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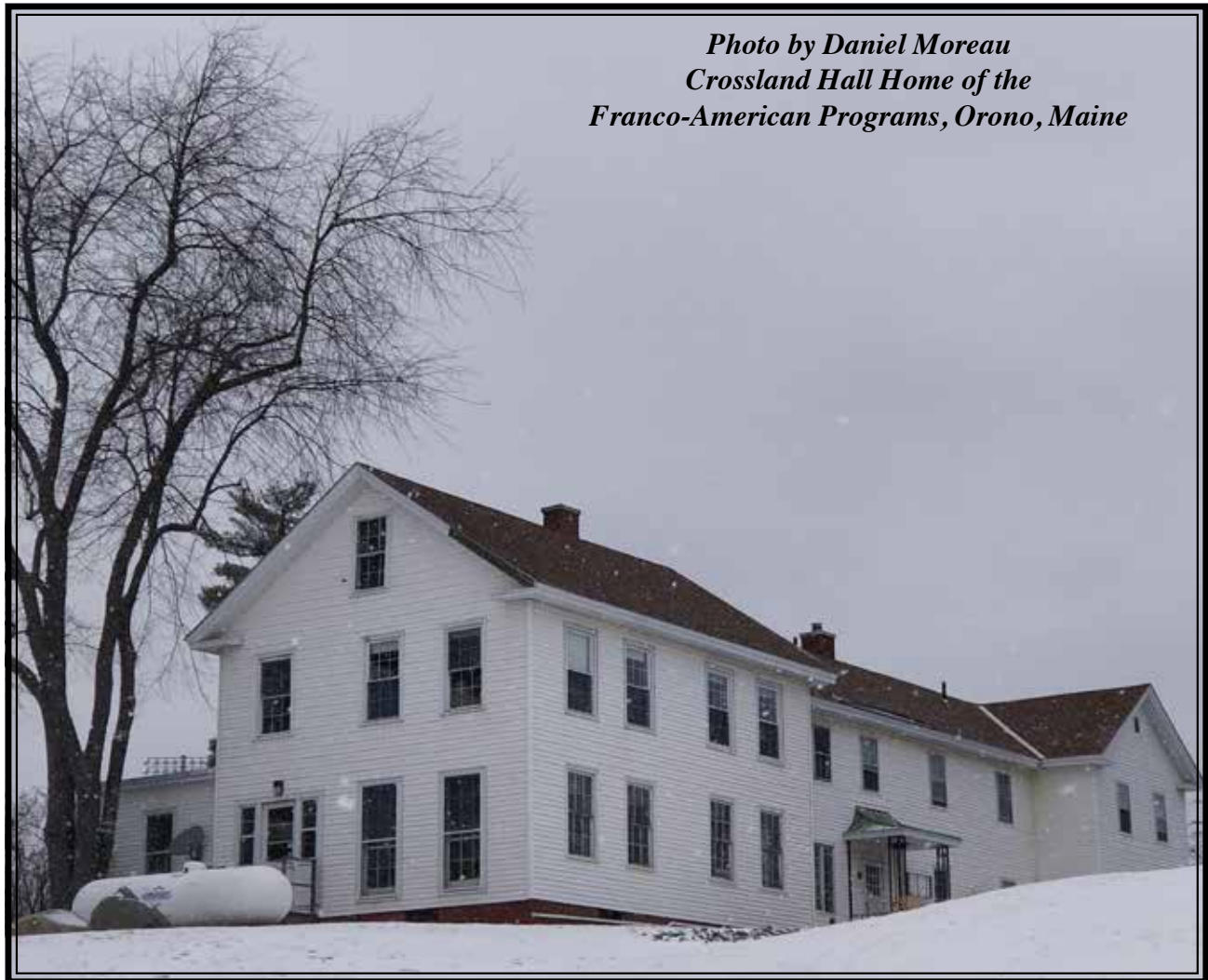
Le FORUM



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

VOLUME 40, #4

WINTER/HIVER 2018-19



*Photo by Daniel Moreau
Crossland Hall Home of the
Franco-American Programs, Orono, Maine*

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

Oral History: Francoamericanarchives.org

Library: francolib.francoamerican.org

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

other pertinent websites to check out -

**Les Français d’Amérique / French In America
Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002**

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

Franco-American Women’s Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>





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Les lettres de nos lecteurs sont les bienvenues — Letters to the Editor are welcomed.

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

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

Sommaire/Contents

Lettres/Letters3	Juliana L'Heureux21-23
	Franco-Americans and baseball
L'État du ME4-26, 28-32	Laura Demsey24-25
A Father's Blessing on New Year's Day by Gérard Coulombe	<i>Vive la langue française: Making French Connections in New England</i>
La Pie Bavarde by Marie-Anne Gauvin	Books/Livres27, 33, 34
<i>La Tire D'Érable - Le Cautchouc</i> Maple Taffy - Rubber by Jacqueline Chamerland Blesso	Coin des jeunes35
Lewiston Franco tour by Daniel Moreau	Genealogy38-39
Another Kind of Shame by Gérard Coulombe	Henry Joseph Quirion - A Silly Grandfather? by Debbie Roberge
A Recipe for Peaceful Coexisting by Linda Gérard DerSimonian	Les Familles Dubé by Robert Chenard
James Myall18-21	
In the First Year of the Woman, Franco Women Played a Key Role	
Tragedy Amid the Joy of Brunswick's Armistice Celebrations	



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Le FORUM

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Lettres/ Letters

To Le Forum:

I enjoy *Le Forum!* I read every page in it. I am 96 years old with macula in one eye but I still can read. I hope I'm still in good standing, does the date on my label mean paid up till June 2018?

*Thank You!
Merci Beaucoup!
Cécile Vigue
Fairfield, ME*

Dear Cécile:

Thank for contacting Le Forum and we are pleased that you are able to read our publication.

You are correct, your label states 18/06 ~ Year/month. Thank you for checking with us and for your continued support!

Amicalement, Le Forum

To Le Forum:

I am writing to let you know that I'm moving back to my home in Lake Forest so for year 2019 please mail that special "*Le Forum*" magazine to the address provided.

I've enclosed a check for my subscription.

Thanks so much — love the magazine!

*Evelyn Joiner
Lake Forest, CA*

Dear Evelyn:

Thank for contacting Le Forum and informing us of your move. It helps reduce mailing costs when we are notified.

We thank you for your continued support! Le Forum would not exist without it's many supporters!

Amicalement,

Le Forum

SAVE THE DATE ~ Mardi Gras Potluck

March 5, 2019

6:00 p.m. -

8:00 p.m.

Join us for fun, food & music!

Franco-American Centre

Contact: Lisam@maine.edu

Call: 581-3789



Franco-American Programs Volunteer: Debbie Roberge

Deb participates in Centre activities and is currently involved with our community group. The community group meets weekly on Wednesday's at noon. She is leading the process of organizing a genealogical organization within the Centre.

Thank you to our Donors...

Also, a huge shout out to our donors for your continued support! We couldn't do it without you!

Your generosity is greatly appreciated!

We would like to take a moment to introduce our latest addition to our Centre staff....I say staff, although Debbie Roberge is not hired by the University she has volunteered at the Franco-American Centre for well over 200 hours since Sept. 2018!

She has been instrumental in organizing Le Forum's back issues, files, Centre holdings & collections, has worked in our library, has aided in creating ideas for Centre spaces, and is currently working on the Ringuette Library's holdings. Deb has also helped students research their family genealogy and is currently working on compiling Adrien Ringuette's ancestry which will be added to a database program [RootsMagic].



Our community group l to r: Bonnie King, Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Suzanne Taylor, Pam Beveridge, Emma Phillips, Deb Roberge & Louella Rolfe. 2nd Row: Martha Whitehouse & Lin Larochelle

A Father's Blessing on New Year's Day

by *G rard Coulombe*

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

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

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

So, I mentally skipped over Christmas. It would never be what I had originally expected, that involved a certain satisfaction, that my parents had known and remembered what I always wanted but never got me at Christmas; My mother gave me hugs and kisses for my knowing that they could never afford to give me what they could not afford to give, for the weekly paycheck

earned barely covered their weekly expenses. At one point in my childhood, I knew the difference between those who received and those who did not. I was comfortable knowing that because of who we were, God would not only give us, but also everybody else like us, the love he distributed to those whose families could not afford that which only money could buy. So, as I always managed a job as a youth, I looked in the four "five and dimes" on Main Street for what I thought was the most beautiful framed art that I could afford, a pastoral of sorts that I thought mother might hang on the living



room wall. She did.

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

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

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

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

It might have happened earlier in the day had he gotten up, but as a man who worked the second shift all of his life, he had to sleep late on a day off. For my father, it was obligatory, just as much as going to church on a Sunday or on a Holy Day of Obligation. Only when he had gotten out of bed, dressed, had had his breakfast before leaving the house to attend church "en famille," as a family, did he think we were due to be anointed for another year. I don't believe for one minute that his little drama was anything but a little drama in which he played the major role.

We might have left for Mass on New Year's Day before he had had us kneel before him, each of us had to take a turn at what I thought was a punitive exercise. To kneel before him was the dutiful thing to do. We were scarred, reluctant, but dutiful. We took
(Continued on page 5)

(A Father's Blessing on New Year's Day
continued from page 4)

our turn to ask for his blessing. He received each one of us individually. As the oldest, I went first; he gave each one of us his blessing, or not. We could not have foretold or bet on the outcome. It was possible that he might withhold his blessing. It happened.

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

He focused on the negative. I disliked, probably, "hated" is the better choice of words. During the whole process, one that felt very long, but, actually, the whole interviews or blessing was very short.

The whole process, principally because I felt he played the person he was all year long, he who held the accounts, and he who did not hesitate to recall the long list of negatives, did proceed in a plodding but seri-

ous and officious voice. Perhaps my sisters would have recalled these experiences differently had I asked them some years later. But, I never did, speak of this to them or to my mother, who, I think, suffered, privately, through this traditional review of one's sins. I never asked my friends if they experienced anything like it or something similar.

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

I never knew my paternal grandparents. I only remember seeing the older men in their long white beards standing in front of what might have been my grandfather's shoe shop.

• New Year's Day like Christmas Day

(N.D.L.R. Reprinted from *Le Club Français Newsletter, La Fanal, 13 février, 2006, Vol. 5 No. 2. Marie-Anne Gauvin's poetic description of a huge snow storm in the St. John Valley in the winter of 2006. Soumis par Jacqueline Blesso.*

LA PIE BAVARDE

À tous et à chacun:

Essayant d'émerveiller ceux qui n'apprécient pas les pays nordiques je vais tenter de décrire deux semaines du plus beau paysage d'hiver que j'aie jamais vu. Commenant par le lendemain de Noël, 2005, la première merveille fut le plus de 37 à 40 pouces de neige qui nous avait enterer à grandeur de la Vallée. Je vous assure que ça faisait jaser les gens. Ce n'était pas seulement de la neige. Il y était tombé une couche de glace à peu près au coeur de cette neige. Le chasse-neige, les souffleuses et les pelleurs ont eu beaucoup de peine à ouvrir les chemins, les rues, les montées et les entrées privées. Deux jour plus tard, tout était revenu à l'état presque normal.

La vraie merveille était le panorama qui s'étalait devant nous. N'importe où on pouvait regarder, c'était d'une envergure époustoufflante et splendide de beauté blanche. Ce n'était pas comme les pays des Artiques ou les contours topographiques sont indistincts. Là, où, sans boussole les humains risquent leurs vies.

Ici, chez nous, ce n'était pas l'Artique.

Nous pouvions discerner les maisons avec leurs beaux gros chapeaux de blanc. Il y avait des chapeaux ronds, des pointus et même des ondulés, tous avec des cheminées plantées comem de grosses plumes décoratives sur les chapeaux. Les fenêtres semblaient être de grands yeux étonnés de voir tant de neige ne si peu de temps.

Oh! Que les arbres habillés de blanc nous fascinaient par leur beauté. Les arbres cadus pliaient leurs branches nues de feuilles mais enrobées de glace avec une légère couche de neige. Le bout des plus grandes branches pendaient sous le poids de la glace jusqu'à toucher la couverture de la neige. C'était leurs grands asluts à Dame Nature. Nous pouvions distinguer les variétés d'arbres pare leurs squelettes toujours visibles sous la neige. De temps en temps le soleil révélait les squelettes glacés en les faisant briller comme des mirgages colorés dans un désert blanc. Les conifères, eux, avec leurs branches pleines d'aiguilles supportaient la charge blanche indiquant la forme exacte de l'arbre. Un jeune épinette de 6 à 7 pied dans mon jardin était tellement bien caché sous son manteau blanc qu'il ressemblait

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

à un beau gros bonhomme, un peu comme les revenants de Halloween. Il faisait figure plutôt comique en plein milieu de ces scènes fêriques.

Étant dans un vallée, notre paysage se compose de collines, puis une autre colline par derrière et ainsi de suite. Cette fois, le sommet de ces collines se faisait tout blanc comme la façade d'une grande montagne qui nous plaît toujours comme le Mont Katahdin au printemps. En voyageant en campagne nous arrivions sur une hauteur où la perspective de profondeur qui s'étendait devant nous à perte de vue était à couper le souffle. Les têtes blanches de certaines plantes dans les champs ajoutaient au décor de ce monde blanchi. Les buissons couverts de givre ressemblaient aux plus belles dentelles imaginables. Rien ne peut rendre la réalité de ces paysages enchanteurs, ni photos, ni paroles. Il faut être en plein dedans, le voir, le vivre.

Et nous l'avons vécu pendant deux grandes semaines inoubliables.

Votre pie bavardes,

Marie-Anne



LA TIRE D'ÉRABLE – LE CAOUTCHOUC MAPLE TAFFY – RUBBER

JACQUELINE CHAMBERLAND BLESSO

C'est le temps des sucres – dans le New Jersey. La tire et le sucre que j'ai déjà commandé de Jean et Céline Deschênes, propriétaires de *Leclerc Maple Products* de Van Buren, Maine, vient d'arriver à temps pour le Café et la Dégustation annuelle des produits d'érable que j'entreprends avec mes étudiants de français à Fairleigh-Dickinson University.

It's maple-sugar time – in New Jersey. The taffy and the sugar that I have ordered from Jean and Céline Deschênes, proprietors of Leclerc Maple Products in Van Buren, Maine, have just arrived in time for the annual Coffee and Tasting of maple products that I undertake with my French students at Fairleigh-Dickinson University.

D'abord, on entame une lecture en français dans la classe intermédiaire sur la confection des acériculteurs. Avant de commencer la lecture, on examine une photo dans le texte qui montre la collection de la sève dans des tonneaux.

First, we start with a reading in French in the intermediate class on the culture of maize (acériculture in French). Before starting the reading, we examine a photo in the text showing the collection of sap in barrels.

Bientôt, je vais leur raconter mon expérience de jeunesse à la sucrerie de Pit Daigle à Sinclair, Maine. En arrivant en traîneau, halé par des chevaux, on nous emmenait dans l'érablière pour nous montrer les arbres entaillés de chalumeaux. On accroche une chaudière à l'arbre pour capturer la sève qui coule lentement. Après l'avoir vidé de temps en temps, on la fait bouillir dans une grande marmite au-dessus d'un feu de bois. Bien sûr, cette occupation prin-

tanière qui dure à peu près quatre semaines devait attendre les jours qui s'allongissent et le temps plus doux. Pour la plupart, ça se passe en famille et par plaisir du produit et de son façonnage.

Soon after, I will tell them about my experience when I was young at Pit Daigle's sugar house in Sinclair, Maine. Arriving



on a horse-drawn sleigh, we were taken to the maple grove where we were shown the spouts on the trees. A pail is hung under the spout to catch the slowly dripping sap. After being emptied from time to time, it is boiled in a large pot over a wood fire. Of course, this spring occupation lasting about four weeks, had to wait for lengthening daylight and warmer days. For the most part, this is a family affair done for the pleasure of making and enjoying the product.

Après avoir été exposé au grand air, au bouillonnement de la sève et la senteur de la fumé du bois, on dévorait les sandwiches qu'on avait apporté avec nous. Mais, ce qu'on attendait c'était le dessert – la tire d'érable. La sève, déjà arrivée à la consistance de sirop, est cuite encore un peu. Ensuite, elle est répandue en petites lamelles sur un plateau de neige où elle tourne en tire qu'on ramasse avec un petit bout de branche pour

former une sucette. On avait attendu toute l'année pour goûter ce délice qui fond sur la langue. Rien de meilleur!

