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# *Le* FORUM



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

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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**

<b>Lettres/Letters</b> .....3, 37	History of Lewiston's Bonneau Markets on display
<b>L'État du ME</b> .....4-19	<b>James Myall</b> .....14-18
Monsieur Arthur Décarý	A Rough First Week of School for Lewiston's Dominican Sisters
by <b>Gérard Coulombe</b>	A Franco-American Company in the Mexican Border War
All Too Clever to Rush Ahead of An Idea	<b>Suzanne Beebe</b> .....20-21
by <b>Gérard Coulombe</b>	Celebrating a 150-Year Legacy in Greater Lowell
Accomplished Franco-Americans	<b>Charles John Emond</b> .....22-29, 31
by <b>Denise Larson</b>	They Came to Our Valley
Aimons Notre École	<b>Roger Paradis</b> .....28
by <b>Amanda Chassé</b>	Justice For Les Acadiens Du-Madawaska-Américain
Riddle Me This	<b>David Le Gallant</b> .....29
by <b>Grégoire Chabot</b>	Se Défaire Du 28 Juillet Infâme De Patrimoine Canadien...
Une Question sans réponse (page 43)	<b>Coin des jeunes</b> .....42-43
par <b>Grégoire Chabot</b>	Pumpkin Harvest At Farmer Roy's
<b>L'État de New Hampshire</b> .....30-31	La Récolte de Citrouille à la Ferme de Roi
Summer in New Hampshire	by <b>Virginie L. Sand-Roi</b>
by <b>Timothy Beaulieu</b>	<b>Genealogy</b> .....44-50
<b>L'État du CT</b> .....20-25	Earl Joseph Fernald (1924-1933)
A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture	by <b>Debbie Roberge</b>
by <b>Albert Marceau</b>	Lapierre Family
<b>Juliana L'Heureux</b> .....11-13, 19	Submitted by <b>Daniel Lapierre</b>
Le Grand Dérangement described in Madawaska Centennial Journal	Les Familles Dubé
Gold Star Mother Emma Martin Morin of Biddeford	by <b>Robert Chenard</b>

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## Lettres/ Letters

### To Le Forum:

I am writing this letter to acknowledge my friend, Lisa Michaud to thank her for fixing the following photo of my Uncles. This photo had a large white area on it prior to Lisa fixing it.

Lisa you cannot comprehend how happy and proud that you made me and my precious Uncles, the Bourque brothers, who all served in World War II.

I will treasure the work you did for my Uncles to answer my quest of having my dream come true to be able to give to my Aunt, Jackie Charron, the last survivor of 14 children of Rosanna and George Bourque.

I know my father is proud of me especially the love I cherish in my heart every year to honor the Bourque Brothers.

Dad loved his brother Fern as he was dear to his heart, as he was his Godson.

Uncle Fern was never married so he



was so dear to my heart I was 5 years old when he died while on duty.

I remember his visit to our home to say goodbye to his oldest brother, my Dad, Emerie George Bourque. I also remember when his body returned, we were at the railroad station in Waterville waiting for his casket. I also have photos of Leon, Mom and I. At the grave site I remember the 21 gun salute, I was so scared as I had never heard guns before. I took a and held my Mom's fur coat tight, as my sister, Juan was in her arms.

Lisa, I am so blessed to have you at the Franco-American Centre and being there for whenever I need help with anything. Your quality of love and concern for others can be attributed to your Mother. God Bless your

Mom for molding you and for sharing you in our lives! Mother's are precious to each and every daughter.

Lisa, I wish you a blessed life with God always at your side!

Thank you my friend for your loving friendship, you will always be in my heart.

*Merci Beaucoup!*

*Diane Bourque Tinkham  
Old Town, ME*

### To Le Forum:

This is to cover the next four issues of *Le Forum*. We enjoy the articles very much particularly those concerning Biddford where Jeannine was born and raised.

We hope that this finds you well and we wish you continued success.

*Sincerely,  
Bill & Jeannine Lucey  
Pinehurst, NC*

### To Le Forum:

Your summer 2018 issue of *Le Forum* is stellar! *Le Forum* issues have all been substantial. There is so much in this issue, everything from the excitement of 1500 people attending a Franco American Event, the third annual NH PoutineFest---(I can't wait to go next year!) celebrating life, getting together and having fun in our Franco-American (including Acadian) culture, with popular soul food, good local baseball (the Fisher Cats), modern Québec music, etc.---to its polar opposite: the startling photo of the public, solitary witness of Roger Paradis holding a sign: "INSTITUTIONAL RAPE/RACISM," protesting in front of the University of Maine at Fort Kent against the University of Maine System Board of Trustees.

Roger Paradis' letter is addressed to Maine's Governor LePage, Maine Senators and Representatives, to Le Forum, Veritas Acadie, and Assn. Française. In it we can read about this "INSTITUTIONAL RACISM." (Being a woman, I prefer not to use the term rape this way, as rape is a specific violent crime.) I understand that Roger Paradis is so horrified by the systematic racism and "plans" for UMFK, by the Board of Trustees of the Maine University System, that he wants us all to know about

it by suing the strongest language that he can. He is drawing our attention to these plans of the U of Maine System Board of Trustees "to transfer, actually confiscate, the Elementary and Secondary Education programs of UMFK" to Presque Isle. The U of Maine System Board of Trustees are also planning to take away the "highly successful BSN program of nursing," and to even cut French programing, rather than promote it as a proven product. He makes it clear that the Acadians of la Vallée-du-Haut-Saint-Jean have been "treated like reservation Indians." (Indigenous people deprived of their rights). And he wants "this exploitation and discrimination" to stop and these programs restored.

As an Acadian and French Canadian American, I want to express my gratitude to Roger Paradis. He has written some of the most informative, clear, relevant articles about Acadians that I have ever read. (There is one in this issue (Vol. 40 #2): "L'influence d'un livre", "Placide Gaudet's: *Le Grand Dérangement*"). Evidently the present situation at UMFK is so urgent that he has interrupted his research on the Acadian Holocaust to answer the call of his fellow Acadians, people of the Valley, and UMFK to shed light on what is happening there now. It saddens me that there is such continuing

devaluation of our people. Will this whittle away U of Fort Kent Maine until gone? Roger Paradis does important work by shedding light on this blatant discrimination.

*June Turcotte  
North Hampton, MA*



*(More from Roger Paradis see page 28)*

*(More Letters on page 10)*



# Monseigneur Arthur Décary

*From: a Memoir, Leaving Maine\**

*By*

*Gérard Coulombe*

*Born: Biddeford, 1931*

In 1940, my parents and my two sister and I moved from Bradbury Street in Saint Joseph's Parish to Freeman Street in Saint André's Parish, or from the west side, the Irish section of town to the east side the totally French Canadian or Franco American side of town where everyone spoke French, only. I recall that it was on the day and at the time that the Révérend Père Zénon Décary, saintly older brother of Mon Seigneur Arthur Décary was being buried, for our moving van was headed down Bacon Street and had been stopped in front of Borduas's Shoe Store on Bacon Street by a Biddeford policeman on patrol duty for the funeral to allow the cortège to proceed from the church to the Reverend's intermediary resting place at Saint Francis College on the Pool Road.

The Décary brothers had to have been from a wealthy Québec family. They were very generous to the parish and beyond to the community they served. From the big, white, three-story parish house with its bit veranda and enclosed widow's walk, they figuratively looked East, from the top of the hill beyond the Westbrook Skating rink in it's heyday and practically the rest of the length of the Pool Road which ends at the spit of land and water which was better known to outsider's in my growing up year and before as Biddeford Pool or "The Pool" where wealthy out-of-state gentility vacationed summers coming up in their black-chauffeur driven limousines to their already opened homes overlooking Saco Bay and to the Ocean beyond.

The church itself faced Bacon Street and stood at the corner of Bacon and High Street at the top of which was Pool Street. I would guess, that one could not very well see the top of High Street from the opened bell tower where the big bells hung and where, rung by hand, bells rang loud whenever the bedeau rang whenever called upon to do so. The tolling of the bells in a Catholic parish was a frequent reminder that life was a passing event.

The bells were always rung at noon and for Sunday masses and during the week for those who had passed. There was a distinction made in the number, as in one for a

man and two for a woman. But I do not recall which it was except that my mother used to stop what she was doing to pay attention to the number of times the church bell rang. Frequently there was a clue when a daily mass announcement might have included a request to pray for someone mortally ill and not just the announcement for whom mass was being celebrated.

Our mother, after pausing, and noting the number of times the sexton rang the hell, she could say Madame or Monsieur so



and so had passed. And that habit set off a pattern in their lives, which involved a visit to the funeral parlor and attendance at a church service.

Father Décary, the younger, had invited Franciscans to staff what would become Saint Francis College on land purchased and donated by the brothers for the purpose of having an operative Franco-American college in town. Saint Francis College operated by Franciscans priests and brother and a school for young girls was founded on that land. Zénon was buried on his own patch of land, land dedicated to God in memory of the priest for whom many prayed that he become a Saint and for whom they sought beatification.

Monseigneur Décary also saw to the construction on land, again along the Saco

River, for the purpose of establishing an orphanage and private school for day student and residential students, as well as land on which a hospital was built, now defunct, a home for nuns, and for a convalescing & nursing home which still operates, privately.

I do recall attending the Scout camp one summer. On my first day in the camp sleeping quarters, I witnessed another scout among us who fell to the floor in what I later learned was a fit. That's what we called it; for it wasn't until later that I learned it was a malady. I was doubly startled by the prompt action of the adult who stuck a swagger stick sideways between the boy's teeth. I learned something that day. I transferred to the Sea Scouts. Don't ask me why.

As I was already an altar boy or server, having served mass at Saint Joseph's, I was an altar boy at Saint André's. I frequently served 6:00 a.m. mass because I easily lived within a short walking distance of the church; if I ran, I could be there and dressed in all of five minutes.

The priest, Father Décary was an early riser. I did not need any lights to get around once inside and up the stairs to the nave and a few more steps to the sanctuary and from there, a short distance to the left or right where our lockers were. I hopped into my cassock and pulled the surplice over my head, passed a hand over my hair to set it, and I was ready for the service. Lights on, strike a match to a wick and walk up to the altar to light the candles. As we faced the altar with our backs to the congregation, we looked up to the tabernacle where the Lord was locked up but present in the communion hosts. High above was the ever-burning red chandelier hanging by a chain to the ceiling. Its red glow symbolized His ever presence.

Rarely did the man or woman who resided at the organ in the balcony and who started the mass immediately upon seeing the priest and I step into the sanctuary, walked to the foot of the altar where we turned left to face the altar as we had done before, together, and he had done just so many more times in his lifetime than I ever did in my youth or later, although I did offer to serve when I was in the service and attended services where I was stationed.

Already, as I knelt, a boy of eight or nine by now, I knew from the smell of garlic that father had had his fill the night before, as we were, in those days, to abstain from food before communion. But Father Décary reeked of garlic to the point of making me

*(Continued on page 5)*

*(Monseigneur Arhtur Décary continued from page 4)*

nauseous when I was cued to recite the Confiteor.

As the nausea crept up, my recitation went faster. As I went faster, father started shuffling his size seventeen, extra wide, well broken in, black Brogans. I learned that signal warning as a necessary retreat from my fast paced recitation of the Confiteor. I had to start all over again, and over again if he did not think I was giving the Confiteor the respect that it deserved, it was then in that moment of tension between the two of us that I knew that I had to slow down and if I did not, he had me start all over again, as many times as it was necessary for me to get it right. I never knew what those in their pews knew of what was going on or might have been alert enough to notice. But, I'm certain that those in the front rows, shrinking in their clothing to warm up, already knew the trouble that I was in and were willing to watch until the end of Mass.

With those feet and limbs, Father Décary could walk at a steady pace with a long stride. I once or maybe twice accompanied him on his morning jaunts to the college. These were frequent, week after week walks. Not a word was spoken. He would pause infrequently, and it was only to see where I was along the way. Did he need to adjust his stride or speed? NO! I had to run when I lagged too far behind just to catch up. He did not own a car. I suppose that if he needed an automobile for transportation there was always someone ready to lend assistance.

Altar boys had a schedule. It was good to have a schedule. I liked the weddings or funerals. The funerals kept me out of class mornings. The wedding meant that I worked the altar on a Saturday and learned some things important about wedding. I thought then that photographers were intrusive, and father was attentive and insistent that proper decorum was always maintained. He was not afraid to stop in mid ceremony to correct some indiscretion.

Other than that, communion required attention to the person accepting the host on the tongue. No hands permitted. No picking up if it fell. It was my job to catch the host when it slipped off the tongue in cases of dry mouth and went into its free fall. Although I was intent on picking up the host, father was so quick in his reaction that he was bumping into me to retrieve the Body of Christ. I don't know what might have happened to me in those days, had I touched it. But some Saints

have and, as I was to learn at the time, that often was why they were Saints.

One had to be alert to this happening as a catcher on a trapeze. For my part, I was afraid that if I reacted in a mistimed fashion, I might chip a tooth or peel back the skin covering the lower lip. Father wasn't all that limber. He was big and strong on his feet, but he couldn't have been a lumberjack walking a log floating downriver.

While the pastor's older brother had the makings of a saint because even before his death, saintly acts were already being attributed to him. He was such a holy man in life that many old parishioner and some young ones expected him to perform miracles, and, according to many respondents to queries, once upon a time, Zénon Décary had performed a goodly number of miracles. Even my mother would vouch for that today were she still alive, as But Le père Arthur Décary trudged along, taking great strides as he was, somewhat stoop shouldered, his hair disheveled driven, soulfully toward his goal as he walked self-assured and determined to reach his goal in good time. Stop and offer him a ride? No way! It was all constitutional.

The brother priests knew my father, and he knew them. My grandparents whom I never knew were parishioners and one or the other priests or even both could have led them to eternal rest. When the parish decided to build a school for boys and girls, grades one through eight for boys and one through twelve for girls, Father Décary, having paid for the school and having found an order of nuns as teachers was looking for an order of brothers to teach the boys. My father had a brother in the Order of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. Thus my father got in touch with his brother in Victoriaville, PQ. And the order agreed to take on the mission. Décary had both residences built, one for the brothers and one for the nuns. The latter was attached to the church, and I recall attending Monseigneur Décary there as he said mass for the nuns. For me, these visits to the nunnery chapels were very chapel. It a job that I had started when I was attending Saint Joseph's elementary and in first grade, and I always recalled the getting up at five a.m., getting dressed and walking unassisted in the dark up the garden walkway to the front door of the convent, wondering about the "guibbeux" moon and then, saved by the Virgin Mary, being unafraid to ring the big doorbell, and having to wait for "la portiere" to open the front door. \*

In retrospect, it could be that my father

wanted to move back to the parish that he had helped to grow in the early years of its existence. I spent the fifth and sixth grades with the Brothers of the Sacred Heart whom I knew about because I had an uncle, my father's brother, who was one of them assigned to Le Collège de Victoriaville, P.Q. These brothers were as tough as they had to be. Lessons were mostly in French, even as the Second World War was progressing and even though the State of Maine then required instruction in English. Many boys in attendance were intent not on and education so much as they were biding their time, even as they were being implored by their parents to take advantage of the education offered. Many just waited in ignorance, so to speak, for the opportunity to get a job in the mills. The older boys were starting to fall to the draft, leaving the door open for boys to lie about their birth date so they could ease their way from school where they were not learning to work where they could be earning, or until age and draft caught up with them. Maybe those were not the time to be young.

I was hoping that a priest would tap me to be sent to seminary. My father was

Thinking that the novitiate of the brothers would suit me. My mother, I believe wanted neither of my choices. But she would accept whatever choice I made freely. I entered the novitiate, after a lot of prayer, in the summer before seventh grade. Then, as we approached the end of the academic year, I came down with Leggs Perthes Disease, which, at the time, was treated by bed rest and immobilization. No getting out of bed. Our family doctor said to my mother when she asked him about it, that I had TB of the bones. My mother did not believe him. She prayed to Zénon Décary for a miraculous recovery, as did my aunts who were religious sister in Montreal who in turn prayed to their own candidate for sainthood. Mother gave the priest credit for the cure a year later, by that time; I had skipped just about two years of school when I entered my freshman year at Saint Louis in Biddeford.

*Note: \* For those who might disagree with my remembrances, I will call upon my father to be first to correct me. If he does, I will admit my errors and submit a correction. G.C.*





# All Too Clever To Rush Ahead of An Idea

*par Gérard Coulombe*

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

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

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

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

At home, as children, we all experienced shame; I was most embarrassed by recurrent constipation; I was most afraid,

confused, saddened and the angriest when I could not get out of a jam and allowed that I had to walk through the only unlocked door to the house by walking through the shed and, upon passing through the back door, to suffer the slam of the broom on my backside when my mother stepped out from behind the door and swung the broom in a way to connect with my behind, for she felt she could land a solid blow upon my backside.

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

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

It was not so much the fear of my peeing in my pants, as it was the fear of being caught with my corduroy knickers with the blackening white underpants.

Had I been wiser, I would have recalled that every time that I was in a hurry to pee, safely, in the potty, we lived on the first floor, which in itself an t advantage, for it allowed me to run out the back door, as fast as I could, to pee against the road bank which had one disadvantage. It climbed uphill behind the house. More often than not, I chose running out, but I also stuck to the hit or miss routine of being first at the opened toilet door.

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

Frankly, I didn't know at the time what

the “chicanerie” was about in our all boys' class that nearly all of us spent most of our class time trying to embarrass the teacher. It succeeded all too often which caused him to stop teaching and to take up his preparation for another class. It was still a time when there was little respect for proper education in our town's only Catholic high school. The distractors made the state of education dissolute—boys lounged around, ignored the teacher, spoke out of turn. It was done all French style, simple diffidence at times out of personal, self-destructive ignorance. I would not participate. My view could not win over those who did not like that I disapproved.

There are many instances when as a child you encounter fear. There is always a bully around who experiences a thrill whenever he knows that he is a victor if he can impose his will upon you with a threat to one's face or a blow to the body.

By the time I had enlisted at seventeen, confidence in myself had already become part of my training in part because of my basic training. We, in particular, were subjected to the brutal punishment of a drill sergeant and the equally brutal disparagement of another. That kind of pincer movement on a trainee could get the victim a dishonorable discharge. Your good luck was the ability to survive the pain and shame. It was often like that as a pre-teen, somebody knowing that he would be knocked down by a bully or close to being made to walk in tears the long distance home.

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

*(Continued on page 7)*



*(All Too Clever To Rush Ahead of An Idea continued from page 6)*

for most of us, the ladder that would have provided advancement proved unavailable, but there was always the textile mill following grammar school.

I had been lucky, even at an early age, to be provided the ability to climb the professional ladder of the advantaged religious as a priest or religious. Having failed due to illness and an adjustment in and reconsideration of my goals after a long period of rest due to my illness, advanced schooling even with a high school education was to me, at least, obviously unavailable. Even if, after hard work, working throughout high school, including a stint on in a textile mill on the second shift, I managed to graduate from high school, without financial support from my parents and a lot of risk for them giving they had nothing to start with other than the pay check that permitted their living from week to week without managing to save for extras,

My goal, realized, far too early in life, was to join them in the textile mills. All of my early playmates did that. And none of my future wife's graduating classmates went to college. The lucky two included the one who became an airline stewardess, and the perennial dancer in her youth who joined the Radio City Corps Ballet.

I made a decision. I would leave town by enlisting in the military. Having failed that, I would have been drafted for the Korean War. The latter was a salvation for those who survived and used the G.I. Bill to further their education. One became a professor of history at San Francisco State.

Sadness and anger are left on my list of "which I was most" this or that. Sadness

is a tough one. And so is anger. Perhaps I was most angry when I missed attending my maternal grandfather's funeral. I was there when his wife, my grandmother, died. That was quite a story to internalize when I was so young, but, still, at the foot of her bed, on my knees, my hands clasped in earnest prayer for her immortal soul, I felt myself easing my way closer to her head, I slid sideways, my hands clasped in prayer, with one knee at a time joining the other, moving toward the whole of her head where I would be able to see all of her face and be witness to the pace of her dying. The meaning of a good and bad death had been so ingrained into our heads at that early age, that I had images, one hopeful, the other doubtful—angelic and devilish at the same time.

The anger over this reappeared when I totally missed my grandfather's passing. Although I was present for his funeral, I do not recall how I managed to attend my grandmother's funeral and not his. Maybe I was away at school when he died and, therefore, older. That became a story in my life that left me puzzled over many years, and probably helped along with my mother's antagonism toward her sister, ingrained in my beliefs about her, that it all became related to my dislike for my aunt Eva, even as it sinfully, hatefully permitted me to dwell upon her visage in the form of gargoyles, not any specific one—out of her mouth poured not rainwater but venom. She is dead. I do not wish that she knew this. My mom is dead, so the two of them might have had, by now, an encounter with a chance to discuss together what I was thinking then. My mother might have known all about that. I never did know my own mother.

Yes, I was sad when my mom, dad,

sister, brother-in-law died and sad, too, when some of my students passed over the years. Sadness, as expressed by the tears shed, does not occur so readily now that someone I know passes or that someone else I know very well is soon to pass because, I too will pass, soon enough. For all the years that I will have managed to live a little bit longer, I do not forget all of the other relatives, some by their histories, some by their obituaries writ, at least, writ along the track of a roadside cemetery, were they all drawn together by someone's foresight.

But, there's a well established trend among some, to let them who pass to be buried where they fall instead of bringing them all back to a plot all their own where they gather as family, once more.

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

For some in the community being French-Canadian meant that we didn't amount to hill of dried, white beans and all we knew was that we were here, in place, and meant to stay. That was my thinking, and, I think that was a lot of thinking for a boy of thirteen who wrote letters to the editor of the local daily newspaper about a legendary, but cruel, guerilla hero who went by the name of Tito.

