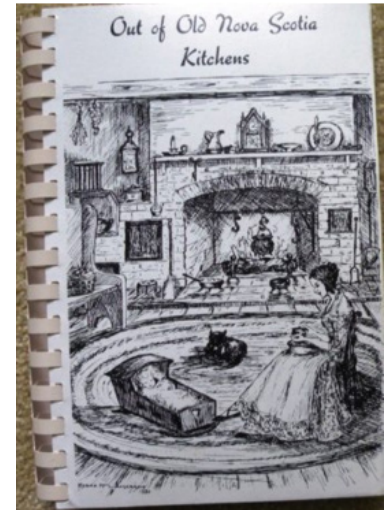
*A collection of recipes using some unusual ingredients but many of them are also familiar, including Tourtiere.*

The Top 100 Cajun Recipes of All Time, published by Acadian House Publishing of Lafayette, LA: Recipes in this collection include how to cook alligator meat! Nevertheless, those particularly exotic dishes notwithstanding, the other recipes include making Boudin (sausage), Chicken Fricassee and Tourtiere.



*A photographed collection of Quebec recipes with a sampling from each region of the largely French-Canadian province.*

A Taste of Quebec by Julian Armstrong, published by Macmillan of Canada: This is a fantastic cookbook because Armstrong highlights each of the special regional areas of Quebec and spotlights a traditional recipe from each place. Color photography is exceptionally good quality. This collection includes various ways of preparing Tourtieres. Sidebar articles describe something special about each of the Quebec regions.



*A history book with illustrations includes over a hundred recipes.*

Out of Old Nova Scotia Kitchens by Marie Nightingale with original drawings by Morna MacLellan Anderson, published by Nimbus Publishing. This is one of my favorite history books. Along with providing my very favorite recipe for Lobster Stew and the unusual directions about how to skin an eel, the first few chapters of this book describes the diverse cultures of Nova Scotia. These include the Native Americans or “Indians”, the French, the English, the Germans and the New Englanders. A recipe in this collection for making La Tire- aka “taffy”- (a tribute to Saint Catherine of Alexandria) is a treasure.

Bienvenu’s family cookbook and its title, “...Can you Make a Roux?”, challenged me to learn how to make roux. My mother in law made a roux, but it was called “farine brun” or brown flour. After much practice, I can make a modestly appropriate roux, in the Cajun tradition, but I wouldn’t want to compete with experts.

Cookbooks are interesting and delicious ways to learn cultural histories, by reading how recipes have evolved through generations of families. Most recipes originated from oral histories.

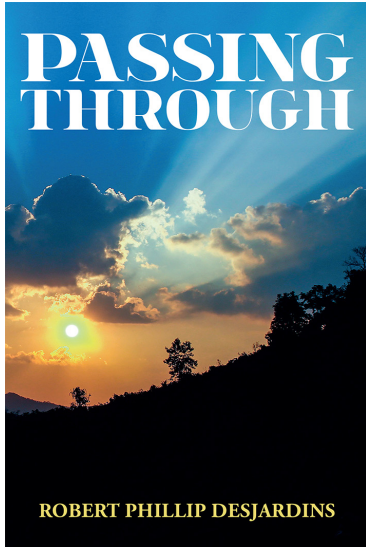
French cooking in Franco-American kitchens, Acadian, Quebecois, Creole or Cajun, has evolved to include the best of the European, Caribbean, Spanish, and Native American ethnic groups. Truly a “Jambalaya” of tastes and ingredients.





## Passing Through

by Robert P DesJardins



This story of a powerful man who seeks to cheat certain death and be medically frozen until a cure is found for his fatal disease takes twists and turns that are the consequences of a journey across uncharted waters. The fated loves of three women infuse the story with a tragic patina: one clings to the memory of her long dead husband, another desperately challenges death itself and the last knows that her love will die a painful death. A human guinea pig is needed to assess the viability

of groundbreaking cryogenic preservation and she is recruited from death row with the lure of eternal life. When the subject is resuscitated she is insane from her sojourn into hell. Passing delves into the mystery of where the soul would hang out during a long cryonic sleep. Is there a heaven and if so a hell? Scientists began theorizing on the possibility of freezing humans for future revival and immortality in the early 1960's and the field continues to grow, gaining supporters and critics along the way. With the advent of nanotechnology and advanced molecular repair techniques many now believe that it is not a question of if but only of when it will be possible to revive those who are already frozen (several hundred in the United States alone) and those to be preserved in the future. Novelists as diverse as Jack London, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Phillip K. Dick, and Arthur C. Clark have used cryonics as literary themes. Filmmakers and actors including Woody Allen, Mel Gibson, Tom Cruise and Ron Howard have dipped their toes into the freezing cryonic waters. Accepting the science as an acceptable way to preserve life is not as difficult as addressing the underlying question of Passing Through. Where would the soul go?



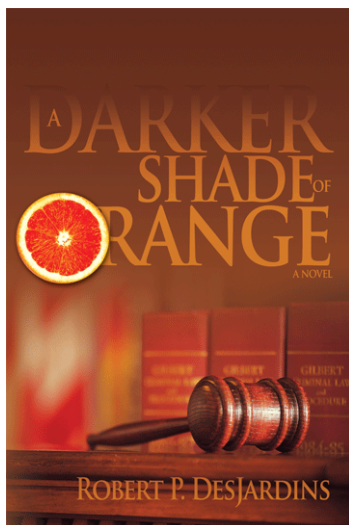
### About the Author:

Robert P. DesJardins has practiced law in Southern California for more than forty years and was honored by his peers as the Trial Attorney of the Year in 2000. Recognized as one of the best attorneys in California and America in a number of independent publications, he lives with his wife in rustic Crawford Canyon.

A Darker Shade of Orange was reviewed in Orange Coast Magazine as well as in the Orange County Register and the Los Angeles Daily Journal. Robert's love of horses, politics, and history all comes together in his recently third novel, Land of the Saints. His new novel, Passing Through is now available on Amazon, Create Space and Kindle. See related pages on main menu. Robert believes this is his most defining work to date and looks forward to your comments. Passing travels to places that few have ever seen....

## A Darker Shade of Orange

by Robert P DesJardins



A throwaway comment about a universally hated judge, "Where is Lee Harvey Oswald, when we need him," lands attorney Dennis McCauley in deep trouble when his alcohol-fueled statement comes hours before the judge is gunned down. The evidence of his guilt is overwhelming.

Powerful forces in politically conservative Orange County are mobilized against McCauley, a maverick with a well-documented history of taking action into his own hands. A scandal-plagued sheriff, a career-driven district attorney, and a corrupt cop conspire to bring McCauley down.

McCauley's life becomes a nightmare as he seeks to prove his innocence and save his life and his law practice. He enlists the aid of a savvy former cop and a beautiful,

former prosecutor. The defense team must unravel a mosaic of corrupt judges, crooked politicians, and the power brokers who control them to prevent McCauley from facing the death penalty. They have a few hopes to solve the case, but no guarantees.

As McCauley's defense team maneuvers to protect him and his reputation, a not-guilty verdict is not enough. They intend to uncover the plot and prosecute the real culprit. But the killer has struck before, and there's nothing to stop him now.

<http://desjardinsauthor.com/>

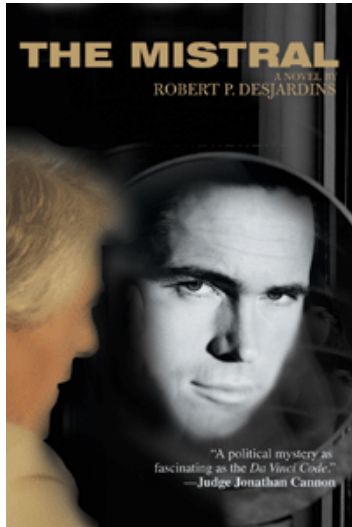
(Continued on page 31)





## The Mistral

by Robert P  
DesJardins



In 2002, a neo-fascist party nearly seized control of the French government in an electoral shocker. The Mistral was conceived to expose the roots of that movement, which still exists today.

Noel Marquis, a beautiful young woman, is aided by Jean Francois, a former boyfriend; Father Routhier, a Catholic priest in the historic tradition of Cardinal Richelieu; and Lieutenant Flanagan, a retired detective in tracing her father's mysterious life through three decades and across two continents. But Noel becomes the target of a fascist killer when she unearths the conspiracy to murder her uncle and the attempted assassination of her father, Marius Marquis. With Noel's support, Marius can finally understand a thirty-year-old plot—the by-product of a political malignancy that caused his wife's death—and start on a journey that will transform his life.

From Algeria, the south of France, the United States, and Canada, The Mistral is a thrilling story of mystery, love, and international political conspiracy on both sides of the Atlantic.

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## Paul Baribault: A writer's life

(N.D.L.R. This article is reprinted with permission from the Lewiston Sun Journal.)

By Mark LaFlamme

Sun Journal Staff Writer - April 8, 2018.

Almost from the very beginning, Paul Baribault knew what he wanted to do with his life. And so, with big dreams dancing in his head, he announced his plans to his high school guidance counselor.

It could have gone better.

"I said, 'I'm going to be a writer,'" Baribault recalls of that long ago conversation. "She said, 'Do you mean you're going to teach English?' I said, 'No, I'm going to write.' And she said, 'Well then, you're going to starve.' And I said, 'I don't care. I have to do this.'"

The Lewiston native didn't succumb to the doubts of that long ago guidance counselor and now, 50 years later, nobody of sound mind would deny that the 69-year-old is a writer through and through.

He's written seven plays, nine screenplays and more than 100 sonnets. Most recently, Baribault authored four children's books that he'd like to see adapted to radio shows and school performances.

He also spent 14 years penning features and product descriptions for L.L.Bean, a gig that in many ways sealed Baribault's ultimate destiny as a writer.

### Mount Shasta

When Baribault graduated from Lewiston High School in 1966, he knew he wanted to be a writer, but it wasn't until he had moved on to St. Michael's College in Vermont that he began to realize how much he wanted it.

"I wrote my first play when I was 24," Baribault says. "I was living in Killington, Vermont at the time. I decided at that time I was going to give writing a really good shot – until I was 40. And if I didn't make any money at it by then, I was going to get

a real job."

Few people become great writers by staying in one spot and Baribault was no exception. In Vermont, he was landscaping and painting houses to support himself, but those odd jobs did little to broaden his horizons. He hadn't had a chance to taste the culture of the arts and to develop his own craft through experience.

That changed when Baribault was invited to visit Mount Shasta, a wee city of just a few thousands souls crammed in around an extinct volcano in northern California.

"I was just going to be there for the summer," Baribault recalls. "I was going to camp on the

mountain and just take it all in. Instead, I was there for 14 years."