After having been exposed to the spring air, to the boiling of the sap and the smell of the wood fire, we would devour the sandwiches we had brought with us. But, what we were waiting for was dessert – maple taffy. The sap, having already arrived at syrup consistency, is cooked a bit further. Then, it is dripped in thin lines on a platter lined with snow where it turns into taffy that we pick up with a small short branch to create a lollipop. We had waited all year to taste this delicacy that melts on your tongue. Nothing is better!

Si on continue la cuisson de la tire, on arrive à la production du sucre d'érable en brique que nos mères grattaient sur des crêpes chaudes. A nos jours, on fabrique aussi des sucettes dures et du beurre d'érable en incorporant de l'air dans le produit.

If the cooking of the taffy is continued, one arrives at the production of bricks of maple sugar that our mothers would grate onto warm crepes. Now, by incorporating air into the product, hard lollipops and maple butter can also be made.

Pour revenir à la photo de la collection de la sève, j'ai demandé aux étudiants s'ils comprenaient ce qui se passait dans la photo des arbres piqués de leur petit bec verseur. Une jeune étudiante africaine, douée en français, lève la main et dit qu'elle pense que c'est la collection du latex pour fabriquer du caoutchouc! Voilà une réponse intéressante et géniale. On amasse le latex des ficus, des hévéas et des urcéoles pour fabriquer le caoutchouc. C'est le même processus de collection. Encore une fois, j'ai appris d'une étudiante.

Coming back to the photo about the sap collection, I asked the students if they understood what was taking place in the photo of the trees pierced by their small pouring lips. A young African girl, gifted in French, puts her hand up and says that she thinks that it is the collection of latex to make rubber! Now that is a brilliant and interesting answer. The sap from ficus, heveas and urceoles is (Suite sur page 7)

Lewiston Franco Tour

Daniel Moreau – 11/26/2018
Franco-American Programs
Student Associate
(All Photos by Daniel Moreau)



View of the Bates Mill along Pine Street in Centreville in Lewiston. The mural was done in summer 2018 by Brazilian muralist, Arlin Graff. The Bates Mill was the main economic driver for Lewiston, and most Lewiston French-Canadians.

These are photos I've taken on Thanksgiving week in Lewiston, Maine, which was once the hub of Franco-Americans in Maine. Because of this, it has gained the nickname "Little Canada" which is often reserved for Franco-American neighborhoods in Mill towns. Next door, on the other bank of the Androscoggin River sits Auburn. Together, Lewiston and Auburn are considered the Twin Cities, they share infrastructure (bus line, airport), and some organizations (LA Economic Growth Council, for example). They are located halfway between Portland and Augusta, Maine. Lewiston has a population of ~36,000 (making it the second largest city in Maine, Portland comes in

first at 67,000, and Bangor comes in third at 33,000), and Auburn has a population of ~23,000. Together, they have a combined population close to Portland at ~60,000 people. Historically, Lewiston was famous for its textile mills while Auburn was famous for its shoe factories. When the decline of the mills began in the mid 20th century, the economy struggled, and the area became known for its crime in the 70s to 90s. Over the past 15 years or so, the area has seen a revitalization and Centreville (the Main Street neighborhood) has seen new businesses and new construction. To this day, French-Canadian heritage is still alive and well in Lewiston.



Drained canal with Bates Mill building #1 on the left foreground, Bates Mill building #5 in the background, and the Centreville parking garage and Canal Street in the right foreground. The canals were drained for bridge construction further down the canals.

(Continued on page 8)

Hanging Hand Towels... For Sale!



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**(LA TIRE D'ERABLE –
LE CAOUTCHOUC
MAPLE TAFFY – RUBBER suite de page 6)**

collected to make rubber. It's the same collection process. Once again, I have learned something from a student.

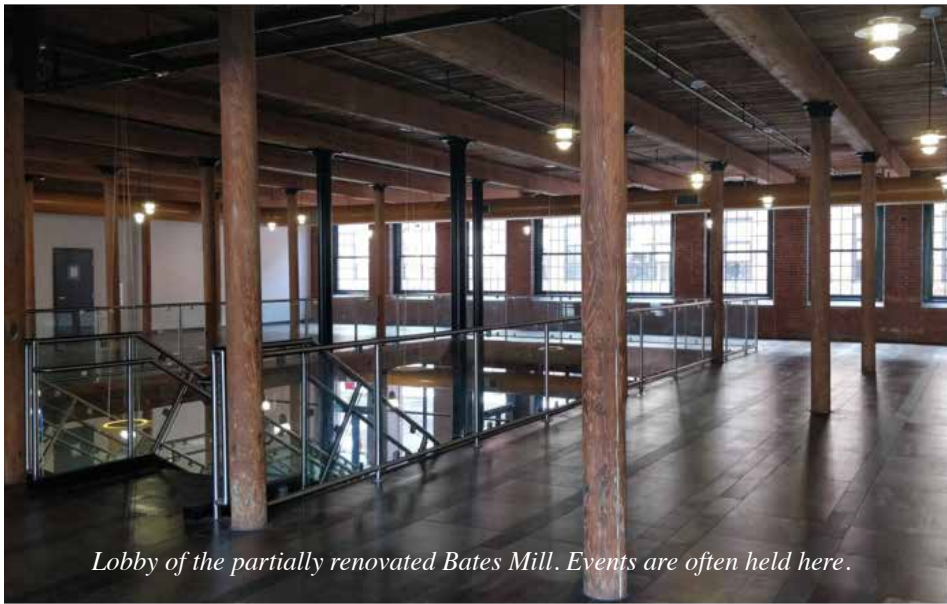
Mais, on doit dire que le produit de l'érable est supérieur par son goût. La dégustation a été un succès ponctué par des "ohs," "ahs" et "que c' est bon."

But, one must say that the maple product is superior because of its taste. The tasting was a success punctuated by "ohs," "ahs" and "this is so good."

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(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 7)



Lobby of the partially renovated Bates Mill. Events are often held here.



Hallway in the Bates Mill. Museum LA, and E. Claire and Pastries are along this hallway. The floors are stained with oil from the textile machines when the mill was in operation.

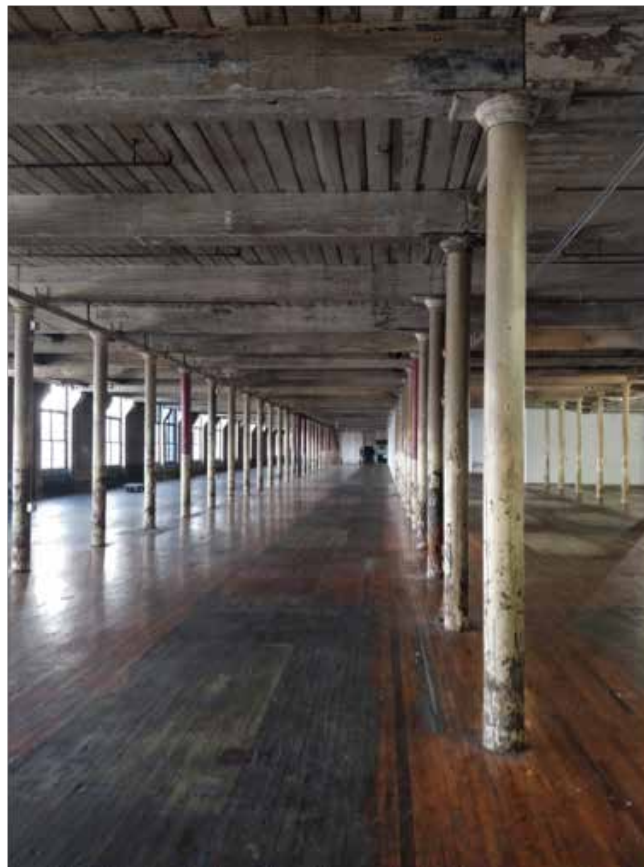


Fleur-de-lis painted on the brick wall in the second floor of the Bates Mill.

Bates Mill



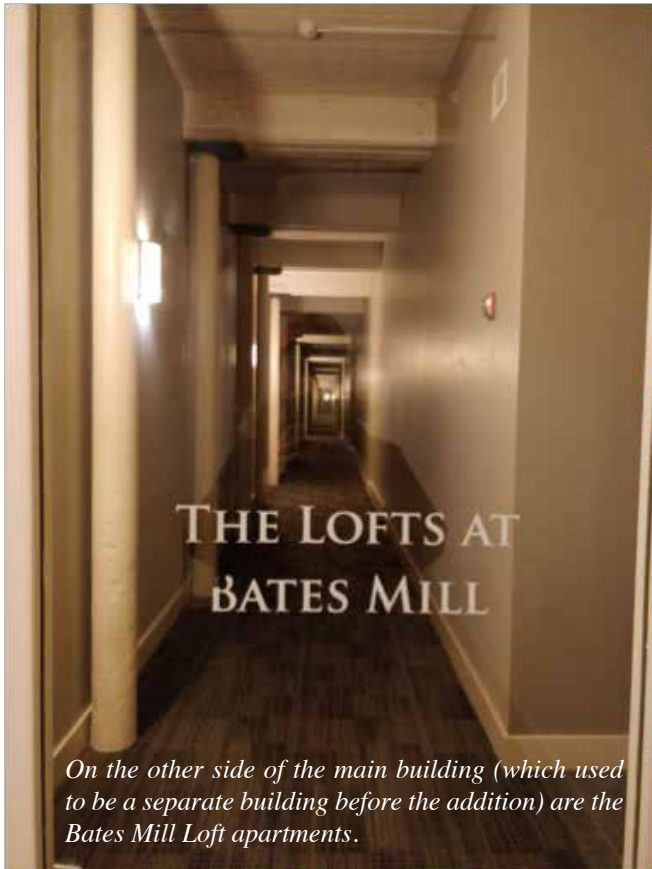
Unrenovated room in the Bates Mill. Some of the mill remains unrenovated. The windows are boarded up because of a newly constructed wing which houses Baxter Brewing Company.



The second (and above) floor are open as it was when the mill was operating. The white wall in the right background houses Museum LA's shoe and textile exhibits. You can see the large dark squares on the floor, which are from the oil of textile machines. This building in the Bates Mill was once two buildings, the two buildings were combined, and an addition was built; seen by the different beams in the ceiling, and different orientation in the ceiling planks. Sometimes performances and conferences are held on this floor.

(Continued on page 9)

(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 8)



On the other side of the main building (which used to be a separate building before the addition) are the Bates Mill Loft apartments.



Unrenovated offices in the Bates Mill. Franco-Americans were never initially hired for office



Floor 3 of the Bates Mill. There are no occupants in this room, it is under renovation.



A painted arrow on the third-floor wall which says "Spinning" between wings.

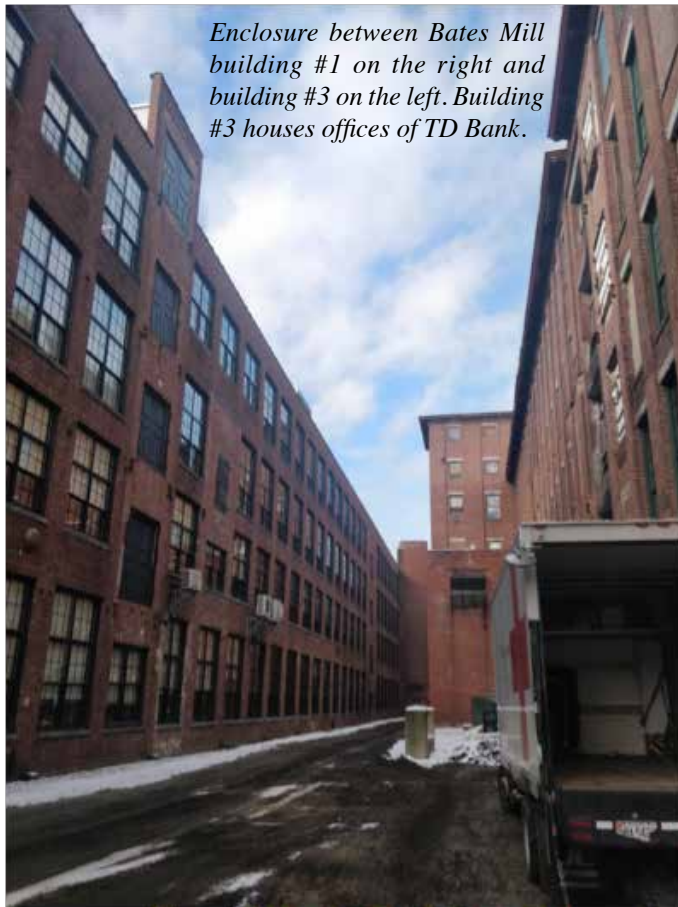
(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 9)



4th and top floor of the Bates Mill with some broken floor boards. There are no occupants in this room, and is currently under renovation.



View of Bates Mill building #5 and canal from the staircase of building #1.



Enclosure between Bates Mill building #1 on the right and building #3 on the left. Building #3 houses offices of TD Bank.



Entrance to building #3 housing TD Bank, there used to be another building here which was torn down.

(Continued on page 11)

(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 10)

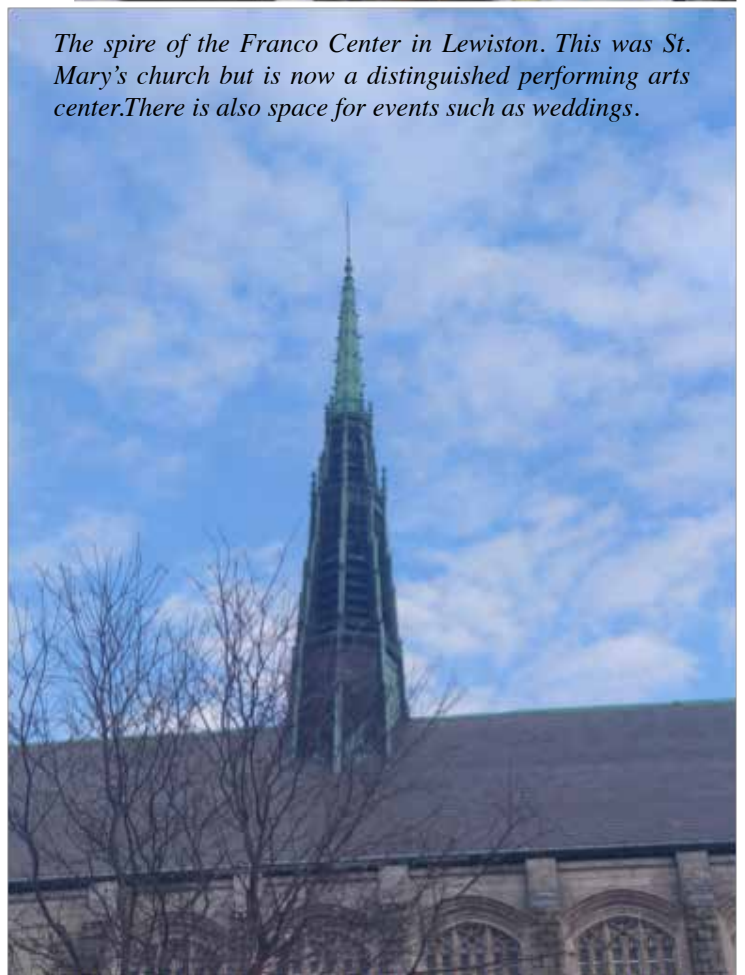
View of the sculpture "Lewiston Rattle" on a tank base, with Building #3 in the background. On the right background is Building #7 which also houses TD Bank offices.