But, for me and my classmates starting in grade one, there was the Explorer Champlain and, of course, the Credo and, let us not forget, "*O Canada, terre de nos aïeux*" was our anthem until United States President Roosevelt declared the USA at War.

## Accomplished Franco-Americans

by *Denise R. Larson*

*Two Maine-born Franco-American women of incredible ingenuity achieved fame and fortune through invention and literature*

### *Helen Augusta Blanchard*

Recently I started taking creative sewing lessons. Working with computerized sewing machines that could make six hundred patterns of fancy stitch made me curious about when the original, non-straight, i.e., zigzag sewing machine was first sold and who invented it. With a little digging, I was pleasantly surprised to find

that a Franco-American descendant of a seventeenth-century Huguenot émigré was the first to devise a method of over-seaming, which is now called zigzag. Helen Augusta Blanchard of Portland, Maine, was granted a patent for the machine with the innovative stitch in 1873. Designed for industrial use, the machine revolutionized the textile industry, which was very important to Maine's economy. Only after her patent expired did



*Helen Augusta Blanchard  
courtesy of Wikimedia Commons*

*(Continued on page 8)*

(*Accomplished Franco-Americans*  
continued from page 7)

the large sewing machine companies put their version of the zigzag machine on the market and developed it for domestic use.

Born in Portland in 1840, Helen took to tinkering with mechanical things at an early age and eventually held more than two dozen patents, most of them for industrial machinery. She amassed a fortune before she passed away in 1922. Though she lived in New York, Philadelphia, and Rhode Island during her inventing and manufacturing career, her final resting place is Evergreen Cemetery in Portland.



*Sarah Orne Jewett*

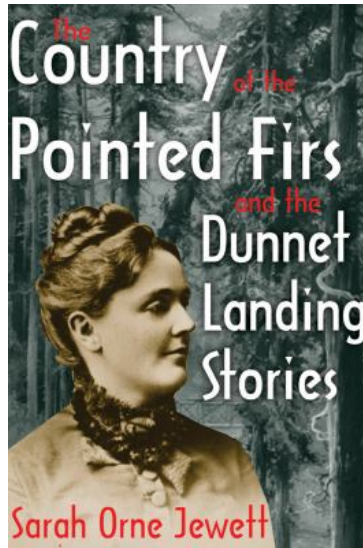


*Sarah Orne Jewett*  
courtesy of Wikimedia Commons

Born September 3, 1849, in South Berwick, Maine, Sarah Orne Jewett was the daughter of a country doctor. She enjoyed accompanying him on his rounds visiting patients whenever she could. Her father saw to her education, both in school and under his guidance. She thought she might become a doctor but was drawn in the direction of writing.

Sarah's most famous work, *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, first published in 1896, is a tale of the inhabitants of a poor, isolated village on the coast and nearby

islands of Maine. Individually self-reliant yet collectively closely intertwined, their lives hover on the edge of dramatic social changes at the end of the nineteenth century. Jewett devised the story so as to preserve a record of a way of life that she and all those around her knew was passing and would not come again. She also wanted to counter the belittling attitude of wealthy Bostonians and New Yorkers who did not know the depth of the villagers feelings and misery nor the strength of their fortitude. Sarah Orne Jewett is considered to be America's Jane Austen for her rendering of the quiet qualities of en-



durance and courtesy in hometown Mainers.

Sarah's lyrical rendition of the accent and colloquialisms of her characters has been placed on par with that of her contemporary Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*. Both she and Twain are considered pioneers in the formation of a distinctly American style of writing popular novels.

Another new arena in which Sarah was a strong influence was that of the preservation of nature and its fragile environment. Her sensitive descriptions of flowers, trees, marshes, and waters are similar in depth to those of Henry David Thoreau, who work was widely read when she was a teenager. (Thoreau is another Franco-American of renown. According to The Thoreau Society, his ancestors were Jean Thoreau of St. Helier of the Isle of Jersey, and Philippe Thoreau, a wine merchant.)

Although Sarah's seventeenth century ancestors were Puritans who arrived in Boston in 1638 from England, the family's earlier generations were French. Henri de Juatt was a Norman and a knight of the First Crusade. He founded the House of Juatt in England. Over time, the family surname morphed into Juatte, Jowitt, Jouett, Jewet,

and, finally, Jewett.

Another French connection was Jewett's grandmother Sarah Orne, for whom she was named. Orne is the name of a river in northwest France as well as of a department in that region, having been formed from the old provinces of Normandy and Perche. Sarah credited her grandmother and her heritage for the *gaieté de coeur* family characteristic that was evident in Sarah herself and her father.

Sarah Orne Jewett went back to her Norman roots when choosing the lead characters of *Pointed Firs*. They are the Bowden family, perhaps descendants of a Beaudoin line. In the novel she credits the Bowden's French Huguenot heritage for their bravery in venturing to a rough new world and their being Norman Englishmen and women for their determination to hold on to their village and livelihood while all the world around them changes.

Sarah died in 1909, in an era that was experiencing the introduction of many extraordinary inventions, such as electricity, the radio, the phonograph, the telephone, trolleys, motorcars, and airplanes. She must have known that the world of her childhood was gone forever, but her efforts to preserve the concept of a turn-of-the-century northern New England fishing village insulated from the onslaught of revolutionary changes succeeded. Her short novel is still widely read and is honored as an American Classic.

For more information about the Huguenot expulsion from France and their settlement in England and America, please see the website of The Huguenot Society of America: <http://www.huguenotsocietyofamerica.org>. There is an alphabetical list of Huguenot ancestors whose lines have been documented.

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Denise R. Larson is a free-lance writer and author who lives in the greater Bangor metropolitan area. Her novels are available through Apple's iTunes bookstore.



# Aimons notre École

par Amanda Chassé

*(Recitation at her Graduation from St. Agatha High School, aka Notre-Dame de la Sagesse High School, on May 22, 1911)*

*Soumis par Terry Ouellette  
Ste-Agathe Historical Society*

Le moment est venu pour nous de quitter notre École quand elle nous semble plus chère encore que jamais, et lorsque peut être, nous venons seulement de comprendre tout ce que nous lui devons

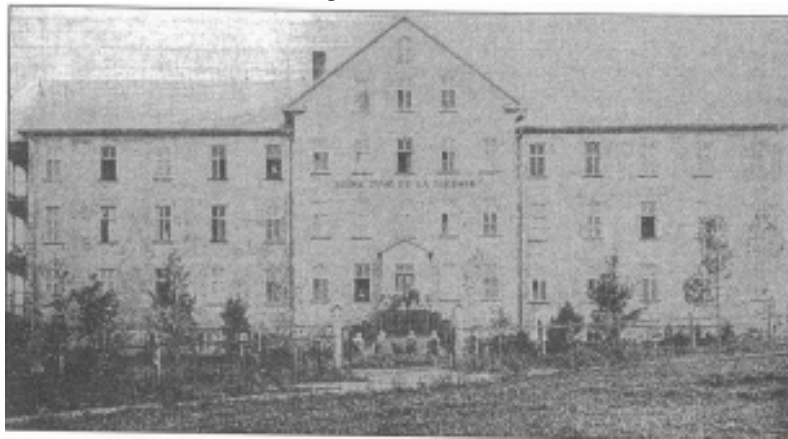
Ces quatre années ui viennent de s'écouler ont pu parfois nous paraître bien longues...il faut l'avouer, nous n'avons pas toujours aimé les heures de silence et d'études les leçons et les devoirs difficiles mais toutcela n'était - il pas pour notre plus grand bien? Aujourd'hui, plus que jamais nous voyons tout ce que fut pour nous notre École, c'est pour quoi nous voulons lui donner un témoignage public de notre reconnaissance en disant bien haut que nous l'aimons et combien ell mérite d'être aimée!

Aimons notre École! Quoi de plus naturel? N'est-elle point pour nous chose sacrée, voulue de Dieu qui, jellant les yeux sure notre cher pays dit un jour: "La moisson est belle, mais il y a peu d'ouvrier" . C'est alors que pour seconder ceux qui déjà travaillaient dans son champ, il suscita des âmes généreuses et toute dévouées à l'éducation. Vite, Elles se mirent à l'oeuvre et vivent avec bonheur se grouper près d'elles petits et grands. Ne voulaient elles pas atteindre tous les âges?

Lourde était la tache, et quel dévouement n'escigea point. semblable entreprise! C'est pour nous grande

joie de constater combien Dieu l'a rendue prospère...

En effet dès sa première année, notre Haute École, las chose du bon Dieu, devenait en même temps la chose de l'Etat. Recon-



nue, encouragée par lui dans la personne de representants devoués a sa cause, elle ne fit depuis lors que grandir. Qu'il nou soit donc permis de témoigner ici notre gratitude à ses envoyés venus ce soir pour nous donner,



**50th Wedding Anniversary of Mr & Mrs Donat Michaud  
July 1969**

La Famille a Donat et Amanda (Chasse) Michaud  
Seated L-R: Patricia Landry, Sr. Gabrielle, Amanda, Donat, Don,(Herve), Marie Malvey  
Standing L-R: Jean, Rose Dufour, Richard, Jeanne Crabtree, Robert, Angela Raymond, Raymond and Jack

en son nom, votre diplôme de fin d'études!

Aimons notre École car nous la devons encore à nos bons parents, à nos amis, à tous les habitants de St. Agatha qui l'ont désirée, l'ont appelée de leurs vœux et la soutiennent maintenant au prix de grands sacrifices. Notre École est pour eux un honneur et une joie, un honneur parce qu'elle est à eux et qu'il est louable et digne d'un peuple éclairé de travailler au progrès de l'éducation, un joie, car elle permet à leurs enfants de terminer près d'eux des études avancées et cela à peu de frais.

Pour moi, élève de cette École dont j'ai par couru tous les grades, de cette École qui m'a vue petite fille, qui ma fait grandir et m'amène enfin au terme de mes études, je suis heureuse et fière de pouvoir vous redire à tous qui l'aimez: "Aimons la bien, travaillons pour elle, rendons la plus florissante encore; qu'un nombre toujours croissant de jeunes gens et de jeunes filles viennent y trouver comme nous un second foyer où leur seront prodigués, avec une affection toute maternelle, les prcieuse enseignements qui forment à la fois c'eesprit et le coeur.

Mais pour nous surtout qui allons la quitter qu'est elle notre chère École, le berceau de nos espérances, le nid d'où nous allons prendre notre essor vers le monde inconnu! Qui pourrait dire quelle place elle tient dans notre coeur! Nous, ses enfants, comment ne l'aimerions nous pas comment ne chercherions nous pas à la faire aimer partout et toujours.

Nous te quittons, École bien aimée, tu nous as préparés pour la vie, tu nous a tout donné.

En retour, que ferons nous pour te payer notre dette de reconnaissance? Noblesse oblige: nous saurons nous montrer dignes de toi!



## Riddle me this

By Grégoire Chabot

He'd been staring at the screen for at least five minutes. He had finished up in the kitchen, come into the living room, and sat down in his chair. He had considered picking up the newspaper and reading it to show – no, prove – that he was busy, that he had important things to do. But he had read it all just before breakfast. She had seen him do it and would definitely make some snide remark or ask him why the hell he was reading it again.

So he sat there watching « Judy and Joe » or « Patti and Pete » or « Philomène and Pamphile » ... a.m. shows were pretty much identical so he struggled to tell one from another and had no idea which one he happened to be watching. But he pretended that “Patti and Pete” (maybe it was actually « Philomène and Pamphile ») was the world's most interesting program. If she believed the make-believe attention he was paying to the perky TV couple, he could perhaps evade, escape ... never have to ask that question he detested.

It wasn't really the question itself he abhorred, but the whole bundle of drawn out predictableness that followed. It was a simple question. Nothing complex or convoluted. Seven small words: « How's that stomach pain? Gone away yet? » But he had been asking that same question over and over again for the past four days. Ever since she had made the world and him aware of her pain first thing Monday morning, he had repeated the question at least five or six times a day. The first time, he really was concerned and wanted to know if his dearest spouse was feeling better. He was nothing, if not a doting husband.

But each time after that – after spending hours and hours and hours (and hours) listening to and participating in discussions about what could possibly have caused the stomach ache and the stories about all the other members of her family who were cursed with the same malady and what did he think she should do to just make it go away and maybe she should call he niece who was a nurse in a well-respected Boston Hospital because she would certainly know what needed to be done, he was fed up. Couldn't take it any more. Had it up to here with the ache and its causes and possible cures and even the dear niece in Boston.

(Continued on page 15)



## Lettres/ Letters

I have been a loyal subscriber to the “Forum” for many years. I love reading and relating to the same cultural experiences as my compatriots. I have the feeling that most of us writing are children of “Canayens”, rather than French-Canadians way back then. In fact who likes to be hyphenated? I am in my late seventies and I feel that many of the writers' experiences are due to the fact that we are “the sandwich generation.” Our children and grandchildren are rarely interested our history. They are now full fledged and loyal Americans.

As you all know, about one million “Canayens” migrated to the U. S. from the 1840's to the 1950's. At first they came to serve as paid soldiers replacing the sons of wealthy families. In fact one of our presidents, Grover Cleveland hired such a mercenary. Others came to manufacture arms in the factories of Massachusetts and Connecticut during the Civil War.. Later, the immigrants came to work in the textile mills and the lumber industry. In my case, the immigrants came from the Sherbrooke area to work in the granite and marble quarries of Vermont. In the 1950's I remember workers still coming down with their families to work in the Barre granite industry.

In the 1970's immigration stopped and some of the families started returning to Quebec. The main reason was health insurance. Once they could get better health care in Canada that was a great incentive for returning. Also, automation reduced job opportunities. Television changed family dynamics with few people joining clubs or being so active in parish life. These activities used to keep communities together. Today, our children have integrated into our so called melting pot. For “Canayens” this was not too complicated because we had the same color skin in spite of our non-English sounding names. Some changed that by Americanizing their names, e.g. Poisson/Fisher; Boisvert/Greenwood; Boisvin/Drinkwine, etc.

In the quarrying town of Graniteville, Vermont where I grew up there were no class wars. We were all poor but we did not go to bed hungry. By poor I meant we all had dads who were happy to make \$2.00 an hour in the 1950's. We thought making \$100 a week

would be heaven. We did have a few homeless, but back then they were called hobos.

Most all the dads worked in the granite industry. They were not educated, but they were not dumb. They were very resourceful and with hard work they were able to support large loving families. What held our family together was love!!! My parents worked as a team. Both had tremendous energy and respect for each other. Of course, when things were difficult they would defer to their favorite saint and the saints of “*les Canayens*”, “*le bon Saint Joseph*”. Saint Joseph was our “Lady of Guadalupe”.

In school we never felt any discrimination. Our nuns, “*les Soeurs du St. Esprit*”, had been expelled from France, so we learned our catechism and our prayers in French. If an Anglo gave us some lip, we would tell them,

“*Mange la marde* (sic)!” or say, “If you're so smart, why don't you speak French?” As students we were kind of mean teaching our new classmates all the nasty vocabulary we knew.

Of course we always had that dilemma, should it be “*un chassis*” or “*une fenêtre*”; “*une voiture*” or “*un char*”.

That problem had to be solved when I majored in French and I was told I had to speak “International French” in order to teach. Consequently, I spent many hours in a language lab. Two of my professors from France loved to hear me speak “Joual” and they would kind of snicker. I was too naïve at the time to know what was happening. However, I do have to say that my bilingual upbringing really helped me in my career as a French teacher and Peace Corps Volunteer in Tunisia. Now, when I go to Quebec, they tell me, “Ah, tu parles le français de l'école.”

Today, especially in California, Spanish has become very important. After all, Spanish was the “*lengua franca*” until the Yankees came along in the 1840's. All five of my children have studied French, and one speaks fluently. However, in their work, Spanish would almost be needed to get ahead. One of my daughters graduated from the Sonoma Police Academy, but only the bilingual graduates were hired that year. The only French word we hear these days are “*Pépère*” and “*Mémère*” and even those are not always pronounced well. On of my grandsons calls me “Pepper”. “*C'est dommage, c'est comme ça!!!*”

Xavier de la Prade  
Petaluma, CA

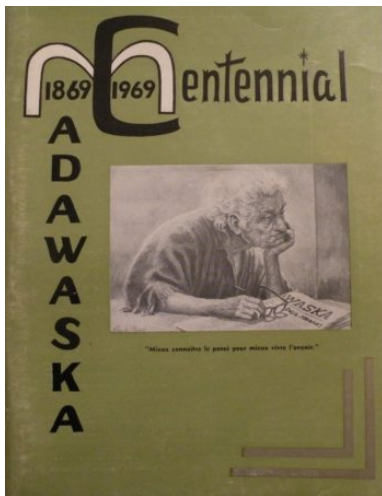


# Le Grand Derangement described in Madawaska Centennial Journal

October 5, 2018, Franco-American News and Culture Evangeline, Grand Pre Nova Scotia, John Mack Faragher

By Juliana L'Heureux

Separation of families was the cruel strategy enforced during “Le Grand Derangement”. It was the terrible period in 1755, in Nova Scotia, when the cruel British upheaval separated families and dispersed them in ships to many foreign ports. Some refugees were able to reassemble or escape the deportation. A group of the refugees found their way to the territory of Madawaska, in Northern Maine and South Eastern Canada. This history was chronicled in an article I found published in the Madawaska Centennial, a 1969 publication.



A historical account about the Great Displacement known by Acadians and their descendants as Le Grand Derangement.

Historic synopsis: The Expulsion of the Acadians, also known as the Great Upheaval, the Great Expulsion, the Great Deportation and Le Grand Dérangement, was the forced removal by the British of the Acadian people from the present day Canadian Maritimes, parts of an area also known as Acadia. The Expulsion (1755–1764) was part of the British military campaign against New France. The British first deported Acadians to the Thirteen American Colonies and, after 1758, transported additional Acadians to Britain and France. In all, of the 14,100 Acadians in the region, approximately 11,500 Acadians were deported (a census of 1764 indicates that 2,600 Acadians remained in the colony, presumably having eluded capture).

“...the famous order for all men, from the oldest to boys about ten years old were summoned on Friday, September 5, 1755 (263 years ago), to meet at the St. Charles Church in Grand Pre, Nova Scotia. Additionally, the ‘special message from the king’ was read in other nearby parishes. Some families fled to the woods with whatever belongings they could carry. Unfortunately, 418 Acadian men and boys were locked inside the Grand-Pre church and heard with disbelief what Lieutenant Colonel John Winslow read to them, while someone translated. They and their families were to be deported.



Le Grand Derangement in 1755 in Grand Pre Nova Scotia (Acadia)- separation of families by the British during the deportations.

No specific author’s by line is attached to the historical account of the tragic circumstances published in the 1969 Centennial report. Yet, the description about the deportations is compelling because the story is personal to so many Madawaska citizens, who are descendants of the deported Acadians.

In the opening paragraph, the author wrote, “The past of the Acadian people who came (to Madawaska) from Nova Scotia is a long story of persecution by the English, (it was) a century of uncertainty, (a period) of continuous struggle with unequal arms. It is no wonder that one man who could not endure it any more asked, ‘Does God not make any more lands for the Acadians?’”



Acadian Cross at Grand Pre Nova Scotia- L'Heureux photograph



Acadians waiting for ships to deport them from Horton’s Landing/Grand Pré, Acadia/Nova Scotia

Separation of families was common during this tragic process.

An article in the History News Network by John Mack Faragher, described the situation: “The campaign against the Acadians, which lasted until...1763, claimed thousands of lives. Acadian property was

(Continued on page 12)



# Gold Star Mother Emma Martin Morin of Biddeford

September 28, 2018, Franco-American News and Culture Aisne-Marne American Cemetery, Chateau-Thierry, McArthur Library, Tighe-Beaudoin\_Farley American Legion, World War I

By **Juliana L'Heureux**

American Gold Star families are immediate relatives of members of the U.S. Armed Forces who have been killed in combat or in support of certain military activities.



Tribute to Gold Star Families in the Lewiston Maine Veterans Park. Mrs. Emma Martin Morin of Biddeford was a World War I Gold Star Mother (1865-1960), Her son Napoleon Morin was killed at Chateau-Thierry, in France. Photograph of the Memorial by Gail Schnepf Dubay

Emma Martin Morin was a Gold Star mother as the result of her son Napoleon's death at the 1918, Battle of Chateau Thierry, during World War I, in France.

(Le Grand Derangement described in Madawaska Centennial Journal continued from page 11)

plundered, their communities torched, their lands seized. After the war, many of the surviving Acadians returned to the Maritimes, but not to their old farms on the Bay of Fundy, which, in the meantime, had been granted to English-speaking, Protestant settlers. Most of the surviving Acadians created new communities in what would become the province of New Brunswick, Canada, while several hundred others migrated to French Louisiana and became the ancestors of today's Cajuns." Faragher wrote about "When French Settlers Were the Victims of Ethnic Cleansing in North America" in his book published in 2005, "A Great and Noble Scheme"

Faragher claims that the deportation of the Acadians was planned well in advance of the king's order. "...carried out by officers of the government in accordance with a

carefully conceived plan that had been years in the making, and included the seizure and destruction of Acadian records and registers, the arrest and isolation of community leaders, and the separation of men from women and children."

In the centennial report, the names of Acadian refugee families who arrived in Madawaska in June of 1785 were Duperre, Potier, Daigle, Fournier, Cyr, Ayotte, Thibodeau, Sanfacon and Mercure. Some dispersed into Quebec but the Cyr family stayed the most localized in Madawaska. Others arrived later and their names were Cormier, Violette, Amirault, Martin, Maze-rolle, Leblanc, Gaudin, Hebert, Theriault, Comeau, LeBlanc, Legere and Gaudet.

My husband's paternal great-grandmother was a Sanfacon and his grandmother was a Savoir (a branch of the Thibodeau family).

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow immortalized the Acadian deportation in 1847, with

Her sacrifice has stayed with the family even 58 years after Ms. Morin's own death, at 95 years old, when she died at home on March 20, 1960, in Biddeford. She was the oldest World War I Gold Star mother of Biddeford's Tighe-Beaudoin-Farley American Legion Post 26, auxiliary, in York County.