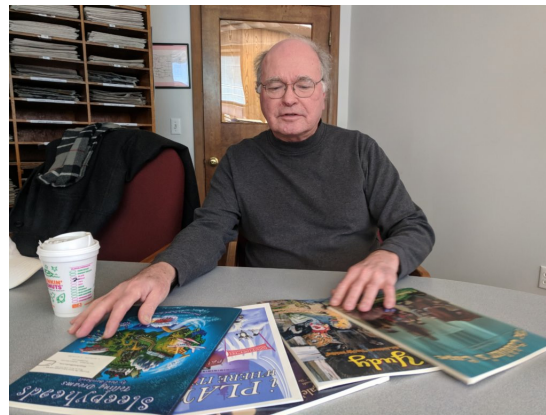
You can hardly blame him for staying. In Mount Shasta, the budding young writer found like-minded souls – people who were throwing themselves into their art and trying to make a living at it.

"It was an artistic community," Baribault says. "There were a lot of painters there, musicians, writers. Everybody was giving their art their best shot. Nobody judged you for what you did for a living, which was lovely."

Again, Baribault supported himself by house painting, but in Mount Shasta it was different. In Mount Shasta, even the guy who ran the paint business understood that Baribault's priority had to be his art.

"He was very friendly toward my writing," Baribault says. "He said, 'If there's a given morning when it's just coming to you and you don't want to come to work, that's okay with me.' It was a perfect job. While I was there, I wrote screenplays, because everybody in California was writing screen-

(Continued on page 32)



Author and Lewiston native Paul Baribault with his books. (Mark LaFlamme/Sun Journal)

(Paul Baribault: A writer's life continued from page 31)

plays. I also wrote a volume of sonnets while I was there. That just kind of happened one day. I was doing landscaping at the time and there was this line that was continuously in my head. I thought, 'What is that?' And then I thought, that's the start of a poem."

It sounds idyllic, but there was a problem. Baribault had vowed that either he'd be making a living with his writing by the time he was 40 or he'd give it up and get a real job.

Guess which birthday was closing in?

Baribault has always felt that some grand force was looking out for him as he pursued his writing career. That may be entirely true, although when it came to his 40th birthday promise, that grand force was a few days late.

### Everything but women's wear

Baribault ultimately left northern California and returned to Lewiston. At the time, he was drawn back home by the idea of developing a computer program that would allow homeowners to see how paint colors would look on their walls before they started painting. In the meantime, he took seasonal work loading trucks for L.L.Bean. It was meant to be just a temporary job, but Bean would prove to be a key component in Baribault's 40-year quest to become a professional writer.

"A job was posted for writing for the catalog. I thought, 'I can do that,'" Baribault says. "I went in with my screenplays – I had done no business writing at all. Happily, one of the two writers interviewing me was a screenwriter herself. We just hit it off and I got the job."

The catalog job was offered just five days after Baribault turned 40. After decades of wandering, he had found a way to make a career out of writing.

"I lucked out," he says. "When I got that writing job at Beans, I had a professional career. I had a pension and all that stuff. Someone was looking out for me. If I had turned 40 and I hadn't given it my best shot, I would have been miserable. I know that."

For L.L.Bean, Baribault wrote features on topics like the Mount Everest Peace Climb and Babe Ruth's known love for the Bean boot. He also wrote a Christmas musical, produced by Bean, and deep product descriptions for the company's many wares.

"I wrote for every category," Baribault says, "except women's wear."

He stayed at L.L.Bean for 14 years, but his writing didn't stop at florid descriptions of hats and coats, hunting rifles and tents. Baribault kept writing and, after moving on to work as a marketing manager for Agren Appliance, he finalized the play "God Touches," a dramatic comedy in four acts. He showed the script to Dennis St. Pierre, a well-established actor who had starred in an off Broadway show and made guest appearances on big time shows like "The Practice," "Ally McBeal" and "NYPD Blue."

St. Pierre liked the script, as it turned out, and agreed to star in the play, which debuted in 2009 at the Franco Center in Lewiston.

"To this day, I wonder how we pulled that off," Baribault says. "About 600 people



came over three nights. We actually made money. It was very well-received."

By that point, Baribault was pushing 60. Nobody would have blamed him if he had taken semi-retirement. He had made good on his promise to become a writer, after all.

But few writers ever really feel like quitting. And now that Baribault had married and raised a family, he had new interests to tug at his attention. His wife at the time in particular wanted him to write children's books.

As is his way, Baribault kept it in mind and then waited for that grand force to show itself again. And it did, as Baribault was driving to Norway just a few days after the birth of his second grandson.

"I was halfway there," he recalls, "when this idea for a book came to me: two little kids encountering four little animals and then they go on this series of dream adventures through 10 stories."

### Sleepy time

"This book was a gift," Baribault says. "It wrote itself in a matter of two weeks. You're up at all hours. You're catching sleep where you can. You don't know where the story is going, that's the cool thing."

The book is "Sleepyheads – Telling Dreams," which involves an aspiring young writer (naturally) and her cousin, who share dream adventures with four animal friends they encounter in a forest glen. The book features a three-tiered surprise ending – a twist that Baribault hadn't even invented until he was halfway done the writing.

When the book was finished, Baribault spent some time flogging the manuscript around to agents and publishers before deciding to publish it himself, though Amazon. Before he could begin that process, though, the book needed a cover and artwork to accompany the stories.

For that, Baribault turned to his nephew, artist and teacher Richard "Rik" Belanger, who was tasked with creating imagery to introduce a world where children and animals share their dreams.

"It was my first time doing a book cover, so it was a challenge for me," says Belanger, who lives in Poland. "I think it was challenging for both of us. We just kept going back and forth on ideas, and talking about what kind of images to use."

Belanger would sketch an image, Baribault would give it a thumbs up or a thumbs down. Through this collaborative effort, a final cover for "Sleepyheads" was produced – a bright blue sky and a vivid green earth surrounded by various items, including a blimp, a boomerang, hot air balloons and a castle.

Baribault had himself a book, on sale at Amazon in both paperback and Kindle forms. The paperback, with black and white artwork on the inside pages, sells for \$6, a price point low enough that Baribault can pass along copies to various schools in hopes of convincing someone to transform it into a school play.

Mission accomplished? Hardly. Over the following three years, Baribault wrote another trio of children's books, "The Cobbler's Cape," "Yudy" and "The Nightengale's Song."

Belanger came back to illustrate "The Cobbler's Cape," while one of his students, then 16-year-old Ashanti Fortson, worked up a cover and art for "The Nightengale's Song." The final cover, for Baribault's book (Continued on page 33)

(Paul Baribault: A writer's life continued from page 32)

“Yudy,” was created by Hallowell artist Christopher Cart, who had created paintings for “God’s Touch” years earlier.

Now a grandfather closing in on 70 years, Baribault’s status as a writer is well-established. But as most authors discover, writing isn’t often enough. There’s also the matter of getting those books before the eyes of potential readers and promoting them relentlessly. That means creating and maintaining a website (Baribault designed his own through the service GoDaddy), delivering author talks wherever invited and constantly searching for more creative ways to promote his work.

“The creative part comes easily,” Baribault says. “I have to force myself to do this part.”

He’s doing it, though. Recently, Baribault dropped his books off with Lewiston school administrators in hopes that someone with a little ambition will turn them into plays. He’s also held writers workshops at the Carrie Ricker School in Litchfield, which enabled him to plug his books while talking about the craft he dedicated his life to – and who knows more about the craft of writing than a guy who dedicated 50 years?

Five decades after making himself a promise to become a professional writer at all costs, Baribault is still getting up at 3 a.m.

most days to write. As far as he’s concerned, his timing has been right on the money. After all, a few decades ago, he would have had to spend all of his hours querying agents and publishers in hopes of one day getting his books published, a process that could take years.



Author Paul Baribault and his grandson, R.J. (Courtesy of the Lewiston Sun Journal)

Instead, thanks to the rise of self-publishing services, Baribault was able to publish his books himself, maintaining control of his work and taking charge of his own destiny.

“It’s a Golden Age for writers,” Baribault says, holding up a copy of “Sleepy-

heads.” “I mean, a grandparent who wants to write a single story for their grandchild can do this. It’s amazing.”

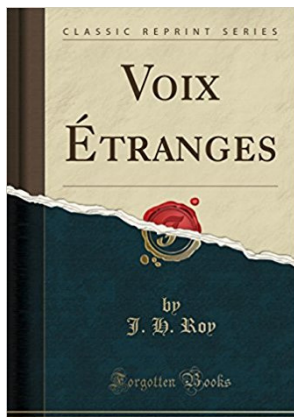
Back when he was a young aspiring writer at Lewiston High School, Baribault got some less-than-encouraging advice from that guidance counselor who portended such a grim future. Fortunately, he also ran into a student teacher from Bates College who was far more supportive of Baribault’s dreams.

He remembers what that student teacher looked like, Baribault said, and he remembers that she told him to keep at the writing no matter what. He doesn’t remember her name, however, so on his website, he posted an open letter to that memorable teacher in hopes that she will one day stumble upon it and know that she made a difference in a young man’s life.

“So this is to thank you for those many encouragements to keep at the writing in the future,” Baribault wrote to that teacher. “I did and have, and I owe part of it to you.”

Baribault has a dream where a play based on his work will someday be shown at Bates College and, through some cool convergence of luck and destiny, that one-time student teacher will be there to see it.

It seems fanciful and not very likely, but it would be a mistake to dismiss the idea altogether. Baribault knows a thing or two about dreams, after all, and he has the will and patience to see them through.



## Voix Étrangères (Classic Reprint) (French Edition)

by J. H. Roy (Author)

### Excerpt from *Voix Étrangères*

A quinze ans, j’ai rimé, d’une manière fort naïve, les impressions dont ma jeune âme était pleine.

De vingt à vingt - cinq ans, (âge des premières désillusions,) j’ai souffert très profondément sous la rigueur des choses; de là ces accents tristes qui sont, en quelque sorte, la caractéristique de mes chants et cette époque.