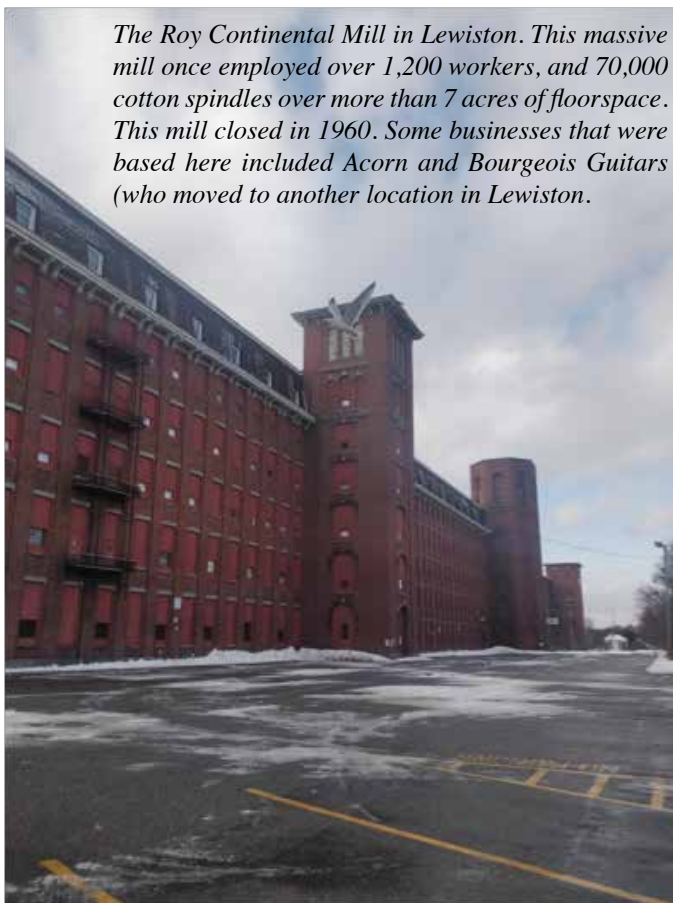
Other end of Building #3, and the other twin tank base.



The spire of the Franco Center in Lewiston. This was St. Mary's church but is now a distinguished performing arts center. There is also space for events such as weddings.



The Roy Continental Mill in Lewiston. This massive mill once employed over 1,200 workers, and 70,000 cotton spindles over more than 7 acres of floorspace. This mill closed in 1960. Some businesses that were based here included Acorn and Bourgeois Guitars (who moved to another location in Lewiston).



(Continued on page 12)

(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 11)



Display case of Franco-American music items. Including a violin case, wooden spoons, and other things. The Franco Center has many Franco-American and religious items on display.



The performance hall itself of the Franco Center



Habit of a Grey Nun. The Grey Nuns in Lewiston founded St. Mary's Hospital, an elderly home, two orphanages, and the Healy asylum.



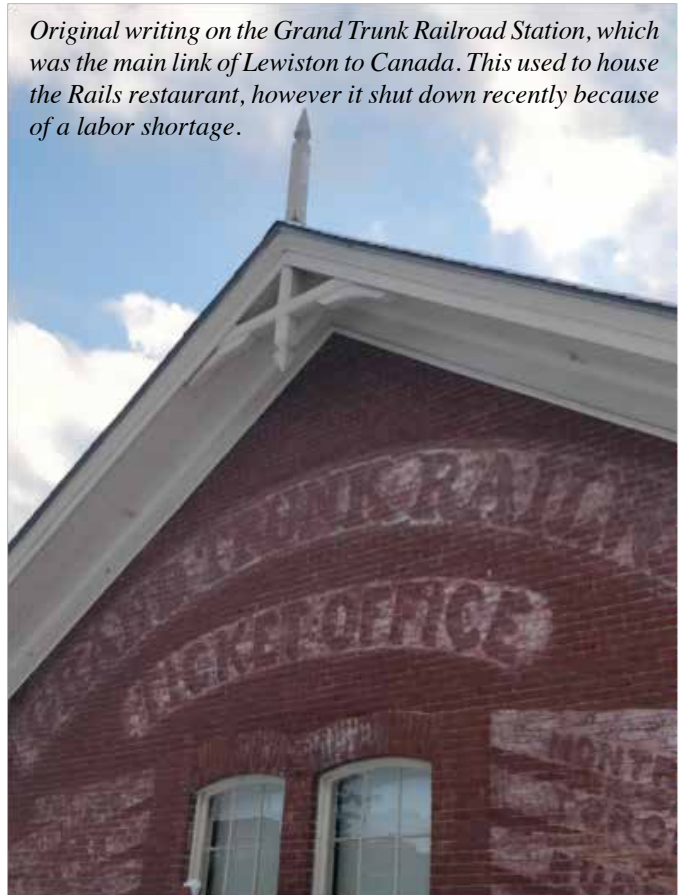
Photographic mural of the Grey Nuns.

(Continued on page 13)

(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 12)



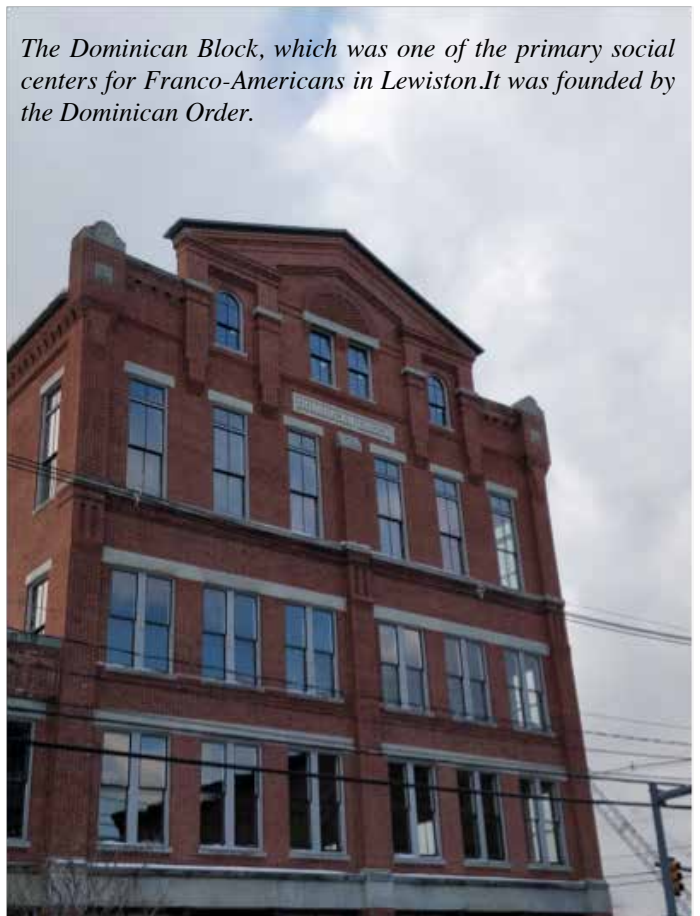
View of the Petit Canada neighborhood from the entrance of the Franco Center.



Original writing on the Grand Trunk Railroad Station, which was the main link of Lewiston to Canada. This used to house the Rails restaurant, however it shut down recently because of a labor shortage.



Labadie's bakery, which is one of the foremost Franco-American businesses in the area (there is also Lamey-Wellehan which sells mostly shoes). They are famous for their whoopie pies.



The Dominican Block, which was one of the primary social centers for Franco-Americans in Lewiston. It was founded by the Dominican Order.

(Continued on page 14)

(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 13)

FX Marcotte, another Franco-American business, across the street from the Dominican Block, and Labadie's Bakery.



Front façade of the St. Peter and Paul Basilica. Built in 1936, it is one of the few remaining churches in Maine that still offers Mass in French. This is also beneficial to Lewiston's new French Speaking African population.



Centreville in Lewiston with the new mixed-use Hartley Block under construction on the left and the Manufacturer's National Bank on the right.



The original wing of Saint Mary's Regional Medical Center in Lewiston, which was the hospital founded by the Grey Nuns in 1901.



(Continued on page 15)

(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 14)



Entrance to the Maine Franco Genealogical Society which is in the Fortin Group Funeral Home. They provide genealogical resources to Franco-Americans in the area.



The Fortin Group funeral home where the MFGS is located.

The Roak Block in downtown Auburn. This is one of the examples of an Auburn shoe factory.



Main entrance to the Roak Block apartments with the building name above. (Continued on page 16)

Another Kind of Shame

by *Gérard Coulombe*

We were to leave that evening so that I could drive at night back to Long Island where we lived and I taught. We had been on one of our trips back home on the North Shore of Long Island to see the relatives in Maine. Those were the early days with the children, four of them.

We had decided to stay not with my parents or hers but with her sister who had room in the basement, and as they liked to camp they had enough cots for everyone, all four of the children and my wife and I. We were visiting with her sister, Ann, who had married Paul during the war before he shipped out with his unit, first to England and then to the Med for the invasion of the Western part of North Africa, taking the War to the Third Reich.

They had two children, and although their house was small, it was theirs and more than her two younger siblings had, save for Rose, the eldest of my wife's three sisters who was married to a bottler and owned an even smaller house with six children, each set of two, ten years older than the next set. He and his dad had created and owned the Seal Rock Bottling Company in Saco on the basis of a spring on their property from which they drew their

water to make their brand of sparkling beverages, successfully, I might add, because, not only was it the right time for independent soda pop bottling, it was also a good time to lease the rights and formulas to Maine's largest seasonal market for orange Crush" and ("Moxie.")

As a kid, I thought that Moxie tasted so bad that only someone medicinally addicted to its peculiar, weird tasting ingredient could survive several gulps of its awful taste in one sitting. But I'm drifting away from my main idea.

It was time for our leaving. I had packed the car. My wife was with her sister saying her farewells. Our kids were already settling in on the platform I had fitted onto the backseat of our Ford Falcon, covering the well, so they could sleep as we traveled back to Long Island from our visits to Maine.

My brother-in-law came out to stand by the car while our wives, sisters, talked some more. I guess he knew as well as I did that my coming out to load the kids and get myself adjusted behind the wheel were precursors to a long drive and a motivator which didn't work to put pressure on my wife to notice that I was already primed to

go and that she should keep her farewells short, for it was going to be a long drive.

I noticed Paul was standing by the window, so I rolled down my window to acknowledge his presence. But as he opened his mouth, I suddenly realized that he was ready to unload and it was going to be more than I expected.

He felt, I think, that if he didn't unload he would never have another chance. He had never been a loquacious man. So with this last chance, knowing as well as I did, that the wives would not be out soon, he allowed all of his pent-up emotions flow over the dam that had held them back from me, his brother-in-law, but, nevertheless, a stranger still.

He started telling me about the missed opportunities he had had to leave Maine. He had had that drive to go west when he returned from the War. Pretty soon there were tears flowing down his cheeks. When I saw them, I could no longer look at him. It wasn't pity that he needed. He had wanted to leave Maine when he came back, like a lot of other survivors from the War who wanted to start over somewhere else, who wanted to disentangle themselves from the lives they had known [for him as for me, in a Franco-American culture] to escape to a far away place where they could have a different life under totally different circumstances, with a different
(Continued on page 17)

(Lewiston Franco Tour continued from page 15)



Panoramic View from the entrance of the Saints Peter and Paul Basilica in Lewiston.



Panoramic View of the Androscoggin River, downtown Auburn, and some of Lewiston from Festival Plaza in Auburn.

(Another Kind of Shame continued from page 16)

kind of people, struggling with different ideas, and with the chance for different opportunities, free of the problems associated with being French-Canadian in a Franco-American town.

His wife had closed the door. Leaving alone meant divorce which he would not commit to. Instead, well, he missed catching the ring on the merry-go-round at Old Orchard Beach. His wife wouldn't go because her mother, his mother-in-law interfered. I remember my mother-in-law, on one of my visits to her home, not one that my in-laws owned, but one they rented, just like my mother rented her home on the second floor of a tenement, but theirs was half of a duplex, my mother in-law, still not sold on her youngest daughter marrying a dumb-luck Canuck like herself who had once-upon-a-time lived on a farm, until she married and then suffered a fool of a husband in some ways because, although he was smart, allowed himself

to be dissuaded from owning his own home, although he earned his livelihood as a realtor. He had to have been a foolish Frenchman who could sell another man and his family a house to live in while denying his own family the merit of living in one of their own.

My brother-in-law was by that time crying freely, telling me how much he had wanted to leave and hadn't because maybe his, our, mother-in-law had once-upon-a-time persuaded his wife that moving so far away, moving out of town like moving out of state had been a bad idea. They had been married during the War when she had gone down South where he was stationed before embarking for over there.

By that time, he was overwhelmed by the effort of his telling his very sad tale. And I was elated that I had managed to get away, to graduate from college rather than condemn myself like my friends to mediocre jobs in the mills-smart but dumb in the making. The Korean War had been my opportunity.

Some time after we got home at the end of that summer vacation, away from the

machinations of my hometown on its Franco citizens, not all, but far too many could not or did not wish to leave the drama of the enslaving culture known to some of us Canucks.

At the turn of seasons, my brother-in-law subsequently entered (Augusta," the Veterans State Hospital, and spent the rest of his life there in something of a vacuum, possibly never knowing again who he was, but having had the good sense, I suppose, to forget who he had been and could never be again, since he had missed his chance or not taken the chance or had finally accepted the fact of what his life had been determined to be all along. Some had been killed or wounded in the war. He had come home to die within himself in his private war for something he could not have. His wife was unable to help him. He had had two great children, a girl and a boy who were left with stories about camping on Sebago Lake, Maine, and he left them, too, when he dove into limbo.

Museum L-A's Exhibit Opening of Beau-frog: The Art of Peter Archambault

Museum L-A was thrilled to announce a new gallery exhibit which opened this fall that explores the Franco-American experience through a new medium: cartoons. The exhibit, "Beau-frog: The Art of Peter Archambault," will display the artwork and political cartoons of Peter Archambault, a native of Madawaska, Maine. His artwork, featured monthly in a Franco-American publication at the University of Maine at Orono, Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum, provided rich political commentary, an investigation into immigration practices, and an exploration of the Franco-american culture in Maine and New England.

Archambault created a character called "Beau-frog" as a way to reclaim the common slur generally directed toward francophone and French heritage people during this era. The daily exploits of the frog truly illustrate the trials and tribulations of a minority figure coming to terms with their personal and cultural identity while surrounded by the pressures of an Anglo-phone majority. Despite this work being created for the Franco-American students on

the Orono campus, the cultural exploration found in Archambault's cartoon drawings can speak to the experiences of the people in our community of Lewiston-Auburn, a place deeply affected by French-Canadian immigration since the 1850s. While on display in the Museum L-A gallery, his work gives visitors the chance to explore these themes of immigration and cultural identity through the unique medium of cartoons, and allows them to come up with their own interpretations and conclusions about the meaning behind the art.

The exhibit is now being housed at the

Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine in Orono. It is a traveling exhibit, if you're interested in hosting it, please contact Lisa Michaud at Lisam@maine.edu or call 207 581-3789.

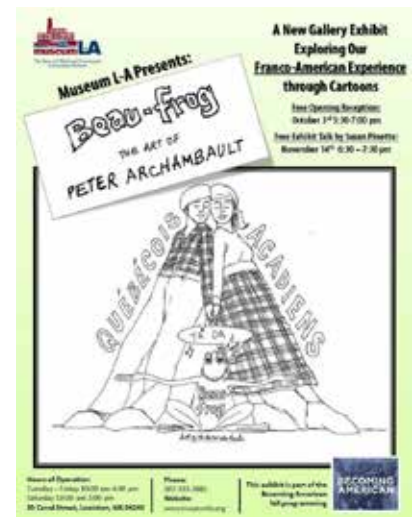


Photo: Daniel Moreau



In the First Year of the Woman, Franco Women Played a Key Role

November 5, 2018 Brunswick, Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Politics, Women

By James Myall

There's been a lot of speculation that 2018 will be the "year of the woman" in US politics, with a record number of women on the ballot, and turnout expected to be high among women. Tuesday's election results will tell us how true that is, but nearly a century earlier, the women's vote was certainly a game changer. And in Maine, the question on everyone's mind was "what will the French women do?"

In 1920, the United States granted women the right to vote nationwide for the first time, via the 19th amendment to the constitution. While other states had already enfranchised women (beginning with the Wyoming Territory in 1869), the 1920 elections in Maine were the first to be held after the ratification of the federal amendment, and therefore garnered national attention. Until 1957, Maine held elections for state offices and for us senators and representatives in September. For this reason, and because Maine was a bellwether state for many years, Maine's state races were pored over for clues to the nationwide Presidential poll in November.



Governor Carl Milliken (center) signing the legislative resolution which first proposed women's suffrage in 1917. The suffrage amendment was defeated in that September's vote, and reinstated in 1920. Image: Maine Historical Society

In 1920, Maine's state and congressional elections were held Monday September 13. This was just weeks after the 19th amendment was ratified on August 20th, when Tennessee became the 36th state to approve it. Governor Carl Milliken called the Maine legislature into special session to pass legislation to explicitly allow women to vote in the imminent election.