It is appropriate to research Emma's history and to include her historic documentation in our family's narrative. Mrs. Morin was my husband's maternal grandmother.



Newspaper clippings from the Biddeford Maine daily newspaper described Mrs. Emma Martin Morin, the oldest World War I Gold Star Mother (1865-1960) L'Heureux photograph

(Continued on page 13)

the publication his internationally acclaimed and best selling epic poem titled "Evangeline", also made into a silent film starring Dolores del Rio.

Le Grand Derangement and its impact on families continues to be discussed even 263 years after the events occurred. These human tragedies are deeply personal and impact families for many generations. They are traumatic generational memories and rarely forgotten.

### 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.ban-gordailynews.com/author/jlheureux/>

*(Gold Star Mother Emma Martin Morin of Biddeford continued from page 12)*

In 2018, the world remembers the Centennial of the signing of the Armistice, ending World War I, on November 11, 1918, in France. Tragically, Corporal Napoleon Morin was killed in August, 1918, at Chateau Thierry. He was 19 years old when he was killed.

When Mrs. Morin turned 95 years old, in 1959, her birthday was reported on the front page of the December, Vol. 75, N. 281, local section of the daily Biddeford-Saco Journal, with a story continuing on page 6, inside the newspaper.

Many thanks to McArthur Library reference librarian Brooke Faulkner and the excellent archives maintained on microfilm by the library, for finding the birthday article and the obituary for Gold Star mother Mrs. Emma Martin Morin, 1865-1960.

A tribute to Mrs. Martin is described in the caption beneath her birthday photograph: "The 95th birthday of Mrs. Emma Martin Morin, Pike Street, Biddeford, will be cele-

brated with open house on Sunday, from 2-5 PM in the residence where she has made her home for over 60 years. A communicant of St. Andre church, she is the oldest Gold Star Mother of the Tighe-Beaudoin-Farley American Legion auxiliary. The arrangements for the celebration were in the charge of Wilfred A. Cote, her son-in-law, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold J. Duranceau, and family, who also resided in the family home." In fact, Mrs. Morin moved into the Pike Street home in 1899, when her family arrived in Biddeford, from Roxton Falls, in Quebec.

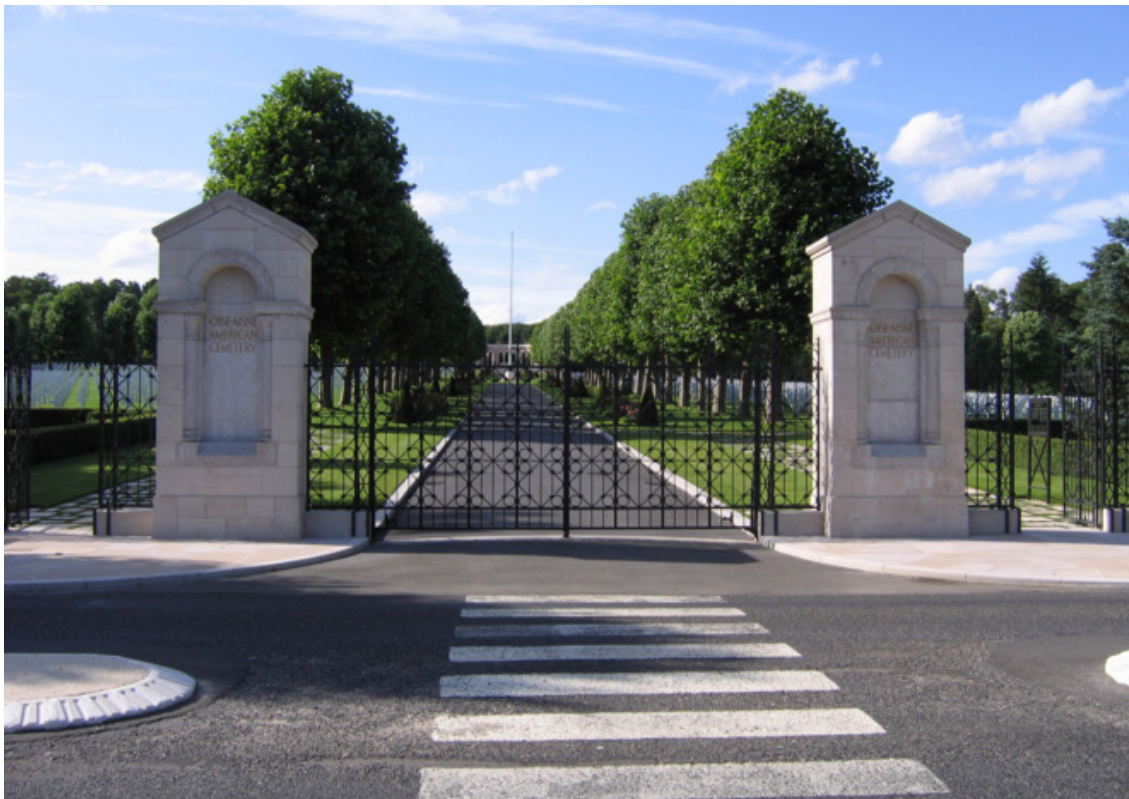
In the report, verified by my husband Richard L'Heureux who is her grandson, Mrs. Morin raised 11 children and at the time of her 95th birthday, she counted 49 grandchildren, 102 great-grandchildren and 10 great-great grandchildren. Five of her children were living at the time of her 95th birthday and six were sadly deceased. (My husband told me that Mrs. Martin, his Memere, once said to him that she wondered if Jesus had forgotten to take her, instead. Of course, all of their conversations were in French.)

One of her deceased sons was Napoleon Morin, a World War I soldier, who was killed at Chateau Thierry. At 95 years old, Mrs. Morin was reported to have been in good health and she was fond of playing card games. She had a "remarkable memory", reported in the newspaper by her family. She enjoyed telling stories as a "raconteur", who skillfully related the family's Franco-Americans customs.

Nevertheless, she understandably mourned the deaths of all of her family members and grieved for her son Napoleon, who was only 19 years old at the time of his death.

A few months after her 95th birthday, Mrs. Martin died on March 20, 1960, at her Biddeford home.

During this Centennial commemorative year, when the world remembers the end of World War I in 1918, we also want to acknowledge the thousands of Gold Star families who continue to grieve the loss of their loved ones, even when the deaths occurred a century, or more, ago. Napoleon Morin's remains are interred at the Aisne-Marne American Cemetery, in France.



*The Oise-Aisne American Cemetery and Memorial is located 2.5 kilometers east of Fère-en-Tardenois, along Highway D-2 near the hamlet of Seringes-et-Nesles. It is approximately 113 kilometers northeast of Paris.*

*Interred here on this 36.5 acre site are the remains of 6,012 American war dead, most of whom died in 1918 during the WWI. Their headstones are aligned in long rows and are divided into four sections by wide paths with a circular plaza at the center. There is a memorial for the missing at the far end. On its walls are engraved 241 names. The cemetery is open daily to the public from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. except December 25 and January 1. A staff member is on duty in the Visitor Building to answer questions and escort relatives to grave and memorial sites.*



# A Rough First Week of School for Lewiston's Dominican Sisters

September 28, 2018 Children, Education, Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Religion  
By James Myall

In 1903, Father Alexandre-Louis Mothon, the curé of the Dominican monastery in Lewiston, wrote to the community of Dominican Sisters of Nancy, in France, asking them to send some of their members to Maine to teach the Franco-American children of Lewiston.



*Dominican Block, Lewiston, 1883. The children assembled outside are students at the school located in the Block. Their teachers, the Sisters of Charity, can be seen standing at the windows. Their vows forbade them from being photographed. Image: USM Franco-American Collection/Maine Memory Network*

Initially, the children of the city's French Canadian immigrants were educated by lay members of the community. The city itself briefly established a public school headed by a graduate of the state run Madawaska Training School, which trained French speakers to teach Francophone kids. However, in 1878, Rev Hervé had invited the Sisters of Charity of St Hyacinthe, QC, to teach the community's youth.

But the Sisters of Charity were not a teaching order. They were replaced in 1891 by the Dames de Sion. But the Dames de

Sion were not supposed to teach boys according to the rules of their order, and they, too, gave up the task of teaching in Lewiston's parochial schools, in 1903. Thus Father Mothon turned to the Dominican Sisters of France for help.

His request was well-timed. A new government in France had recently taken steps to secularize the French education system, and reduce the status of religious orders in France. The opportunity to teach in Lewiston came just as the sisters found themselves marginalized by the French state. Nonetheless the French nuns were reluctant to take up Father Mothon's offer. Establishing a new chapter across the Atlantic would be a big undertaking, and the Sisters had no experience as teachers. On the other hand, their situation in France was precarious, and the US at least offered a guarantee of religious freedom they couldn't find in Europe.

After repeated requests from Mothon and others, the Sisters sent a small delegation to Lewiston to learn more. Despite some misgivings, they accepted the assignment, and in the summer of 1904, twenty-eight Sisters came to Lewiston to begin work. Their experiences were recorded in the official history of the new convent, a translation of which is located at the University of Southern Maine's Franco-American Collection.

From the start, these women had their work cut out for them. For one, the order struggled to recruit Sisters who could speak English well enough to teach it in the parish schools. In addition to the French nuns, the group included Spanish, Swiss, German, English, and Irish women. They also recruited one bilingual sister who had been born in New Orleans, and arranged the "loan" of four Dominicans from the congregation of St Mary of the Springs in Ohio.

Then there was the fact that the French sisters had never taught before. Nine of the sisters came to the United States as an advance group in June, staying in Fall River, Massachusetts, where the Dominican Fathers oversaw another French Canadian parish, and operated three parochial schools. In Fall River the Sisters shadowed the nuns who were teaching there, and learned the basics of the American education system.

The rest of the Sisters crossed the Atlantic in July and August, and the entire group made their way to Lewiston by August 24. The Sisters moved into the convent recently vacated by the Dames de Sion, and the new arrivals had to contend with workmen and decorators fixing up the place as they tried to settle in. They also shared the residence with an infestation of fleas. The nuns took this mostly in stride, noting that these were the "true signs of poverty" and that St Theresa of Ávila had also famously been "tormented" by fleas as she reformed the Carmelite Order of nuns in the 16th century.

Nonetheless even nuns bound to a life of poverty found some of the sleeping quarters, or cells, to be "inadequately small." The convent had no kitchen garden, just two  
*(Continued on page 15)*



*The First Dominican Sisters in Lewiston, 1905.  
Image: USM Franco-American Collection.*



*(A Rough First Week of School for Lewiston's Dominican Sisters continued from page 14)*

shady strips of land where, “weeds grew abundantly.”

The schools, too, were in a poor state. The nuns spent some of their time “mending and covering books” in preparation for the start of the new term.

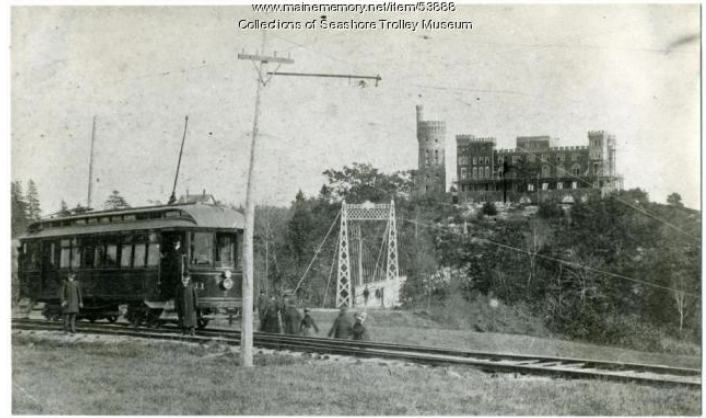


*The “Little Canada School” on Lincoln Street in Lewiston. This may well be the public school operated by the City of Lewiston for French-Speaking children in the 1880s. Image: USM Franco-American Collection / Maine Memory Network*

The outlook was not much improved once the Sisters met their prospective charges. The nuns were introduced to the Lewiston children in a special church service in late August. The youngsters were “badly behaved and idle,” “yawning, stretching, pushing and laughing,” throughout. Perhaps it was just high spirits during school vacation? It was, in any case “not too reassuring.”

One last task before the start of the school year provided some relief for the harried Sisters. The Dominican Fathers’ annual summer picnic had been delayed so that the Sisters could join the excursion. The clergy and women religious of the parish took nearly 200 children on a day trip to Casco Castle, the newly-opened “trolley park” in Freeport. The journey by electric trolley took 2 and a half hours but was apparently worth it. The amusement park included

a wooden mock castle, a stone tower (which survives today), a zoo and access to the beach. The boys went swimming while the girls (who were not allowed to swim) played games with the sisters. The children had a picnic lunch of fruit, cake and ice cream, toured the zoo, and listened to concert by the parish children’s band, before heading home. “An ideal day,” the Sisters concluded.



*Casco Castle, Freeport, 1906. Image: Freeport Historical Society/Maine Memory Network.*

Soon enough though, it was back to the task at hand, and the Sisters were thrust headfirst into their first days of teaching. The hope that the disobedience of the children was just due to summertime high spirits was soon dispelled. The older boys “didn’t listen to anything...made noise, stood on tables, defying the teacher. One of them said “you won’t hit me?” The Sisters tried to take names and addresses of the troublemakers but many simply refused to give them. Everyone was dismissed after first period.

The second day of school was not much better. Father Knapp, the director of schools for the parish, gave the students a test to group them into classes. The answers displayed a great lack of knowledge. The sisters recorded a selection of answers from the first three grades:

- Where is Canada?  
 — A country in France  
 What is France?  
 — The capital of Canada

*(Continued on page 16)*

*(Riddle me this continued from page 15)*

But there was no possible way he could not ask the damned question. He knew he should have asked it right when he walked into the living room ... right when he sat down in his chair at the very latest. It was expected. The ritual had – in four short - or long – days become well-established and needed to be performed. The same applied to all the other parts of their lives. If it wasn’t, she would soon grow impatient. Even as he watched « Betty and Ben » (« Ègline and Elphège? »), he sensed that she was already starting to fidget in her chair and rub her stomach. It wouldn’t be long before she would let out low moans of pain - alternating muffled « oof »s and « oioioioi »s. If he didn’t ask the damned question, the moans

would gradually become more frequent and insistent until ...

It was at times like these that he ardently wished he had somehow become a handyman. A handyman can always extract himself from any situation by saying something like « Well, that project won’t finish itself » or « Gotta get them 2 by 4s planed before they get stuperfasted all to hell.” He can then disappear for hours or days in his workshop without a care in the world. But he could never saw anything in a straight line or nail two boards together. He could measure fifty times and still have to cut fifty times

Same thing applied to cars and hunting and fishing and all of those other wonderful hobbies that are such life-savers when men can’t stomach the thought of talking to their

wives. He would have gone off fishing with a 12 gauge and hunting with a handful of sinkers and would have wondered why he was having so much trouble changing the spark plugs on his car with that nice new pop-up toaster he had bought just for that purpose.

The TV talk between Suzy and Sam (« Andromaque and Adelard? ») had gradually become unintelligible. The images on the screen blurred into bluish blobs. He felt the sweat run down his brow. He stomach churned and burned. And he heard a voice that seemed as alien as it was familiar ask: « How’s that stomach pain? Gone away yet? »

*(See page 43 for French Version)*

*(A Rough First Week of School for Lewiston's Dominican Sisters continued from page 15)*

Who discovered America?

— Joan of Arc

Who was Christopher Columbus?

— The Governor of Maine

Who were Adam and Eve?

— We haven't reached that part yet.

Father Knapp recommended frequent use of the “strap” to keep students in line. The French sisters were taken aback. Corporal punishment was common in American schools at the time, but unknown in France. In general, the experience of teaching was much harder than the sisters had anticipated, and not helped by the large class sizes – 80 children in each class. Still, when Father Mothon found Sister Marie Barthélemie crying in the middle of her classroom surrounded by unruly students, he remarked that he “thought they would have had more trouble than this.”



*Children at the “Academie St Dominique,” Bates Street, Lewiston, 1908. Image: USM Franco-American Collection.*

## A Franco-American Company in the Mexican Border War

July 13, 2018 Home, New Hampshire, World War One  
**By James Myall**

On 9 March 1916, Mexican soldiers under the command of General Pancho Villa attacked the city of Columbus, New Mexico. It was just one of many such border skirmishes which had been ongoing since the outbreak of civil war in Mexico in 1910. However, the attack on Columbus also represented an escalation of hostilities and a breaking point for US authorities. Within days, President Woodrow Wilson ordered American army to pursue Villa's men into Mexico. It soon became apparent that Villa and his supporters would not easily be caught, and the regular army needed reinforcements to secure their supply lines and to continue to guard

Gradually, the sisters restored discipline, with the assistance of Father Knapp, and his successor Father Laferrière (who had a telephone installed at the school so they could call on him for help when needed). They implemented a new curriculum, and made tweaks like a merit system for good behavior.

The progress was such that by Christmas 1905, the Sisters notes that the children in the upper grades could finally write their regular letters to their parents without having to copy the text from the blackboard. Behavior was much better, too. When the Prioress of the convent visited the school at the Dominican Block at the holidays, the children presented her with a “gold book” of their accomplishments. It listed prayers, rosaries and masses said; as well as homework well done and good marks received. One page listed “acts of virtue” the children were proud of:

I didn't chew gum (11)

I was hit, and didn't hit back (12)

I didn't lie, all day (1)

I didn't stop in the street (32)

I didn't turn my back in class (135)

A far cry from the raucous scenes of a year before.

The Dominican Sisters would continue to run Lewiston's parish schools for many decades, and as recently as this year, there was still a teaching sister in the school system. The remaining sisters of the order still live at their convent in Sabattus. From rough beginnings, the Sisters came to thrive in Lewiston, leaving their mark on thousands of local Franco-Americans over the years.

*(With thanks to members of the “French Canadian Descendants” Facebook group, for helping me decipher the reference to the “tormentors of St Theresa's children”!)*

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

the border. In June, shortly after an attack on a Texas community, Wilson ordered the call up of the National Guard of every state and the District of Columbia. Among the 110,000 guardsmen who entered federal service were the Franco-Americans of the Garde Lafayette of Manchester New Hampshire.

The Garde Lafayette had been founded in 1887. It was one of many Franco American militia organizations across New England. At their height, there were dozens of Gardes across the region. They organized themselves into an informal “brigade” and held regular conventions where they competed to hold drills.

The Garde Lafayette was different to its peers in one important regard. It was organized as part of New Hampshire's national guard. As Company A of New Hampshire's 1st regiment, the Garde Lafayette was the only one of the many New England gardes with an official status.

When president Wilson called for the mobilization of the national guard in 1916, the NH 1st was one of the regiments called into federal service, including the Garde Lafayette.

*(Continued on page 17)*



*(A Franco-American Company in the Mexican Border War  
continued from page 16)*

While some members of the Garde had served in the Spanish American War, this was the first time the unit as a whole had participated in a conflict. They did not disappoint. At least according to the official history of the Garde, they outperformed their peers in many regards. The mobilization of 1916 was the first time state national guard units had been federalized under the new National Defense Act, and most states were under-prepared. As in other states, the New Hampshire National Guard did not require guardsmen to undergo a medical exam until they were called to federal service. As a result, the nominal strength of most regiments was greatly reduced once examinations were conducted, and those who failed were dismissed. In some states, as many as 1 in 4 were found unsuitable for service. The Garde Lafayette got up to strength quicker than most, thanks to the efforts of two of its members – a travelling salesman by the name of Ferdinand Francoeur, and Sergeant Jean-Baptiste Morissette.

The Garde's success in recruiting may have been due to its strong sense of identity. Members had to be Catholics French-Canadians or Franco-Americans, and the soldiers "took pride in speaking French among themselves." A poem from 1898 captures some of the enthusiasm Franco Americans had to serve their adopted homeland. It was published in the Manchester Union in English. (The original was written in an approximation of a Franco-American accent, but the below has been corrected for clarity):

*My wife said to me today, "you're making a mistake old man,  
To join the Yankee army in the ranks of Uncle Sam;  
The world is full of commotion since the explosion of the Maine,  
And the devil's to pay in Cuba and the paymaster is Spain."*

*I say, "All right old woman, let the summons come today,  
And you'll find old Joseph ready to bear arms and march away;  
I'm as good to carry a knapsack and to shoulder my gun,  
As I was in the Riel Rebellion in old Saskatchewan!"*

*"The land of my adoption is as good a home for me,  
As across the line in Canada, my native country.  
My home, my work, my friends are here, in fact, the whole damn set;  
So what can I do but join the "Blue" in the Garde Lafayette!"*

*"I don't care for nobody but stand up for what's right.  
If Uncle Sam sends word and thinks he's got to fight,  
Good-bye my work on Amoskeag – I'll leave it quick you bet –  
And join the boys with utmost joy in the Garde Lafayette!"*

*"So don't make a fuss about this cuss and don't take it hard,  
If I, old Joe, go soon to show my color in the Guard;  
You say I've got some babies? I must stay right by them? Not yet!  
I will march beneath "Old Glory" in the Garde Lafayette!"*

*"O! Didn't it make a sensation on the streets of Manchester,  
When the order came from Uncle Sam to march us down to war!  
Nobody will know that this is Joe from dear old Nicolet,  
When off I march as stiff as starch, in the Garde Lafayette!"*

*"Then Rosie dear don't drop that tear, but cheer up like my joy  
You know that Maine went down in flames with all its soldier boys!"*

*So if the blame is placed on Spain, and Uncle Sam says "get!"  
Just wish us well and shout like h— for the Garde Lafayette!"*

After the delays associated with getting the guardsmen up to strength and fully equipped, the New Hampshire men left for the border July 15. They arrived in Laredo, Texas, July 20, where they joined what would become a force of 110,000 supporting the regular army's excursion into Mexico.