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(*L'influence d'un livre continued from page 17*)

Only an unemotional enoch would be unmoved by the callousness and brutality of the Acadian diaspora. Regrettably this colored his objectivity and compromised his intellectual integrity. His Grand Dérangement is narrowly focused on the burning question of "ultimate responsibility," which he answered incorrectly and, in the process, he purposely falsified the most important historical document in Acadian history. He went to that extreme length to substantiate his untenable and spurious proposition, that Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia Charles Lawrence and his Council ordered the deportation of the Acadians, and to blanch the king of all responsibility.<sup>5</sup>

The document in question is none other than the Journal of Colonel John Winslow of Massachusetts, who was charged with the deportation of the Acadians from Minas Basin.\*\*\* In response to a summons from Winslow, all the men and boys above the age of ten assembled in the parish church of Saint-Charles de la Grand-Prée. The immolation of the beguiled Acadian people was about to be consummated. Gaudet cited an entry in Winslow's Journal, dated September 5, 1755, which he translated in French as follows: "J'ai reçu ... de Lawrence, les instruction du roi que j'ai entre les mains." Further he adds, "Je vais faire connaître les instructions et les ordres de Sa Majesté ...." He concludes with "Les ordres péremptoires de Sa Majesté sont que ...."<sup>6</sup> Gaudet omitted, from the same entry in Winslow's Journal, that they were gathered together to hear, "His Majesty's Final Resolution ...." He failed to mention that the decree that he was about to read was, "His Majesty's instructions and commands." "His Majesty's goodness," "His Majesty's service," and "His Majesty's pleasure," that they would be deported. His selectiveness was not unintentional, but to reinforce his otherwise indefensible and irrational thesis about "ultimate responsibility."<sup>7</sup>

Gaudet follows with a hypothetical question: If indeed Winslow had the king's orders and instructions in his hands, why did he not include them in his Journal? To underscore his point, he repeated the question in the next paragraph and then proceeded to answer his own query. He concluded that neither Winslow nor Captain Alexander Murray at Fort Edward, had in their hands

"les instructions et les ordres de Sa Majesté," or Winslow would have included them in his Journal. He assured his readers that he searched for those orders "for forty-five years" and that "nulle part il n'en est fait mention," except in Winslow's Journal.<sup>8</sup> Apparently it did not occur to Gaudet that the king's orders may have been secret, as indeed they were, to be destroyed once they were proclaimed to the Acadians.

Gaudet noted that on August 30, Murray visited Winslow at Grand Pré and brought with him "les commissions et les lettres sus-mentionnées." He conveniently over-looked to mention that Murray also carried "Orders with him." Together they discussed the "Measures to take" to deport the Acadians of Minas Basin. What follows is of key importance to fathom Gaudet's deceitful Grand Dérangement.

Winslow wrote that he and Murray "agreed that it would be Most Convenient to Sight all the Male Inhabitants of sd. Villages to assemble at the Church in this Place on the 5th September next to hear the King's orders ...."<sup>9</sup> This was not what Gaudet reported in his Grand Dérangement, however. Citing the Winslow Journal, Gaudet wrote, "Nous avons décidé de convoquer tous les habitants mâles de ces village à l'église de la Grand-Pré, pour le 5 septembre prochain, sous le prétexte de leur communiqué les instructions du roi."<sup>10</sup> The words, "sous le prétexte", are NOT in Winslow's Journal. Gaudet inserted them to deceive his readers in believing the cynical and erroneous thesis that Lawrence and his Council ordered the deportation. He intentionally altered and distorted what must be reckoned the most important passage in the Winslow Journal. Moreover, he selectively quoted Winslow in such a manner that he twisted both the letter and the spirit of the most critical component of Winslow's Journal. Gaudet's three words, "sous le prétexte," shifted the ultimate responsibility for the Acadian Holocaust from the king where it belonged, to the local provincial regime where it did not. Gaudet was right when he accused Lawrence and his Council of being the "instigators" and facilitators, but he was wrong when he tampered with the Winslow Journal to exculpate the king for the heinous crime of deportation.<sup>11</sup> He thus gave gainde-cause to the historians who preceded him, and those that followed, who inculpated the authorities in Halifax and Boston, while ignoring the role of the Mother Metropolis. For the next three score and sixteen years, Gaudet's Grand Dérangement held sway over the issue of responsibility for the de-

portation of the Acadian people.

History is not an absolute science and there is always room for honest dissent on the interpretation of the facts. Gaudet, however, far exceeded the bounds of professional propriety when he falsified the Winslow Journal. He crossed the line and compromised himself.

During the War of the Austrian Succession in Europe, 1741-1748, King Georg's War, 1744-1748, in America, Governor William Shirley of Massachusetts was the porte-parole of New England and Nova Scotia with Whitehall. He was the official who conceived and organized the successful expedition against fortress Louisbourg in 1745. Among the documents that Gaudet had before him, and from which he quoted liberally when he wrote his Grand Dérangement, was a despatch from the governor to Duke of Newcastle Thomas Pelham Hollis, Secretary of State, dated July 8, 1747. The governor had a plan to drive the Acadians from the strategic Isthmus of Chignecto. Some 2000 New England militia would be needed to drive the milice Canadiens from the region, after which the Isthmus could be resettled with the Yankee militia.<sup>12</sup> Newcastle's response, dated October 3, 1747, and which he shared with His Majesty, was that the plan was "très désirable," but premature. The Secretary of State was concerned that such an enterprise could provoke "une révolution générale" in the colony. For this reason and "all things considered," Newcastle informed Shirley that "Sa Majesté... juge bon d'ajourner pour le présent l'exécution d'un parail projet. Cependant, Sa Majesté vous prie de considérer comment un tel projet pourrait être exécuté, en temps convenable, et quelles précautions foudrait-il prendre pour prévenir les inconvénient que l'on redoute."<sup>13</sup>

To absolve the king of responsibility for the deportation project proposed by Shirley, Gaudet focused selectively on Newcastle's despatch, "Sa Majesté vous prie d'ajourner," ignoring the phrase, "pour le présent." Moreover, he was indifferent to the king's advice to the governor to consider how the proposed "projet pourrait être exécuté en temps convenable...." Gaudet was too precocious for this to be an innocent mistake. Therein the danger of approaching a subject with a preconceived outcome. Rather than allow the facts to speak for themselves, he either bent them to his purpose or ignored them altogether. Worse, he tampered with (Continued on page 35)

(*L'influence d'un livre continued from page 34*)

the evidence to arrive at a predetermined conclusion that was unsupported by the facts, and false.

Another document cited by Gaudet was a despatch from Lawrence to the Lords of Trade, dated August 1, 1754, in which he proposed to let the Acadians leave if they refused to take the Oath of Allegiance without preconditions. In that eventually, he concluded, it would be "much better . . . that they were away." He hastened to add, however, that he "would be far from attempting such a step without your Lordships' approbation." On October 29, 1754, the British Lords answered that they did not want to assume the responsibility for that decision, and that they would have to submit the whole matter to the king and "receive his Instructions upon it."<sup>14</sup> In clear and unmistakable language, the British Lords told the lieutenant governor that the decision to deport the Acadian people was strictly the prerogative of the Crown. Placide Gaudet was a man endowed with uncommon intelligence. Why he purposely misconstrued the message of the powerful Lords of Trade remains obscure. Was he motivated by a desire to save the king's honor or was it self-serving, or both. An enigma shrouded in mystery

The Lords of Trade proceeded to lay out "les inconvénients" that preoccupied the king and, couched in diplomatic language, how to deal with the uncertainties. They observed that the Acadians, with the Mi'kmaq and Malecites, were an obstruction to the colonization of Nova Scotia with Protestant settlers. They noted that the Acadians occupied the best land, and that the native people were a threat to the life and limb of English settlers. It was unrealistic, they told Lawrence, to believe that the English would, or could, settle at Beaubassin as long as Fort Beauséjour remained under the French drapeau, and likewise Fort Gaspareau at Baie-Verte, and the French fort at St. John River. It was "absurd" to think that the English settlement of Nova Scotia was possible until the "Savages" had been driven from their habitation "et que les Français ne soit obligé de se refugier sur les îles improductives de Cap Breton et la St. Jean et au Canada."<sup>15</sup>

The instructions from Home left little to the imagination. Before the English settlement of Nova Scotia could be considered, the Acadians would have to be removed, though not to French territory. The native

population would have to be driven from their homes, and the French fortifications destroyed. The Lords of Trade would "not take it on themselves" to decide on the fate of the targeted people until they had received the king's orders. In sum, the despatch from the Lords of Trade was nothing less than a blueprint for the Acadian deportation, even to the number of troops that would be needed to effectuate the project. All that remained was to make the necessary financial arrangement, the logistics of the operation, and an order from the king, and all of this was forthcoming in the months that followed.<sup>16</sup>

Within the two despatches cited above, from which Gaudet quoted at length, we find seven references to the king; added to the twelve references in Winslow's Journal, we have nineteen references to his Majesty's prerogative concerning the deportation. Three of those references were mentioned in a petition to Winslow by the Acadians who were held in the St. Charles Church, to wit; "the King has ordered," "interceded with His Majesty," "submission promised to His Majesty." Another reference was on the day of the embarkation when Winslow reiterated that "the King's command was absolute and had to be absolutely obeyed."<sup>17</sup> Altogether the number of references to the king in the Grand Dérangement and Winslow's Journal stands at twenty-three, more than enough for Gaudet to conclude what was manifestly clear.

There was a welter of other documents that implicated the Crown, at least indirectly, for the deportation, but Gaudet chose to ignore them. Fifty-three years before he published his Grand Dérangement, Nova Scotia archivist Thomas Akins published a massive selection of Papers Relating to the Acadian French, 1714-1755.<sup>18</sup> The Dominion Archives had a copy of this invaluable resource, and Gaudet knew this. The exchange of despatches between Secretary Newcastle and Shirley relative to Coulon de Villier's attack on Grand Pré on February 11, 1747, is very telling. The apprehensive Acadians needed reassurance and they got it, or so they thought. The correspondence leaves no doubt that the ultimate fate of the Acadian people remained solely with His Majesty.

Gaudet duped his readers in more subtle ways. He tempered Winslow's words, "to hear the King's Orders," with "pour leur communiqué les instructions du roi." He substituted the word "instructions" for "Orders." Military orders have to be obeyed explicitly; "instructions" are less formal.

Winslow capitalized "King's Orders." Gaudet used lower case letters. Winslow implied that a royal decree was imminent; Gaudet's words are gentle and reassuring, not wanting to give the impression that George II was a brute. A due respect for the king's image was important. When things went awry in foreign and colonial affairs, part of the royal mystique was to excuse and equivocate. The custom was to say: "The king is good, his advisors are bad. God save the king." Gaudet would have been ill-advised to imply otherwise.

The king was better informed on the progress of the deportation than Gaudet inferred. On July 30, 1755, Secretary of State Thomas Robinson sent a congratulatory letter to Lawrence over the capitulation of Forts Beauséjour and Gaspareau. The lieutenant governor was so preoccupied with the deportation, however, that he did not respond until November 30, 1755, when the deportation was virtually completed. He effusively told Robinson that his letter gave him, "la plus vive satisfaction qu'il est possible de recevoir," and that he found it "difficile d'exprimer combien hautement j'apprécie l'honneur que me fait Sa Majesté en approuvant ma conduit." He glorified in the "si grande part de la faveur royal" that his conduct had merited him.<sup>19</sup>

The king had four months to disavow the deportation and admonish Lawrence, had he been so disposed, but his lips were sealed. Instead he rewarded Lawrence with a promotion for a deed "bien accompli." In foreign and colonial affairs, the king's authority was absolute. The governors were his personal representatives in the colonies and woe to those who usurped the royal prerogative, which was high treason. Gaudet must have known this, but there is no indication that he was from what he wrote in his Grand Dérangement.