The New York Times published a substantial feature story on September 12, on the eve of the Maine vote, offering a glimpse into the scramble to register and turn out women voters:

"Something that is worrying the politicians even more than the French or the Irish vote is the woman vote... Just what women will decide to do with their ballots is keeping the politicians in both quarters worried... Each [party] is afraid that the other will steal a march, so both are going out for the women."

Franco-American women were just as critical to this effort as any potential new voters. The Franco vote in Maine was generally Democratic in this period, partly because Maine's Democrats were concentrated in the same mill towns as Franco Americans. The exception were Acadian voters in Aroostook County who trended Republican, like their rural neighbors.



Employees in the Winding Room of Brunswick's Cabot Mill, 1925. Image: Pejepsco Historical Society / Maine Memory Network

The potential of Franco Americans had made them a focus of party operatives for decades. Initially, both Republicans and Democrats made efforts to woo "the French vote." However, Republicans struggled to get votes from Franco Americans in most cities and large towns for a number of reasons. Republicans favored prohibition, which was not a popular policy among Francos. Long-time Maine Republican leader James G Blaine had pushed for laws outlawing public funding of parochial schools. Most strikingly, the Maine Republican Party was firmly anti-immigrant by 1920. The party had passed a series of laws restricting the franchise and other rights of immigrants.

In the run up to the 1920 poll, Democrats were focused on registering Franco women:

(Continued on page 19)

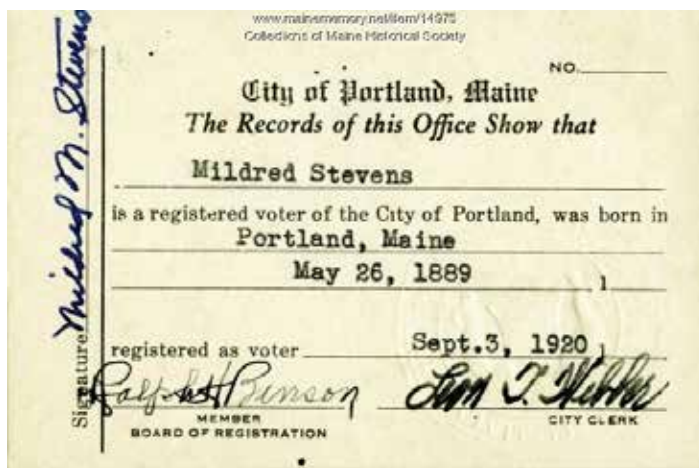
(In the First Year of the Woman, Franco Women Played a Key Role continued from page 18)

“In Androscoggin County, for instance, the French women are coming in by the hundreds. Most of them are either workers in the mills and factories, or members of families whose breadwinners are workers in the mills.”

Meanwhile Republicans were using “the French vote” to motivate turnout among Yankee women:

“To counteract the great influx of Democratic votes of the French women, the Republican Party is fine combing the county, bringing out any Yankee farmer’s wife they can find...The argument is put up to all of them that there is great danger of the French getting control of politics in the state by virtue of the large French mill workers’ votes”

Even the Times, a pro-Democrat paper, was not immune from inflammatory language. In describing the effect of the Franco vote in Brunswick, the times described the immigration of French Canadians to the small college town as “an invasion.”



Voter registration card, Portland, 1920. Image: Maine Historical Society

The act of registering Franco women also faced an additional obstacle. One of the Republican efforts to reduce the power of the “Franco Vote” had been the introduction of a literacy test in 1892. When registering to vote, Mainers had to be able to read a section of the US Constitution in English. As the Times noted, this provision could be potentially harmful for Franco women, given that historically they were less likely to complete formal schooling. But the literacy test was also administered with varying degrees of vigor. In Lewiston, the requirement was little more than a formality:

“As they enter the long corridor leading down to the registration room, they are met by women speaking their own language, who greet them with “Voulez-vous registrer? Entrez ici, s’il vous plait”...They come, by twos and threes and fives and tens. They have official interpreters to ask them the necessary questions, and they answer in their own language.”

When it comes to reading a few lines of the Constitution, they pass muster by virtue of the fact that a friendly eye is on them and a friendly ears hears their mistakes.”

However, in Brunswick, where the town administrators were Republicans less inclined to relax the rules, the literacy test hampered the registration of new voters.

“In Brunswick, as in Portland, the registration of French women has been exceedingly small. The women are timid, shy and inarticulate away from their own kind. A good many of them cannot speak English. They can read it a little, and probably would pass muster once they made an appearance at the registration desk, but fear of being publicly abashed keeps them home.”

At least in Lewiston, Franco women appeared just as eager to vote as men. Le Messenger, the city’s French language newspaper, reported that of the 3,800 new women registered to vote in the ten day registration window, 1,500 were Franco-Americans.

However, when it came to polling day, women across Maine turned out at lower rates than men. Le Messenger expressed disappointment that just one in three registered women turned out. It’s not clear if this was just a result of the rushed nature of the registration and organizing period, of apathy, or if voter suppression played a role.



“Women Out in Force,” scene at a polling station in New York City, ca 1922. Image: Library of Congress

(Continued on page 19)

(In the First Year of the Woman, Franco Women Played a Key Role continued from page 19)

Mainers made a big deal of welcoming women to the polls. Some polling places made a special effort to clean before the “gentle sex” stepped foot in the building for the first time. In one location, flowers were added to make the atmosphere more feminine. The polling place in Lewiston’s sixth ward was called out by the Lewiston Evening Journal as being “rather unpleasant and distasteful.” Their rival paper, the Sun, denied reports that the Lisbon Street garage being used as the polling station was full of men swearing, smoking, and chewing tobacco. Election officials allegedly had to open a separate line for the women waiting to vote.

Despite the speculation about a “women’s vote” before the election, there doesn’t appear to have been a great change in the preferences of the electorate. The Times noted that nearly every Maine woman they interviewed planned on voting the way their family had always voted.

Any surge in Franco women voters did not apparently benefit Maine’s Democrats. Republican Parkhurst won election as governor by a landslide, netting around 65% of the vote, and the greatest number of votes in Maine’s hundred-year history. Republicans swept the state senate, winning every seat. In the state House, a mere handful of the representatives were Democrats. Only three towns had a majority of votes for the Democratic gubernatorial candidate – the Franco strongholds of Biddeford, Lewiston, and Waterville.

The experience of Maine’s Franco-American women stands in stark contrast to women in Quebec and France. While Québécois women could vote in Canadian federal elections from 1918, they

did not get to vote in provincial elections until 1940. Likewise in France, the franchise was not extended to women until 1945.

It remains to be seen what impact women will have on 2018’s results, but with a campaign dominated by fears about immigration, and efforts to court the women’s vote, the echoes of 1920 are already clear.



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.

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Tragedy Amid the Joy of Brunswick’s Armistice Celebrations

November 12, 2018 Brunswick, Maine, Women, World War One

By James Myall

When news of the end of the World War reached Brunswick on November 11, 1918, people poured into the streets in a spontaneous outbreak of joy. But the good mood was turned upside down when young Rose Bouchard was accidentally shot and killed during the celebration.



Corner of Pleasant and Maine Streets, Brunswick, circa 1910
The Scene of the Accident, Corner of Maine and Pleasant Streets, Brunswick, ca 1910. Image: Penobscot Marine Museum / Maine Memory Network

According to the accounts in the Brunswick Record and Lewiston’s Messenger, 18 year-old Rose was killed at 7:30 am, on the corner of Pleasant and Maine Streets, right in the center of town. People had been in the streets since 3:45 am, a little before the signing of the Armistice at 11am Paris time. Adding to the general cheering and merriment, some townspeople brought police rattlers and other noisemakers to the celebration. According to the Record, several boys went a step further, bringing loaded shotguns downtown. One, Frank



Rose Boucher, 1918. Image: Brunswick Record / Curtis Memorial Library

Butler, fired his gun into the air from the Pleasant Street crosswalk, not far from where Rose and her friends were standing. Another boy, 15 year-old Hoyt Hoffman, went to do the same.

In his excitement, he pulled the trigger before the gun was

(Continued on page 21)

(Tragedy Amid the Joy of Brunswick's Armistice Celebrations continued from page 20)

fully upright, and sent a shell straight through Rose Bouchard's chest. The shot was fired so close to Rose that, according to the Record, "the charge entered her breast without spreading, making a frightful hole."

Rose's body was rushed to a nearby doctor's office, but she was declared dead on arrival.

Rose's tragic death must have sent shock waves through the community. She was a member of St John the Baptist Catholic Church, a violin student, and a member of the Cercle Cremazie, a Franco-American dramatic society. She had been active in the war effort, as a member of the local Red Cross chapter, and working to sell war bonds. She had been employed in the weaving room of the Cabot Mill, as well as a stenographer or secretary for local insurance agent and undertaker, Wilfred Demers. In a sad irony, her lifeless body was taken to Demers' funeral parlor after her death.



Brunswick's Club Cremazie, 1916. Image: Brunswick Record / Curtis Memorial Library. Rose Boucher is seated, second from the right, front row.

While the death was accidental, it was an accident waiting to happen. Hoffman is quoted in the Messenger as saying that he "asked the shopkeeper for blank cartridges," but it emerged that he had earlier fired the weapon through the window of a bowling alley. And he was far from the only "insane enthusiast" with a loaded gun, according to the Record:

During the morning shot guns were numerous in the hands of celebrators and it developed during the inquiries of the day that all were using loaded shells...[Assistant County Attorney Clement F.] Robinson said that in Portland some had used pistols with ball cartridges as a means of venting their feeling. Fortunately, the guns were fired into space.

At the very end of the worst war the world had yet seen, the people of Brunswick suffered another tragedy, close to home. Rose Bouchard may have been an indirect casualty of the First World War, but her death is a reminder that not all casualties occur on the battlefield.

About James Myall

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Franco-Americans and baseball

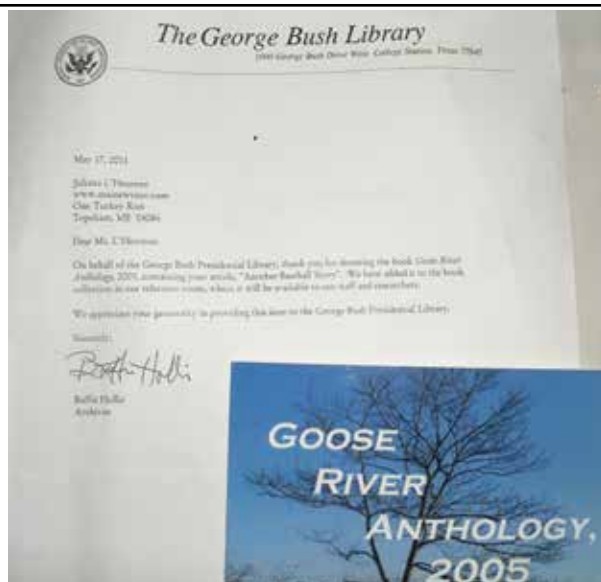
September 7, 2018 Franco-American News and Culture Boston Red Sox, Freddie Parent, Norman Faucher, President George Bush, Walter L'Heureux

By Juliana L'Heureux

This article written by me and published in the *Goose River Press* anthology, 2005 edition.

Subsequently, the George Bush library in Texas accepted the report, in their presidential trivia archives, because the source documentation was available and published in York County newspapers. I've shortened the original version for this blog.

As baseball season is entering the time of year when teams predict who will be in the World Series, it seemed like a nice reminder about how Franco-Americans have participated in the sport.



*Another Baseball Story was accepted as presidential trivia because of source documentation available in York County newspapers. (L'Heureux photograph)
(Continued on page 22)*

Title: Another Baseball Story

Norman Faucher was only 14 years old on September 7, 1947, when he came face to face with the young President George Bush, Sr., who played first base for the summer Collegians team in Maine's York County Twilight League. "He told me I was pretty young to play baseball," Faucher recalls. "I never dreamed he'd become president of the United States," he says. Newspaper accounts of the game between Faucher's team, the Biddeford St. Andre's Apostles versus the Kennebunkport Collegians, report the victory was a 21-3 rout, with victory going to Faucher's Apostles. Nonetheless, future President Bush had a good night, with game stats of three hits for three times at bat.



President George Bush played baseball for Yale University and with the Kennebunkport, Maine summer leagues. (Yale University)

Baseball was a great social equalizer, especially during the game's developmental years, before player salaries overshadowed the headlines.

Faucher's baseball story is embroidered into his family's Franco-American oral history. Moreover, local newspaper accounts listing the lineup of the September 7, 1947, Twilight League game helped put Faucher's name into Maine's Baseball Hall of Fame. His induction in 2003 puts Faucher into Maine sports history in partnership with his youthful opponent, President George W. Bush, Sr., who was also inducted in Maine's Baseball Hall of fame in 1994. President Bush Sr., received recognition primarily because of his record playing in the summer leagues during his college years at Yale University, while spending summers with his family at Walker's Point, their summer home in Kennebunkport.

Native American Louis Sockalexis (who also had French-Canadian ancestry) is another Maine baseball story with a big league twist. He was born in 1871, from Indian Island in Orono, Maine. He is credited as the first Native American to play professional baseball. Excellent baseball strength allowed Sockalexis to enter Holy Cross College in Worcester, Massachusetts where he played on the baseball team. Later, he played baseball for Notre Dame University in Indiana. Eventually, a professional baseball scout noticed how well Sockalexis played and recruited him to play for the Cleveland Spiders, in 1897. Although the Cleveland Spiders lost more games than almost any other team in the history of baseball, Sockalexis was a huge draw despite the team's bad record because fans were curious to see the Native American whose batting average hovered

around an impressive 400. Unfortunately, Sockalexis was not in step to being a celebrity, thereby cutting his promising baseball career short, primarily due to alcoholism. In 1913, he died at the age of 41, of tuberculosis and heart disease.



Freddie Parent is buried in the St. Ignatius Cemetery in Sanford. He played for the Boston Red Sox. (L'Heureux photograph)

Boston Red Sox's shortstop Freddie Parent was around when baseball was making early history and thereby earned his place in Maine's Baseball Hall of Fame. Parent was also a Franco-American, born in York County's Southern Maine town of Sanford, near Faucher's home in Biddeford. Parent grew up in an ordinary Franco-American family where French was spoken at home. Soon, the 5 foot 5 inch tall Parent was the star shortstop of the 1903 Boston Pilgrim's (later named the Red Sox), the year the team won the very first World Series game played against the Pittsburgh Pirates. During his retirement years, Parent coached some Twilight League teams in Maine's York County, including one of the teams Faucher played for.

Parent was the last surviving player of the 1903 Boston Red Sox team when he died in 1972, at the age of 96, in Sanford.

Franco-American immigrants from Canada living in New England in the 19th century quickly adopted a love for baseball. As early as the 1880s, baseball was the dominant sport in New England's growing Franco-American towns, where textile and shoe mill workers clustered.

Local French language newspapers, reporting the news for a newly arrived French-Canadian population, quickly realized baseball stories had to be covered if circulation was to compete with English language newspapers.

Moreover, baseball provided social avenues for Franco-American youths to mix freely with New England's other ethnic groups, including Native Americans and Irish, while playing sports. Ethnic social mixing encouraged French-Canadian immigrant children to learn English, even though French was the primary language spoken in their homes, their churches, and by the teaching nuns and brothers in their parochial schools.

A cultural passion for baseball produced the Franco-American turn of the century superstar named Napoleon Lajoie, also known as the "Woonsocket Wonder", from Woonsocket, Rhode Island. Many sports historians believe Lajoie was the greatest player of all time. Lajoie is considered a baseball mega-hero, a man folk-tale enthusiasts tout as the sport's first celebrity. "He combined grace in the field with power at the bat," says his official biography in the National baseball Hall of Fame, in Cooperstown, New York.

Also known by another nickname, "The Big Frenchman", Lajoie lived the Horatio Alger dream of a poor boy who left school (Continued on page 23)

(Franco-Americans and baseball continued from page 22)

to work as a wagon driver for \$1.50 a day. He began playing baseball for a local Woonsocket, Rhode Island team in the early 1890's; but his professional career started in 1897, when he signed with a Fall River, Massachusetts minor league team. His baseball skill pushed him to the major leagues and he immediately became a star, with a .339 lifetime batting average (although he batted 10 years with an average over 350). (Ref. Nap Lajoie", National Baseball Hall of Fame: www.nationalbaseballhalloffame.org)

"Nap", as his friends called him, was elected into the Baseball Hall of Fame in the second year of its existence, in 1937, where he was preceded only by Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Honum Wagner, Christy Mathewson and Walter Johnson.