*"Dinner al Fresco" – the Garde Lafayette in Laredo, 1916.  
Image: Histoire de la Garde Lafayette (1927)*

The Garde's time in service appears to have been primarily characterized by boredom. The Americans could see Mexican sentries across the river in the "ruins" of Nuevo Laredo, but despite this, the New Hampshire contingent was never involved in any live-fire engagements, and their primary role was guarding the frontier against possible attacks. Like the other guardsmen, most of their time was occupied with drills and training. Here again (at least by their own account), the men of the Garde Lafayette excelled. On one occasion, the Garde and a number of other companies were sent on a forty mile foot march. The heat of the Texas desert no doubt made this quite an ordeal for the amateur soldiers.

*The thermometer rose to 118 degrees in the shade!..They had come from a [civilized] state to a rugged landscape. Before them lay the immense alkalic Texan plain, with its seemingly endless horizons. Back home, even if there were burning hot days, these were quickly tempered by refreshing breezes from the mountains.*

The planned action was to march one direction in the first day, to rest overnight, and to return the next day. But members of the Garde Lafayette, scorched by the extreme heat of the day, determined that they would turn right around and complete the march overnight, giving up their rest period for the opportunity to march in the cool night air instead. Their escapade so surprised the authorities that the company had to repeat their identification to the day officer on duty several times before he understood.

*(Continued on page 18)*

(A Franco-American Company in the Mexican Border War  
continued from page 17)



*“Breakfast Before Setting Out” – the Garde Lafayette  
in Laredo, 1916.*

*Image: Histoire de la Garde Lafayette (1927)*

On another occasion, the Garde impressed a visiting officer with their proficiency at military drills. According to the account in the Garde’s official history, the Franco-Americans happened to be on the parade ground when General Funston, the commander in charge of the border forces, was on-site. He remarked that the guardsmen were as competent as any regular soldiers he had seen. “But,” he remarked to the regiment’s Colonel Healy, these maneuvers in closed ranks are good for a parade, but aren’t worth anything at this moment, if you have to fight Mexican guerrillas! Are you able to execute these same manoeuvres with your men in skirmish formation?”

The Garde responded by executing combat manoeuvres perfectly, winning a wager for Colonel Healy and impressing the general considerably.

In between drills and matches, few men of the Garde amused themselves with the novelties of their new surroundings, so different from the New Hampshire forests and mountains. The members of the Garde were struck by everything – from rattlesnakes, and horned lizards to the many varieties of cactus. The New Englanders also had the chance to mingle with the locals. At Christmas, the Franco Americans, doubtless lonely for home, found a small Catholic chapel to celebrate the holiday. The parish, comprised of Latino and Indian congregants, was described as

*As bare as the stable in Bethlehem...there were no songs,  
no music, very few decorations. This parish was so poor because  
its parishioners were brave people of Mexican origin, who,  
though good Catholics, were without earthly possessions. Our  
guys were a long way from the beautiful sung masses of their own  
parishes on Christmas Day!*

The New Hampshire men found themselves on the border for nearly eight months before they were demobilized. By February 1917, General Pershing’s attempt to capture Pancho Villa had clearly failed, and the regular army units were returning to the border to relieve the national guardsmen, who were itching to return home.

The Garde Lafayette arrived back in Manchester to a heroes’

welcome. Laden with souvenirs including shawls worn by the local Latino population and even chihuahuas. The “little Mexican dogs with short fluffy hair” must have been quite a sight on the streets of Manchester in the years afterwards. Their owners even knitted them small pullovers to keep the warm weather canines comfortable in the New England winters.

At the banquet held in honor of the returning Garde, the local Franco American community showed its gratitude to the men who had represented them on the national stage and proved the courage and aptitude of Franco Americans to the country at large. Bishop Georges-Albert Guerin, the Franco American Bishop of Manchester, presided at the banquet, and noted that the men were not just representing their community and their country, but also their faith.

*Young men of the Garde Lafayette, the Church is proud of  
your conduct. Continue your march along this same path, and  
always remember that you are good Catholics  
and excellent soldiers.*

The Mexican border war was the first time a New England Franco-American unit served in the US army, and it would be the last. Within weeks of the return of the Garde Lafayette from the frontier, the United States declared war on Germany, entering the First World War. The parent organization of the Garde Lafayette and the other New England gardes, the Brigade des Volontaires Franco-Américains, offered its services to President Wilson, but the unit was not accepted into federal service. Instead, Individuals enlisted in the regular army, and the gardes lost a lot of their cohesion. On their return from the war, organizations like the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion largely replaced the ethnocentric gardes, and many such organizations ceased to exist by the 1920s.

*Sources: Most of the information presented here comes from  
the Histoire de la Garde Lafayette by Laurent Galarneau (L’Avenir  
National, Manchester, NH, 1927)*



**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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# History of Lewiston's Bonneau Markets on display

October 12, 2018 Franco-American News and Culture Doris Bonneau, Madeleine Giguere, University of Southern Maine

By Juliana L'Heureux

French-Canadian immigrants arrived in Lewiston and Androscoggin County communities during the late 19th and early 20th centuries, to provide labor for the growing industrial mills in the area.

Along with their excellent work ethic and often tireless mill labor, they also brought entrepreneurs like Victor and Lucien Bonneau. When the brothers came to Lewiston as immigrants from Quebec, they eventually established the successful grocery store named Bonneau Markets.



Doris Bonneau is the President of the Franco-American Collection at USM LAC. She made the Bonneau Market album available for the public to view. (L'Heureux photograph)

A large sized album was assembled by the Bonneau family for the purpose of preserving the history of this market. Doris Belisle Bonneau made the album temporarily available for the public to view. Currently, it is displayed at the Franco-American Collection, located in the University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn College (USM LAC FAC), on Westminster Street.

Madame Bonneau is the president of the Franco-American Collection (FAC). She leads a community Board at the FAC archives, a special collection originally established within the USM LAC by the late University of Southern Maine Franco-American Sociologist, and Lewiston native, Madeliene Giguere (1925-2004).

If anyone needs a quick lesson on the meaning of the word "inflation", the term is

easy to explain after viewing the prices in the Bonneau Markets ads, printed in local newspapers and preserved in the album.



Bonneau Markets sales  
(L'Heureux photograph)

In fact, the Bonneau's built the family's entrepreneurial market when the two brothers, Victor at age 24 and Lucien at age 20, opened the 500 foot grocery store on Blake Street, in 1934, in Lewiston. Even throughout the Great Depression, the business grew. A second out of town "master market", opened in 1954 and in 1969 the business moved to an even larger location. The market was one of the largest in the Lewiston area, but during the 1980's, competition from larger chain stores caused it to close.

A 1952 article published in The Maine State Grocers Bulletin described the Bonneau market located on Blake Street as having the reputation of being a family store. At the time, they did a good deal of credit business, meaning, their customers could purchase groceries and pay for them on paydays, or once a week. (Like my mother in law, Rose, who lived in Sanford, would have said, "Put the purchase on the slip" and my father-in-law paid the bill in total every Monday, on his day off.) Moreover, the Bonneau's also did grocery deliveries. "You can see how the Bonneau family caters to their customers with service..." reported the Bulletin.

Bonneau's Market was known and respected for its butcher shop and fresh

meats. A motto of the company was "Never a Bum Steer".



After World War II, Lucien and Victor took their brothers Armand, Edgar and Euclide into the business as partners. As the business continued to expand, the brothers remained close to their customers. One of the news articles in Bonneau's album collection includes a picture of a customer using a new invention, for its time (circa 1954), called an automatic door. "It's like magic," wrote the local newspaper. "No need to even push open the door as you leave the new Bonneau master market!" In fact, the "magic door" was activated by a "door-omatic" technology. It swung wide open for the customers before they reached the exit. Other modern upgrades in place for the 1954 opening included air conditioning, music and a courtesy telephone. The market was complimented for cleanliness. Their business practice included offering holiday special sales. In 1952, the business's annual volume of sales was reported as \$300,000.

A short history about several Franco-American entrepreneurs is available at this site in PDF format courtesy of USM LAC FAC.

Merci to the Bonneau family for the loan of their family's history album, for the public to view. Check the website [usm.maine.edu/franco](http://usm.maine.edu/franco) for information about when the FAC is open.



# Celebrating a 150-Year Legacy in Greater Lowell

*Suzanne Beebe*

(N.D.L.R. Text by Suzanne Beebe; St. Andrew Parish photos by St. Andrew's parishioners; cemetery photos by Allen Beebe)

This year's Spring Issue of *Le Forum* featured an article and poem I had written about Fr. André Marie Garin, OMI, a man who looms large in the history of Lowell, MA and both its Franco-American and Irish Catholic communities. Arriving in Lowell in 1868, he wasted no time in establishing — in the course of one year — three new parishes for Greater Lowell's burgeoning immigrant population: St. Joseph's in downtown Lowell for the French-Canadian families arriving from Québec and Canada's Maritime provinces to work in the mills; Immaculate Conception for the mostly Irish families settling on the eastern end of Merrimack St. as they moved beyond the borders of Lowell's original Irish neighborhood, the Acre; and St. Andrew's in Billerica for the mostly Irish families of mill workers clustering around the mill complex there.

Each parish would be staffed for decades by members of Fr. Garin's religious order, the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The churches erected in these parishes were the visible fruit of Fr. Garin's work with his eager and generous parishioners. At St. Joseph's and St. Andrew's, they were small, unused, non-Catholic buildings

bought, moved, expanded, and remodeled or renovated by Fr. Garin and the people of the parishes. In the case of Immaculate Conception, it was a magnificent neo-Gothic edifice designed and built by top-flight architects and craftsmen under the guidance of Fr. Garin with financial contributions from parishioners and influential Lowellians. And for all three parishes, the place of worship was the hub of a spiritual, social, and civic network that eased the transition from homeland to new land in comforting and strengthening ways. St. Joseph's is no longer a parish but, as St. Joseph the Worker Shrine, has continued to serve Lowell's downtown as a place of prayer, liturgy, and spiritual refreshment for all who live, work, or study in the heart of the city.

So in this 150th year of his arrival and founding of the parishes, all three spiritual communities have celebrated his legacy as they celebrate their own past, present, and future. In April of this year, St. Andrew's of Billerica, as part of its yearlong 150th anniversary observations, recognized Fr. Garin's contributions with a Mass concelebrated in French by priests of his religious order and other priests of French background, accom-



*Fr. Garin presides at the reception following his Mass — flanked by flags of Canada, the U.S., and Vatican City.*

panied by French hymns and liturgical music sung by a local Franco-American choir. The mass was followed by a downstairs reception featuring French-Canadian and other French foods made by parishioners of Franco-American background. It was a joyous occasion attended by Franco-Americans from Lowell as well as by members of St. Andrew's parish community. (See accompanying photos.)

And in June, to conclude Lowell's annual Franco-American Festival week, a Vesper service dedicated to St. Jean Baptiste was conducted in the chapel of Chelmsford's St. Joseph Cemetery, which was founded by Fr. Garin and is still owned and operated by the Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate. After the service, attendees walked to the burial area reserved for members of the order, where they participated in prayer and reflection at his gravesite after a memorial wreath was laid. (See accompanying photos.) It was a fitting and moving tribute to a remarkable man who truly spent his life doing good.



*Entrance procession for Mass honoring parish founder Père André Marie Garin, OMI, celebrated on April 21, 2018 as part of St. Andrew Parish's 150th anniversary observances.*



*Celebrants bless a statue of Fr. Garin (to the right) before the preparation of gifts at St. Andrew Parish's 150th Anniversary Mass honoring Fr. Garin as its founder.*

*(Continued on page 21)*



**(Celebrating a 150-Year Legacy in Greater Lowell continued from page 20)**



*A Franco-American choir sings “J’Irai La Voir” at St. Andrew Parish, Billerica, during its Mass honoring Fr. Garin. The choir accompanist was Ms. Cecile Provencher of Lowell.*



*St. Andrew parishioners serve hungry Mass attendees at a buffet featuring French-Canadian and other French foods after the Mass honoring Fr. Garin.*



*A St. Andrew parishioner serves poutine — a new treat for older Franco-Americans who hadn’t encountered it as yet.*



*A table offering a variety of quiche and tourtière made by St. Andrew parishioners was highly popular with attendees.*



*As the concluding event of this year’s Franco-American Festival in Lowell, a wreath was laid on Fr. Garin’s grave at the cemetery he founded in Chelmsford for Greater Lowell’s Franco-Americans.*



*A brief prayer service followed the laying of the wreath by Mr. Kevin Roy (in blue polo shirt), president of Lowell’s Franco-American Day Committee and driving force behind the 150th Anniversary celebration at St. Andrew’s in Billerica, his home parish.*

# They Came to Our Valley

## Franco-Americans and the Textile Industry Of the Upper Connecticut River Valley, 1870 to 1900

By Charles John Emond BA, MA, MAT  
Professor, Webster University Thailand

### PROLOGUE

They came from a land of harsh winters and from a rural isolation that had served to intensify their fierce devotion to family, faith and tradition. They came with a legacy of oppression by colonial masters. They came during a period of crisis in Quebec during which agricultural production and land availability decreased and family size increased. After generations of struggling to wrest a living from Canadian soil, the French-Canadians came to New England.

These stubborn, hard-working people started the move south during the 1860's and what began as a mere trickle, became a tidal wave of people by 1900.<sup>1</sup> During this period of time, fully one-third of the population of Quebec left to work in the textile mills of New England.<sup>2</sup> This mass exodus, called ". . . one of the most significant, if unheralded, events of 19th century New England,"<sup>3</sup> provided a rapidly growing textile industry with the industrious, docile and stable labor force it needed.<sup>4</sup> It changed the face of New England and it included my ancestors.

Franco-Americans have been called "the Chinese of the Eastern States,"<sup>5</sup> "the only real North American peasants,"<sup>6</sup> and, in their high regard for tradition and disapproval of marriage to outsiders, compared to the Jews.<sup>7</sup> Their unique story is one which deserves greater attention from historians and students of United States history.

This paper examines the mass migration of French-Canadians into the mill towns of New England during the last quarter of the 19th century: it begins by setting the scene in New England and the Upper Valley. It outlines the sources of power, the economic framework and the development of transportation systems. It continues with a look at the establishment and expansion of the textile industry. It concludes with a brief analysis of the situation in Canada that encouraged the habitants to leave their homeland to work in the mills. I have focused upon the smaller mill towns of the Upper Connecticut River Valley because so little has been

written about them. The larger mills and big cities such as Manchester, New Hampshire and Lowell, Massachusetts seem to have gotten much of the attention of historians and writers. I have also focused upon this area because it is where my French ancestors settled to live and work. It is the vast brick buildings that they built which framed my world as a child, and their parish, school and community in which I was raised.

Charles John Emond  
Cha Am, Thailand

*"I came here from Quebec in 1882, when I was twelve years old. There were twenty-five of us in the family. We had to sell our farm to get here. . . They used to go up and get them in those days. They didn't have people enough here to run the cotton mills and the factories. They used to go up there and offer people good jobs at good wages and their fare paid to any place they wanted to go. . . I worked in Salem in a cotton mill for a while. . . The boss used to use me once in a while as an interpreter. . . There were about one thousand people working in that mill where I learned to weave, and they were nearly all French."*

David Morin<sup>8</sup>

*"He is quick to learn, active and deft in his movements. . . Docility is one of his most marked traits. He is not over-energetic or ambitious. His main concern is to make a living for himself and his family, and, if that seems to have been attained, he is little troubled by restless eagerness to be doing something higher than that at which he is presently engaged. Above all, he is reluctant; as compared to the Irish, to join labor unions and is loath to strike."*

Contemporary report: 1898<sup>9</sup>

*"French-Canadians go to the States not as individuals but as colonies, carrying with them like the pilgrims, their principles and their priests and keeping to themselves as separate and distinct from their neighbors as Jews or Chinese. . . They have planted colonies. . . distinct in language, customs and religion in the very heart of Protestantism which in the next twenty years, if they obey their pastors, are destined to replace the exhausted and impoverished Puritan race. . . The balance of power in a state which hitherto regarded itself as the keeper of our national conscience is in the hands of the Philistines."*

Rev. Calvin Amaron: 1891<sup>10</sup>

*"If anyone ever represented the work ethic, its the French-Canadians. . . They work until the day they die. The French-Canadians worked together, they pulled together to uplift the family unit. . . They came here for a better living, and they worked like hell for it."*

Julien Cloutie<sup>11</sup>

### 1. FROM RIVERS TO RAILROADS

On its way south from the region of the Canadian border, the Connecticut River first passes through a valley formed by gentle hills rising up on either side before flowing through Massachusetts and Connecticut to the sea. This Upper Valley, where the Connecticut is joined by tributaries from both New Hampshire and Vermont, forms a cohesive geographical region.<sup>12</sup> The communities located upon the banks of this river or upon the banks of its tributaries, share a common history and culture.

The borders of the Upper Valley are sometimes imprecise, but for the purposes of this outline they will follow the tradition of including all those towns and villages along the Connecticut River from Brattleboro near the Massachusetts border to St. Johnsbury in northern Vermont. Also included are those towns and villages located upon the banks of the smaller rivers which flow into the Connecticut. This chapter on the growth of the textile industry of the Upper Valley prior to 1900 shows how closely linked this development was to the immigration of Franco-Americans.

To trace the development of this in-

(Continued on page 23)



*(They Came to Our Valley continued from page 22)*

dustry, it is necessary to examine those two critical aspects of the infrastructure without which the building of textile mills cannot even be considered: transportation and power. It is only when these two pieces are in place that capital can be raised to form the company, build the mill and hire the workers to begin production.

From the very beginning, finding adequate power in this region was not a problem. Many small rivers flowing into the Connecticut and the Connecticut River itself in places proved to be relatively easy to dam for power.<sup>13</sup> This steady source of energy attracted a variety of industries to the area throughout the 19th century. However, this advantage was also a disadvantage when it came to transportation as the waterways turned out to be impossible to navigate with any degree of commercial success or reliability as far north as the Upper Valley.<sup>14</sup>

Early attempts to improve land transportation came with the turnpike building corporations which were chartered at the beginning of the 19th century.<sup>15</sup> The Upper Valley was connected to Boston in 1801, 1803 and 1804 by the Second, Third and Forth New Hampshire turnpikes. These ran from Amherst to Claremont, from New Ipswich to Walpole, and from Concord to Hanover.<sup>16</sup> A few years later, the Grafton Turnpike was opened and this was followed by the Croyden Turnpike. These improved roads made travel to Boston easier than it had been, but it was by no means fast or comfortable. Around 1810, the stagecoach from Keene to Boston took <sup>16</sup> hours to make the journey.<sup>17</sup>

Business interests were quick to take advantage of even so tenuous a connection to the sources of raw materials and the markets for finished goods available through the port of Boston. Many of the textile mills of the Upper Valley were founded during this period between 1810 and 1845 when the only means of transport was by wagon over these primitive roads.<sup>18</sup> The first textile mill in New Hampshire was built in 1804 at New Ipswich. In the Upper Valley, the Faulkner and Colony Mill in Keene began in 1830, there were mills in Claremont and Newport by 1822, and the Dewey Mills in Quechee began in 1836, to name but a few.<sup>19</sup>

It was during this period that the attempts were also made to make the Connecticut River itself navigable by building

canals around the waterfalls. In 1802, a canal with eight locks was opened near Bellows Falls and in 1810 locks were opened near Hartland and Wilder.<sup>20</sup> This made it possible for the 60 foot Durham boats to be poled up as far as the Lebanon area and floated back down. However, there were still sandbars and rapids to contend with as well the fact that the river was frozen over with thick ice during the winter.

In the mid-1920's, attempts were made to introduce steamboats in an effort to develop river travel. The Barnet was built in 1826 especially for the trip to the Upper Valley and in fact was named for the town that the promoters hoped to reach, Barnet, Vermont (near St. Johnsbury, Vermont).<sup>21</sup> On its first voyage up the Connecticut, the Barnet had to be poled through rapids and, though it finally reached Bellows Falls, it could go no further because the locks were too narrow.<sup>22</sup> Even though the same company built

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### *Early attempts to improve land transportation came with the turnpike building corporations...*

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smaller steamboats in the hope of making the venture viable, it became clear that without increasing the size of the locks and the boats they could not make a profit.<sup>23</sup> Interest in the river as a means of transportation died out in the late 1830's, although rafts and flatboats continued to be used from time to time.<sup>24</sup>

In the 1840's, another method of transportation took New England by storm and wiped out these efforts to use the Connecticut River for commercial transportation into the Upper Valley. It also made the improved network of roads obsolete as the main thoroughfare for raw materials and finished goods. The advent of the railroad served as the key to unlocking the Upper Valley and the rest of the interior of New England to the world of trade and commerce.

Following the experimental railroads of the 1830's, the first charters to build viable rail lines were granted to companies eager to connect Boston to other growing cities like Lowell, Worcester and Providence.<sup>25</sup> The continuation of one of these rail lines, the Boston and Lowell, brought the railroad to New Hampshire and trains were running to Nashua by 1844.<sup>26</sup> It was not long after-

wards that the railroad, so necessary to the economic development of this area, was welcomed to the Upper Valley.

*"On Monday, January 1, much to the astonishment of some, and gratification of all, the first train of cars ever seen in this vicinity passed over the Cheshire road and Sullivan (road) to Charlestown, New Hampshire. The day was fine and a great assembly of people had collected here to observe the grand entree of the Iron Horse. . . This day, Thursday, the Sullivan road is to be opened, with the usual ceremonies, to Charlestown, and then the arrival of the cars will be a common, everyday business affair." Bellows Falls Gazette, 1849*<sup>27</sup>

The process of granting railroad building rights was legislative and companies were chartered to carry out the actual building of roads through likely towns and into likely areas. Lower down on the Connecticut River, where steamboats had proved to be successful, there was considerable tension between those involved in river transportation and those who wanted to build the railroads.<sup>28</sup> In the Upper Valley, however, where roads were about as good as they would get and where river transportation had proven not to be the wave of the future, the railroad was eagerly awaited, as was the economic development that it would make possible. This, together with the rapid technical advancements in a variety of industries including the textile industry, transformed the area from a remote backwater of largely agricultural pursuits to one where manufacturing played a major role. These two decades, 1840 to 1860, were times of remarkable change and major social and economic upheaval.