Unfortunately Gaudet's Grand Dérangement was regnant on Acadian historiography. The falsity that Lawrence and his Council ordered the deportation persisted for almost a century after the publication of his monograph. All that time, the Crown remained mute about its role in the Acadian drama while historians, though not all, continued to victimize the victims.

We can only conjecture why Placide Gaudet, an otherwise brilliant, accomplished, and indefatigable scholar, wrote the Grand Dérangement. More research is needed on the life and work of this extraordinary

(Continued on page 36)

(*L'influence d'un livre continued from page 35*)

individual. Perhaps, in time, the picklocks of biography will provide us with the necessary insight into the mind of the man who brandished the quill of the Grand Dérangement. A good place to start is Anselm Chiasson's abbreviated study of the Acadian titan.<sup>20</sup>

Gaudet was born on November 19, 1850 at Cap-Pelé, New Brunswick. He was orphaned of his father several weeks before he was born.\* He attended the local school where it became evident that the lad was gifted with uncommon intelligence. At age fourteen his mother moved to Memramcook, where she lived with her in-laws so that her son could attend the Collège Saint-Joseph. To defray her son's college expenses, she worked at the Memramcook collège classique as a cleaning woman and in the laundry. Gaudet completed his secondary school at the college, and then his cours classique in 1873. Upon graduation he applied, and was accepted, at the Grand Séminaire de Montréal, but he withdrew shortly afterwards ostensibly for health reasons. In 1874, he was hired as an instructor at the Collège Saint-Louis-de-Kent in New Brunswick, and he taught at various grade schools. He supplemented his meager income as a journalist and genealogist.

Up to this point Gaudet had lived in dire poverty, but his situation was about to change. In 1883, he applied to the Dominion Archives, and his proclivity for Acadian genealogy got him a job. Gaudet was hired pro tempore to research the parish registers of the Acadians on Prince Edward Island (Isle Saint-Jean). It was only a two-year contract, but to be on the federal payroll represented security and hope for the future. Alas for the already accomplished genealogist, his position was not refunded, and Gaudet was terminated.

For the next eight years, Gaudet was employed as a journalist and editor for the Acadian newspaper, *L'Évangéline*, living on a modest income. In 1893 the rectory at Pointe-de-l'Église, Nova Scotia was destroyed by fire, and parish records were in parlous condition. Gaudet was hired to restore the records, serving also as an instructor at the Collège Sainte-Anne. At last the genealogist was in his element teaching, writing, and conducting research. In 1899, the Collège burned to the ground and Gaudet found himself in the unenviable condition of being unemployed.

During Gaudet's stay at Pointe-de-

l'Église, Édouard Richard, in 1895, published his two-volume history of l'Acadie.<sup>21</sup> The publication sparked his interest in the heroic history of his people. He confided to Richard that he was vacuous on the subject, which he considered "disgraceful." The lawyer turned historian had a profound influence on Gaudet. Richard maintained that the Mother Metropolis was not in any way complicit in the deportation. The Acadian tragedy, he concluded falsely, was entirely the responsibility of Lieutenant Governor Lawrence who lusted after Acadian estates, especially their fertile farms that could be settled by the landless New England militia that would be needed to remove them. Richard had all the documentation that he needed to draw the obvious conclusion about ultimate responsibility, but this was politically inexpedient. It was more convenient to inculcate the lieutenant governor. Richard was a successful businessman and politician, and Lieutenant Colonel Lawrence was the lowest military rank where responsibility could be assigned. Richard was employed at the Dominion Archives. He died prematurely in 1904, when Gaudet became the outstanding authority in Acadian history and genealogy.<sup>22</sup>

Gaudet moved to Ottawa where he hoped to be rehired at the National Archives. En route, he stopped at the Madawaska Settlement where he accepted the hospitality of Michel (à Michel) Mercure, who arranged a veillée historique to provide his guest with some choice morsels of local oral history. It was the highlight of the young Prudent Mercure's adolescence, who would later chronicled the contentious and, at times, turbulent history of the coveted Madawaska Territory.

Arrived at his destination, Gaudet applied to Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, who was the chief administrative officer of the Dominion Archives. Gaudet was rehired, but again only part time, and poverty continued to stalk his footsteps. He was assigned to Prince Edward Island for another stint at completing his genealogy of Acadian families, in return for which he was to receive an annual stipend of \$1200, plus \$200 to cover travel expenses. He left for the Island in late summer and wasted no time proceeding to his appointed task of copying parish records and taking copious notes at the provincial archives. Notwithstanding his crowded schedule, he found time to court and win the hand of Marie-Rose Arsenault who, by a happy coincidence, happened

to be a niece of Senator Joseph-Octave Arsenault.

Gaudet completed his research at the Island after a little over a year in residence. He left for Québec in December, 1900, where he consulted more parish registers and archives, always on the trail of the deported Acadian families. He was five weeks in the capital city pouring over Acadian archives at various locations, when he was summoned to Ottawa by Dr. Douglas Brymner, the Dominion Archivist. Whether he had misunderstood his instructions or failed to read the fine print, Gaudet had over-looked to submit periodic progress reports and financial accounts to Brymner. He may have been too preoccupied with research to be bothered with time consuming administrative trivia. Alcohol may have been a problem.<sup>23</sup> Brymner severely reprimanded Gaudet, and threatened him with suspension. What the Acadian genealogist most needed was not

\* Professor Roger Paradis is a retired history professor from the University of Maine at Fort Kent (UMFK) who was the first historian to document that the deportation of the Acadians was ordered by the Crown. He authored in 1998, under the auspices of the Madawaska Historical Society, the hefty 70-page preface on the Acadian Deportation, *Papiers de Prudent L. Mercure / Histoire du Madawaska*. He was a founder member in 2009 of the Société internationale Veritas Acadie and has contributed major articles to that Society's historical journal *Veritas Acadie* since its inception in 2012, including the ground-breaking "Nouveau Regard sur la Déportation/The Acadian Deportation revisited", *Veritas Acadie* 1, p. 64-91. / The present article was first published in *Veritas Acadie* 6 (automne 2017), p. 31-45.

\*\* The Acadian deportation was a genocide under Article II of the Statutes of Rome, and Article VI of the Geneva Convention, dated respectively January 12, 1951, and July 1, 2002. See my "Reflections on the Acadian Deportation," *Veritas Acadie* 5, (2016), pp. 73-74.

\*\*\* That is, until 1998 and the publication of my "Preface" to the *Papiers de/Papers of Prudent L. Mercure – Histoire du Madawaska*, Madawaska Historical Society, Madawaska, Me., 1998. See especially pp.xv-xvii, hereafter cited as *Mercure Papers*. Canadian Governor-General Adrienne Clarkson translated the phrase, Grand Dérangement, to "Great Upheaval," which could be interpreted to mean a popular uprising, un soulèvement populaire. The unintended falsity is one of the hazards of literal translations. Similarly, in 1829, a member of the Chambre d'Assemblée of Lower Canada (Québec) named John Neilson, wrote that the deportation had created "un grand dérangement d'esprit" among the Acadians, which he translated "a great mental derangement." He probably meant that they were discouraged, dispirited, disheartened, not that they were mentally deranged. See John Neilson, *Journaux de la Chambre ...*, 1828-1829, Québec, 1829, n.d., [1829], p. 360, cited in Faragher, *Noble Scheme*, Ch. 16, n.4., p. 445. Neilson's misleading "grand dérangement d'esprit" was recently resurrected with respect to the great mental anguish that the Acadians experienced

(Continued on page 37)

(*L'influence d'un livre continued from page 36*)

over the breakup of their families upon embarkation, when they disembarked, and after they were sheltered. See *Ibid.*, 443-45. The Acadian Holocaust, which lasted eight years, was more than a "dérangement d'esprit," however. See *Veritas Acadie*, 4 (2014), p. 88. It was a Grand Dérangement de la vie that claimed the lives of some 50% of the population, and unbelievably cruel. It reduced the population from a prosperous lifestyle of husbandry to one of poverty, which did not begin to change significantly until the late 20th century.

\*\* John Winslow was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts on May 27, 1702, and he died at Hingham, Massachusetts on April 17, 1774. He was the commander of the expeditionary force of 2000 militia that was sent to Beaubassin for the attack on the French fort of Beauséjour. Arrived at Fort Lawrence, however, he learned that the siege was to be under the command of Brigadier General Robert Monckton, a British regular army officer with combat experience. Monckton had already received a shipment of 2000 muskets from Britain, including 400 barrels of powder and ball ammunition, field pieces including mortars up to 14 pounds intended for the siege. The hardware had been deposited earlier at Annapolis Royal by General Edward Braddock. The war department in London was not willing to trust this critically important mission to a militia officer.

\* An aside: Oral tradition reports that a child orphaned of his father at birth, is a gifted person.

\* Poirier was the first Acadian to be appointed to the Senate. He was a lawyer and a man of letters. A partial listing of his publication is in my *Papiers Mercure*, clxxi. See also Vol.I, pp. 75-78, 116.

\* In 1902, *Mercure's* manuscript counted 700-800 pp., which he offered to the New England Historical Society for \$225, but it was rejected. He offered it to Gaudet and Poirier who likewise declined the offer. In 1908, desperate for money, he offered his notes and manuscript to Dr. Arthur Doughty at the Dominion Archives for \$150, who also spurned the offer. Finally he sold his life's work that now numbered 2000 pages, to a state representative from the Madawaska town of Grand Isle, named Patrick Theriault, for an undisclosed amount. Theriault gave it to abbé Thomas Albert, Paroisse de Saint-Hilaire, N.B., who drew heavily from the manuscript for his *Histoire du Madawaska*, published in 1920. Loc. Cit., 448 pp. Geneviève Massignon discovered them at the PAC in 1945 and noted them in the bibliography of her *Les Parler Français d'Acadie*. At my urging, the PAC microfilmed the manuscript and notes, and at Guy Fregault's suggestion, I initiated the transcription in 1968, published in 1998. Albert donated the *Mercure* Papers to the Dominion Archives. Prudent *Mercure*, the budding historian who modestly styled himself, un piocheur, died on January 24, 1963, probably from a broken heart.

\* The New Brunswick city of Moncton as well as its Acadian *Université de Moncton* are named after lieutenant-colonel Robert Monckton who attempted

the genocide of the Acadians when he fomented the bloodiest act of British retribution in the Saint John River Valley.