Lajoie's baseball prowess made him an idol to Franco-American youths. Woonsocket's daily French language newspaper, "La Tribune", carried almost daily news stories about Lajoie's baseball feats. Hometown fans from Woonsocket made a point of traveling into Boston to see him at Fenway Park, whenever he played there with either the Cleveland or Philadelphia big league teams.

From humble French-Canadian origins, Nap eventually earned \$6,000-\$7,000 annually, in 1910, when he played for Cleveland. This salary was enormous when the average American worker earned \$525 and other established professional baseball players earned \$3,000 annually.

Sports trivia buffs recall the date May 23, 1901, when Nap Lajoie became the first big league player in the history of the game to be intentionally walked with the bases loaded, a defensive strategy used against formidable hitters to preclude a grand slam homerun.

Walter L'Heureux, a Franco-American from Sanford, Maine, was inducted in 1982, in the Maine Baseball Hall of Fame, for pitching five scoreless innings against the renowned New York Yankees slugger Joe DiMaggio and his brother Dom DiMaggio. All three men served in the Pacific Arena, while in the armed forces during World War II., when the US Army hosted morale boosting baseball games in Australia. Unfortunately, L'Heureux's team lost against the DiMaggio brothers' lineup when the manager replaced him in the sixth inning. (Personal interview with Walter L'Heureux, "Maine

Baseball Hall of Fame", July, 1990. (Walter's brother Henry was also inducted, a few years later.)

Perhaps the most improbable baseball love story involves the Franco-American writer Jack Kerouac (1922-1969), who was smitten with a zeal for nearly all sports. Author of "On the Road" and 15 other books, Kerouac is considered the father of America's way-out "beat generation".

In fact, Kerouac was another French speaking kid from the mill town of Lowell, Massachusetts. Professional sports opened doors for Kerouac. Like Faucher, Parent, L'Heureux and Lajoie, Kerouac's family was middle class from French speaking Canada. Eventually, Kerouac was noticed for his good football playing skills, although he was good at baseball, too. He became a sports writer before going to college. But, his skill with the pigskin won him a scholarship to play football for Columbia University, in New York. Unfortunately, in his freshman year, Kerouac was injured with a broken leg. Although he didn't finish college, Kerouac spent the remainder of his short life writing about his wanderlust; and he was an enduring baseball fan.

After all, praise is due to those who leveled the social playing field by framing their success in a collectible baseball card or carving their statistics in a hall of fame.

Our storybook fantasy team has the following starting lineup: Jackie Robinson, first base; Nap Lajoie, second base; Dom DiMaggio, third base, Freddie Parent, short stop; Walter L'Heureux, pitcher; Jack Kerouac, catcher; Joe DiMaggio, center field; Ted Williams, left field; Louis Sockalexis, right field; President George Bush, Sr., designated hitter; and Norman Faucher; batboy.

About Juliana L'Heureux

Juliana L'Heureux is a free lance writer who publishes news, blogs and articles about Franco-Americans and the French culture. She has written about the culture in weekly and bi-weekly articles, for the past 27 years.

<http://francoamerican.bangordailynews.com/author/jlheureux/page/2/>

"An eye for an eye, leaves the whole world blinded."

-Mahatma Gandhi

"Peace is not the absence of conflict, but the ability to cope with conflict by peaceful means."

-Ronald Reagan

"We may all have come on different ships, but we're in the same boat now."

-Martin Luther King, Jr.

"The last of the human freedoms is to choose one's attitude in any given set of circumstances."

-Victor Frankle "Man's Search For Meaning"

The ingredients in my "Recipe For Peaceful Coexisting" might serve as an internal compass; a teacher that reminds us to take the higher road to reach our potential before we exit life on this earth. Even though I am mindful of these character attributes and ideals for living, I struggle with putting all of them into my daily actions; making them permanently woven into my fabric. I will keep trying even though I make mistakes. I know that I have listed far too many lofty words, but I simply couldn't part with any of them because the

meaning of each one is so beautiful, and worthy of contemplation.

Globally, the ingredients invite us to be civil with others despite our differences, and to leave footprints of imparting respect and tolerance for others rights and dignity. We don't always have to see eye to eye, but we can attack the issues, not people, and compromise. Spewing judgement, revenge, divisiveness, and persecution throws unkind stones on our paths.

(Continued on page 24)

(Recipe For Peaceful Coexisting continued from page 23)

We all share the same humanity even though we have different colors of skin and different political, religious, spiritual, and personal beliefs. I'm tenderly touched when I listen to the words Maine poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow wrote long ago in the poem, "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day. He said, "Hate is strong and mocks the song of peace on earth, good will to men." John Lennon and Paul McCarthy once sang, "All You Need Is Love." Bob Dylan bellowed the song words, "Gonna change my way of thinking, make myself a different set of rules. Gonna put my good foot forward and stop being influenced by fools," and "Got to do unto others like you'd have them do unto you." Mother Theresa's discernment told us, "If you judge people, you have no time to love them."

Planting seeds of peace, love, compassion, wisdom, acceptance, understanding, and patience is like feeding the gardens of our lives with organic fertilizer.

A fun activity could be to sit down with family and friends, sip on a cup of warm tea, and have conversations regarding what these words stir up in you. Can you add anything to my recipe?



"Love and friendship are like bread, they need to be made fresh everyday."

-Old Saying

"Out beyond wrong doing & right doing, there is a field, I'll meet you there."

-Jelaluddin Rumi

"My actions are the ground on which I stand." *-Thich Nhat Hanh*

A RECIPE FOR PEACEFUL COEXISTING

by Linda Gerard DerSimonian

January 6, 2019

- 1 gallon each of joy, curiosity, wonderment, creativity, imagination, & spirit of heart
- 4 cups of faith
- 3 cups of mercy, justice, forgiveness, & redemption
- 5 teaspoons each of hope & positiveness
- 2 cups of being thoughtful and considerate
- 1 pint each of laughter, a sense of humor, & playfulness
- 3 cups each of sharing thoughts & feelings, listening, understanding, & caring
- 1 gallon of earnest work
- 4 cups of respect & treating each other as you would want to be treated
- 1 heaping tablespoon of showing gratefulness, and celebrating each other
- 2 tablespoons each of calmness, gentleness, & equanimity
- 5 cups of showing patience & graciousness, and imparting dignity to the other
- 3 cups each of kind thoughts, kind deeds, & reaching out to friends & neighbors
- 8 gallons of compromising, seeing a different perspective, & disagreeing agreeably
- 6 cups of sacrifice
- 6 cups each of cooperation, enthusiasm, & giving each other the gift of our attention
- 4 pints each of perseverance, dedication, devotion, & commitment
- 1 barrelful of courage
- 1 quart each of empathy, compassion, & sympathy
- 2 gallons of equality & tolerance for each other's differences
- 7 cups each of compunction, honesty, trust, faithfulness & loyalty
- 6 pounds each of "please", "thank you", "excuse me", & "I'm sorry"
- 3 to 4 dashes of humility and humbleness
- 40 gallons of outdoor breezes tiptoeing through your open windows & curtains
- 1 to 2 daily walks outdoor together, under the wide open sky; whether it be sun drenched, or steel cold gray.
- 1 candlelit living room, mindful of noble silence... free of cell phones, I pods, headphones, computers, and television screens talking at you.
- 10 gallons of conversations and quiet communication
- Sprinkle with tenderness of heart, depth of feeling, & a willingness to periodically reinvent your relationship

Mix all of the above ingredients to make a loving batch of trail mix to nourish & sustain you as you travel through the trails on life's journey.

Vive la langue française: Making French Connections in New England

by Laura Demsey

I am not a native speaker of French, but my lifelong attraction to the language has led me on many adventures, culminating in my current pursuit of a Ph.D. in French Linguistics at Indiana University. Though

I mostly grew up in northern New Jersey, I am a proud central Maine native, with deep familial and sentimental connections to New England. So it seemed only natural that my dissertation topic would focus on New

England communities where the French language is still spoken. My research on that topic brought me this past summer to Manchester, New Hampshire and Lewiston, Maine, where I conducted over 20 two-hour interviews with native French speakers to study the potential effects of English grammar on their French dialect. As I'd hoped, I gained insight into various linguistic structures—but I did not anticipate my in-
(Continued on page 25)

(Vive la langue française: Making French Connections in New England continued from page 24)

interviewees' passion, energy, and enthusiasm for their French culture and heritage.

My interest in the French of New England began at the start of my Ph.D. program, when I prepared a report on New England as a Francophone region. I have family in Maine and Massachusetts, and had gone back often throughout my life, so the area has always occupied an important place in my heart and my identity. While preparing the report, I pored over online census records showing the reduction in the French-speaking population over the past several decades. I watched Ben Levine's documentary *Réveil* and read a history of the area by Armand Chartier. I learned about the ridicule and persecution that Quebec immigrants and their descendants faced because they spoke another language and had French-Canadian heritage, but that people are now working to preserve the language so that their native dialect is not forgotten. I became fascinated with the complex sociolinguistic situation, with the stories of people who grew up speaking French, of non-French speakers who wanted to learn the language, and of some who lost their French and rediscovered it later in life as they became more involved with their local Franco-American cultural centers and as the renaissance of French language and culture took hold. I knew then that I had to come back to New England French for my research.

Four years later, in the summer of 2017, I did a small, focused pilot study that cleared the way for the approval of my dissertation topic and methodology. That was followed last summer in 2018 by my full study with more involved interview sessions in those two communities that will become the core of my dissertation. Thanks to recommendations from the small network I had built the previous summer, I returned in 2018 to meet with no less than 40 different French speakers in Manchester, NH, Lewiston, ME, and Orono, ME—and everyone's story was a little different.

I arrived at my first participant's front door clutching a folder with a questionnaire, conversation questions, and sentences to translate from English into French. She came out to meet me in her driveway, smiling brightly. She led me through her charming house to the back porch, where we sat in the warm May evening air and sipped cold

water as we chatted about her relationship with the French language and her current French classes through the Franco-American Centre, which is housed at Saint Anselm College in Manchester. She charmed me thoroughly, and I knew I had chosen the right place to do this research. She told me about how she had stopped speaking French for years and had only recently come back to it, and hers was not the only story like this. Over the course of the next year, I would meet with 35 other dynamic people, including a former major of Manchester, two Catholic priests, and a 92-year-old spitfire whose parents had come directly from Quebec, and who sings regularly with *Les Troubadours*, a French community singing group in Lewiston.

Most French speakers in these communities faced hardships and stigma, but persevered with the language and culture in spite of them. One notable interviewee was

"Most French speakers in these communities faced hardships and stigma, but persevered with the language and culture in spite of them."

a vocal advocate for the "old language," the variety of French that his ancestors spoke that for him was intimately connected with his identity; over time, he had intentionally changed back to his regional dialect to counteract the more standard French he had learned in school. Another had friends who saw crosses burning from their windows at night, and whose parents forbid them to speak French outside the house because of it. One respected Franco-American family I met was so committed to the language that three generations, down to elementary-school-age children, still speak French to each other at home; this was extremely rare and incredibly inspiring to see, considering how difficult it was to find people under the age of 65 who spoke French! Most people had gone to a French-English bilingual parochial school and were taught by French-speaking nuns through about the eighth grade. But everyone I met had one thing in common: they were proud to be Franco-American, and they were happy to be speaking French with me that day.

I met most of these vibrant, fascinating people indirectly through either the Franco-American Centre of New Hampshire (FACNH) in Manchester or the Gendron Franco Center in Lewiston. Many of them were heavily involved in the goings-on at these institutions, and often attended events such as the Franco Center's monthly *Rencontre* where attendees eat, drink, sing, and dance, all in French; the Festival of Saint Jean-Baptiste; the popular New Hampshire *PoutineFest*; or the FACNH's *Prêt-à-Parler* monthly conversation table, which I was fortunate to be able to attend during my visit. Both centers also offer French classes to the public and various programs for adults and children. I was made to feel so welcome by everyone I met, and was given the full guest of honor treatment at the centers. The director of the FACNH, John Tousignant, even graciously invited me to attend a planning meeting for the new Franco-Route Project, which aims to establish a cultural tourism trail of attractions from Woonsocket, RI up through to the province of Quebec. What a privilege to be part of that historic meeting.

When I was in Manchester, I held many of my meetings at the Franco-American Centre, which is housed in Davison Hall at Saint Anselm College. This college has intimate ties with the Franco-American community; many of the Franco-Americans local to Manchester got their Bachelors degrees there, and there are more who teach at and attend the college now. The Franco-American Centre and its Executive Director, John Tousignant, were my very first points of contact in Manchester. In fact, I chose this community not in small part because it had this cultural center, and as an outsider to the community, I thought this would be my best bet for getting in touch with local French speakers. Through the small network I established during my pilot study trip in 2017, I was able to recruit 20 different people for my study from Manchester alone. Most of the participants in both communities are aged 70+, but in the Manchester area I had the exceptional opportunity to meet with several younger speakers, including one aged 50, two in their 30's, and two children, aged 5 and 7. I was generously allowed to hold my meetings at the FACNH and at the American-Canadian Genealogical Society, where many Franco-Americans work to keep up a library's worth of genealogical records. This place is an invaluable resource for people across New England and North

(Continued on page 26)

Tracing Jack's Nashua Roots

by *Suzanne Beebe*

Many of those familiar with Jack Kerouac know he was born, raised, schooled, and buried in Lowell, Massachusetts. Fewer, however, know that his parents, paternal grandparents, aunts and uncles all came from Nashua, New Hampshire — a busy mill city of the era, somewhat smaller than Lowell but with a French-Canadian population that at one time was proportionately higher. Kerouac's paternal grandfather, Jean-Baptiste Kerouac, migrated from Quebec in 1890 to work in Nashua, and the six Kerouac children who survived to adulthood lived and worked there until Jack's father Leo, with new wife Gabrielle in tow, broke ranks and moved to Lowell for a printing job there.

But the Lowell and Nashua Kerouacs continued to visit back and forth, and Jack was well-acquainted with his grandfather's and other relatives' houses in Nashua — and most probably with other points of interest, including the French churches and cemetery so intertwined with the family's history. It's surprising to many that Jack himself is not buried in the family plot at St. Louis de Gonzague Cemetery, where his parents, brother Gerard, and daughter Jan Michelle rest beneath a large memorial stone engraved with their names. But he had married his childhood friend Sebastian's sister, Stella Sampas, and had ended his own journey in the Sampas family's Edson Cemetery plot in Lowell.

For anyone wanting to explore the Kerouac family's roots in Nashua, a tour is available every year as part of the *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac* festival held the first week of October in anticipation of Kerouac's anniversary of death on October 21. The tour is led by Reverend Steve Edington, a life-long student of Kerouac's work and a pastor for twenty-four years at the Unitarian Universalist Church in Nashua. Realizing his good fortune in living and working where Jack's family first settled, Reverend Edington made ample use of city, church, cemetery, and library records in Nashua to flesh out the Kerouac family's history, residences, and relationships in the Gate City and surrounding communities. He sought out current family members, collected fam-

ily stories and memories of Jack and the relatives he would have known at the time, and learned about the rich cultural and religious life of the French-Canadian communities entrenched in what are still known as Nashua's French Village and French Hill. In 1999, he published *Kerouac's Nashua Connection*, a now out-of-print book that can still be found on Amazon and other websites for purchase through third-party resellers.

But for those who want to see for themselves and hear from a knowledgeable source about where and how the Kerouacs of Nashua lived, worked, and worshipped, the annual tour, which begins and ends in Lowell, is the route to go. And the tour's final stop at the headstone in St. Louis de Gonzague Cemetery is a heart-wrenching pulling together of the major threads in Jack's troubled and tumultuous life.

For anyone interested in taking the October tour — or taking advantage of other tours and events available as part of the *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac* Festival — I suggest bookmarking the following URL and getting on the Festival Committee's e-mail list: <http://www.lowellcelebrateskerouac.org> A private Nashua tour can also be arranged throughout the year by contacting Rev. Edington directly at revsde@hotmail.com. (A donation to support *Lowell Celebrates Kerouac* is always appreciated.)



*Photo by
Suzanne Beebe*

Rev. Steve Edington stands at the Kerouac family gravestone in St. Louis de Gonzague Cemetery, Nashua, NH as he finishes his Kerouac Connection tour of the city.

(Continued on page 27)

(Vive la langue française: Making French Connections in New England continued from page 25)

America looking for information about their ancestors.