The turnpikes which flourished prior to these decades, one can be sure to the annoyance of the general public and of the early entrepreneurs trying to get their goods to market, folded and became free prior to or during this period.<sup>29</sup>

The first charter to build a railroad into the Upper Valley was granted to the Northern Railroad Company in 1844.<sup>30</sup> It was planned to extend from Concord, previously connected to Nashua by the Concord Railway Corporation in 1842, to White River Junction in Hartford, Vermont.<sup>31</sup> The road was opened as far as Lebanon, New Hampshire, on November 17, 1847 and, via a newly constructed bridge over the

*(Continued on page 24)*

*(They Came to Our Valley continued from page 23)*

Connecticut River, to White River Junction the following year.<sup>32</sup> Instead of a full day to get from the Upper Valley to Concord, it took only a few hours. At an average speed of 23 miles per hour, two trains a day left West Lebanon and Concord. It was possible, for only \$3.25, to get from Lebanon to Boston in less than a day.<sup>33</sup>

In 1844, a charter was also granted to the Cheshire Railroad Company to run to Boston through Fitchburg, Massachusetts. This line extended to Keene in 1848 and to Bellows Falls in 1849.<sup>34</sup> In that same year, the Sullivan Railroad made the link between Bellows Falls and Claremont, running through Charlestown. With the construction of a rail bridge over the Connecticut River into Windsor, the line eventually joined the Northern Railroad at White River Junction making that town an important hub of the transportation network.

Two major lines continued north from White River junction. The Passumpsic Railroad reached Wells River in 1848 and St. Johnsbury in 1851. It cost \$518,263 to build this road and the inventory included three freight engines, two passenger engines, six passenger cars (painted bright yellow), fifty-one box cars and twenty-one flat cars.<sup>35</sup> The Vermont Central connected with Montpelier and continued north into Canada to Montreal. It was built in direct competition with a route from Bellows Falls through Rutland to Burlington and then to Montreal built by the Rutland and Burlington Railroad.<sup>36</sup>

This rail network was completed by the connection of Bellows Falls southward with Brattleboro and Greenfield, Massachusetts. By 1852, the rail infrastructure of the Upper Valley was largely in place and the isolation of the area at an end.<sup>37</sup> Overnight the stagecoach routes were abandoned and the efforts at providing river transportation halted. In the years of development that followed, these first rail lines were merged, consolidated, sold, leased and added to by the building of numerous feeder lines, but the geographical picture of the main lines into and out of the valley remained the same up into this century.<sup>38</sup>

## 2. FROM HEARTH TO FACTORY

The textile industry in the earliest decades of the 19th century was small, localized and domestic in nature. It was related to the local economy in much the same way as the common mills to grind grain which sprang up on nearly every small stream capable of providing adequate power. Prior to the 19th century, every housewife had her spinning wheel at which she spent considerable time and effort turning the raw materials into cloth. Along with spinning and weaving, carding, dyeing and such finishing processes as fulling were done in the home.<sup>39</sup> In



*White River Junction, Vermont*

the year 1810, for example, the women of St. Johnsbury produced 16,505 yards of linen, 9,431 yards of wool and 1,797 yards of cotton in their homes.<sup>40</sup>

In the same way that the transportation industry underwent radical changes, rapid expansion and technical improvement so did the production of textiles. The first mills took over some of the more onerous and labor-intensive tasks from the housewives. They began spinning the yarn which was then woven into cloth in the home on domestic looms.<sup>41</sup> As time went on, fulling mills, which worked on woolen cloth to shrink and to thicken it, became more common as did dye works. Eventually the integrated mill concept took hold and a single mill began with the raw materials and turned out finished cloth.<sup>42</sup> It was at this point that the need for transportation became acute. The expansion of the railroads, in that symbiosis so often observed during the industrial revolution, immediately met that need and they both prospered together.

The production of the raw materials for the production of cloth is an interesting story in and of itself. The sheep raising industry had an especially great effect upon

the Upper Valley and was responsible for many a fortune being made.<sup>43</sup> The increased use of cotton cloth meant excellent profits for those mills equipped to turn it out in large quantities. The problem was the supply of raw materials from the cotton plantations in the south. This placed increased reliance on the railroads. When the flow of raw cotton stopped during the Civil War years, many mills coped with the lack by converting to wool, but some were unable to make this switch and were forced to close down.<sup>44</sup>

The Upper Valley at mid-century presented a vibrant picture of rivers providing abundant power, huge mills being built upon their banks, and ever-expanding railroads connecting towns with world sources and markets, it showed local businessmen, farmers and bankers, encouraged by previously successful small textile operations, beginning to broaden their scope and invest in larger textile mills. The only element lacking in this increasingly bright economic picture was the availability of labor. Where were the thousands of workers to operate the new looms and work in the new factories?

The answer lay to the north, not far from the Upper Valley, in the over-populated and impoverished agricultural regions of Quebec. This situation led to one of the more amazing and coincidental marriages of labor and industry to occur in 19th century America. Although there had been a trickle of immigrants across the border before the completion of the major railroads, the passenger lines that opened up between Boston and Montreal turned it into a flood. It had become possible to travel from Quebec to any city in New England within a day or two for under \$10.<sup>45</sup> Many small colonies of French-Canadians took root in the Upper Valley during the 1860's and 1870's and flourished during the 1880's and 1890's.

The opportunity to work in the textile mills brought the majority of these people south into the United States.<sup>46</sup> Recruitment by mill owners was common in rural Quebec and, despite a hiatus during the civil War, the textile industry of the Upper valley drew thousands upon thousands of French-Canadians into its cities and towns to live, to work, to build churches and schools and to put down new roots.

*(Continued on page 25)*



(They Came to Our Valley continued from page 24)

### 3. LES HABITANTS

To an isolated territory, bounded by the Laurentian Highlands to the north and by impenetrable wilderness on the other three sides, and through which runs the mighty St. Lawrence River, came a race of sturdy French people eventually called *habitants*. They followed the lead of Jaques Cartier, discoverer of the St. Lawrence, and Paul de Maisonneuve, founder of Montreal in 1642, and settled in to the rigors of frontier life as *coureurs de bois*, hunters, trappers and fishermen.<sup>47</sup> When Louis XIV ascended the throne of France in 1661, he took an interest in the colonization of new France. He distributed land grants to poor people from Normandy, Picardy and Brittany, he discharged a regiment there to encourage the soldiers to stay and settle down, and he even sent them a shipload of girls suitable for wives.<sup>48</sup> His policy of rewarding early marriages and large families had far-reaching effects.

These pioneers brought with them their Catholic faith and their French culture. Though troubled by the Iroquois from time to time, they lived in relative peace for a century as they painstakingly cleared the land and established their small farms. The land yielded a rich harvest, the rivers and forests provided plentiful fish and game, the families of the habitants grew larger and larger and the settlements grew up around their churches. All the traditional ways and customs brought over from the old country flourished in the new.

On September 13, 1759 things changed. In just twenty minutes, on the Plains of Abraham outside Quebec City, France lost her thriving colony to the English.<sup>49</sup>

When this defeat was confirmed by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, the *habitants* became a subject people. Maintaining that they never surrendered, they stubbornly resisted the English at every turn. Their differences from the English in faith, culture and language, assisted by British colonial policies and combined with the geographical isolation, made a virtual island of the province of Quebec around which the events of the following century flowed. But for an ill-fated attempt at resistance to British rule in 1837-1838, called Papineau's

Rebellion,<sup>50</sup> French-Canadians resigned themselves to their minority status, fiercely resisted assimilation and zealously guarded their heritage.

At mid-century, the habitants found themselves plagued by problems caused, in part, by this isolation. As a people to whom subsistence farming had brought simple comfort, if not wealth or luxury, they faced poverty. They had followed the farming traditions of their ancestors and plowed the same fields each year for the same crops.<sup>51</sup> Crop rotation and the use of fertilizers were unknown and seed was poor. Even the live-



stock was of poor quality. French-Canadians were certainly not successful at farming and, although they worked hard at it, they were unable to make the transition from a subsistence to a market economy.<sup>52</sup> It has been said that they are really not suited after all to such a way of life.<sup>53</sup>

Added to this was the burden of over-population. The policy of encouraging large families had succeeded only too well, the land proved insufficient for subdivision into farms for each generation. By the mid-19th century, the land of the habitants had become a rural backwater of grinding poverty, poor roads and transportation and little education<sup>54</sup> where it was evident to all that something had to be done.

The government encouraged migration to the west, but this took ready money which the typical habitant didn't have. The same government also discouraged the young people from this area from working in the new factories of Montreal and Québec City.<sup>55</sup> This was a society frustrated both by the English government and by its own attempts to survive by farming the stubborn earth. Despite these frustrations, the French people of the province of Quebec continued to affirm with pride: *Nous sommes venus il*

*y a trois cents ans, et nous sommes restes.*<sup>56</sup>

### 4. LIFE ON THE FARM

Life for the majority of French-Canadians in the 1850's was based upon the acceptance of the ancient traditions of family, faith and farm. The same isolation which made the new developments in farm technology slow to arrive and slow to be accepted, increased the importance of and reliance upon the common language of the habitants as well as on the other aspects of their culture.

The Catholic faith provided an orderly way of life in the small villages of rural Quebec. The cure of the local church was the unofficial community leader in temporal as well as in spiritual matters.<sup>57</sup> Indeed, the parish and the village were, for the most part, synonymous. The aspects of the sacramental life of the church - the rituals, the holy days, the dietary laws and the celebrations - were the heart and soul of the French-Canadian experience, the home, the habitant family gathered every evening to pray the rosary together. Often, the only decorations in their simple farmhouses were holy pictures of Christ and the saints.<sup>58</sup>

Within the parish, the family was the main social unit<sup>59</sup> and the roles played by the father and mother were very well defined. The man was responsible for the outside work of the farm and the woman ran the home. The children were expected to be obedient and had the primary responsibility to help the family survive by working on the farm or in the home as needed.<sup>60</sup> Formal education was not a priority, but along with learning how to farm or how to keep house, most learned to read and write in the one-room parish school.<sup>61</sup>

The typical farm consisted of about fifty acres, planted in wheat, or sometimes potatoes or peas, as a cash crop.<sup>62</sup> Each farm also had cattle, oxen for plowing, pigs and chickens, and a variety of fruits and vegetables grown for family consumption. When a farmer was ready to retire, he left the family farm to one of his middle sons and lived out his years with him. The oldest son might have been given a farm of his own if there had been enough land left for subdivision, but the remaining sons had few choices. They could become artisans, jour-

(Continued on page 26)

(*They Came to Our Valley continued from page 25*)

naliers (hired hands) or perhaps enter the priesthood. The daughters were expected to marry farmers or to enter the religious life.<sup>63</sup>

When the emigration to the mills began, those left on the farm were often the very young and the very old. Those in their middle years, whether unmarried sons or whole families, set out to make their fortunes. Though the Canadian government, for a time, encouraged them to move out west, few considered this a viable option since family ties would then have been more difficult if not impossible to maintain. New England, on the other hand, was geographically close and there were excellent rail connections for visits home whenever they could be arranged.<sup>64</sup>

During these few decades at mid-century, the habitants scratching out a living from their ancestral lands in Quebec, experienced an increasing level of poverty. They saw a steady rise in population and an increase in the sheer hard work needed to survive. This produced a restlessness in the younger hearts, a willingness to consider change in the older folk and a general feeling that something needed to happen. It is indicative of the difficulty of their existence that the first workers to accept the drudgery and boredom of work in a textile mill spoke of it as a significant improvement in their lives.<sup>65</sup>

## 5. THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY FROM BIRTH TO MATURITY

In England, towards the end of the 18th century, there were developments in the automation of spinning and weaving that would eventually bring great changes to the small farm landscape of rural New England. The inventions of Richard Arkwright and Samuel Crompton, which made hand-spinning obsolete, were brought to Pawtucket, Rhode Island by Samuel Slater who built the first textile mill there in 1790.<sup>66</sup> This mill made yarn which was then distributed to homes for hand weaving into cloth.<sup>67</sup>

There were handsome profits to be made in such ventures, and many was the town or village where the local professionals, businessmen and farmers pooled their capital to build a small mill. A real boost was given to the young industry by the restrictions placed on English cloth during the War of 1812.<sup>68</sup> In the port cities like Boston, Providence, New London and Portland, enriched by their merchant fleets, there was

also capital waiting to be invested by bold entrepreneurs. One of them was Francis Cabot Lowell.

Lowell traveled to England in 1811 and carefully observed the new English power looms in operation there. Upon his return to Boston, he formed a company to build such a mill in Waltham.<sup>69</sup> So successful was this first venture of the Boston Manufacturing Company that by 1829 the idea was ready for expansion. Some property was purchased on the Merrimack River and the Lowell Complex, built by the newly formed Merrimack Manufacturing Company, took shape. By 1840, Lowell had grown to have the second largest population of any city in New England.<sup>70</sup>

Besides the availability of investment capital, two other considerations affected the building of a textile mill; the source of water power and the method of transporting raw materials from the ports to the factories and the finished goods back to the ports. Prior to the advent of the railroads in the 1830's, poor roads made expansion into the interior of New England difficult despite abundant sources of water power. By mid-century, however, New England featured hundreds of towns in which textile manufacturing had become an important part of the economy, thanks to the railroads. The rural face of the region changed and the population shifted from the scattered farms to the booming mill towns and cities.<sup>71</sup> Some of them, like Lawrence, Lowell, Holyoke, Massachusetts, and Manchester, New Hampshire, were built by the textile industry on the Slatersville model. Slatersville was the prototypical mill town, built by Samuel Slater in the 1790's near Pawtucket, Rhode Island. It had the long narrow mill building with its bell tower, the company housing and company store, and even the paternalistic attitude towards the workers which would characterize the world of the textile mill well into the 20th century.<sup>72</sup>

The textile industry went through several stages with regard to that last essential ingredient in its development; a labor force. Following the English pattern, the earliest mill workers were young children.<sup>73</sup> They were followed, in the 1820's, by young women who seemed to be ideal for the work of tending the looms and spindles. Recruited from the farms of rural New England, they lived carefully supervised and regulated lives. Attendance at church was compulsory. They were not allowed to drink alcoholic beverages, and they lived in boarding houses

under strict curfew.

This so-called "utopian" period came to an end just before the Civil War when the mill girls were replaced by Irish immigrant families who were willing to work for less.<sup>74</sup> Smaller numbers of Swedish, German and Scottish immigrants also found work in the mills during this period, as did the first French-Canadians.<sup>75</sup> These early arrivals were often young men with a sense of adventure who returned to Quebec during the war.<sup>76</sup>

By the time the war broke out, the mills that had had the foresight to stockpile raw cotton, realizing that their supply lines would be disrupted, were able to continue operations. Some mills shifted production to other goods and materials for the war effort, while still others had to close down. At the end of the war, the large number of mills that had survived were poised for resumption of production on a big scale. The problem was that they faced a critical labor shortage. The mill girls had gone home, the war had taken its toll on the male population,<sup>77</sup> and the Western frontier had lured away many a Yankee farmer and European immigrant. It was into this labor vacuum that the French-Canadian workers came and found a warm welcome. When they returned to impoverished Quebec, they told others of the rewards of mill work just across the border. Soon the trains south from Quebec were filled with habitant families destined for the mill towns of New England.

## 6. THE HABITANTS MOVE SOUTH

"I was born in St. Ephrem d'Upton, P.Q., not far from St. Hyacinthe and Montreal, June 29, 1856. I was the fourth in a family of fourteen children, five of whom are still living. It took us four days and as many nights to go from our hometown, St. Ephrem d'Upton, to Lowell in 1864. Train engines weren't big and powerful in those days. Besides, they were wood-burners, and you couldn't put enough wood in the tender to make long trips. So trains didn't run far and never during the night. We started from St. Ephrem in the afternoon and went as far as Sherbrooke and slept there. The next day, we reached Island Pond, Vermont, and spent the night in that customs town. It was a very small place too. The following morning, the old Grand Trunk took us to Portland, Maine, and again we passed the night there, because  
(Continued on page 27)



(They Came to Our Valley continued from page 26)

the train went no further. After another night's rest, on a different railroad, we were on our way to Boston where we had to find lodgings once more. At last, the fifth day, we landed in Lowell where we were to live for eight years. . .

When we landed in Lowell in 1864, there were very few French-Canadians, only five families at one end of the city, fifteen at the other. Many more came after the Civil War was over. I was only eight years old, but that didn't stop me from going to work. My first job as a textile worker was in the Lawrence mill, no. 5, where I worked as a bag boy and a doffer<sup>78</sup> for about three years."<sup>79</sup>

This journey so well described by Philippe Lemay, often started out by horse cart over primitive rural roads.<sup>80</sup> The habitants who were thinking about life in a mill town discussed it with those who had returned for a visit. Perhaps they were encouraged by one of the mill agents combing the area for recruits.<sup>81</sup> When the decision had been made, they said goodbye to family and friends, and to the land of their ancestors. Many left with the idea of returning in time and some actually did, but all carried with them a deep love for their homeland and a fond memory of life on the farm.

Their destination was usually a town or village in New England where others in their family or ancestral village had established a beachhead. They often lived in the cramped apartments of relatives until they were able to live on their own. These new arrivals relied upon family members to introduce them to the foreman at the factory and to help them adjust to the work in the mill.<sup>82</sup> This remarkable cohesiveness and willingness to help one another, in addition to the strong attachment to the French language and culture, characterized life in the Petit Canada districts. It might be partly explained by the fact that French-Canadians had been a subject people since 1763 and had learned how to cope and how to survive in a strange and hostile world.

Upon their arrival, they faced the same difficulties that most immigrants faced. The town, streets and buildings were different to them, the culture was so unlike their own and they could not speak or understand the language. They faced challenges and frustrations living and working in this new land. They also faced the often bitter resentment of the Irish immigrants who had preceded them and who felt threatened by this mas-

sive influx of people.<sup>83</sup> Even though both groups were Catholic, it was not enough to provide grounds for tolerance or peace between them.

The first project undertaken in a Petit Canada (Little Canada) was the construction of a church. Although the cures in Canada had at first resisted this movement of their people to another land, they eventually followed and helped to make life in the Franco-American communities as close to the old habitant way of life as it could be, given the demands of the factory and the location in a foreign land.<sup>84</sup>

One of the most significant differences between the Franco-Americans and the Irish was their regard for trade unionism. The Irish felt strongly about joining unions and striking for better wages or conditions while the French were loath to join and rarely went on strike. This was one of the traits that endeared them to the mill owners.<sup>85</sup> Because of their own well-developed fraternal organizations, their tradition of helping each other and their ability to agree among themselves on how the work ought to be done, they did not see the union or a strike as useful in most cases.

The *habitants*, including the women and children, took readily to even the most menial jobs in the mill. They took the long hours, the incredible noise and the difficult work and they won the reputation for being hardworking, dependable and stable.

With the "star rays of progress on their brows,"<sup>86</sup> the early entrepreneurs like Francis Lowell saw the opportunity to make huge profits, to produce goods for growing markets, to utilize the rapidly expanding technology, to harness the available water and steam power and to take advantage of the developing railroads. They were able to sustain the rapid buildup and the steady expansion of their immense empire throughout New England thanks to the ready availability of a dedicated and willing labor force. The *habitants*, "pioneers of industrial America,"<sup>87</sup> saw the opportunity to rescue themselves from lives of degrading poverty and to provide for their children and grandchildren the benefits of life in a new and thriving land. This remarkable historical coincidence; this singular and significant marriage of labor and capital featured within it both the best and the worst of such relationships.