#### Footnotes

1. Rev. Andrew Brown was born on August 22, 1763 in Biggar, Scotland, and died February 19, 1834, in Carrington, Scotland. Appointed to St. Matthews Church in Halifax in 1787, and returned to Scotland in 1795. George Shepperson, Brown, Andrew, DCB. See his "The Acadian French," N.S. Hist. Society, Coll., 2(1881), pp. 129-160. "Removal of the French Inhabitants of Nova Scotia by Lieutenant Governor Lawrence and His Majesty's Council in October 1755," (1815), Brown Coll., Mss., 147-48, Edinburgh Univ., Library, Special Coll. Dept., Gen. 154-159, cited in John Mack Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, W.W. Norton, New York, 2005, p.445, and n.4, ch.16. See also James Fraser, "Notes from Tradition and Memory of the Acadian Removal," (1815), PANS, RG1:363. On the Acadian "Holocaust," See *Veritas Acadie*, 4 (2015), p. 88.

2. Thomas Albert, *Histoire du Madawaska*, Imprimerie Française Missionnaire, Québec, 1920, p. 70.

3. Jean-Baptiste-Antoine Ferland, *La Gaspésie*, Québec, 1877, pp. 196-197, cited in op. cit., Faragher, *Noble Scheme*, ch.16, n. 4, pp. 534-535.

4. Émile Lauvrière, *La Tragédie d'un Peuple* ..., 2 volumes, Paris, 1924, vol. 1, chap. XIV, p. 441-493.

5. Roger Paradis, « Préface », *Papiers de / Papers of Prudent L. Mercure. Histoire du Madawaska. Madawaska Historical Society, Maine, 1998, xv-xviii and Fidèle Thériault, « Edward Boscawen et la déportation des Acadiens », Veritas Acadie 1 (2012), p. 37-54.*

6. Placide Gaudet, *Grand Dérangement*, p. 1. An accurate French translation is in Serge Patrice Thibodeau, *Journal de John Winslow à Grand Pré*. Les Éditions Percé-Neige, Moncton (Monckton), 2010, pp. 114, 119-121.

7. "Journal of Colonel John Winslow," Nova Scotia Historical Society Collection, 3, (1882-1883), Halifax, 188, pp. 94-95.

8. Op. cit., pp. 1-2. Alexander Murray was promoted to the rank of major by His Majesty on October 1, 1755, and commander of the 45th Regiment at Fort Edward, Piguit. Only the king had the authority to commission officers. Murray's promotion was tantamount to an acknowledgement of a job well done.

9. Op. cit., p. 87.

10. Gaudet, *Grand Dérangement*, p.2.

11. *Ibid.*, pp. 70-71.

12. Shirley to Newcastle, July 8, 1747, cited in Gaudet, *Grand Dérangement*, pp.3-4. The Massachusetts governor was born on December 2, 1694, and died March 24, 1771.

13. *Ibid.*, CO 5, 17, fol.157, Newcastle to Shirley, October 3, 1747.

14. *Ibid.*, p.13, Lawrence to Lords of Trade, August 1, 1754, N.S., A55, p.189, Lords of Trade to Lawrence, October 29, 1784, N.S., A56, p.76.

15. *Ibid.*, pp. 35-37, Lords of Trade to Lawrence, October 29, 1754, N.S., A, Vol. 56, Vol. 76. See also my "Preface," *Papiers Mercure* ..., p. xiii for details. The noun, Savages, as used by the English, meant pitiless, barbaric, brutal, cruel; as an adjective by the French, it inferred primitive, undefiled as living in nature.

16. Most of the military planning was done by the Crown Prince, Duke of Cumberland. See Cumberland to Braddock, APQ., Report, 1932-1933, p. 315, cited in Fidele Theriault, "Edward Boscawen et la Déportation des Acadiens," *Veritas Acadie*, 1 (2012), p. 43.

The order of deportation, military planning, and the funding of the secret and sinister project was the work of the Home Government. The authorities in Halifax and Boston played a major, but secondary role. Admiral Boscawen and Mostyn, Generals Braddock and Monckton, Major Murray at Fort Edward, and Handfield at Fort Anne were regular line British officers. Winslow was the sole ranking colonial commander, and he had fewer than four hundred men under his command. The Acadian deportation was largely a British campaign, except for the 2000 New England militia, and the Yankee transports and their masters.

17. John Winslow, *Journal of Colonel John Winslow*, N.S. H.S. Coll., 3 (1882-1883), Halifax, Nova Scotia, pp. 94-95. See also my *Papiers Mercure*, x-xvii.

18. Thomas B. Akins, ed., *Selections from the Public Documents of the Provincial Archives of Nova Scotia. "Papers Relating to the Acadian French, 1714-1755,"* N.S. I, Halifax, 1869. See, for example, Shirley-Mascarene, 9-16-46, I.d.-Id., 10-21-47, Id.-Newcastle, 11-21-46, Id.-Id., 2-27-47, Newcastle-Shirley, 5-30-47, Shirley-Newcastle, 7-8-47, Id.-Id., 10-3-47. See also, Colonial Office to Philipps, December 28, 1725., warning the governor "not to attempt their removal without His Majesty's Positive order for that purpose," cited in Bona Arsenaault, *History of the Acadians, Conseil de la Vie Française*, Québec, 1966, .83.

19. Robinson to Lawrence, July 30, 1755, Lawrence to Robinson, November 30, CO 5, Vol. 17, fol.52, cited in Gaudet, *Grand Dérangement*, p.20. See also Robinson to Lawrence, July 13, 1753, *Ibid.*, p.17.

20. Anselm Chiasson, "Placide Gaudet," *Revue de l'Université de Moncton (Monckton)*, 3, 3(1970), pp. 120-128, and Id., "Placide Gaudet," *Cahiers, Société Historique Acadienne*, 31, (1971), pp. 6-23. See also Andrew Sheila "Placide Gaudet," DCB, Univ. Toronto/Lava, 15(2003).

21. Édouard Richard, *Acadie: Missing Link of a Lost Chapter in American History*, 2 Vols., Home Book Co., New York, 1895. See also Paradis, *Papiers Mercure*, II, p. 208, and PAC, RG 37, Vol. 255.

22. Id., *Acadie*, cited in John Mack Faragher, *A Great and Noble Scheme*, W.W. Norton, New York, 1895, p. 465.

23. Sheila, "Placide Gaudet," DCB.



#### To Le Forum:

Thanks again for sending me the "*Le Forum*". You make me very happy when I get it in the mail. What a very, very nice article on page 27, of the Spring Issue, 2018, titled, "*A Special Friendship*". I did not look at the picture closely when I started to read it. Then read the forever friend was *you*

#### and Bertie!

What very good things you are doing. May God Bless you for that!

Just thought I'd drop a line to tell you, you have another friend here in Augusta!

God Bless You!

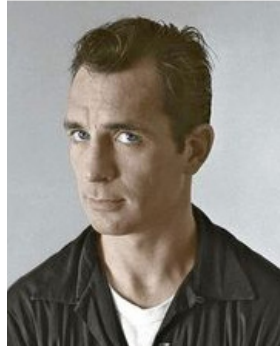
*Claudette Theriault  
Augusta, ME*

## Jack's Uneasy Road

It never would have been easy for you,  
Writer born in Lowell, French kid  
Of Pawtucketville and Centralville,  
Blue-collar son of pious Catholic  
Mom and skeptic, drinking Dad —  
Broken-English speakers foreign  
To higher education, art,  
Books, the niceties of life  
Fueled by money.

You outgrew your world, observing  
And ingesting everything  
But needing more, your mind and heart  
Expanded in the reading rooms  
Of Lowell's stone library,  
Where hooky days enveloped you  
In silence, warmth, the insights of  
The dead and living beckoning from  
Hard-bound tomes.

And yet your world held you fast:  
Great river, thundering falls and rapids,  
Red-brick mills belching steam  
And smoke and cloth goods below the hills  
Across the river where you lived  
Surrounded by the speakers of  
Your native tongue, in which you thought  
Your whole life, then translated  
Into English —



That second language you encountered  
When you started school and stepped  
Beyond the confines of French Lowell,  
Whose view of Christ and life and grim,  
Holy sacrifice would never  
Let you go, throughout the years  
Of drugs, sex, booze, and Buddhist  
Vision unaccompanied by  
Buddhist practice.

How to pull it all together?  
Was it humanly possible?  
Was there just too much at work  
In you, competing for attention,  
Contending for an upper hand,  
Confusing, spinning from control,  
Obstructing any discipline  
Of life, behavior, or sustained  
Commitment?

And yet you always wrote; that  
Firm commitment never wavered.  
But when it brought you fame, the scaffold  
Of your being wouldn't hold  
Beneath the fierce attention of  
Those who didn't comprehend  
The power of that first world —  
French-speaking Catholic Lowell —  
Coloring your life.

Too many people couldn't know  
The whole of you: neither readers from  
Around the world nor folks of Lowell  
Having eyes to see beyond the drugs,  
Sex, and alcohol-fueled reverie  
To how eternity kept erupting  
In your life — and how you clung  
To where you first had known it and  
Been shaped by it.

It wouldn't have been easy under  
Any circumstance, but if  
Only you'd been strengthened by  
The living of what wisdom has always  
Taught — that you can't have it all,  
That strength is bought only with some  
Amount of resolute self-denial —  
You might have weathered your unique  
Inevitable trials.

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## To Kerouac in Death

In the end, death brought you back to Lowell,  
Your travel on the road concluded, your  
Wandering through subterranean mazes  
Of confusion, insight, bliss, no more.

Your stays in Florida, New York, the West  
Coast, Mexico, and elsewhere halted,  
Your return — to hallowed church and ground,  
To folk once known, familiar — is meet and fit.

Embarrassment, disgrace, or bum — Lowell  
Still must take you in, French boy  
Of Little Canada, Pawtucketville,  
And Centralville's winding, teeming streets.

Your heart captured by its mighty river,  
Your mind shaped by endless reading in  
The stone library on Merrimack Street,  
Your soul stirred in French-filled Catholic churches,

You are Lowell's, through and through, and Lowell  
Must recognize the son conceived within  
Its currents of ethnicity and mills,  
Hard life and work and opportunity.

Your mother and Lowell-born wife have brought you back.  
Père Morrissette will say your funeral Mass  
At Jean-Baptiste, the great stone church  
On Merrimack Street, whose haunts you knew.

You'll rest in Edson Cemetery, where  
Your Greek in-laws have their plot, and on  
Your gravestone, Stella, your wife, will have engraved  
The words: "Ti Jean — he honored life."

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## POÉSIE/POETRY

*To Stella Kerouac*

You loved him, Stella. You must have, knowing  
 What he was in spite of all  
 You'd ever hoped he might become,  
 Back when you first knew him, a brother's  
 Childhood friend — handsome, earnest,  
 Shy, a writer, athlete, student  
 Brimming with ideas, ambitions,  
 Insights, talent, confidence.

Did you think you'd change him?  
 A sodden, lonely, forty-four-year-old  
 Drunk, no longer wanted by  
 The world that lionized him once,  
 No longer sought-out, no longer hip,  
 A bloated beat reactionary  
 Shaped by values he hadn't lived —  
 And now eclipsed by new things hip?