The second week was spent mainly in Lewiston, Maine, which also has a Franco-American cultural center, the Gendron Franco Center, in which I was kindly lent a private room for my meetings. Jacynthe Jacques, the Cultural and Language Programs Director, was my first contact there a year ago, and my network of contacts has grown considerably from there, in large part thanks to her. In fact, my original network of Franco-Americans were providing me with so many names that I had to put aside about 15 of them for use in a subsequent project, since I only had room for about 20 participants. I even met a woman in Bloomington, Indiana, where I attend graduate school, who grew up in Lewiston — an amazing coincidence! — and she provided me with some names and contact information for possible participants as well. I also spent one day in Orono, Maine, interviewing Lisa Desjardins Michaud, the Coordinator of Community Engagement at the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine and Amy Bouchard Morin, her friend, both of whom grew up speaking French. This long-standing centre at UMaine, first established in 1972, is home to a library of Franco-American resources and hosts regular cultural events, such as genealogy workshops, film screenings, performances, and holiday celebrations. I would look forward to working with the centre on future projects and making further connections in that area of Maine.

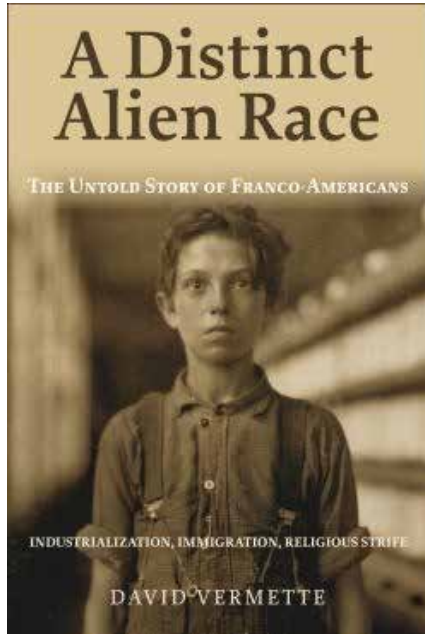
I will never forget my recent visits with the Franco-Americans of Maine and New Hampshire. I was thrilled to meet so many people who are keeping the language alive. As a linguist, I am fascinated by the Franco-Americans' unique and rich dialect, and there is much still to uncover on that level. But as a human being, I am captivated by their stories, their passion for their language and heritage, and their enthusiasm to share all of that with me and with the world. Discovering the people and the dialect of these linguistic and cultural communities in New England has been one of the great joys of my budding career, and I can't wait to have more *rencontres* with them soon.





BOOKS/

LIVRES...



A Distinct Alien Race

Author
David Vermette

In the later 19th century, French-Canadian Roman Catholic immigrants from Quebec were deemed a threat to the United States, potential terrorists in service of the Pope. Books and newspapers floated the conspiracy theory that the immigrants seeking work in New England's burgeoning textile industry were actually plotting to annex parts of the United States to a newly independent Quebec. Vermette's groundbreaking study sets this neglected and poignant tale in the broader context of North American history. He traces individuals and families, from the textile barons who created a new industry to the poor farmers and laborers of Quebec who crowded into the mills in the post-Civil War period. Vermette discusses the murky reception these cross-border immigrants met in the USA, including dehumanizing conditions in mill towns and early-20th-century campaigns led by the Ku Klux Klan and the Eugenics movement. Vermette also discusses what occurred when the textile industry moved to the Deep South and brings the story of emigrants up to the present day. Vermette shows how this little-known episode in U.S. history prefigures events as recent as yesterday's news. His well documented narrative touches on the issues of cross-border immigration; the Nativists fear of the Other; the rise and fall of manufacturing in the U.S.;

and the construction of race and ethnicity.

"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



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/>

(Tracing Jack's Nashua Roots continued from page 26)



Wall mural flanking "La Dame de Notre Renaissance Française" monument recreates the look and feel of French Village shops of the past.



"La Dame de Notre Renaissance Française," seen at a memorial park in Nashua's French Village, was sculpted by Christopher Gowell and presented to the City of Nashua in 2001.

Ancestral Healing Modalities from My French-Canadian Heritage

by Lorinda Fontaine-Farris

(Curanderismo: Ancestral Spiritual Healing Traditions PARW 6336
Professor Brenda Salgado, November 2, 2018)

I confess to arriving at this Curanderismo class beyond eager to explore all that was to be gleaned from millennia of ancestral wisdom, women's inner knowing and to learn from a professor with years of healing experience. Having come from nearly thirty years in Western medicine as a board-certified OB/GYN Nurse Practitioner and the military, I have repeatedly seen the ways in which the healthcare system tragically dismisses patients while forcing its providers to focus on a computer screen, check the necessary boxes in the patient's electronic medical record, and ensure myriad miniscule administrative tasks are completed while the patient is rarely truthfully seen, much less heard. To soothe my growing anxieties of providing such a lack of healthcare and to learn more about true healing, I attained credentials as a Functional Medicine healthcare provider. Yet over time, despite the use of Functional Medicine's helpful treatment modalities, I continued to feel the ever-present gap in addressing my patient's authentic needs, one that seemed to widen with each year of practice.

Eventually, my own healthcare crisis helped me uncover the unknown etiology for this gap. I began to clearly see the constant, consistent messages within the healthcare system steering both healthcare provider and patient away from their inner knowing, divine guidance, and intuition. Knowing full well my body was speaking to me through the work-related arm injury I had encountered, I profoundly felt the loss of spirit and soul in the healthcare system. In fact, it started to feel quite oxymoronic to call it a healthcare system. I realized that without spirit, I experienced invisibility in my visits to the hand surgeon, occupational therapist, and radiologist. I knew this to be true from a provider perspective as well, for I finally had words to describe what I felt had been missing all along. I knew from deep in my soul that if one is missing the spiritual, particularly in women's healthcare, you're missing the entire woman.

Therefore, despite providing women's

healthcare for nearly thirty years, I feel I am only now fully acknowledging all that is woman; her spirit, her Earth-based being, and her soul. This paper brings me full circle to my French-Canadian heritage, ironically, a heritage that existed on spirit, yet in my youth, I had not known to listen. Earth, Mother Nature, and an authentic sense of soul are each a foundational aspect of my ancestral being. I am at long last home in Maine, after many years away, surrounded by French names, the language, and my roots deeply embedded in the soil. It is a joy to feel such connection to soul and soil. This paper is merely another serendipitous path on this journey of re-rooting and reimagining my Self. It also inspired me to obtain genetic testing to satisfy my longtime ancestral curiosity. I learned I am indeed of fifty-percent French heritage, a fact that feels like its own homecoming.

And as Erika Buenaflor describes: "Reclaiming histories, ancestral medicines, and wisdom is often a critical component in the soul retrieval process for most modern Western peoples... This reclaiming is medicine in itself..."¹ In my French-Canadian heritage, this medicine was found in folk and home remedies, foods, rituals, and prayers.

Sociocultural and Historical Context

The area of Maine from which I hail was extremely rural when I was growing up fifty years ago, and by modern day standards, remains quite rural today. My family lived on seven acres of land abutting my grandparents' fifteen acres, all of which was fields and woods. From an early age, my brother and I lived much of our days in the outdoors. My parents, grandparents and great grandparents on both sides of my

1 Erika Buenaflor, *Cleansing Rites of Curanderismo: Limpías Espirituales of Ancient Mesoamerican Shamans* (Rochester, VT: Bear & Company, 2018), 4.



Me and My Dad, Raymond Jacques Fontaine (Approximately 1966)

family were lifelong gardeners, fishers and hunters and taught us to appreciate nature, the earth, and its gifts. Weather and seasons dictated daily life; my bare feet touched the earth for as long as autumn would permit before giving way to winter's snowfalls and the need for heavy boots.

My father had also been enmeshed within the world of the outdoors as a child. His father had served during World War II and was away for the first few years of his life. My father's grandfather filled the role of father for my Dad during that time and remained as such throughout his life; they had tightly bonded during those especially formative years. My great-grandfather had been born in 1899 and lived a life of the outdoors and taught my father the same. To this day, my father keeps a swath of balsam pine limbs configured outside his home to assist in receiving the weather forecast. The story of the weather forecaster is one of the numerous accounts he shares of the wisdom he gained from his grandparents.

My father's family is of French heritage; in fact, both sides of his family are of French origin. His mother's side, the Jacques family, came from Canada and his father's side, the Fontaines, came from France via Canada. At that time, this distinction was important as it often determined the level of acceptance a family received: "educated Americans admired only Parisian French. The French spoken with a rural accent in New England was disdained. It lacked the polish, sophistication, elegance, and style that are associated with the French from France."²

2 Monica McGoldrick, Joe, Giordano, and John K. Pearce, *Ethnicity and Family Therapy*, 2nd ed. (New York: The Guilford Press, 1996), 479.

(Continued on page 29)

(Ancestral Healing Modalities from My French-Canadian Heritage continued from page 28)



Paternal Grandparents Delmar Nadeau (step grandfather) and Madeline Jacques Nadeau at farmhouse in Livermore Falls, Maine date unknown

Further, areas where the French immigrants settled together were known: “‘des petits Canadas’ [the little Canadas] permitted them to maintain the principal characteristics of the French language...”³ Ultimately, both families were considered Franco-Americans: “Franco Americans, sometimes called French Canadians, are descendants of farmers who left Quebec in massive numbers between 1860 and the 1920s.”⁴ The men entered work commonly held by Canadian immigrants, that of logging, paper mills, and farming. Women ran the household; they gardened, cooked, and took care of both the farm and home. Many French-Canadian women worked in textile mills, yet my grandmothers were homemakers.

Another important aspect of my French-Canadian heritage is the strength and resiliency my elders maintained in their

³ Luc Lacouciere, “Oral Tradition: New England and French Canada” (Lecture presented at The French in New England, Acadia, and Quebec Conference sponsored by the New England-Atlantic Provinces-Quebec Center, University of Maine at Orono, Orono, ME, May 1-2, 1972), 97.

⁴ McGoldrick, *Ethnicity and Family Therapy*, 478.

daily lives. My great-grandparents withstood much subjugation during their younger years. “In Maine, the reborn Ku Klux Klan had its largest chapter outside the southern states in the 1920’s, and their primary target was the French-speaking Catholic Franco-American population.”⁵ Discriminatory names such as “frogs, peasoupers, and Canucks”⁶ were used to ostracize the French people. It became illegal to speak French in public schools, a law that remained in existence throughout my father’s time in school.⁷ This necessitated a delay in entering school as he did not speak English until the age of seven. Such sentiment fostered a profound resilience I witnessed time and again in my French family.

Although such self-reliance was evident throughout my own childhood, it had been far more prominent during my father’s youth. Indeed, such self-sustainability began to dissipate as French communities gradually dispersed over time. The “Little Canada”⁸ neighborhoods began to slowly dissolve as “Francos reaching adulthood in the 1960s and 70s followed their baby-boomer contemporaries in moving away from their hometowns, and as their parents could afford housing in other parts of town.”⁹ With this came a greater use of the mainstream medicine for many as it became more commonly accessible.¹⁰ This was not entirely the case in my father’s family, at least while my great-grandmother remained alive. I was fortunate to have had her in my life until I was twenty-one years of age and

⁵ James Myall, “From French Canadians to Franco-Americans,” *Maine Memory Network, Maine Historical Society*, accessed March 18, 2018, https://www.mainememory.net/sitebuilder/site/2122/page/3514/display?use_mmn, 1-2.

⁶ Damien-Claude Belanger and Claude Belanger, “French Canadian Emigration to the United States 1840-1930,” *Quebec History: Franco-American History*, February 2011, <http://faculty.marianopolis.edu/c.belanger/quebechistory/readings/leaving.htm>.

⁷ Myall, “From French Canadians to Franco-Americans,” 2.

⁸ Belanger and Belanger, “French Canadian Emigration,” <http://faculty.marianopolis.edu/c.belanger/quebechistory/readings/leaving.htm>.

⁹ Myall, “From French Canadians to Franco-Americans,” 2.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

therefore have vivid memories of some of the concoctions of herbs and healing modalities she used. I certainly did not fully appreciate the vast expanse of knowledge she carried with her into the next life until many years later. I am gratefully once again reminded of her wisdom throughout the long conversations I have been having with my father throughout the writing of this paper.

The last important piece of sociocultural, historical context for this work is that of the influence of the Catholic church in my French-Canadian heritage. Symbols, rituals, and prayers played a key role in daily life. My great grandmother used prayers for much that transpired in the home; beyond



Paternal Grandfather Raymond Hector Fontaine, Sr. at home in Winthrop, Maine. (date unknown).

the church and her altar. Akin to similar practices in various indigenous cultures, my great-grandmother often used ritualistic ways of tending to the farm: “Rituals coincide with agricultural cycles and the life-cycles...Every major activity undertaken by the people is actually done in a sacred manner or it is a ritual in itself.”¹¹ Whether it was the family gathering to process deer or moose meat or the canning of the garden’s bounty, ritualistic meals and prayers preceded and culminated the work that was accomplished. Such seasonal, Earth gifts were a cause for

¹¹ Rosemary Radford Ruether, ed., *Women Healing Earth: Third World Women on Ecology, Feminism, and Religion* (Maryknoll, NY: Orbis Books, 1996), 100. (Continued on page 30)

(Ancestral Healing Modalities from My French-Canadian Heritage continued from page 29)

celebration and a way of giving thank exercised in a spiritual way.

It was the women in my family who orchestrated this rhythm of ritual and prayer. They also had various symbols of gratitude, deities of the Catholic church, and altars of ancestors throughout their homes. "They [women] have in common their belief that only when we are spiritually connected can we realize our highest selves, become one with all of humanity (as the Spirit says we must), and transform the world in which we live. They do not define spirituality. Instead, they witness for the Spirit."¹² It was in this witnessing of Spirit that the women in my family maintained their thread of connection with all the cosmos, from the Earth to Catholicism to their home-grown canned vegetables.

The Feminine

The heritage within which I grew up was of a matrilineal, matrifocal social order. Although not necessarily the case within the greater Franco-American community,¹³ it was indeed the case in my family, for which I have always been grateful. The focus of this woman-run world was seen in numerous areas of life; food, social connection, the structure and organization of functioning within the family and the way in which decisions were made. The strength of this structure extended to include raising my own mother's status within the family; I suspect she did not always feel comfortable with that strength nor take hold of it, yet it was indeed granted to her from the elder French women in the family. This baton of strength distributed to women in the family assisted me in better knowing my own mother as well as myself. The health benefits derived from a focus on the mother and a mother-focused model are hereby summarized well:

"Of course, your mother is not only that woman whose womb formed and released you—the term refers in every individual case to an entire generation of women whose psychic, and consequently physical, "shape" made the psychic existence of the following generation possible. But naming

¹² Gloria Wade-Gayles, ed., *My Soul is a Witness: African-American Women's Spirituality* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1995), 7-8.

¹³ Monica McGoldrick, *Ethnicity and Family Therapy*, 481.



Paternal Great Grandparents William R. Jacques and Mabel Paradis Jacques in farmhouse home Livermore Falls, Maine. (date unknown).

your own mother (or her equivalent) enables people to place you precisely within the universal web of your life, in each of its dimensions: cultural, spiritual, personal, and historical...Failure to know your mother, that is your position and its attendant traditions, history, and place in the scheme of things, is failure to remember your significance, your reality, your right relationship to earth and society. It is the same as being lost, isolated, abandoned, self-estranged, and alienated from your own life."¹⁴

Additionally, these same strong women were astounding guardians of all life, not simply within their families. This strength and health extended into using what they had and all that they had: "I am convinced that women are inherent guardians of life and of the earth's resources."¹⁵ This was undoubtedly the case in my family. From the roots and herbs harvested to the solitary quiet evening rosary, the feminine whispered throughout every aspect of my Franco-American upbringing.

Ancestral Healing

The mainstay of the home's apothecary was found first and foremost in the kitchen with a few items located in the

¹⁴ Paula Gunn Allen, *The Sacred Hoop: Recovering the Feminine in American Indian Traditions* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1992), 209-210.

¹⁵ Ruether, *Women Healing Earth*, 33.

bathroom. In my great grandmother's day, as indoor plumbing was not yet in use, ingredients were exclusively within the kitchen. Such primary items included cod liver oil, camphor oil, creosote, honey, apple cider vinegar, iodine, salve de Rawleigh, dry mustard, baking soda, molasses, epsom salts, salt pork, sulphur, and Crisco shortening or lard.