- 1 C. Stewart Doty, *The First Franco-Americans* (Orono; University of Maine, 1985), P152.
- 2 Steve Dunwell, *The Run Of the Mill* (Boston: David Fl. Godine, 1978), p. 113.
- 3 Dyke Hendrickson, *Quiet Presence* (Portland: Guy Gannett, 1980), p.1.
- 4 Tamara Hareven, *Amoskeag* (New York: Pantheon, 1978), p.20.
- 5 Michael Guignard, *La Foi La Langue La Culture* (1982), p.90.
- 6 Horace Miner, *St. Denis* (Chicago: Phoenix Books, 1939), p. xiv.
- 7 Guignard (n. 5 above), p.2.
- 8 Doty (n. 1 above), p 69. interview with a Franco-American.
- 9 Quoted in Dunwell (n.2 above), p.113.
- 10 Guignard (n. 5 above), p.8. Quoted from a work by the Rev. Armaron entitled, *Your Heritage, or New England Threatened*
- 11 Dunwell, *The Run of the Mill*, p. 256
- 12 Jerald Wikoff, *The Upper Valley* (Chelsea, Vermont: Chelsea Green Publishing Company. 1985), pp 13-14.
- 13 Edmund Delaney, *The Connecticut River* (Chester, Connecticut: Globe Pequot Press, 1983), p. 130.
- 14 Harold Fisher Wilson, *The Hill County of Northern New England* (New York Columbia University Press, 1936), p. 34.
- 15 James D. Squires, *The Granite State of the US.* (New York: American History Company, 1956), p. 253.
- 16 Wikoff (n. 12 above), p. 71.
- 17 Kay Fox, et al., *Upper Ashuelot* (Keene, New Hampshire; Keene historical Commission, 1968), p. 46.
- 18 Squires (n. 15 above), p. 291.
- 19 *Ibid.*, p.294
- 20 Wikoff (n. 12 above), p. 71.
- 21 Delaney (n. 13 above), p. 111.
- 22 Wikoff (n. 12 above), p. 59.
- 23 Wilson (n. 14 above), p. 33. One of these boats, the John Ledyard, made it as far north as Wells River where it got stuck on a sandbar. *Ibid.*, p. 34
- 24 *Ibid.*, p. 34
- 25 Squires (n. 15 above), p. 270.
- 26 Pillsbury Hobart, *New Hampshire* (New York; The Lewis Historical Publishing Company., 1927), p. 452.
- 27 Wikoff (n. 12 above), p. 115. From *Bellows Falls Gazette*, 1849.
- 28 *Ibid.*, p. 116.
- 29 The 3rd New Hampshire turnpike was declared free in 1824, the 2nd in 1837 and the 4th in 1840. The Grafton turnpike was made free in 1827 and the Cheshire turnpike in 1841. Pillsbury (n. 15 above), pp. 425-426.
- 30 Everett Stackpole, *History of New Hampshire* (New York: The American Historical Society, 1916. p.167.
- 31 *Ibid.*
- 32 Hobart (n. 26 above), p. 475.
- 33 Wikoff (n. 12 above), p. 110
- 34 Squires (n. 15 above), p. 272.
- 35 Fredric Wells, *History of Barnet, Vermont* (Burlington; Burlington Free Press Printing, 1923. p. 237.
- 36 Wilson (n. 4 above), p.40.
- 37 *Ibid.*
- 38 Wikoff (n. 1 above), p. 111.
- 39 Edward Fairbanks, *The Town of St. Johns-*

(Continued on page 31)

# JUSTICE FOR LES ACADIENS DU-MADAWASKA-AMÉRICAIN. *PREDJUDICE AD VITAM ET ETERNAM* by Roger Paradis

The Acadian people of *la Vallée-du-Haut-Saint-Jean* and Louisiana are the descendents of the survivors of a HOLOCAUST that was pronounced against them, on July 28, 1755, by the Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, Johnathan Belcher. They were sacrificed on the explicit orders of King George II because, in the name of freedom of religion, they declined to swear the Oath of Allegiance and Abjuration. They were declared "Papist Recusants," and guilty of rebellion, and weeks later the first contingent of victims were deported to the thirteen mainland British colonies in North America.

The century that preceded the Acadian diaspora, 1613-1713, L'Acadie was attacked nine times that wrought death and destruction to the inhabitants. Once by pirates, once by a freebooter out of Jamestown, and seven times by mostly Puritan forces out of Boston and elsewhere. The intent of the deportation was different, however. In the words of Monsigneur Stanislas Doucet, in 1922, the intention was the "extinction" of *la nation acadienne*. Two years earlier, Rev. Thomas Albert called the deportation a "crime de lèse humanité." In 1998, the writer termed the deportation a GENOCIDE under Article II of the Statutes of Rome adopted on January 1, 1951, and Article VI of the Geneva Convention of August 1, 2002.

The Acadian diaspora lasted eight years and claimed the lives of some 50% of the people, conservatively estimated. The loss of life would be greater still if we included babies in the womb and infants to the age of two who were not counted, and infants to the age of ten who were counted only as half an adult.

The persecution of the Acadian people did not end in 1763. It continued in the form of property confiscation and expulsion, exclusion from public office, and the denial of the most basic civil liberties including suffrage. Notwithstanding the passage of the Catholic Emancipation Act by Parliament, in 1838, the oppression of the Acadian people continued in the form of literacy tests and gerrymandering.

In 1842, Acadian families were

again separated by a secret boundary treaty that was negotiated from the privacy of Secretary of State Daniel Webster's office, without so much as by your leave. The Treaty of Washington, commonly known as the Webster-Ashburton Treaty, internationalized the *fleuve Saint-Jean* thalweg that bifurcated the homogeneous Madawaska Settlement. Lord Ashburton proposed a line along the Fish River to Van Buren that would have preserved the unity of the Acadian settlement, but Secretary Webster bowed to the timber barons of the state, and the land speculators



of Massachusetts. The brutal boundary settlement of 1842 that was imposed on the Madawaska Acadians was unnecessary, and probably unconstitutional. This was not a states' right issue. The United States was not at war, and it did not have a vital interest in the Madawaska Territory.

Boundaries should unite people, not divide them, especially over such a mundane consideration as a few thousand acres of pine swampland. No consideration was given to kinship or ethnicity. The south-shore inhabitants became ipso-facto second-class American citizens. They were confined to a French and Catholic ghetto of the Pine Tree State that was English and Protestant. The

Valley was isolated from the next nearest community of any size by a virtually trackless wilderness of a hundred miles, and the seat of government by some three hundred miles. If this was not a crime, it should be. Blood is thicker than water, especially the water that divides people. So it was that the Madawaska Acadians became the most identifiable white, French, and Catholic minority in the United States, and the football of fortune that it still remains. And this is not likely to change because of the Valley's proximity to the bilingual province of New Brunswick and bilingual Canada, and its propinquity to the French province of Québec.

Last year's unauthorized cannibalization of UMFK's education programs by UMPI is only the most recent and arrogant example of Valley exploitation and it sets a dangerous precedent, not only for the University of Maine System, but for higher education generally. Moreover, it trenches on the democratic process. Might does not make right, and the end never justifies the means, especially harsh means. It must be wondered, therefore, how long the scandalous exploitation and discrimination against UMFK would have been tolerated if the Acadians were Black instead of White? Or Semitic instead of French and Catholic. The Madawaska Acadians are a paragon of patience and tolerance, resigned and impassive in the face of abuse, even criminal abuse. *La Vallée Saint-Jean* is a cornucopia of culture, a pearl of great worth that should be accented, not negated; cherished and nurtured, rather than exploited, and extolled for emulation by the state and nation.

*Roger Paradis is a retired history and folklore professor of UMFK. He resides at 835 Frenchville Rd., and his phone is listed.*





*David Le Gallant\**

# SE DÉFAIRE DU 28 JUILLET INFÂME DE PATRIMOINE CANADIEN...

Peut-on imaginer que soudainement le gouvernement fédéral décide qu'il faut remplacer la date commémorative du jour du Souvenir canadien du « 11 Novembre » (date anniversaire de la fin des combats de la Première Guerre mondiale) par la date infâme de la déclaration en 1914 qui a causé le déclenchement de cette *Grande Guerre* (1914-1918)? Ne serait-ce pas plutôt de mise de retenir le 11 Novembre puisque cette date marque la fin officielle de tant de souffrances humaines et d'innocentes victimes?

Pourtant, c'est exactement ce que Patrimoine canadien en collusion avec des ferrures dorées de l'élite acadienne, fait chaque 28 juillet depuis 2005 (250<sup>e</sup> du début de la Déportation) à titre de Journée de commémoration du « Grand Dérangement » (*sic*), le terme qui édulcore ce qui constitue un véritable génocide! Il y a déjà 15 ans cette année que Patrimoine canadien « a institué » cela par Proclamation royale (9 décembre 2003) de la reine Elizabeth II, à titre de reine du Canada!

Problème! À l'instar des Canadiens pour l'armistice du 11 novembre 1918 marquant la fin de tant de souffrances humaines, les Acadiens eux n'ont pas le choix judiciaire de remémorer la fin officielle de leur génocide parce que leur statut d'exilés, de rebelles ou de sédicioux n'a jamais été abrogé par la Couronne britannique donc pas question de parler de date qui marquerait la fin officielle de tant de souffrances humaines qui ont été causées à l'endroit des Acadiens dont la mémoire demeure encore aujourd'hui hantée.

**Remplacer la commémoration fédérale vicieuse du 28 juillet par un « Jour du Souvenir acadien » annuel**

Il faut que soit abolie ladite « Journée de commémoration du Grand Dérangement » du calendrier fédéral canadien - journée fomentée par Patrimoine canadien qui est, comme le disait l'Acadien québécois Stéphane Bergeron « une bouillabaisse

insipide, incolore et inodore de bonnes intentions enrobées dans l'euphémisme dudit *Grand Dérangement* ». Les ultimes responsables de ce plus grand subterfuge canadien à l'endroit des Acadiens sont en premier lieu l'ancien premier ministre Jean Chrétien, Stéphane Dion, l'actuel ambassadeur canadien en Allemagne, Sheila Copps, alors à Patrimoine canadien mais plus significativement la députation libérale fédérale « acadienne » de l'époque dont Dominic LeBlanc, actuel ministre des Affaires intergouvernementales et du Nord et du Commerce intérieur.

**Pourquoi la date annuelle du 28 juillet est-elle la plus exécrationnelle qui soit à l'endroit des Acadiens?**

Le 28 juillet 1755 est la date précise du dépôt du renvoi judiciaire de Jonathan Belcher, juge en chef et membre du gouvernement de la Nouvelle-Écosse. Des raisons purement politiques jugées de *nécessité impérieuse - qui est la loi du moment - de protéger les intérêts de Sa Majesté dans la province*, « obligeaient » le juge en chef Belcher de *conseiller humblement la « déportation » de tous les habitants français*. (Source : procès-verbal du 28 juillet 1755 émanant du Conseil de la Nouvelle-Écosse).

Qui plus est, le 28 juillet 1755, en présence à Halifax des représentants de Sa Majesté britannique George II - les amiraux britanniques Boscawen et Mostyn - est la date précise qu'on met en branle les mesures à prendre pour la Déportation ainsi que les lieux où « distribuer » les Acadiens, étant donné que la décision de déporter les Acadiens avait déjà été déterminée d'avance (toujours selon le procès-verbal du 28 juillet) : *As it had been determined to send all the French inhabitants out of the Province if they refuse to take the oaths...*

C'est cette date fatidique que Patrimoine canadien a ciblée par le biais de la Proclamation royale de 2003, promulguée au nom d'Elizabeth II, pour que les Acadiens commémorent annuellement leur génocide.

Au bas mot, cette proclamation royale « canadienne » relève d'un nation-building fédéral des plus insidieux et étrange pour exonérer l'institution de la monarchie d'origine allemande qui règne séparément au Royaume-Uni et au Canada. Plus probant encore, cette date commémore les « hautes oeuvres » du génocide acadien, en premières lignes celles du sanguinaire Robert *Monckton*. Comment les Acadiens peuvent-ils accepter que l'université francophone cosmopolite qui forme leur jeunesse porte le nom de ce criminel de guerre camouflé sous la graphie de « Moncton »?

**Pour faire valoir plutôt la date annuelle du 13 décembre à titre de « Jour du Souvenir acadien »**

Le 13 décembre 1755 est la date précise de la journée la plus meurtrière des huit années du Grand Dérangement (1755-1762). Cette plus grande perte de vies a eu lieu lors de la noyade de presque 400 Acadiens à bord du *Duke William*, le pire d'un convoi de trois naufrages totalisant plus de 850 noyés survenus en cinq jours en décembre 1758 (du 12 décembre au 16 décembre : d'abord au large des Cornouailles, les 12 décembre (*Violet*) et 13 décembre (*Duke William*), et ensuite aux Açores le 16 décembre (*Ruby*). Ces naufrages ont coûté aux Acadiens plus de vies que n'importe quel autre événement du Grand Dérangement. La plupart de ceux-ci étaient des enfants dont l'âge moyen était d'environ 15 ans.

Il s'avère que des recueils en commémoration de cette journée la plus meurtrière du génocide acadien ont déjà et continuent à être observés depuis que M. Stephen White, généalogiste au Centre d'études acadiennes Anselme-Chiasson de l'Université de Moncton (*Monckton*), avait proposé en octobre 2000, lors du congrès de la Fédération des Associations de familles acadiennes (FAFA) : **Que le 13 décembre soit désigné comme le Jour du Souvenir acadien!** Cette proposition a fait du chemin depuis la toute première commémoration du « Jour du Souvenir acadien » qui eut lieu le 13 décembre 2004 à la chapelle Notre-Dame d'Acadie, au campus de l'Université de Moncton. S'ensuivirent des commémorations à Dieppe (2007), Memramcook (2009) et annuellement depuis 2008 à Port-Lajoie (en face de Charlottetown, Î.-P.-É.). En passant, un avantage de la date du 13 décembre à titre de Jour du Souvenir acadien est que (*Suite voir page 30*)

# Summer in New Hampshire

By: Timothy Beaulieu

It was well known that the Franco-American Centre (FACNH) holds an annual Saint-Jean Baptiste Day celebration as well as our Super Bowl – NH PoutineFest. That’s not all we are up to over the summer! Our Festival d’été is a full three month celebration of French language, heritage and culture.

As a volunteer lead organization we are extremely fortunate to have such a dedicated team of volunteers. Over this past summer we were particularly lucky to have a group of very talented women leading the vast majority of our programs. One of our most active summers to date!

In the past our grandparents or great grandparents may have spoken French at home or had stories about what life was like for early immigrants. As each generation passes those immigration stories become more and more distant.

Most of our summer programs have

an eye to the future and bringing the French World to life for the new generation. Engaging children and introducing them to French at an early age can help foster a lifelong interest. Can we ever fully recreate the way it used to be? Probably not and that’s ok. Organizations like ours have the ability to create a whole new thing.

Here are our summer programs that supported that cause:

## Kids Camp de Jeunes Volunteer Organizers - Daniella Hind and Abby Snarski

In July, the Centre hosted its third annual Kids Camp de Jeunes. This camp is intended to teach children (6 to12 years-old) about the French language and culture through playful and hands-on activities. For some of the children it is there first introduction to anything French.



Kids Camp de Jeunes  
July 2018

## Camp Bienvenue Volunteer Organizers - Lamiene Faverdieu and Abby Snarski

In early August, the Centre hosted its first annual “Camp Bienvenue.” This program brings the Franco-American immigrant story full circle. Two to three generations ago our ancestors were coming

to a strange land, now their ancestors (us) can help welcome new French speakers to the United States. This camp is specifically designed for French speaking immigrant children.

Our first camp included eight young Haitian-American children. The goal of the camp is to provide the children a welcoming experience and familiarize them to their new  
(Continued on page 31)

(SE DÉFAIRE DU 28 JUILLET INFÂME  
DE PATRIMOINE  
CANADIEN...suite de page 29)

c’est un jour où les écoles peuvent participer ce qui n’est jamais le cas pour le 28 juillet, privilégiant la saison des vacanciers.

Maintenant que des Acadiens ont pertinemment mis en branle leur propre *Jour du Souvenir* bien à eux, pourquoi Patrimoine canadien et le Parti libéral fédéral canadien persisteraient-ils à faire perdurer leur « Journée de commémoration du Grand Dérangement » sinon que pour nous rappeler annuellement les hautes œuvres infâmes du génocide acadien qui furent mises en branle dès le 28 juillet 1755. Un 28 juillet pas du tout commémorable...

De quel droit peut-on s’approprier le vécu transgénérationnel du peuple acadien pour lequel la famille royale britannique et son gouvernement de l’époque ont contemplé une « solution finale » ?

De quel droit moral aujourd’hui le gouvernement libéral majoritaire de Justin Trudeau utilise à tout bout de champ l’arme du sournois multiculturalisme canadien pour faire croire aux Acadiens et aux Acadiennes, à chaque 28 juillet, que la reine d’Angleterre s’est excusée pour les torts à leur endroit alors que c’est tout le contraire qu’on nous crache dans ladite Proclamation royale canadienne depuis 15 ans.

Pourtant ce peuple acadien est un des peuples fondateurs du Canada et non de l’immigration comme le préconise l’argumentaire toujours au nom du même multiculturalisme uniformisant invoqué par Justin Trudeau et les soudaines « nouvelles règles du jeu » de Mélanie Joly qui a dû récemment céder sa place à la barre de Patrimoine canadien... peut-être pour justifier de nouvelles règles de jeu asymétriques aux Langues officielles...

\* Historien acadien originaire de l’Île-du-Prince-Édouard et diplômé en droit (1990) de l’Université de Moncton.





*(Summer in New Hampshire continued from page 30)*

home in their mother tongue. Counselors took the students to the Palace Theatre, Currier Museum of Art and Northeast Delta Dental Stadium.



*Camp Bienvenue  
August 2018*

**Acadian Family fun day  
Volunteer Organizer -  
Nathalie Hirte**

In mid-August, the Centre celebrated its fourth annual Acadian Family Fun Day. Though many in New England have Acadian Heritage it is not something that gets much attention in main stream discourse. Our event generally takes place around the time of National Acadian Day to shine a spot light on this distinct and proud history.

This year's event took place at Joppa Hill Farm in Bedford, NH. Families celebrated with picnic lunches, games, songs, and good times.



*Half Way to Mardi Gras  
2018*

**Half Way to Mardi Gras  
Volunteer Organizer -  
Carolyn Maheu**

We capped off summer with our annual Half Way to Mardi Gras celebration. This event took place at Madear's in downtown Manchester.

Mardi Gras usually takes place during the worst weather time in NH. We thought why not celebrate it during the best weather time? It's a really great way for all of us to get together and celebrate all the hard work over the summer.

*Timothy Beaulieu is a 30-something trustee of the Franco-American Centre of New Hampshire and founder of NH PoutineFest.*



*(They Came to Our Valley continued from page 27)*

bury, Vermont (St tlohnsbury Cowles Press, 1914), p 13.

40 Ibid.

41 Dunwell (n. 2 above), p.15.

42 Gerard Brault, *The French-Canadian Heritage in New England* (Hanover: University Press of New England, 1986), p. 54.

43 Wikoff ( n.12 above), p. 108.

44 Ibid.

45 Ralph D. Vicero, *The Immigration of French-Canadians to New England* (Ann Arbor, Michigan: University of Wisconsin, 1969), p. 112. It is interesting to note that in 1870, fully half of the passenger revenues of the Worcester & Nashua Railroad were from French-Canadians. (p. 205)

46 Ibid. p. 164.

47 Michel Guignard, *La Foi- La Langue- La Culture* (1982), p. 1.

48 Horace Miner (n. 6 above), p.4.

49 Gerard Brault ( n. 42 above), p.6.

50 Dyke Hendrickson, *Quiet Presence* (Portland: Guy Gannett, 1980), p 20.

51 Hendrickson (n. 50 above), p.18. They planted chiefly wheat.

52 Brault (n. 42 above), p.8.

53 Ibid., Hendrickson (n. 50 above), p.18.

54 Ibid., Children were often needed to work in the fields.

55 Ibid., p.17.

56 Brault (n. 42 above), p.8. We came three hundred years ago and we stayed.

57 Brault, p. 9.

58 Ibid., p.11.

59 Miner, St. Denis, p.63.

60 Brault (n. 42 above), p.11.

61 C. Stewart Doty (n. 1 above) p. 993.

62 Hendrickson, p. 18.

63 Brault (n.42 above), pp. 13-14.

64 Guignard ( n. 47 above), p. 43.

65 Doty (n. 1 above), p 144

66 Steve Dunwell (n. 2 above), p. 14.

67 Ibid., p.15.

68 Robert Leblanc, *Location of Manufacturing in New England in the 19th Century* (Hanover, N.H: Dartmouth College, 1969), p. 45.

69 Dunwell (n. 2 above), pp. 30 - 31.

70 Leblanc (n. 68 above), p. 50.

71 Ibid., p. 85.

72 Dunwell (n. 2 above), pp. 19-21.

73 Leblanc (n. 68 above), Around 1800, more than 100 children were working in Slater's Mill.

74 Dunwell (n.1 above), p. 97.

75 Ibid. p. 112.

76 Hendrickson, p. 32.

77 Ibid., p. 36.

78A bag boy is a type of unskilled laborer and a doffer removes (doffs) the finished product from a machine. Tamara Hareven, *Amoskeag* (New York: Pantheon, 1978) p. 396.

79Doty, *The First Franco-Americans*, pp.16-17. From the life history narrative of Philippe Lemay, written down in 1939.

80 Hendrickson, *Quiet Presence*, p. 8.

81Hareven, *Amoskeag*, p. 19.

82 Doty (n.1 above), p.153.

83 Guignard, *La Foi - La Langue- La Culture*, p. 101.

84 Dunwell, *The Run of the Mill*, p. 116.

85 Hendrickson (n. 2 above), p. 37.

86 Translation of a line from a poem by William Chapman.

87 Hendrickson (n 2 above), p. 2.

# A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture

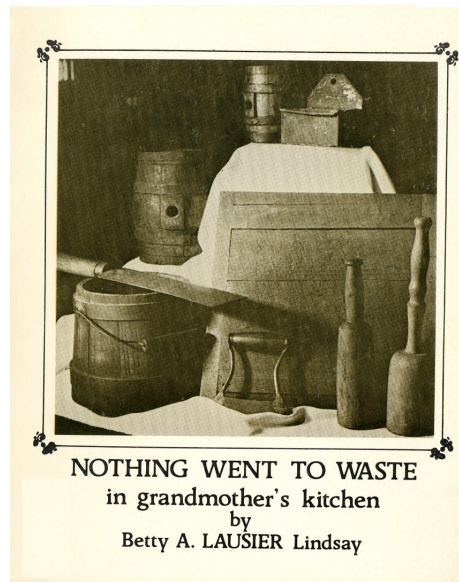
By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

The natural seasons of Summer and Fall and the Catholic liturgical season of Sundays in Ordinary Time are the subjects of my fourth, and likely, last installment, on Franco-American literature and culture, as published by the National Materials Development Center for French, abbreviated as NMDC. The next installment will likely be a supplement that will accompany the standard issue of *Le Forum*. Like the preceding three installments, the ten books that are examined for the article are the nine-volume set entitled: *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*, and the cookbook, *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspillé dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère* by Betty A. Lausier Lindsay.

After the third installment to the series was published in *Le Forum*, I realized that I omitted a piece of prose that could have been included under the Feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. The piece is chapter seven of part two, which is entitled: "Le 24 juin 1874," within the novel *Jeanne la fileuse* by Honoré Beaugrand, where the heroine of the novel, Jeanne Girard, witnesses the festivities in Montreal. However, the same chapter is truncated to an editorial gloss on page 40 in volume one of the *Anthologie*.