Or did you simply want to save  
 Him from himself, his isolation,  
 Loneliness, and self-disgust?  
 You cared for him and Gabrielle —  
 The mother felled by stroke before  
 You married him. And when he passed,  
 He left you the onerous task  
 Of easing her journey to the grave.

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Did you forge the signature on her will?  
 And if you did, then what? Who else  
 Was there for her? Who else had been  
 Her company, support, and link  
 To Lowell, the past, and Jack — 'Ti Jean —  
 For three long years of frailty,  
 Decline and incapacity.

It's not as if there was wealth involved.  
 The estate he'd willed to Gabrielle  
 Was penniless when he died, but oh!  
 His work survived — unpublished or  
 In print, unknown, forgotten, perhaps  
 Incomplete — and you valued it all,  
 Preserved it, passed it on to others  
 Who prospered from it when you died.

You loved him, Stella, in spite of all.  
 Child of Lowell that you were,  
 You knew what made him as he was.  
 You shared his hurt. You pitied his  
 Confusion and self-conflict as  
 You tried to stem his loss, the long  
 Slide into misery,  
 The fear of ominous, looming dark.

And when he died, you brought him home  
 To Lowell and buried him in your family's  
 Plot — away from mother, father,  
 And sweet Gerard in Nashua —  
 To be with you in peace, finally,  
 Together with his friend Sebastian,  
 The brother who'd brought him to your life,  
 Touching a chord that wouldn't die.

**Summer Revels\***

Garrulous gardeners gamboling  
 Rambunctious readers reciting  
 Animated authors anticking  
 Tumultuous trumpeters tooting  
 Inebriate initiates intoning  
 Triumphant tubas thundering  
 Ubiquitous unicorns uniting  
 Diaphanous dancers delighting  
 Enraptured enactors enthralling—  
 stage an ecstatic welcome  
 as summer breezes in.

*Margaret S. Langford*



\*An acrostic. The first letters of the lines, if read from top to bottom,  
 spell "Gratitude."

# A Quest to Find a Fernald

by *Debbie Roberge*

In the late 60s my interest in genealogy happened when a maternal Aunt told me a story. It was to be her last story as she was dying of breast cancer. She thought she had told a lie when she was a teenager and wanted to go with a clear conscience. She grew up during the Great Depression, life was hard you just couldn't buy things as there was less money often times none.



No matter what the circumstances was this family was a happy one and they made do with what they had but when you are a teenage girl it can seem a little tougher. There was six children, four girls and two boys between the ages of 6 and 16 as well as two older sisters with their husbands living all in the same household. Welfare hadn't been thought of yet, the only help you could get was either from the town, your local Church or the kindness of neighbors who had more than you did. The older sisters and husbands had jobs and helped out when they could.

For entertainment the older siblings would go to the movies, the younger ones were always involved with the neighborhood kids in one game or another. Otherwise they would be doing their homework or helping out with the chores. They like us had dreams of what could be and Helen the Aunt at 16 was no different. She wanted to go to the dances, she loved listening to the music and meeting up with friends her age. It was a great way to learn social skills and work on your confidence. Helen like any other girl wanted a new dress for these dances but under the circumstances the family couldn't afford it, so the older sisters would remake

one of theirs and add some trimmings or whatever. She could deal with that but what about when they weren't dancing, what would she talk about. She didn't want them to know where she lived, no way!

So she figured if she left the house early and made it to the front of a neighbor's house they would think she lived there, problem solved. Now for the other one – conversations. She needed something important that would keep them from asking too many questions. The story she came up with was that she was related to the former Governor of Maine, Albert Fernald. After all they had the same last name and by the time they got back to school who would remember to try and look it up to see if there



was such a governor. She was all set. This was the story she told me.

It peaked my curiosity and the genealogy bug hit me! Wanting to do something special for her I needed to find out if any part of this story was true. First, was there an actual Governor of Maine with the last name of Fernald? There was, and his name was Albert Manfred "Bert" Fernald, he was born in 1858 and died in 1926. Now was he related and where could I find information about him? Thinking he's a Governor, my first thought – Augusta the state capital and library where I found out some things about him, but nothing about his background. I had to go to Poland Springs, Maine to their library if I wanted to know more about his life. There I found where someone had researched his lineage to the first Fernald who came to America, Renauld or Reginald Fernald. Renauld was the first surgeon or doctor here and arrived sometime between 1631 and 1635.

Well now I have Bert's ancestry what about mine? Do I climb that same tree? I had a great Aunt also named Helen who had been interested in family history and had done some research so it was time to write a letter. She was more than eager to

start corresponding with me, she had been doing it for years with her niece and my aunt Helen. She supplied me with information on my ancestry but no proof as to whether it was correct or not, so a little more digging and I had the proof. But by the time I had the proof I needed to tell my aunt that she and Bert were related, just a few limbs apart, she had lost her battle with cancer. I was unable to tell her that the lie she thought she had told so often was not completely a lie, her and the governor were related – sixth cousins once removed. This meant that her dad (my maternal grandfather) and the Governor were sixth cousins, and she was once removed for not being in the same



generation as the Governor.

Now if you have that same genealogy bug you know I just couldn't stop there. My quests has continued and it has found a lot more Fernald's. Another one right in my own backyard. His name is Merritt Caldwell Fernald and he was the second president of the Maine State College now known as the University of Maine at Orono. It's too bad she hadn't used Merritt in her story as he was more closely related, they were second cousins twice removed. Merritt was born in 1838 and died in 1916, living about the same time and fourth cousins twice removed but might of only considered themselves as fortunate enough to have the same last names and not related. Albert Fernald and Merritt Fernald may have crossed paths at some point, with Albert being Governor for the State of Maine and Merritt Acting President for the Maine State College I don't know and not sure if I could ever find out. It may be another genealogical quest in search of another Fernald!



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Waterville, Maine  
*Les Familles Dubé***

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.

DUBÉ  
(Dubay)

Mathurin Dubé, born 1631 in France, died 1695 in PQ, son of Jean Dubé and Renée Suzanne from the townfelzé of la Chapelle Thémer, department of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, married on 3 September 1670 at Ste.Famille, Ile d'Orléans, PQ to "Fille-du-Roi" Marie-Catherine Campion, born 1654 in France, died between 1697 and 1704 in PQ, daughter of Pierre Campion and Marguerite Hénault from the parish of St.Nicaise, city of Rouen, department of Seine-Maritime, ancient province of Normandie, France. The town of la Chapelle-Thémer is located 12 miles east-northeast of the city of Luçon.

A	Jean		before 1631	Renée Suzanne	France	1
1	Mathurin		03 Sep 1670	M.-Catherine Campion	Ste.Famille, I.O.	2
2	Mathurin	13 May	1691	Anne-M. Miville-Desch.	Rivière-Ouelle	3
	"Mathias"					
	Louis	1m.	28 Jul 1697	M.-Angélique Boucher	Rivière-Ouelle	4
	"	2m.	09 Jan 1719	Marguerite Lebel	Rivière-Ouelle	5
	Pierre		07 Jan 1704	M.-Thérèse Boucher	Rivière-Ouelle	6
	Laurent		07 Jan 1706	Geneviève Boucher	Rivière-Ouelle	7
3	Augustin		07 Jan 1721	M.-Anne Soucy	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	8
	Jean-Bte.		29 Apr 1737	M.-Anne Racette	Québec city(ND)	9
4	Louis		08 Jan 1721	Cécile Emond	Rivière-Ouelle	10
	Joseph		07 Jun 1729	Angélique-Rosalie Morin	cont. Jeannot	11
	Alexandre-Abr.		07 Nov 1727	Jeanne-Mgte. Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	13
5	Louis		14 Feb 1763	Véronique Miville-Desch.	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	14
6	Pierre		04 Feb 1747	Charlotte-Suz. Blénier	Pierrefonds, Montr.	15
7	Joseph	1m.	27 Aug 1730	Mgte.-Barbe Cloutier	Islet	16
	"	2m.	19 Oct 1778	Marie Simonneau	Montmagny	
	Simon		11 Jan 1738	Marguerite Gaudin	cont. Rousselot	17
	Jean-Frs.	1m.	15 Feb 1745	Charlotte St.Pierre	St.Roch-Aulnaies	18
	"	2m.	30 Jun 1756	M.-Catherine Lebel	St.Roch-Aulnaies	19
	Pierre-Jacques		07 Jan 1747	M.-Anne Pelletier	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	20
	Jean-Baptiste		23 Mar 1748	M.-Rose Morin	cont. Rousselot	21
8	Augustin		18 Nov 1748	M.-Judith Deslauriers	Kamouraska	24
	Basile		circa 1750	Louise Côté	Kamouraska cty.	25
	Jean		10 Jan 1752	M.-Anne Ayotte	Kamouraska	26
	Joseph	1m.	28 Oct 1754	Geneviève Hudon	Rivière-Ouelle	27
	"	2m.	10 Apr 1758	M.-Madeleine Beaudet	Rivière-Ouelle	28
	Louis		17 Jan 1763	M.-Lse.-Jeanne Dionne	Kamouraska	29
	Charles	1m.	16 Jul 1764	Marie Michaud	Kamouraska	30
	"	2m.	04 Apr 1801	Julienne Guichard*	St.André, Kam.	31
	*dit Bourgoin					
	Zacharie		21 Nov 1768	M.-Catherine Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	32
9	Jean	1m.	10 Apr 1768	M.-Thérèse Damien	cont. Sanguinet, QC	
	"	2m.	22 Jun 1778	Charlotte Lefèbvre-Paquet	Québec city(ND)	33a
	Jean-Bte.		24 Jun 1776	Marie Valade	Québec city(ND)	33b
10	Jean-François		05 Nov 1748	Marie-Angélique Côté	Rivière-Ouelle	34
	"	2m.	15 May 1787	Catherine Ouellet	Rivière-Ouelle	
	Charles		14 Feb 1757	Magdeleine Gagnon	Rivière-Ouelle	35
	Maurice		12 Jan 1761	M.-Anne Plourde	Rivière-Ouelle	36
	Pierre		15 Jun 1761	M.-Rosalie Beaudet	Rivière-Ouelle	37
	Barthélémy	1m.	04 Jun 1764	M.-Angélique Hudon	Rivière-Ouelle	38
	"	2m.	12 Oct 1778	M.-Louise Lepage	Kamouraska	39
	Louis		02 Jul 1764	M.-Catherine (illegit.)	Rivière-Ouelle	
	Augustin		11 Feb 1771	Catherine Hudon-Beaulieu	Rivière-Ouelle	40
11	Louis	—	1756	Thérèse Nadeau	Rivière-Ouelle !	41
	François		20 Jul 1757	M.-Joseph Deblois	St.François, I.O.	42
	Jean-Baptiste		18 Jan 1768	M.-Geneviève Ouellet	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	43
	Augustin	1m.	10 Jan 1773	M.-Anne Bernier	cont. Dupont	44a
	"	2m.	17 Oct 1785	Marguerite Marcouiller	Yamachiche	44b
	Joseph		23 Jul 1787	M.-Joseph Vaillancourt	St.Jean-Port-Joli	45a
12	Alexandre		09 Jul 1753	M.-Madeleine Leclerc	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	45b
	Jean-François		28 Jan 1755	M.-Madeleine St.Pierre	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	46