The next echelon of healing items was found in the garden proper and within the soils of the fields and woods to include various herbs, roots, grasses, and wild vegetables. Throughout the research for this paper, I noted there to be varying regional preferences concerning which herbs were more common and learned this also depended on the level of knowledge of the seeker and harvester. As my great-grandmother grew up as one of five daughters who lost her mother at a young age, she and her sisters were thus the caretakers of the household which included her father and three brothers. I recall her stories of how hard she and "Vip," the sister to whom she was most fond and closest in age, worked to care for a home, the farm with all its livestock, and to cook and feed a family of nine. "Grammy," as my cousins and I affectionately called our great-grandmother, and Aunt Vip, thus knew a great deal about various healing methods, including herbs and teas.

Such herbs, roots, grasses and other items included catnip, dog grass, linseed, caraway, burr root, ginger root, clove, mustard seed for mustard packs, "tree gum" or balsam fir resin, willow tree bark, sorrel, dandelion, goose foot, thyme, chamomile, valerian, dill, fiddle heads, chive, shallot, onion, garlic, parsley, turnip, spinach, swiss chard, cabbage, carrot top greens, celery, apples, and blueberries.

Items either created from scratch or purchased for remedy use included but were not limited to: chicken soup; chicken, fish, deer, or rabbit broth; zinc oxide; kerosene; ivory soap; olive oil; whiskey; honey; lemon; and sugar. Lastly, spiritually based prayers, beliefs, and other items were used in healing processes for many Franco-Americans and most certainly used in my own family.

This paper focuses on four types of healing modalities. Within each type, I chose modalities and remedies I would like to attempt to incorporate into my own health practices and learn more about grow, creating, and processing the remedies. These four groupings of modalities include

(Continued on page 31)

(*Ancestral Healing Modalities from My French-Canadian Heritage continued from page 30*)

preventative, plants, foods, and spiritual. It is important to note: "Many descriptions for maladies and traditional cures are dialects... "canadianisms" or French words with origins in the Canadian dialect."¹⁶

1. Preventative remedies and modalities

a. Cod liver oil taken by mouth either daily, weekly, or monthly.¹⁷

b. Molasses and sulfur taken monthly and/or in the spring as a spring cleaning of the system, particularly a cleansing of the blood after long, usually less active winter months.¹⁸

c. Du creosote: a tar-like elixir made from pine wood and root, taken once a year. This substance has antimicrobial properties benefitting overall health and well-being.¹⁹

d. "Sel a medicine:" epsom salts in warm water taken orally to clean the system once a year and only permitted to eat chicken soup that day without tomato juice in the soup.²⁰

2. Plant modalities²¹

a. Dandelion root tea for overall well-being.

b. Catnip, chamomile, valerian or dill tea for agitation or worry.

c. Thyme tea rubbed onto scalp for itchy, dry scalp.

d. "Gomme de sapin:"²² tree gum from pine trees for aches and pains. This substance has anti-inflammatory properties.²³

16 Juliana L'Heureux, "Franco-American Health Traditions." *Maine Writer*, last modified October 16, 2017. <https://www.mainewriter.com/articles/Franco-Health-Traditions.htm>.

17 Lise A. Desjardins, "An Exploration into the Health and Illness Beliefs of a Franco-American community: The Description of a Clinical Reality" (Thesis, University of Maine, 1995), 50.

18 *Ibid.*

19 Florence Rose Martin to Terry Oullette, July 23, 1999, "Des Vieux Remedes," *Acadian Archives*, University of Maine at Fort Kent, 2.

20 *Ibid.*

21 *Ibid.*, 8-11.

22 Martin, "Des Vieux Remedes," 8.

23 Lingbeck et al., "Sweetgum," *Pharmacognosy Review* 9 (17) (Jan-Jun



Paternal Great Grandparents Rosanna Langevin Fontaine and Ferdinand Moses Fontaine at home in Winthrop, Maine. (date unknown).

3. Food modalities

a. Cabbage boiled with salt pork.²⁴

b. Carrot top greens for the bones.²⁵

c. Mustard greens for overall health.²⁶

d. Chicken soup with tomato juice for general well-being.²⁷

4. Spiritual modalities

a. Rosary prayer for planting and hunting season before and after the season.²⁸

b. Rosary prayer with each season change.²⁹

c. "Eau de Paques," or Easter Water, anointed on oneself as a sign of the cross is made before prayer; used when not feeling well physically or emotionally and other modalities have been attempted without success.³⁰

d. Grow and harvest a garden one uses for many purposes in addition to food, such as medicines, teas, salves, and other healing options.³¹

2015), doi:10.4103/0973-7847.156307.

24 Raymond J. Fontaine (father of author), in discussion with the author. September 2018.

25 Martin, "Des Vieux Remedes," 11.

26 Fontaine, in discussion, 2018.

27 Martin, "Des Vieux Remedes," 2.

28 Fontaine, in discussion, 2018.

29 *ibid.*

30 Martin, "Des Vieux Remedes," 9.

31 Fontaine, in discussion, 2018.

In addition to numerous practical health traditions, I also encountered some unique findings as well. For instance: "For a cold sore on the lips-spit on your wrist and go over the sore three times clockwise and then do it three times counter clockwise. Do that three times a day for three days and the sore will be gone. It really, really works."³²

Although I remember of this being done in my family, I was intrigued to note it documented in an Acadian archive: "For an earache blow some warm smoke from a tobacco pipe into the ear."³³ Lastly, for treating mumps, a small swath of virgin sheep wool was to be fashioned around the person's throat with a piece of twine and kept slightly below the swollen areas. This was thought to prevent the mumps from traveling elsewhere in the body, thus remaining in its location.³⁴

In reflecting upon the selected ancestral modalities previously listed, it is especially worth noting the spiritual sense of having been drawn specifically to these foods, herbs, and ingredients in part due to memories and ignited feelings of my ancestors during the writing of this paper. As I am a quiet introvert who at long last has reconciled such traits are merely who I am, not faults needing alterations to fit the American extrovert ideal, I recognize I come from a heritage whose people spent many hours in the quiet and solitude of the woods, fields, and homes of their rural lands. I envision my ancestors being mindful throughout their daily hand work and skills, meandering amidst the earth's gifts given them. I see myself furthering their work with my writing and studying; spending much time in quiet and solitude as I hear them whispering their wisdoms.

Of the preventative remedies chosen, the cod liver oil, molasses, and epsom salt remedies are healing modalities I vividly remember being practiced in my family. Although my father did not recall the "du creosote"³⁵ being used as medicine, he did note a version of it was used to fill cracks in things including walls and other structural items.³⁶ As the pine tree is the state tree of Maine and therefore, quite prevalent throughout the state, I look forward to befriending a few

32 *Ibid.*, 7.

33 *Ibid.*, 6.

34 *Ibid.*

35 *Ibid.*, 2.

36 Jody M. Lingbeck et al., "Sweetgum," doi:10.4103/0973-7847.156307.

(Continued on page 32)

(Ancestral Healing Modalities from My French-Canadian Heritage continued from page 31)

of these trees in hopes of it sharing its gifts with me. I am smiling as I type this as I so often recall Grammy speaking in French to the world around her: the trees, the plants, and the animals.

Within the plant modalities, I selected dandelion root due to the plethora of dandelion in this area; there is so much of it, in fact, most local folks complain of its abundance. Many comment that it degrades the appearance of an otherwise well-manicured lawn. In further discussing dandelion root with my father, I learned that by harvesting the root in the fall, there are greater health benefits from it due to it having been growing throughout the spring and summer season. Therefore, a fall harvest of the root garners greater mineral content as the root is deeper into the soil.

As I have been challenged with worry throughout my life, a catnip, valerian root or dill infused tea will be a potentially helpful herbal treatment for me. I have tried chamomile before and have not found it to be helpful. It will be interesting to attempt using thyme tea for the drier, itchy scalp that often comes with the winter months; its cold air outside and dry wood-heat inside. Lastly, as with the “du creosote,” I intend to befriend some pine trees at my home, with the eventual plan to inquire about being able to be gifted some sap for use in the slight aches and pains I note from time to time.

I have very fond memories of my great grandmother having large family gatherings to have a “New England boiled supper.” She placed ham roast, potatoes, cabbage, carrots, and turnip into a large pot and boiled it together with a bit of salt pork to ensure a salty, fatty flavor. Although I favor a vegan way of eating, I intend to resurrect the art of salt pork with the vegetables for the memories, flavor, and vitamins. As carrot top greens are beneficial for the bones, it is yet another plant I am eager to work and experiment with in various ways. I have osteopenia likely a result of having gone through menopause in my late twenties, placing me at higher risk for osteoporosis. I am already exploring creamy carrot soup recipes to which I will add the carrot greens. Both mustard and dandelion greens are quite plentiful here in the summer months; I remember of the women in the family boiling them and adding apple cider vinegar and a bit of salt to them. Finally, although I make

soups frequently this time of year, I have never made a vegetable soup with tomato juice and thus, I look forward to perfecting a recipe.

The spiritual modalities above all the other modalities are the ones I feel resonate most deeply for me. I have beautiful memories of my great grandmother with her rosary beads always in the pocket of the “house apron” she wore when going about her daily chores at the farm. Her strong fingers held them with such tenderness, I felt I was a prayer among her beads being cradled in her lap. I intend to say prayers to her before I start my very first garden next spring here in the salty-aired, seacoast earth.

This paper provided a catharsis beyond conceivable; its research encouraged me to live in my ancestor’s lives for a time, dance with them in my dreams, and embrace their insight.

I returned to the Catholic church about five years ago after a marital separation as I felt a longing for the comfort it had given me earlier in my life. Desire for that comfort suddenly far outweighed the angst I had long since felt about birth control, abortion, and other stances on issues I felt the Catholic church needed to change. Despite the stances remaining unchanged today, I continue to attend the church, absorbing the parts that bring sacred solace, such as the rituals and prayers, and attempting to effect change within the church at a local level.

Attending mass also connects me to my ancestors in a way I had not imagined possible. I brought the prayers home with me, creating an altar where I feel my great grandmother with me as I weave through her beads and together, we whisper the prayerful poetry of the rosary. I intend to learn if and how one can obtain a bit of “Eau de Paques” from the church next Easter to place upon my altar.

This paper provided a catharsis beyond conceivable; its research encouraged me to live in my ancestor’s lives for a time, dance with them in my dreams, and embrace their insight. I am far more aware of the ways in which they carried me in this life, not merely through their biology; but through their grit, tenacity, and grace

as well. This work has been quite timely for me as I navigate a new path in life, one toward an ever-greater authentic voice. I feel it has been yet another guidepost, one that presented the “roar which lies on the other side of silence”³⁷ for me. This work has helped me realize that roar is there, and it is profoundly part of my being in all its fierceness and all its quiet.

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(Continued on page 33)

Camille Lessard Bissonnette

by *Rhea Côté Robbins*

Camille Lessard Bissonnette, a former teacher in Quebec, a former mill worker in Lewiston's Continental mill became a regular correspondent for *Le Messager*, les pages feminine where she voiced her concerns and opinions of the present-day issues. One such topic focused on whether or not women should have the vote. Camille was pro-the-vote for women and she wrote and spoke publically to express her views. She attempted to persuade Franco-American and French-Canadians to agree that votes for women presented the opportunity to help create change in the governments. She presented strong arguments of why women, as citizens, should fully participate in the democratic process of voting. She was faced with much resistance, but despite the public's negative response, she persisted in voicing her opinion. On January 30th, 1910 Camille addressed an audience at l'Institut Jacques-Cartier in Lewiston on the subject of women's suffrage. That same evening, a M. Joseph Poulin responded to her talk at l'Institut. Despite the fact that Camille worked for *Le Messager*, M. Poulin's re-

sponse to her talk received better coverage in the newspaper given the sentiment towards women's suffrage at the time.

Camille stood alone against a bicultural discussion as to whether or not women should be allowed to vote. Many in the Franco-American community were not for women's suffrage. The French-Canadian women with whom Camille disagreed, and who consequently did not get the right to vote until 1940 in the Quebec province, presented a living example of what occurs when women are not steadfast in their seriousness about women's rights. 2019 is the centennial celebration of women's suffrage in the United States. Camille, as a member of the Franco-American community, is our suffragist. As a member of the committee for the exhibit to be held at the Maine State Museum, I thought it was imperative that she be represented in the exhibit and be a part of this important work demonstrating a bilingual, bicultural woman who took a stand to promote women's suffrage. I am proud that she will be recognized for her efforts and diligence.



Public Opening of Suffrage Exhibit at the Maine State Museum

Saturday, March 23, 2019

3:00 PM 4:00 PM

Camille Lessard Bissonnette will be featured in the exhibit.

Museum Hours:

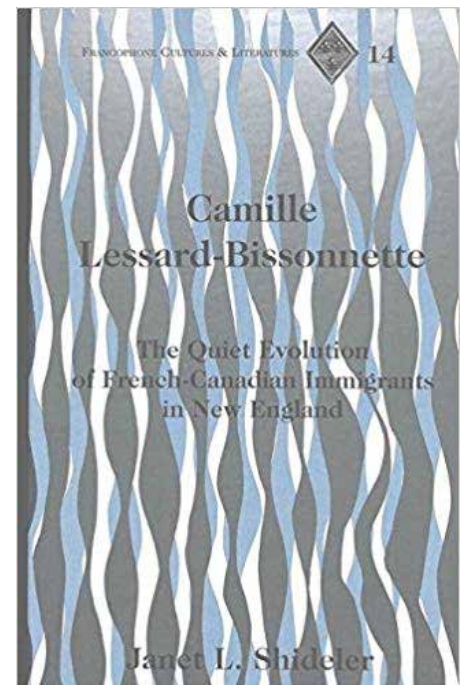
Tuesday–Friday 9am to 5pm | Saturday 10am to 4pm

Closed Sunday and Monday | Closed all State Holidays

Maine State Museum

230 State Street

Augusta, Maine 04330



(Ancestral Healing Modalities from My French-Canadian Heritage continued from page 32)

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Franco-American Programs Publishes two books...

The Franco-American Programs is pleased to announce our two new publications. From our Occasional Papers series, *Bibliography of Franco-American Life, Language, And History in the Northeastern United States* by Patrick Lacroix, is an extensive compilation of works on Franco-Americans in the American Northeast.

And, A collection of poetry, *The Franco-American Dream, Poems* by Danielle Beupré.

About Patrick:

He is a native of Cowansville, Quebec and a graduate of Bishop's University (Sherbrooke, Quebec) and Brock University (St. Catharines, Ontario). After working as a journalist, he taught at the University of New Hampshire, where he earned a Ph.D. in history, and at Phillips Exeter Academy. His research has appeared in *Histoire sociale/ Social History*, the *Canadian Journal of History*, the *International History Review*, and the *American Review of Canadian Studies*.

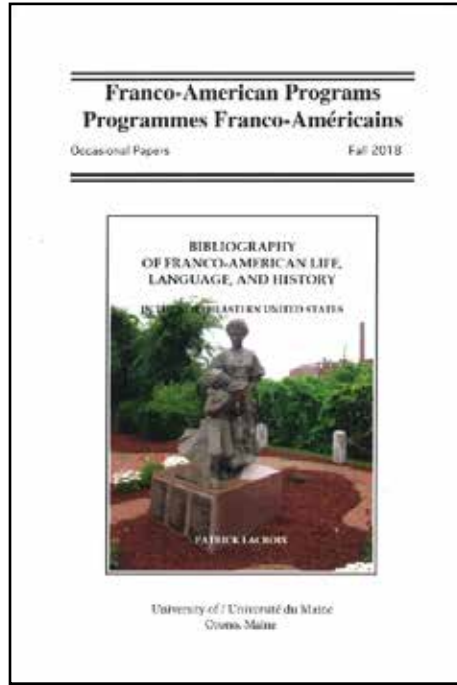
About Danielle:

Danielle Beupré is a Franco-American poet originally hailing from Jackson, Maine. She holds Master's Degrees in English and French from the University of Maine. She currently works as the Immigration and Visa Services Coordinator and French Instructor at Husson University. Her primary areas of creative work and study include lyric poetry, experimental fiction, poetry translation, and Franco-American studies. She lives in Glenburn, Maine with her husband James and their dog Pierre.