Also after the third installment of the series was published in *Le Forum*, I discovered a poem that should have been listed under the Feast of Corpus Christi, which is "Chanson intellectual" by Louis Dantin, the nom de plume of Eugene Seers (1865-1945), and found on pages 58 to 63 of volume nine of the *Anthologie*. The poem has 37 quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab, and the quatrains are divided into four sections, five in the first section, six in the second section, ten in the third section, and sixteen in the fourth section. The poem is a meditation on the Feast of Corpus Christi, and by extension, a mediation on the Eucharist and Transubstantiation. The

opening image is a Eucharistic procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi, and the closing image returns to the Eucharistic procession in the final line: "Portent la Verité comme une Eucharistie," which means in English: "Carrying the Truth as a Eucharist." Since Eucharistic processions are rather rare today,



they are typically held after the mass on the Feast of Corpus Christ, and the procession is led by two thurifers, followed by the priest holding the Eucharist within a monstrance, also called an ostensorium, flanked by two acolytes holding candles, followed by the parish choir, and then followed by the laity of the parish. The hands of the priest cannot be seen holding the monstrance, because they are covered by a humeral veil, which is a long strip of cloth, where both ends are wrapped around his hands, and the loop of the cloth extends over his arms and shoulders. The monstrance, and the priest, are shaded by a ceremonial umbrella, called an ombrellino, carried by another acolyte. A Eucharistic procession may occur within the aisles of a church, or outdoors on the church grounds, or a few blocks around the church,

which may be seen at parishes within a city, or decades ago, in the villages of French Canada, a circuit around the village center, or even around the village itself. The purpose of a Eucharistic procession is that Jesus Christ Himself, through the Eucharist in the monstrance, blesses the area around the procession. Hence, the farms in the villages of French Canada would be blessed annually during the Corpus Christi processions.

Unlike the previous installments in the series, the Catholic liturgical season throughout Summer and Fall is just one season, Sundays in Ordinary Time, and the liturgical color is green. The astute readers of *Le Forum* would know that Sundays in Ordinary Time begins in January with the Second Sunday in Ordinary Time, which is the Sunday after the Feast of the Baptism of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and lasts until Fat Tuesday, Mardi Gras, the day before the beginning of Lent on Ash Wednesday. The Sundays in Ordinary Time return in the Spring or Summer with consecutive numbering on the Sunday after the Feast of Corpus Christi, and culminate with the Feast of Christ, King of the Universe, which is the last Sunday of the liturgical year. The following Sunday is the first Sunday of the liturgical year, the First Sunday of Advent, and the liturgical color is purple. When the Franco-American authors were alive, and writing their texts that were later published in the *Anthologie*, the liturgical season of Sundays in Ordinary Time were called either the Sundays after Epiphany, or Sundays after Pentecost, and the liturgical color for both seasons is green. The Sundays after Epiphany start with the Second Sunday after Epiphany and end on the Sunday before Septuagesima Sunday, which occurs three Sundays before Ash Wednesday. The Sundays after Pentecost begin on the Third Sunday after Pentecost, which is the Sunday after the Feast of Corpus Christi, and end with the Last Sunday after Pentecost, which is the Sunday before the First Sunday in Advent. The earlier name for the liturgical seasons of Sundays after Epiphany and Sundays after Pentecost are still used for the liturgy known as the Extraordinary Form of the Mass, or in Latin, *Missa Extraordinariae Formae*, while the current liturgical season of Sundays in Ordinary Time, are from the current New Order of the Mass, or in Latin, *Novus Ordo Missae*. Although the name of the Last Sunday after Pentecost may have humble name, the Gospel reading is from  
(Continued on page 33)



(A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 32)

Matthew 24:15-35, and the culminating image of the passage is the end of time, said in the last line of the Gospel passage: “Coelum et terra transibunt, verba autem mea non praeteribunt,” which translates into English as: “Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but My Word shall not pass away.” The aforementioned Feast of Christ, King of the Universe in the current Novus Ordo Rite, was originally celebrated as the Feast of the Kingship of Our Lord Jesus Christ in the *Missae Extraordinariae Formae*, and it is held on the last Sunday of October, which could fall from October 25 to October 31. Pope Pius XI instituted the feast in an encyclical issued on December 11, 1925, entitled “*Quas primas*,” and the feast day was first held in October 1926. The Gospel reading is from John 18:33-37, when Christ was before Pilate and He declares to Pilate: “*Regnum meum non est de hoc mundo*,” which means in English: “My Kingdom is not of this world.”

During the Summer and the Fall, whether in the Sundays in Ordinary Time, or Sundays after Pentecost, there are only two holy days of obligation – the Feast of the Assumption of Mary on August 15 and the Feast of All Saints on November 1. Curiously, there are no poems, nor references in the prose of either holy day of obligation in the nine volumes of the *Anthologie*, which is especially odd for the Assumption of Mary, since it is the national holiday for the Acadians. Rather, Catholic holy days which are not holy days of obligation are listed, such as the Feast of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus (October 3), and All Souls’ Day (November 2), and the Feast of St. Catherine (November 25). Moreover, secular holidays are more prominent, Bastille Day (July 14), Labor Day (First Monday of September), Armistice Day or Veterans’ Day (November 11), and Thanksgiving (Fourth Thursday of November). The season of Fall, which begins on the Autumnal Equinox on September 22, and ends with the Winter Solstice on December 21, has the most poems of the four seasons in the *Anthologie*, a total of eight, and the likely reason that Fall is the most colorful season of the year in New England, when the leaves on the trees become an array of colors.

The significance of Labor Day in the history of Franco-Americans has been effectively ignored, largely because the

meaning of Labor Day has greatly changed from the early 20th Century until now. In the late 19th and the early 20th Centuries, Labor Day was a day when labor unions would hold parades in the streets of cities, and carry banners of a political nature about the significance of their labor. For example, the *Boston Globe* reported on Tuesday, September 5, 1899, under the headline: “4731 Men In Line: Labor Day Parade Calls Forth Cheers of Thousands,” that the Mayor of Boston, Josiah Quincy of the Democratic Party, reviewed the parade that passed through Copley Square. (Notice that the headline has an exact number of men who were in the parade, while today, the headline would have a rounded number, 4,700, and the exact number would be found in the body of the text of the report itself.) The report included illustrations of the political signs that were carried in the parade, such as: “Organized Labor Speaks Humanity’s Cause.” After the parade, there were outdoor social activities, such as baseball games and picnics, sponsored by the same labor unions that had organized the parade. On the same Labor Day in the same city, but in the Parker House, La Société Historique Franco-Américaine was formed when J. Henri Guillet of Lowell, Mass., was elected President of the organization, along with eight other men to eight other offices, as written by Antoine Clement in his “Historique,” which is found in the 878-page book, *Les Quarante Ans de la Société Historique Franco-Américaine, 1899-1939*. Despite the significance of Labor Day to the foundation of La Société Historique Franco-Américaine, Antoine Clement did not mention the organization was formed on the holiday.

**The Franco-American Authors  
The Season of Summer –  
June 21 to September 22**



Rosaire Dion-Lévesque (1900-1974)

wrote a poem entitled “*Canicule*,” which is found on pages 170 to 171 in volume nine of the *Anthologie*. The title of the poem, “*Canicule*,” is the same word in English, and it pertains to the dog-days of Summer, from July 24 to August 24, when the brightest star in the sky, Sirius, which is within the constellation of Canis Major, Latin for “the Big Dog,” rises with the Sun. The poem is written in 24 lines of free verse, with an intermittent rhyme scheme. After the title of the poem is a quote from the book, *The Imitation of Jesus Christ*, written by Thomas à Kempis, circa 1418 to 1427, and the subject of the quote is about the struggle with temptation. Dion-Lévesque tells the reader of how he struggles with the pleasures of Summer, as stated in the twelfth line: « *Alcools des jours, et absinthes des nuits,* » which is in English: “Alcohol in the day, and absinthe at night.” In the seventeenth and eighteenth lines of the poem, he addresses Summer as the source of his temptations: « *Été! Tu chasses de ma maison/ La foi qui s’obstine à demeurer raison.* » A translation of the quote is: “Summer! You hunt from my house/ The faith with persists in dwelling [with] reason.”

**Bastille Day – July 14**



Eugène Brault (1871-1936) wrote a one-act play entitled “*J.P. Marat : Assassiné le 13 juillet, 1793, par Charlotte Corday*” which is found on pages 18 to 26 in volume three of the *Anthologie*. The Cercle National Dramatique first performed the play on February 17, 1897 in Woonsocket, R.I. The text of the play was formerly published in 1899 in a book of poetry entitled *Amicis* by Brault, but under his nom de plume of Jean Gaston, as cited in the biography of Eugène Brault and the bibliography of the said volume. The

(Continued on page 34)

(A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 33)

play is listed under Bastille Day because it is set on the eve of the French holiday, but it is clear that the play was written by a faithful Catholic who did not share the goals of the French Revolution. J.P. Marat is portrayed as a murderous villain who declares himself an enemy of the Roman Catholic Church. In contrast, Charlotte Corday declares herself, in the final lines of the play, a heroine who saved the people of France, just as the heroine Judith of the Old Testament saved the Jewish people, by killing the Babylonian General Holofernes, while he slept in his tent. (It should be noted that the Book of Judith is found in the Catholic Bible, but not in the vast majority of Protestant translations of the Bible.) The entire play is written in rhyming couplets, even the dialogue between Charlotte Corday and J.P. Marat.

### Labor Day – The First Monday of September Part One – The Novels

It is significant that the first Franco-American novel is about labor, and it is also significant that the central character is a woman, Jeanne Girard, who is Jeanne la fileuse, or in English, Joan the Textile Worker. The primary reason French-Canadians emigrated from Canada to the New England States is for jobs where they would get paid for their labor. Each of the three novels could be considered as examples of the social problem novel, for in each, the heroine struggles in a meager existence at a mill, and the reader is meant to feel sympathy for the heroine, and anger on how the capitalist system has constrained the heroine through economic hardship.



Honoré Beaugrand, (1848-1906),

published his novel, *Jeanne la fileuse*, in 1878 in Fall River, Massachusetts, and only four years after the Granite Mill Fire in Fall River of September 19, 1874, which is the subject of chapter nine of the novel, entitled: “L’Incendie de ‘Granite Mill,’” found on pages 168 to 175 in the complete publication of the novel by the NMDC, and which is summarized as an editorial gloss on page 44 in volume one of the *Anthologie*. The reader will note that that Beaugrand quoted from a report about the fire that was first published in his own newspaper, *L’Echo du Canada*, as found on pages 169 to 175 of the novel. The apparent love-interest of Jeanne Girard, the heroine of the novel, is Michel Dupuis, who is killed in the fire while trying to save the lives of his fellow workers. The tragedy of the fire was national news, for the *Boston Daily Globe*, published the headline on page one on September 20, 1874 that: “A Shocking Calamity: A Woolen Mill Burned and Forty Lives Lost.” The same day, the *Chicago Daily Tribune* printed the headline: “Sad Calamity. Burning of Large Cotton Mill in Fall River, Mass.: Forty Young Girls Lose Their Lives and Eighty More or Less Injured.” The *Hartford Daily Courant* also reported on the tragedy, and published an editorial about the verdict of the inquest: “... The mill was well-equipped with fire escapes and appliances for extinguishing [the] flames, except for the sixth story. As a preventative of further disasters, it is recommended that mills should be so arranged that an alarm sounded in one portion shall be repeated in all other apartments. This is the substance of the verdict.” The editor of the *Hartford Daily Courant* advocated for practice fire-drills periodically in the textile mills, for they: “... would teach the women, and the men too, not to lose their heads, [...] and to know just what should be done.” The final sentence of the editorial implied that a majority of the laborers in the mills were women and children, which was another reason for the fire-drills: “It is equally desirable where women and children are employed, for more than half of such employees would [otherwise] be unable in the usual excitement [better known as panic] attending a fire to make use of the ordinary means of escape.” (“The Fall River Verdict,” *Hartford Daily Courant*, October 5, 1874, page 2.)



Emma Dumas, (1857-1926), first published her novel, *Mirbah*, in serial form through *La Justice* of Holyoke, Massachusetts, from 1910 to 1912. Ernest Guillet revealed in his doctoral dissertation, *French Ethnic Literature and Culture in an American City: Holyoke, Massachusetts* (University of Massachusetts, 1979), that Emma Dumas paid Joseph Lussier, the Editor of *La Justice*, to publish the installments of her novel. Guillet also revealed that in August 1949, Joseph Lussier wrote a letter to Dr. Gabriel Nadeau, in which he stated how he regretted the deal, because he thought her novel was an inferior piece of writing, which is found on page 287 of the dissertation. Guillet examined *Mirbah* as an attempt at literature within a well-established ethnic community in the City of Holyoke, as found on pages 286 to 305, but he did not examine the theme of labor in the novel. The labor of teachers is found in chapter six, as found in the title: « Rendre le peuple meilleur – Religion, Science, Liberté, Progrès (Devise de l’École Normale à Québec). » A translation of the title is: “To Render the People Better - Religion, Science, Liberty, Progress (Motto of the Normal School in Quebec).” Chapter six is found on pages 124 to 162 in the complete edition of the novel published by the NMDC, and summarized as an editorial gloss on page 155 in volume four of the *Anthologie*. It should be noted that Emma Dumas herself was a teacher. Chapter eleven does not have a title, but opens with a quote: « L’Opulence, enfant du Labeur, doit, fière de son origine, forcer l’écrivain d’en parler. » A translation of the quote is: “Wealth, the child of Labor, should, proud of its origin, force the writer to speak about it.” Dumas did not give a citation to her opening quote, but it sounds like a catch-phrase from the labor movement of the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries. The opening scene of chapter eleven takes place in the William Skinner  
(Continued on page 35)



(A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 34)

and Sons Silk Manufacturing Company in Holyoke. Chapter eleven is found on pages 228 to 237 of the complete version of the novel by the NMDC, and redacted to six pages, as found on pages 198 to 204 in volume four of the *Anthologie*.



Camille Lessard-Bissonnette, (1883-1970), initially published her novel, *Canuck*, in serial form in 1938, and later in the same year, in book form. In the first chapter, entitled: « La vie du moulin, » which translates as: “Life in the Mills,” we, the readership, are taken into the harsh existence of the Labranche family, who were forced to move from their farm in Quebec to a squalid apartment in Lowell, Massachusetts, in order to work twelve hours a day in the textile mills. The central character of the novel is the teenage daughter of the Labranche family, Victoria Labranche, whose nickname is Vic. The opening chapter is found on pages one to twelve in the complete version of the novel that was published by the NMDC, and also complete on pages 165 to 176 in volume eight of the *Anthologie*. In contrast to first chapter in the mill city, chapter nine of *Canuck*, entitled « Le Père l’Allumette, » which means in English: “Father Matchstick,” takes place on the family farm in Quebec, where the local priest would aid the health of the people and their livestock with herbal and folk remedies, which are found on pages 79 to 81 of the complete version of the novel, and which is omitted in volume eight of the *Anthologie*. One can question the remedies that were supposed to cure rheumatism, diabetes, jaundice, hardening of the arteries, weak lungs, kidney disease, dropsy, blocked intestines, pleurisy, diarrhea, neuralgia, stomach ulcers, and abscesses, but Betty A. Lausier Lindsay wrote about home cures on page 23 in her book, *Nothing Went to*

*Waste in grandmother’s kitchen/Rien n’était gaspille dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère*, which addressed the more common problems of sore throat, colds, fever, diarrhea, upset stomach, bruises and cuts, mumps, and the preventative called the Yearly Vitamin, which consisted of “a large dose of ‘sulfur molasses.’” Unlike the lost-love of Jeanne Girard in *Jeanne la fileuse*, where the beloved dies in a fire, *Canuck* has a fairy-tale ending for Vic Labranche, who ends the novel, married, and about to travel on a honeymoon to South America.

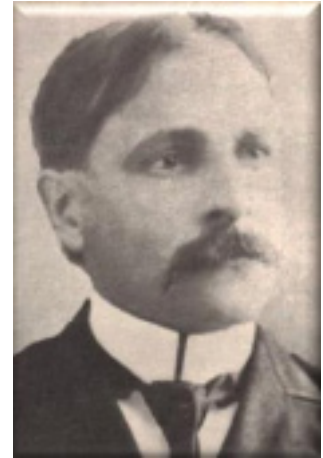
Camille Lessard-Bissonnette is the subject of a doctoral dissertation which was published as a book in 1998, entitled *Camille Lessard-Bissonnette: The Quiet Revolution of French-Canadian Immigrants in New England* by Janet L. Schideler (Peter Land Publishing, Inc.: New York, 1998, 239 pages). In 2006, *Canuck* was translated into English by Sue Huseman and Sylvie Charon, and published in the book, *Canuck and Other Stories*, edited by Rhea Côté Robbins (Rheta Press: Brewer, Maine, 2006, 277 pages).

### Part Two – The Poetry and Songs



Charles R. Daoust (1865-1924), a reporter and an editor of several Franco-American newspapers over the course of his career, wrote the lyrics to a song entitled: « La chanson de la grève, » which means in English: “The Strike Song,” which is found on pages 185 to 186 in volume three of the *Anthologie*. The melody of the song is taken from the song: « Sur le grand mât d’une corvette. » Daoust wrote the lyrics in 1903 and dedicated them to his friend Alfred Daigle, the former President of the Weavers’ Union in Lowell. The song demonstrates the original meaning of Labor Day, when laborers demonstrated their significance in society with parades, unlike the marketed celebration of Labor Day of today, which is associated with picnics, family cook-outs,

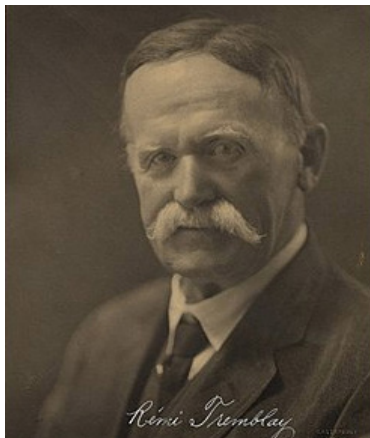
and the beginning of the school year. The first four lines of the first verse set the tone of the song: « Chantons ensemble, amis grévistes, La bonne chanson du métier! Ils vivent gras, capitalistes, Aux dépens de pauvre ouvrier! » The translation of the text is: “Sing together, fellow strikers, the good song of trade! The live fat, the capitalists, to the detriment of the poor worker!”



Dr. Joseph Amédée Girouard (1865-1938) wrote a poem entitled « Le travail de l’enfance, » which is found on pages 43 to 44 of volume four of the *Anthologie*, and it was previously published in his book of poetry, *Au fil de la vie. Recueil de poésies* (Lewiston, Maine, 1909, 150 pages), as noted in the bibliography section of the volume. It is written in nine quintets with a rhyme scheme of abaab, and the title of the poem translates into English as “The Labor of Childhood,” and the poem itself describes the cruelty of child labor in the factory. Also in volume four of the *Anthologie*, on pages 47 and 48, is the poem entitled « La chanson des ouvrières » by Dr. Girouard, which is written in seven octets, with a rhyme scheme of abbaacddc. The title of the poem, which in English is: “The Song of the Working Women,” but since the feminine noun is not age specific, it could also be translated as: “The Song of the Working Girls.” The image of song is reiterated in the third octet, where the metaphor of birds in the trees, sing while they work, is introduced into the poem. The poem is loaded with irony, for the speakers of the poem are young girls in the textile mill, as identified in the first octet, and they sing while at work, for they know that they cannot cry, otherwise they would not be able to see their looms, as said in the sixth octet. The penance of work is stated in the last octet, which echoes God’s curse of toil onto Adam when he was expelled from (Continued on page 36)

(A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 35)

Eden, as found in Genesis 3:17-19: « Ne trouvons-nous pas que partout, Le travail est la loi divine? » A translation of the quote is: “Do we not find, above all, work is divine law?” Here again is another instance of irony, for God cursed Adam, symbolic of all men, with the harshness of work, and not girls, while in the modern age contemporary to Dr. Girouard, it is the girls who toil in the textile mills. James Myall wrote an excellent article about the two poems by Dr. Girouard in his article entitled: “Poetry from the Lewiston Mills of 1909,” which was published in the *Bangor Daily News* on Sunday, September 3, 2017, the day before Labor Day in 2017. Both poems are published in the original French and in English translation, but it should be noted that the poem « La chanson des ouvrières, » is translated as “The Song of the Drones,” in Myall’s article, which is also accurate, for « ouvrières » can mean worker bees. The two poems by Dr. Girouard demonstrate a greater depth to his poetry than the one sentence description by Pierre Anctil in his book *A Franco-American Bibliography: New England*, where on page 42, Girouard’s book of poetry is described as: “Poetry by a Franco-American doctor who wrote as an outlet from the weariness of long hours of work.”



Rémi Tremblay, (1847-1926), wrote a song entitled « La chant de l’ouvrier, » which is found on pages 282 to 283 of volume one of the *Anthologie*. The bibliography section of volume one of the *Anthologie* does not clearly identify the original publication of the poem, but it was formerly published in the book *Boutades et rêveries* (Fall River, Massachusetts, 1893, 320 pages), on pages 277 to 282. A translation of the title of the

poem into English is: “The Song of the Worker,” or, since the second noun is masculine: “The Song of the Working Man.” In a simple glance of the text, it has the form of the lyrics of a song, with a refrain, but neither publication has a melody for the lyrics to the song, either written as a score, or identified as the melody from another song. Each of the four verses are written in octets, with a rhyme scheme of ababcdcd, and the refrain is a quatrain of efef. The song extols the virtues of work, which is demonstrated in the refrain: « Du fainéant le vieux sceptre se brise/ De l’exploiteur abolissons l’emploi. Gloire au travail! Honte à qui le méprise/ Ou se soustrait à sa divine loi! » A translation of the quote is: “Of the idler, the old scepter breaks itself/ Of the exploiter, we abolish the job./ Glory to work! Shame to those who despise it, or to those who elude his divine law!” Notice the now forgotten catch phrase that equated work with divine law is written positively by Tremblay, and ironically by Girouard.