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*(Les Familles Dubé continued from page 42)*

Jean	1m.	08 Apr	1777	Madeleine Ouellet	Rivière-Ouelle	
"	2m.	08 Jul	1793	M.-Anne Sergerie	Rivière-Ouelle	47
14 Augustin	1m.	08 May	1798	Marie Bard/Barré (d.26-5-1802 as M.-Romaine)	St.Jean-Port-Joli	49
"	2m.	05 Sep	1808	Elisabeth Josse	Islet	
15 Pierre		17 Jan	1780	M.-Archange Demers	Pierrefonds, Montr.	50
16 Joseph		08 Jan	1759	M.-Basilisse St.Pierre	St.Roch-Aulnaies	51
Jean-Bte.		23 Jan	1764	M.-Thérèse Talon	Rimouski	52
17 Jean-Bte. (#1)		13 Jan	1767	Barbe Fournier	cont. Dupont	53
Jean-Bte. (#2)		21 Jan	1771	Véronique Fournier	St.Jean-Port-Joli	54
"	2m.	01 Aug	1813	Elisabeth Levasseur	Rivière-Ouelle	
Simon		20 Nov	1775	M.-Anne Chouinard	St.Jean-Port-Joli	55
Jean-Roch		25 Nov	1782	Joseph-Olive Hébert	Louiseville, Mask.	56
18 Jos.-François		04 Feb	1771	Françoise Gauvin	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	58
19 Hubert		05 Dec	1791	Françoise Sicard/Carufel	Maskinongé	59
Guillaume		13 Oct	1800	M.-Angélique St.Pierre	Maskinongé	60
Augustin-Jean		04 Nov	1800	Ursule Sicard/Carufel	Maskinongé	61
Louis		01 Mar	1802	Charlotte Alain	Maskinongé	62
20 Raphael-Jean		21 Nov	1773	Angélique Fournier	St.Jean-Port-Joli	63
"	2m.	15 Sep	1812	Elisabeth Gagné	St.Roch-Aulnaies	
Jean-Baptiste		18 Aug	1783	M.-Louise Hudon	Rivière-Ouelle	64
Louis-J.	1m.	10 Oct	1785	Madl./Modeste Fournier	St.Jean-Port-Joli	65
"	2m.	22 Jul	1806	Geneviève Proulx	Montmagny	66
Pierre-R.	1m.	17 Jan	1791	M.-Angélique Pelletier	St.Roch-Aulnaies	67
"	2m.	18 Jan	1820	M.-Louise Santerre	Cacouna	68
Gabriel		13 Nov	1792	Marguerite Blanchette	St.Roch-Aulnaies	69
21 Jean-Bte.		24 Jan	1774	Françoise Dessaint	St.Pierre-Sud	71
Antoine		08 Nov	1784	Victoire Létourneau	St.Pierre-Sud	72
24 Pascal		31 Jul	1780	M.-Théotiste Boucher	Rivière-Ouelle	74
Joseph		31 Jul	1786	Madeleine Tremblay	Kamouraska	75
25 Pierre		circa	1779	M.-Louise-G. Desnoyers (François Desnoyers & Madeleine Dubé) (M.-Louise-Genèv. rem. 27-4-1812 Étienne Perrault)	Isle-Verte	77
Basile	1m.	16 Jul	1787	M.-Catherine April	Kamouraska	78
"	2m.	25 Nov	1822	M.-Joseph Pellerin	Kamouraska	
26 Alexandre	1m.	03 Nov	1783	M.-Anne Vaillancourt	Kamouraska	80
"	2m.	20 May	1822	Marie St.Pierre	Isle-Verte	81
Isidore		25 Nov	1783	M.-Catherine Roy-Desj.	Kamouraska	82
Augustin		13 Oct	1788	M.-Ursule Dion	Isle-Verte, R.-Lp.	83
Germain		10 Jan	1806	Marguerite Roy-Denys	St.Basile, NB	84/26A
27 Joseph		14 Jan	1788	Marguerite Lavoie	Rivière-Ouelle	86
28 Jean-Bte.		09 Oct	1787	Josette Cordeau-Deslauriers (Marie Renaud-Deslauriers)	Kamouraska	88
Augustin		26 Nov	1787	M.-Ursule Ouellet	Kamouraska	89
Michel		24 Jun	1793	M.-Joseph Plourde	Rivière-Ouelle	
Abraham		25 Nov	1805	Félicité Grenet	Rivière-Ouelle	90
François		13 Apr	1812	M.-Louise Hudon-Beaul.	Rivière-Ouelle	91a
29 Louis		29 Jan	1787	M.-Modeste Michaud	Kamouraska	91b
Jean-Bte.		01 Feb	1791	Euphrosine Fortin	Montmagny	92a
Stanislas		09 Aug	1819	Joseph St.Pierre	Louiseville, Mask.	92b
30 Jean-Bte.	1m.	07 Feb	1792	Marie Côté	Isle-Verte	
"	2m.	21 Jan	1828	M.-Brigitte Brisson	Cacouna	93
31 Rémi	1m.	03 Nov	1835	Tatianne Soucy	Trois-Pistoles	94
"	2m.	10 Sep	1845	Flavie Migneault (b.9-11-1803 St.André, Kam.)	Trois-Pistoles	
Anatole		03 Feb	1845	Emérance Jeannot/Collet	Cacouna	95
32 Zacharie		13 Oct	1794	M.-Catherine Lancognard (aka M.-Josette Santerre)	Kamouraska	96
Jean-Baptiste		28 Oct	1799	M.-Anne Roy-Desjardins	Kamouraska	97
Prosper		29 Sep	1800	Catherine Leclerc-Francoeur	Kamouraska	98
Pierre		25 Jan	1808	M.-Joseph Larue	St.Roch-Aulnaies	99
Louis		23 Jul	1810	M.-Angélique Dandurand	Kamouraska	100/32A

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(Les Familles Dubé continued from page 43)

33a Joseph	26 May	1828	Rosalie Content Lachenaie		101
33b Pierre	10 May	1808	Josette Burns-Jolibois	Québec city(ND)	
34 Noël-Grégoire	23 Jan	1776	Joseph Massé	Rivière-Ouelle	102
“ 2m.	09 May	1799	M.-Archange Petit	Rivière-Ouelle	103
Alexis 1m.		17__	Ursule Martin		
“ 2m.	22 Jan	1788	Magdeleine Sergerie*	Kamouraska	104
			*dit St.Jorre		
François	11 Jun	1787	M.-Françoise Sergerie	Kamouraska	
35 Charles 1m.	15 Oct	1792	Geneviève Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	105
" 2m.	09 Jan	1832	Josette Michaud	St.Pascal, Kam.	
Jean-Baptiste	25 Nov	1794	Perpétue Lavoie	Rivière-Ouelle	106a
Pierre	27 May	1811	Elisabeth Gagnon	Rivière-Ouelle	106b
36 Jean-Bte.	04 Aug	1794	Joseph Guéret-Dumond	St.André, Kam.	107
François 1m.	09 Feb	1795	M.-Anne Martin	Rivière-Ouelle	108
" 2m.	28 Aug	1810	Suzanne Bérubé	Rivière-Ouelle	109
" 3m.	02 Mar	1835	M.-Louise Gagnon	Rivière-Ouelle	
Joseph-Augustin	17 Aug	1795	Marie-Clémence Rivard	Rivière-Ouelle	110
Henri	29 Sep	1806	Josette Laplante-Madore	Rivière-Ouelle	111
37 Paschal 03 Aug		1804	M.-Anastasia Pelletier	La Pocatière	112
Gabriel 05 Aug		1816	M.-Charlotte Samson	St.Henri, Lévis	113
38 Vincent 03 Nov		1796	M.-Rose Bergeron	Isle-Verte, R.-Lp.	114
39 Firmin 1m.	11 Feb	1811	Rosalie Simon	Isle-Verte, , R.-Lp.	
“ 2m.	03 Sep	1821	M.-Modeste Moreau	Cacouna 115	
Etienne	31 Aug	1812	M.-Anastasia Dubé	St.André, Kam.	116
			(Joseph Dubé & Madeleine Fournier)		
Barthélémi	12 Sep	1815	Julie Turcotte	Trois-Pistoles	117
40 Henri	09 Feb	1807	Antoinette Antaya/Pelletier	Nicolet	118
Antoine 1m.	10 Oct	1814	Marie Lefèbvre-Descoteaux	Baie-du-Fèbvre	
“ 2m.	13 May	1823	Antoinette Lemire	Baie-du-Fèbvre	119
41 Louis-Charles	24 Feb	1791	M.-Joseph Pelletier	St.Jean-Port-Joli	120
42 François	21 Aug	1786	M.-Euphrosine Asselin	St.Roch-Aulnaies	121
Jean-Bte. 1m.	28 Sep	1789	M.-Geneviève Levasseur	Kamouraska	
“ 2m.	30 Apr	1810	M.-Véronique Paradis	Kamouraska	
43 Barthélemi	23 Sep	1793	M.-Joseph Dastous	St.Jean-Port-Joli	122
Joseph	26 Feb	1797	M.-Elisabeth Fongemi	St.Jean-Port-Joli	123
			dit Verboncoeur/Vadeboncoeur		
			(Léonard Fongemi & Elisabeth Dupont dit Duval)		
Charles	08 Feb	1800	M.-Joseph Caron	St.Jean-Port-Joli	124
44a Jean-M.	07 Nov	1796	M.-Françoise Boivin	Maskinongé	125a
44b François	07 Aug	1820	Marie Lemay	Yamachiche	125b
Calixte 1m.	21 Jan	1821	Marguerite Aucoin	Yamachiche	
2m.	22 Feb	1830	M.-Modeste Gignac	Yamachiche	
“ 3m.	07 Jan	1834	Thérèse Bertrand*	St.Léon, Maskinongé	
45a Jean-Bte.	01 Sep	1812	M.-Joseph Poiré	Lévis	125c
Alexandre	07 Nov	1815	Véronique Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	
Pierre	28 Nov	1820	M.-Anne Fradet	Lévis	125d
45b Alexandre	22 Nov	1784	Charlotte Michaud	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	126a
Charles	22 Oct	1787	M.-Théotiste Dionne	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	126b
			(Germain Dionne & Dorotheé Levesque)		
Pierre 1m.	07 Nov	1791	Théotiste Lancognard	Rivière-Ouelle	126c
			dit Santerre		
" 2m.	06 Apr	1812	Louise Gauvin	Rivière-Ouelle	
Jean-Bte. 1m.	01 Oct	1792	M.-Claire Dupont	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	
" 2m.	31 Jul	1809	Charlotte Gagnon	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	127
Jean	25 Nov	1793	M.-Théotiste Anctil	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	128
Isaïe	16 Aug	1796	Elisabeth Gosselin	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	129
Joseph	15 Apr	1799	Victoire Levesque	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	130