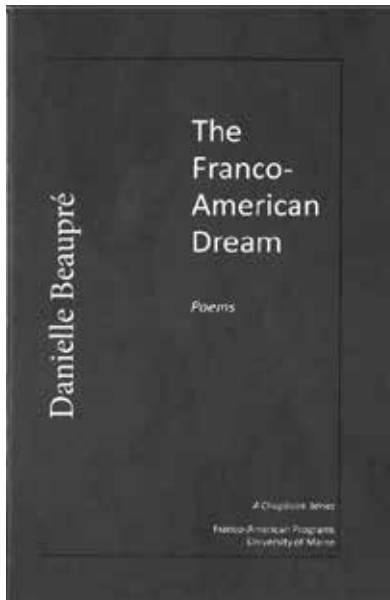
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Bibliography of Franco-American Life, Language, And History in the Northeastern United States by Patrick Lacroix



The Franco-American Dream Poems by Danielle Beupré



Une grenouille

Une grenouille vivait au bord d'un trou rempli d'eau, près d'un ruisseau. C'était une petite grenouille verte, discrète, ordinaire. Elle avait envie de devenir extraordinaire et réfléchissait au moyen de se faire remarquer. À force d'y penser, elle eut une idée. Elle se mit à boire l'eau de son trou, à boire, à boire..., et elle la but jusqu'à la dernière goutte ! Et elle commença à grossir. Ensuite elle se mit à boire l'eau du ruisseau, à boire, à boire..., et elle la but jusqu'à la dernière goutte ! Et elle grossissait de plus en plus. En suivant le lit du ruisseau, elle arriva à la rivière, et elle se mit à boire l'eau de la rivière, à boire, à boire..., et elle la but jusqu'à la dernière goutte ! Et comme la rivière se jetait dans le fleuve, elle alla près du fleuve, et elle se mit à boire l'eau du fleuve, à boire, à boire..., et elle la but jusqu'à la dernière goutte !

Et la grenouille gonflait, gonflait !

Comme le fleuve se jetait dans la mer, la grenouille alla jusqu'au bord de la mer, et elle se mit à boire l'eau de la mer, à boire, à boire..., et elle la but jusqu'à la dernière goutte qui était la dernière goutte d'eau de toute la terre. Son ventre, ses pattes, sa tête étaient gorgés d'eau, et même ses yeux, qui devinrent tout globuleux. La petite grenouille était maintenant extraordinaire, gigantesque ; sa tête touchait le ciel !

Les plantes avaient soif, les animaux avaient soif, et les hommes aussi avaient terriblement soif. Alors tous se réunirent pour chercher un moyen de récupérer l'eau de la terre.

« Il faut qu'elle ouvre sa large bouche afin que l'eau rejaillisse sur la terre.

– Si on la fait rire, dit quelqu'un, elle
(Suite sure page 35)

COLORIAGE SPORTS
D'HIVER: SNOWBOARD



Coin
des
jeunes...

Saying "Hello" in French

with Chris and Yannick

Did you know that there are many different ways to say "hello" in French? Discover them all with Chris and Yannick!

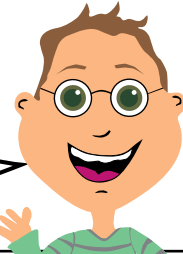


Bonjour: Pronounced *bohn zhoor*, this is the French equivalent of saying hello, good morning, good day, and good afternoon.

You can practice saying Bonjour to your friends. Go ahead and give it a try!

Bonsoir: Pronounced *buhn swahr*, this is the appropriate way to greet someone you're meeting anytime after six in the evening.

You can practice saying Bonsoir to your family in the evening.



HANSEL ET GRETEL

Aidez les deux enfants à trouver le chemin de la maison en pain d'épices!



(Une grenouille suite de page 34)

ouvrira la bouche, et l'eau débordera.

– Bonne idée » dirent les autres.

Ils préparèrent alors une grande fête, et les animaux les plus drôles vinrent du monde entier. Les hommes firent les clowns, racontèrent des histoires drôles. En les regardant, les animaux oublièrent qu'ils avaient soif, les enfants aussi. Mais la grenouille ne riait pas, ne souriait même pas. Elle restait impassible, immobile. Les singes firent des acrobaties, des grimaces, dansèrent, firent les pitres. Mais la grenouille ne bougeait pas, ne riait pas, ne faisait même pas l'esquisse d'un sourire.

Tous étaient épuisés, assoiffés, quand arriva une petite créature insignifiante, un petit ver de terre, qui s'approcha de la grenouille. Il se mit à se tortiller, à onduler. La grenouille le regarda étonnée. Le petit ver se démena autant qu'il put. Il fit une minuscule grimace, et... la grenouille éclata de rire, un rire énorme qui fit trembler tout son corps ! Elle ne pouvait plus s'arrêter de rire, et les eaux débordèrent de sa bouche grande ouverte. L'eau se répandit sur toute la terre, et la grenouille rapetissa, rapetissa.

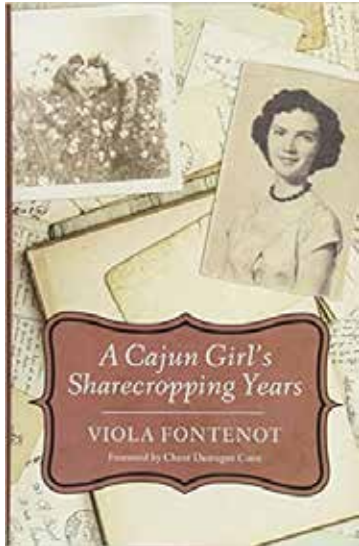
La vie put recommencer, et la grenouille reprit sa taille de grenouille ordinaire. Elle garda juste ses gros yeux globuleux, en souvenir de cette aventure.



BOOKS/
LIVRES...

A Cajun Girl's Sharecropping Years

*by Viola Fontenot (Author),
Chere Dastugue Coen (Foreword)*



Today sharecropping is history, though during World War II and the Great Depression sharecropping was prevalent in Louisiana's southern parishes. Sharecroppers rented farmland and often a small house, agreeing to pay a one-third share of all profit from the sale of crops grown on the land. Sharecropping shaped Louisiana's rich cultural history, and while there have been books published about sharecropping, they share a predominately male perspective. In *A Cajun Girl's Sharecropping Years*, Viola Fontenot adds the female voice into the story of sharecropping.

Book of the Year

NEW ORLEANS, Louisiana – The Louisiana Endowment for the Humanities (LEH), in partnership with Lieutenant Governor Billy Nungesser, has selected as Humanities Book of the Year "*A Cajun Girl's Sharecropping Years*," authored by Viola Fontenot and published by the University Press of Mississippi, follows Fontenot's life as the daughter of a sharecropper in Church Point. Reliving various aspects of rural Cajun life, such as house chores, boucheries, fais do-do, and the classroom mantra of "I will not speak French on the school grounds anymore," Fontenot brings a female per-

Spanning from 1937 to 1955, Fontenot describes her life as the daughter of a sharecropper in Church Point, Louisiana, including details of field work as well as the domestic arts and Cajun culture. The account begins with stories from early life, where the family lived off a gravel road near the woods without electricity, running water, or bathrooms, and a mule-drawn wagon was the only means of transportation. To gently introduce the reader to her native language, the author often includes French words along with a succinct definition. This becomes an important part of the story as Fontenot attends primary school, where she experienced prejudice for speaking French, a forbidden and punishable act. Descriptions of Fontenot's teenage years include stories of going to the boucherie; canning blackberries, figs, and pumpkins; using the wood stove to cook dinner; washing and ironing laundry; and making moss mattresses. Also included in the texts are explanations of rural Cajun holiday traditions, courting customs, leisure activities, children's games, and Saturday night house dances for family and neighbors, the fais do-do.

<https://www.amazon.com/Cajun-Girls-Sharecropping-Years/dp/1496817079>

spective to a previously male-dominated understanding of sharecropping culture.

Join the LEH and Master of Ceremonies Lieutenant Governor Billy Nungesser and Fontenot at the 2019 Bright Lights Awards Dinner, hosted at the University of Louisiana at Lafayette Student Union on Thursday, April 4, at 6 p.m. Tickets begin at \$150. Table sponsorships are available to interested parties. For more information, contact Mike Bourg at (504) 620-2482 or bourg@leh.org, or visit www.leh.org.



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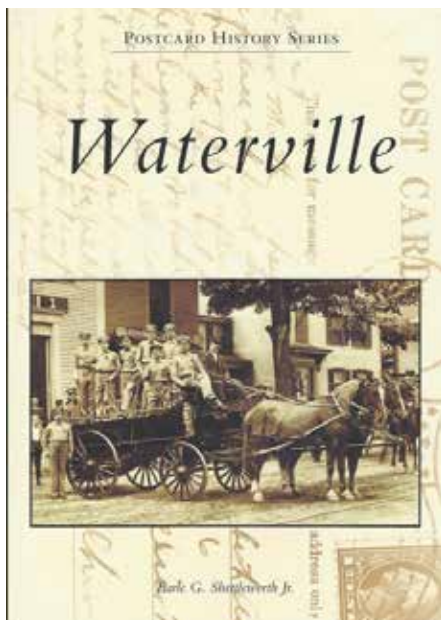
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HENRY JOSEPH QUIRION – A SILLY GRANDFATHER?



Have any of you seen a copy of this book? The book is from the Postcard History Series – Waterville by Earle G. Shettleworth, Jr. Well if you are a descendant of Henry Joseph Quirion then you are missing out on a picture of him in his early years. Today this is what this story is about.

Henry Joseph (“Honore” in Quebec) Quirion was born on the 22nd of April in 1894 in what was then called St. Francois-d’Assisi in the County of Beauce, of the Province of Quebec in the Country of Canada. He was the son of Sylvain Quirion and his second wife Lucie Thibodeau. Now in French speaking Quebec they kept the ways of their ancestors and the wives stayed with their maiden names even after marriage. But that is for another story.

Henry was a twin, his sister Marie Alphonsine died at 16 months old, but he had

four other sisters to dote on him from this marriage. There were also four brothers and two sisters from the first marriage as well, that I have found so far. Henry’s mother was 20 years younger than his father and it was a loveless marriage. She was brought in mostly to raise his children as well as to produce more. Large families were needed back then to keep the farms going so the families could survive. This led to many problems.



In 1901 Henry (age 7), his mother and four sisters were driven by horse and buggy by their father and brought down the Canada Road with their belongings and dropped off in Waterville, Maine with the father returning to Quebec. You see being Catholic you couldn’t get a divorce and the only alternative was one of them had to leave, they couldn’t live in the same area and I guess the same country. The oldest sister Philomene was 18, Rosanna 16, Josephine 14, Amanda 12 and of course Henry was 7.

Lucie was suddenly a single mom at 51 in a strange town and country. Lucie and the older girls sought out work and Amanda was left home to care for Henry. They were living in the French part of Waterville nicknamed the South End.

Henry was allowed to go to school which made it easier on Amanda who cared for the home. He was a typical boy of the time period, and had plenty of French friends. They like to play games – stick ball, go fishing by the river, find scraps and make things; whatever they could do to pass the time. One of the things he took an interest in which brings us back to the book was a type of acting. This picture which appears on page 127 of the book was taken before he married Eda Marie Landry on the 24th of July in 1916. She knew of his “escapades” as she called it because she was going to “knock that silliness right out of him once they got married” as she told me when she gave me the picture.

Years later in 2013 when the book came out and I was looking at it at someone’s house lo and behold there was that picture. It states under the picture “This real-photo postcard mailed from Waterville in 1913 provides no clues as to who these costumed individuals were or why they sat together before the camera in a photographer’s studio. Where they attending a costume party, players in a local theatrical performance, or just preparing for Halloween night?”

Well I immediately wrote to Mr. Shettleworth whom I had met on several occasions in my genealogy quest. He was the Maine State Historian and Director of the Maine Historic Commission and just had to let him know what I knew about this picture. That the gentleman in the back row with the large X over his head was my paternal grandfather Henry Joseph Quirion and that picture was taken at the Waterville Opera House when he was in a play. I even
(Continued on page 39)



**Franco-American Families
of Maine
par Bob Chenard,
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 de 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 Champion, born 1654 in France, died between 1697 and 1704 in PQ, daughter of Pierre Champion 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.

109 Pierre	26 Oct	1835	Elis. Leclerc-Francoeur	Rivière-Ouelle	245	
110 Zéphirin	24 Apr	1829	M.-Louise Blais	Québec city	246a	
Joseph	21 Sep	1830	M.-Geneviève Croteau	Bécancour, Nico.	246b	
Mathias	23 Jun	1835	Thérèse Duval	Québec city(ND)	247	
111 Maxime	10 Aug	1835	Lucie Côté	Rivière-Ouelle	248	
112 Magloire 1m.	09 Jan	1838	Marie St.Onge	Montmagny		
" 2m.	17 Oct	1842	Angélique Bond	Percé, Gaspé cty.		
113 Joseph	23 Oct	1855	Adèle Gosselin	St.Henri, Lévis	249	
114 Vincent	02 Mar	1829	Elisabeth Baker	Bécancour, Nico.	250	
Simon	10 Feb	1834	Julie St.Laurent	Rimouski	251	
115 Firmin	07 Aug	1853	Anna Robichaud	Les Escoumins		
116 Etienne	23 Apr	1839	Angélique Fillion	Rimouski	253	
117 Barthélémy	23 Feb	1846	Julie Levesque	Rimouski	254	
" 2m.	11 Oct	1852	Angratie Gassé	Rimouski		
(b.17-10-1821 Trois-Pistoles)						
Cyrille 1m.	23 Feb	1857	Adéline Gagné	Bic, Rimouski		
" 2m.	25 Nov	1868	Sophie Jean	St.Mathieu, Rim.		
118 Pierre	03 Feb	1835	Adélaïde Groleau	Nicolet	258	
Léon	11 Feb	1851	Sophie Lefèbvre-Descoteaux	Nicolet		
Moïse	22 Jul	1851	Julie Parmentier	Nicolet		
Joseph	30 May	1853	Louise Lefèbvre-Descoteaux	Nicolet	260	
119 Moïse	10 Jan	1860	Olive Moulin	St.Zéphirin, Yam.	261	
Abraham 1m.	20 Feb	1860	Thérèse Duguay	Nicolet	262	
" 2m.	20 Apr	1880	Hélène Jutras	Nicolet		
120 Louis-Charles	28 Sep	1819	Priscille Levesque	Ste.Anne-Pocatière	264	
Abraham 1m.	16 Jun	1829	Modeste Saucier	St.Basile, NB	120A	
" 2m.	16 Nov	1847	Délima Ouellette	Frenchville	120B	
121 François	09 May	1796	M.-Thérèse Chouinard	St.Jean-Port-Joli	266	
122 Louis-Marie	08 Sep	1823	M.-Séraphine Paradis	St.André, Kam.	267	
Barthélemy	22 Apr	1847	Marcelline Ouellet	Ste.Luce, Rim.	122A	
123 Pierre-Noël	30 Sep	1822	Marguerite Dupéré	Cacouna, R.-Lp.		
Eucher-Ludger	04 Nov	1834	Opportune Gagnon	St.Roch-Aulnaies	268	
(b. before 1814)			(Louis Gagnon & Marguerite Castonguay)			
124 Pascal	30 Apr	1827	M.-Louise/Elis. Boucher	St.André, Kam.	269	
Eloi	02 Mar	1840	Talite Gagnon	Rimouski	270	
125a Louis	17 Feb	1824	Antoinette Gagnon	Maskinongé	270a	
David	18 Sep	1827	M.-Anne Gaboury	Maskinongé, Mask.		
Jean	1m.	19 Jul	1831	M.-Aurélie Sévigny	Maskinongé, Mask.	125A
" 2m.	14 Aug	1849	Marie Grégoire	Maskinongé, Mask.		
(b.4-12-1797 Maskinongé)						

(HENRY JOSEPH QUIRION – A SILLY GRANDFATHER? continued from page 38)

told him what my grandmother said what she was going to do about it once they got married. He emailed me back said he was happy to finally know something about the picture, the only one in the book he didn't have anything about.

Months later, Mr. Shettleworth came to Waterville to speak at the Opera House and of course I had to be there since he would be talking about his book. Front row seats and on the stage a very large screen as he talked and produced many of the pictures from the book. Then at the very end he started to tell everyone about this one picture in the book he didn't know anything about until

someone wrote to him and told him the story behind it and he looked over and saw me sitting there. Like he said 100 years ago that group probably sat on that very stage and had that photograph taken and there it was big and bold for the world (Waterville at least) to see it and my (and yours) grandfather up there in the lights once again!



<http://mytreestories.blogspot.com/>



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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