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*(Les Familles Dubé continued from page 44)*

46 Jean-Bte.	27 Oct	1789	M.-Ange Bois	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	131
Nicolas	14 Sep	1807	M.-Reine Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	132/46A
François 1m.	10 Jan	1826	Perpétue Cloutier	Yamaska	133a
" 2m.	12 Jul	1831	Rose Vaillancourt	Berthier	133b
47 Laurent	28 Jul	1828	Pétronille-Vitaline St.Pierre	Cacouna 134	
Joseph	23 May	1831	Marguerite Dubois	Bécancour	135
Ignace	15 Feb	1832	Marie BernatchezTrois-Pistoles		136
49 Augustin	16 Oct	1827	M.-Desneiges Garon	Lotbinière	137a
50 Joseph	06 Feb	1809	Angélique Desmaisons	Montréal	137b
Antoine	21 Nov	1825	Félicité Goneau-Grouillon	Montréal(ND)	138a
Fabien	30 Jan	1826	Suzanne Pilon	Montréal(ND)	138b
Guillaume 'Wm.'	03 Jan	1866	Hermine Leclerc	Montréal(ND)	138c
51 Michel 1m.	20 May	1783	Françoise Fournier	St.Pierre-Sud	
" 2m.	19 Feb	1798	Marie-Josephte Bisson	St.Charles	139a
" 3m.	05 Aug	1800	Anastasia Couture	St.Charles	
" 4m.	25 Jun	1811	Josette Pouliot	St.Charles	139b
Charles-Amable	29 Jul	1784	M.-Suzanne Fournier	Sault-au-Récollet	140a
Jean-M.	07 Nov	1791	M.-Charlotte Paquet	St.Vincent-Paul	140b
52 Pierre-Noel	22 Oct	1792	Marguerite Blais	Yamachiche	
" 2m.	30 Aug	1798	Marie Bellemare*	Yamachiche	140c
			*aka Lyonnais		
53 Alexis	04 Feb	1793	Flavie-Frse. Chouinard	St.Jean-Port-Joli	141
Jean-Baptiste	29 Jan	1799	Angélique Chouinard	St.Jean-Port-Joli	142
54 Jean-Bte.	30 Sep	1793	M.-Véronique Caron	St.Jean-Port-Joli	144
Louis	20 Feb	1797	M.-Geneviève Hay	Kamouraska	145
			(Jean-Bte. + M.-Geneviève Servant)		
Augustin	03 Jul	1797	Julie Caron	St.Jean-Port-Joli	146
Paul-Pierre	22 Jul	1804	Charlotte Vaillancourt	St.Jean-Port-Joli	147
Amable	02 Sep	1812	M.-Ursule Caron	St.Jean-Port-Joli	148
55 Simon	27 Jul	1802	Elisabeth Miville-Desch.	St.Jean-Port-Joli	150
Cyriac 1m.	07 Sep	1809	Josephte Fonjemy-Vadeb.	St.Jean-Port-Joli	151
" 2m.	08 Jun	1840	Marie Bernier	Islet	
56 Jean-Roch	21 Jan	1805	Thérèse Bélanger	Louiseville, Mask.	153
Joseph	22 Nov	1803	Charlotte Pelletier	St.Roch-Aulnaies	154a
Pierre 1m.	13 Feb	1809	Geneviève Grondin	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	154b
" 2m.	25 May	1819	Théotiste Pelletier	St.Roch-Aulnaies	58A
Michel	04 May	1824	Marie-Théotiste Ouellet	St.Roch- Aulnaies	155
58 Louis	24 Jul	1798	M.-Odeste Fournier	St.Jean-Port-Joli	156
59 Louis	12 Sep	1826	Julie Ratier	Maskinongé	
Olivier	15 Feb	1836	Marguerite Morin	Maskinongé	157
Maxime	10 Oct	1843	Luce Rocré	Berthier	158
60 Charles	15 Sep	1835	Sophie Croisetière	Berthier	159
61 Louis 1m.	15 Nov	1830	Félicité Chantal	Montebello, Papineau	160
" 2m.	01 Jul	1856	Elmire Gemus-Ladouceur	Papineauville	61A
62 Jean-Bte.	09 Oct	1827	Julie Vanassa-Vertefeuille	Maskinongé	161
Alexis	27 Feb	1832	Emérence Déziel	Maskinongé	162a
Louis 1m.	10 Jan	1837	Sophie Cloutier	Maskinongé	
" 2m.	12 Sep	1848	Julie Pombert-Durousseau	Maskinongé	162b
Antoine	08 Jan	1839	Marie-Desneiges Ricard	Maskinongé	62A
Pierre	11 Feb	1839	Angèle Bernier	Maskinongé	162c
Hubert	20 Apr	1846	Julie Martin	St.Maurice, Champl.	163
Augustin	11 Jan	1847	Euphémie Marchand	St.Maurice, Champl.	
63 Philippe	10 Oct	1803	M.-Archange Thiboutot	St.Roch-Aulnaies	164
Raphael	26 Aug	1805	M.-Thérèse St.Pierre	St.Jean-Port-Joli	
Jean-Baptiste	06 Nov	1810	M.-Joseph Gerbert	St.Roch-Aulnaies	165
Prosper	05 Sep	1814	M.-Judith Thiboutot	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	166

*(Les Familles Dubé will be continued in the Fall issue of Le Forum)*

The Holocaust and Human Rights Center of Maine &  
UMaine Franco American Programs present

# Beau-frog



THE ART OF  
**PETER ARCHAMBAULT**

On display from April 20 to August 17, 2018  
Michael Klahr Center, University of Maine at Augusta

for more information visit [hhremaine.org](http://hhremaine.org)

Beau-frog:

The Art of Peter Archambault

April 13 – August, 2018

Michael Klahr Center Exhibit Space

This coming spring, the HHRC is thrilled to present **Beau-frog: The Art of Peter Archambault**, a spring exhibition of cartoon drawings, political commentary, Franco-American cultural exploration, and personal discovery.

In the 1970s and 1980s, Madawaska, Maine native Peter Archambault (1939-2015) was staff artist for *Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum*, a monthly bilingual publication of the student-led Franco-American Resource Opportunity Group, and later the Franco American Centre, at the University of Maine at Orono. In addition to the rich cartoon commentary on local and national political landscapes he inked during his tenure, Archambault developed the character, "Beau-frog," in a creative re-imagining of the slur directed toward francophone and French heritage people. Beau-frog's daily trials and exploits as featured in Archambault's work move from the mundane to the extraordinary, the hopeless to the hopeful, and illustrate some of the pressures and challenges of a minority figure coming to terms with a personal and cultural identity in the midst of an Anglophone majority. Drawing comparison to Art Spiegelman's "Maus," Beau-frog illustrates a cartoon Franco-American's experience in Maine from the point of view of its thoughtful artist and his collaborators.



**Schedule**

THURSDAY AT MECHANICS PARK BY THE RIVER

9:30 FIREWORKS

**FRIDAY 7:30-8:00**

OPENING CEREMONIES

FEATURING AUREL PAUQUETTE

MAYOR ALAN HALL OF FAMED

JESSICA QUATTRONE PRES.

RAY GAGNE VICE PRESIDENT

8:00-8:30

BIDDEFORD CULTURAL HERITAGE CENTER

HALL OF FAME RECONGNITION AWARDS

8:30-9:00

HIGHLANDERS MARCHIG BAND BAGPIPERS

9:00-11:00

CLASSIC ROCK ORCHESTRA

ON FIELD ACTIVITIES

8:00-8:30PM AND 10:-10:30PM

MAGICIAN SHOW

SHRINER'S CLOWNS ON FIELD ALL EVENING

LONG

**SATURDAY MAINE TENT**

12:00-1:00 PM

DYNASTY DANCE STUDIOS STUDENT PERFOR-

MANCES

MELISSA ADAMS, DIRECTOR

1:15 – 2:15

BILLY BILLY

BRIAN LITCHFIELD / CHRIS CLARK

2:30 – 3:30

COLLECTIVE MOTION ARTS CENTER

STUDENT PERFORMANCES

JENNIFER BOURGEAULT, DIRECTOR

4:00 – 6:00

TOUCH N GO

RAY BOISSONEAULT, LA BOZ

PAT CAPARINO

MARK 'SMOKEY' WINSLOW

6:30 – 8:00

JORDANE

CHANTEUSE DE QUEBEC

9:00 – 11:00

THE PIANO MAN

MUSIC OF BILLY JOEL AND ELTON JOHN

FEATURING BIDDEFORD'S OWN JOE BOUCHER

ON FIELD ACTIVITIES

MAGICIAN

SCOTT'S WORLD OF MAGIC SHOW

3:30 PM – 4:00 PM

6:00 PM – 6:30 PM

8:00 PM – 8:30 PM

SELLAM FAMILY CIRCUS SCHOOL

APPEARANCES TODAY

**"The Classic Rock  
Orchestra"****"Piano Man  
Saturday"****SUNDAY MAINE TENT**

11:00 -12:00

CATHOLIC MASS

CELEBRANT FR. RON LABBARE

12:00 – 1:00

CREPE BREAKFAST

LA KERMESSE CUISINE

1:00 – 2:00

FRANKENJUDY ACOUSTIC DUO

JUDY JOLICOEUR/FRANK NAVA

2:30 – 4:00

ALUMNI BAND

CONDUCTOR: DANIELLE ALLIE

4:30 – 5:45

JORDANE

CHANTEUSE DE QUEBEC

6:15 – 7:45

THE LEBLANC FAMILY

TRADIIONAL FRANCO MUSIC

ON FIELD ACTIVITIES

MAGICIAN

SCOTT'S WORLD OF MAGIC SHOW

2:00 – 2:30

4:00 – 4:30

5:45 – 6:15

CHECK OUT THE CRAFTER AND THE PRODUCT

TENT

BOY SCOUT TROOP 308 ENCAMPMENT

SMOKIE'S GREATER SHOWS

LA KERMESSE CUISINE



Université du Maine  
**Le FORUM**  
Centre Franco-Américain  
Orono, ME 04469-5719  
États-Unis

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### THE FRANCO AMERICAN CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MAINE

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

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

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

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

#### **MISSION**

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

### LE CENTRE FRANCO AMÉRICAIN DE L'UNIVERSITÉ DU MAINE

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

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

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

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

#### **OBJECTIFS:**

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