### Part Three – The Sermon



Rev. Henri Beaudet (1870-1930) of the Diocese of Manchester, New Hampshire, gave a sermon on Labor Day, 1913, for the tenth congress of the Association Canado-Américaine, abbreviated as the ACA, a fraternal insurance company run by and for Franco-Americans, and which was established in 1896 in Manchester, N.H. Rev. Beaudet gave the sermon on Monday, September 1, 1913 in St. Mary’s Church in Manchester, N.H., and the title of the sermon is the same as the motto found on the crest of the ACA: “Religion, Patriotisme, Fraternité,” and the sermon is found on pages 354 to 366 in volume five of the *Anthologie*. The structure of the sermon opens with a quote in Latin from the Gospel of St. Matthew, which is immediately translated into French, following by an introduction, followed by three sections, each subject taken from the motto of the ACA, for the first



“The emblem of the Association Canado-Américaine (ACA) in Manchester, N.H. One can see within the crest images of the flag of the Province of Quebec, the American eagle, a bundle of arrows with an arm welding a hammer, and two hands interlocked in a handshake. Below the crest is the motto of the ACA: “Religion, Patriotisme, Fraternité.” The image is taken from the back cover of the 180-page book by Gérald Robert, *Musée de L’Association Canado-Américaine*, published by the ACA in 1987.

section is about religion, the second is about patriotism, and the third is about fraternity. Of course, the religion is Catholicism, the patriotism is patriotism for the United States of America, and fraternity is the respect and willingness to help others, as taught by Jesus Christ, and therefore, a basic teaching of the Catholic Church.

The sermon by Rev. Beaudet is a study on how Catholic priests often deal with secular holidays, by both acknowledging them, and side-stepping them. Rev. Beaudet acknowledged Labor Day by the very act of giving the sermon on Labor Day, but he side-stepped the secular and political meaning of the holiday, with the opening quote: “Quarite primum regnum Dei,” which means in English: “Seek Ye first the Kingdom of God,” from Matthew 6:33 In the regular set of readings for the liturgical calendar of Sunday readings, the quoted Gospel passage is read on the Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost, three weeks earlier than the readings that occurred the day before on Sunday, August 31, 1913, which was the Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost. The entire Gospel passage for the Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost is Matthew 6:24-33, while the Gospel passage for the Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost is Matthew 22:34-46. The only time the word “travail” or any of its cognates appear in the entire sermon is found in the first section of the sermon, which has religion as its main topic, and the passage is found on page 356 of volume five of the (Continued on page 37)



(A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 36)

*Anthologie*. The entire sentence in French is: « En d'autres termes, notre appel à l'ordre surnaturel nous fait un devoir de travailleur, d'abord et avant tout, à acquérir le plus possible de vérités religieuses et à pénétrer toujours plus profondément dans la sphère sublime au sein de laquelle Dieu habite. » A translation of the quote is: "In other words, our call to supernatural order makes us a duty to be workmen, first and above all, to acquire the most possible of religious truths and to penetrate always most deeply into the sublime sphere in the breast where God resides." Notice how Rev. Beaudet used the word "travailleur," "workman" in English, within the context of working to find religious truths, which is ultimately connected to the quotation: "Quarite primum regnum Dei," "Seek Ye first the Kingdom of God," as the ultimate objective in life.

Rev. Henri Beaudet published 24 books and monographs from 1903 to 1929 under his nom de plume, Henri d'Arles, as listed in his biography on pages 277 to 278 in volume five of the *Anthologie*. In 1907, he became a member of the Academie française, and in 1922, he won the Richelieu Award from the Academie française for his three-volume history: *Acadie: Reconstitution d'un chapitre perdu de l'histoire d'Amérique*.

### The Season of Fall – September 22 to December 21 Part One – The Poetry

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote five poems about the season of Fall, all of which are found in volume nine of the *Anthologie*. "Paysage autumnal" is found on page 176, and it is composed of fifteen lines with a rhyme scheme of abba cddc eff gee f, as if it were a sonnet with an additional line. After the title is a one sentence quote from an uncited text by André Dumas. "Vent d'automne..." is found on page 177, and it is composed of four quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab. Notice that the title has an ellipse. "Spleen d'automne" is found on page 178, and it is a sonnet with a rhyme scheme of abab abab cdc cdc. After the title of the poem is a quote of four lines from an uncited work by the French poet Francis Jammes (1868-1938). "Chant d'automne" is found on page 179, and it is composed of six sets of couplets, with a rhyme scheme of

ab ab cd cd ef ef. "Automne" is found on page 180, and it is composed in 24 lines of free verse, arranged as a quatrain, an octet, a quintet, and a triplet, all of irregular length, and without a rhyme scheme.



Dr. Joseph-Hormisdas Roy (1865-1931) wrote two poems about Fall which are found in volume three of the *Anthologie*. "Voix d'automne" is found on pages 210 to 211, and it is composed of seven quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abba. "Pensées d'automne" is found on pages 212 to 214, and it is divided into two sections, the first section is composed of nine quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab, and the second section is composed of five stanzas of varying lengths – a quintet (abaab), a sestet (ccdeed), an eleven-line stanza that could be considered a combined quintet (abaab) and sestet (ccdde), then a quatrain (abab), and a sestet (abaaba). The eleven-line stanza is not a misprint in volume three of the *Anthologie*, for it is found on page four of the original publication of *Voix étrangères* by J.H. Roy (Lowell, Mass.: L'Etoile et Cie, 1902), 206 pages.



Dr. Philippe Sainte-Marie (1875-1931) wrote a poem about Fall, entitled "Automne," and it is found on pages 251 to 252 in volume six of the *Anthologie*. It is

composed of eight quatrains with a rhyme scheme of abab, and a concluding sestet with a rhyme scheme of ababcc.

### Part Two – The Short Story

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote a descriptive mood-piece in four pages of prose about an evening in the Fall, entitled: "Soir d'automne," which is found on pages 302 to 305 in volume nine of the *Anthologie*.

### Feast of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus – October 3

Charles R. Daoust wrote a poem entitled "La rosière celeste," which is found on pages 187 to 188 of volume three of the *Anthologie*. It was previously published in his book of poetry, *Au Seuil du Crépuscule* (Shawinigan Falls, Quebec, 1924). It is an acrostic poem of 34 lines with a shifting rhyme scheme that spells the name: "Bienheureuse Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus," which translates into English as: "Blessed Theresa of the Child Jesus." The first nineteen lines have a rhyme scheme of abab, and the last ends with an "a" rhyme since the set of lines is an odd number. The next two lines, the "de," are a couplet. The next eight lines have a rhyme scheme of abab cddc, and the concluding five lines are a quintet of aabba. The subject of the poem is Thérèse Martin of Alençon, France, who entered a Carmelite Order of Nuns in Lisieux, France at the age of fifteen. In her religious life, she took the name of Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus, which in English is Theresa of the Child Jesus, and she died at the age of 24 in 1897. She was beatified in 1923, hence the title of "Bienheureuse," or "Blessed," before her name in the poem, but Charles R. Daoust, who died on November 17, 1924, did not live to see her canonized as a saint on May 17, 1925 by Pope Pius XI. Although she died on September 30, 1897, her feast day is on October 3. The poem is dedicated to Irene Farley who advocated for the canonization of Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus. Marcelle Y. Chenard, Ph.D., published an essay about Irene Farley through the French Institute at Assumption College in Worcester, Mass., entitled: "Irene Farley, a Franco-American lay missionary, including a descriptive study of the 'Missionary Rosebuds of Saint Therese' – Origin and Development (1922-1988)," which is found in the book: *Religion Catholique et Appartenance Franco-Américaine* (Continued on page 38)

(A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 37)

*aine/ Franco-Americans and Religion: Impact and Influence*, edited by Claire Quintal, Ph.D., 1993, 202 pages.

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote a poem entitled « Petite tapisserie pour Thérèse de Lisieux, » which is found on pages 138 to 139 in volume nine of the *Anthologie*. The translation of the title of the poem into English is: “A little tapestry for Theresa of Lisieux.” The poem is dedicated to Mère Marie de la Miséricorde, who is not further identified by Dion-Lévesque. It is written in 22 lines of free verse, with instances of rhyme, couplets in lines five and six, nine and ten, and fifteen and sixteen, with a triplet in lines seventeen to nineteen. St. Theresa of the Child Jesus is often depicted as holding roses with a crucifix of Jesus Christ, and in Catholic lore, she wanted to cast graces to the people of Earth, after her death, like roses descending from Heaven. In the second to last line in the poem, Dion-Lévesque addressed her as: “The Rose,” but in the opening sestet of the poem, he described how she weaved goodness in her life in the monastery: « – Sur la rugueuse toile/ De sa vie monastique, Thérèse tisse/ Sur la trame de ses instants – / – bleu, rouge et blanc/ Bonheur, amour, patience. » A translation of the quote is: “– About the rough toil/ Of her monastic life, / Theresa weaves/ On the fabric of her moments – / – blue, red and white, /Happiness, love, patience.”

### The Death of the Hippie – October 7-9, 1967

For those readers of *Le Forum* who wish to celebrate, at least in thought, the anniversary of an unofficial, whether religious or secular, holiday that itself was organized as a mock holiday, should remember the mock funeral ceremony of the Death of the Hippie, which was celebrated on the cited dates, in the epicenter of Hippie Culture, in the Haight-Ashbury section of San Francisco, California. John Bassett McCleary, in his 704-page book, *The Hippie Dictionary; A Cultural Encyclopedia (and Phraseicon) of the 1960s and the 1970s* (Ten Speed Press: Berkeley, Cal., 2004), explained the purpose of the event, in his words on page 126: “[It was] Performed by hippies who were disillusioned with the direction in which the

hippie culture was headed...” He further explained that by the Summer of 1967: “... many people joined the hippie life for sex, drugs and rock and roll alone, [while] ignoring social and political issues. True hippies felt the new arrivals had missed the point [of the cultural and political movement.]” In the final sentence of his own definition of the event, McCleary identified himself as among the True Hippies, and their ideology, for he wrote: “I agree; yet anyone who was around for the rest of the decade or the 1970s knows that the hippie did not die in October 1967.” Just one proof of his last statement is found on pages 571 to 572, under his entry for the rock concert of Woodstock, which was billed as: “Three Days of Peace and Music,” and occurred on August 15 to 17, 1969 on Max Yasgur’s 600-acre farm just outside of Woodstock, New York. The three-day rock concert could be considered an ephemeral city, for attendance peaked at an estimated 400,000 people. The concert film, *Woodstock*, directed by Michael Wadleigh, not only has nearly three hours of music from the concert, but shown aspects of the Hippie Culture, such as the singer Joan Baez noting on stage that she was pregnant, something which middle-class woman at the time did not normally discuss in public, as well as incidental scenes, such as collective naked bathing in a pond, or the brief interview with the janitor of the Port-O-San, who remarks to the camera that he has one son at the concert, and another son in Vietnam.

From my own experience, I do remember seeing Hippies on the streets of Hartford, Connecticut in the early 1970s, and their numbers diminished in 1972, even less in 1974, and effectively gone by 1976. I remember one incident of innocent goodwill, which was an aspect of Hippie Culture, that occurred one Summer’s early evening when I was around ten years old, in 1974 or 1975. I was sitting in the backseat on the passenger’s side of our 1966 Plymouth Fury III, my father behind the steering wheel, and my mother in the passenger’s side of the front, and we were waiting at the light, northbound on Main Street in Hartford, not far from the Butler-McCook Homestead. A dingy car in the right-hand lane pulled-up, but diagonally in back of our car. It was driven by a man and woman couple, wearing some Hippie clothes, with the man in the driver’s seat, and in the back seat was apparently their daughter, sitting on the driver’s side, with the window rolled down. She also was about ten years old,

with straight blond hair. She saw me, and with her left hand, she reached out to give me a daisy, that was placed in a green-glass Seven-Up bottle. I reached out the grab it, but my right arm was not long enough. I tried again, and my father inched the car forward. The father in the other car, inched his car forward, and again, I tried to get the gift, but I could not reach it. (I should note here that I was resting my body on the door at the hip, while I held on the frame of the door with my left hand, a rather dangerous act that was not illegal then, for there were no safety-belt laws at the time.) A third time, I almost was able to grab the bottle, but the light apparently had changed, and my father stepped on the gas, and off we went. I let out an “Aww man!!,” as I cast myself into the back seat, and my father, a total square, sternly remarked to me: “Albert, you don’t want that.” I tried to explain to my father what transpired, but the point was moot.

Unlike my innocent, and perhaps amusing anecdote of an encounter with the daughter of Hippie parents, there was one Franco-American author and poet who may have liked to have seen the death of the Hippie, Rosaire Dion-Lévesque, for he had a pejorative view of them, as found in his poem, « La mort de la maison, » found on page 238 in volume nine of the *Anthologie*. It is written in 20 lines of free verse, with an intermittent rhyme scheme of couplets and even a triplet. The first two lines of the poem set the scene: « La vieille maison se meurt/ d’une mort lent et gangreneuse... » which translates as: “The old house dies away/ a slow and gangrenous death...” Lines 12 to 15, a quatrain, have the almost amusing metaphor, where people are used as a metaphor to describe plants: « Les bois avoisinants/ on envahi jardins et gazon:/ Les haies jadis bien taillées/ Sont des ‘hippies’ sauvages, échevelés. » A translation of the quote is: “The neighboring woods/ have over-run the gardens and the grass;/ The hedges formerly were well-cut/ Are [now] some ‘hippies’ wild, disheveled.” The poem was previously published in the October 6, 1970 issue of the periodical, *L’information Médicale et Paramédicale*, in Montreal, Canada, as cited on page 361 of the bibliography in volume nine of the *Anthologie*.

### All Souls’ Day – November 2

One of curiosities of the *Anthologie* is that there are no poems about All Saints’  
(Continued on page 39)



(A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 38)

Day, November 1, which is a holy day of obligation in the Catholic Church, but there are three poems in the *Anthologie* about All Souls' Day, November 2, which is not a holy day of obligation. A possible reason for the three poems by the two poets is that both men were faithful Catholic laymen who believed that the prayers by the living can aid the souls in Purgatory, the souls of good people who are in a state of penance due their venial sins with they carried with them into the afterlife. The objective of the mass on All Souls' Day is to pray for the souls in Purgatory, in order to help them get out of Purgatory and into Heaven. The souls who carried mortal sins with them into the

afterlife go to Hell, also a point of Catholic teaching. For the readers of *Le Forum*, it should be noted that the way All Souls' Day is celebrated in the Catholic Church today, with the Novus Ordo Rite, is quite different than when it was celebrated in the Catholic Church in 1963 and earlier, a rite which is now known as the Extraordinary Form of the Mass, or in Latin, *Missa Formae Extraordinariae*. When Rémi Tremblay and Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote their poems about All Souls' Day, the mass that they prayed was what is now called the *Missa Formae Extraordinariae*, and in the rite, the priest wears black vestments, there is black drapery on the altar, and just outside of the sanctuary is a false coffin, called a *catfalque*, which is draped in black cloth. The opening prayer, the introit, are the well-known words: "Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis." The translation is:

"Eternal rest give to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them." After the Epistle, from First Corinthians 15:51-57, is an additional prayer called a sequence, with the well-known first words: "Dies irae, dies illa, solvet saeculum in favilla, teste David cum Sibylla." The translation of the quote is: "The day of wrath, that dreadful day, shall all the world in ashes lay, as David and Sibyl say." After the sequence is the reading of the Gospel, from John 5:25-29. The most famous music that was composed for a Requiem Mass, or the mass on All Souls' Day, is the *Requiem in D-minor*, K. 626 by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, which he composed in the year of his own death, 1791, and possibly the most famous piece within it, is his "Dies Irae." The mass for All Souls' Day in the current Novus Ordo Rite is considerably different then the rite of the *Missa Formae Extraordinariae*, for the



**Requiem Mass, Sacred Heart, New Haven, taken November 3, 2003**

"An All Souls' Day Mass is shown in the photograph taken on the evening of Monday, November 3, 2003, in Sacred Heart Church in New Haven, Conn. The reason the feast day was moved to a Monday is because Sundays commemorate the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, and so, a day of penance, like All Souls' Day that fell on a Sunday in 2003, is shifted to the following day. In the group of three men in liturgical robes are: in the center, the priest, Rev. Pecaric, with the deacon to his right, and the subdeacon to his left, whose names I did not record in my photo notebook. To the far right is an altar-server, who would be called an acolyte in the Extraordinary Form of the Mass. (I remember his name was Sean, and in 2003, he resided in Middletown, Conn., with his wife and family.) In the lower-right hand corner, apparently near Acolyte Sean, is the *catfalque*, and three candles on three very tall candlesticks can be seen on the left side of the *catfalque*. The *catfalque* is on the central aisle of the church, and the photo does not show the other three very tall candlesticks with candles on them on the right side of the *catfalque*. The *catfalque* itself was composed of sixteen to twenty stacked empty cardboard boxes that were used to ship large votive candles, with an embroidered black cloth over them, as shown to me after the mass by one of the prominent members of the St. Gregory Society in New Haven, Bill Riccio, who is not shown in the photograph. The viewer will note the black vestments, and the black drapery in the antependium, which was attached to a wooden frame, and it was salvaged years earlier by Bill Riccio. In the center panel of the antependium are the letters "I.H.S.," embroidered in white, but not seen in the photograph, as the subdeacon is blocking the view. After the mass, Bill Riccio took down the antependium, and in the marble panel below the tabernacle is a relief of Leonardo DaVinci's Last Supper. Above the tabernacle is a large brass crucifix, and leaning against the purple veil of the tabernacle is the main altar card. To the right of the tabernacle is the missal, and to left of the tabernacle is altar card that has the Final Gospel printed on it. To the foreground, and in the lower-left corner is the pulpit. Behind Acolyte Sean is the altar table, also called the mensa, and atop of it is the chalice, which is covered by a chalice veil, and next to it are the cruets for the water and the wine, both flanked by two candles. In 2009, Sacred Heart Church in New Haven was closed by Archbishop Henry J. Mansell of the Archdiocese of Hartford, and the Extraordinary Form of the Mass was moved to St. Stanislaus Church in New Haven. **Photo by Albert J. Marceau, with his Pentax P3 SLR camera.**"

(Continued on page 40)

(A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 39)

liturgical color is purple for the vestments and the altar linens, the catafalque and the sequence have been eliminated, and readings are from Wisdom 3:1-9, Psalm 23, Romans 5:5-11, and John 6:37-40.

Rosaire Dion-Lévesque wrote two poems that can be listed under All Souls' Day, and both are found in volume nine of the *Anthologie*. « Interieur d'église » is found on page 241, and it is a sonnet, with a rhyme scheme of abba baab ccd dee. After the title of the poem is a quote of two lines from an uncited work by the French-Canadian poet Albert Dreux (1888-1949). The final tercet of the poem has a reference to the now forgotten tradition of the catafalque: « Et près du chœur paisible, en le jour qui descend./ Lamé d'un argent vif, en rigide décalque./ S'estompe le drap noir d'un sombre catafalque. » A translation of the quote is: "And close to the gentle choir, during the during the day falls/ A shaft of bright silver, in rigid tracing./ Fades into the black sheet of a somber catafalque." « Le chapelet de la morte » is found on pages 253 to 254, and it is 32 lines of free verse, with an intermittent rhyme scheme. Unlike the previous structured poem, Dion-Levesque displays some odd theology in his second poem, as express in the tercet on page 253: « En novembre/ Les vivants prient pour les morts. / Elle, la morte, priaient pour les vivants. » A translation of the quote is: "In November/ The living pray for the dead./ She, Death, prays for the living."

Rémi Tremblay (1847-1926) wrote a poem entitled "Le jour des morts" which is found on pages 266 to 267 in volume one of the *Anthologie*. It is written in 52 lines with a rhyme scheme of ababcdcd et cetera, and based upon the rhyme scheme, the form of the poem can be interpreted as thirteen quatrains which are not denoted by a line of space. Also, each of the paired lines are alternate in length, the first line with thirteen syllables, and the second line with six syllables. The poem itself is a description of All Souls' Day, November 2, opening with a description of the season when the days become increasingly short, and ending with a description of how the departed souls interact at the mass inside a Catholic church on All Souls' Day.

**Armistice Day (1918 to 1953) /  
Veterans' Day (since 1954) –  
November 11**



R.P. Louis-Alphonse Nolin, omi (1849-1936) wrote the lyrics to the song « Immortel espoir : Chant d'Armistice, » which is found on page 140 in volume seven of the *Anthologie*. The lyrics are written in three sets of quintets with a rhyme scheme of aabab, with the last two lines are effectively a refrain that changes in each of the three verses. The music score, which is not found in the *Anthologie*, was composed by Rodolphe E. Pepin (1892-1975). Although the song title translates as: "The Everlasting Hope: Song of Armistice," and it was published in 1935 in a five-page musical monograph entitled: *Fête Musicale. Respectueux Hommages au R.P. Louis-G. Bachand, O.M.I., Provincial, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur*, as cited on page 293 in the bibliography, the imagery within the song suggests that it was first composed during the height of World War One, for the first two verses speak of France in desperation, and the third verse speaks of the hope of France in the future, when she is liberated from her assailants, and she can sing again. The last two lines of the first verse are: « C'est la France qui pleure: Faites-silence, et voyez-la pleurer, » which translates as: "It is France who cries: Be silent, and see her crying." In the third line of the second verse, France cries out to Jesus Christ for help: « O Christ, ô roi des Francs, vas-tu nous oublier?, » which translates into English as: "O Christ, O King of the Franks, art Thou going to forget us?" Then the last two lines of the second verse: « C'est la France qui prie: Faites silence, et voyez-la prier., » which translates into English as: "It is France who prays: Be silent, and see her praying." Then in the third verse, the hope

of a future liberation from war: « C'est la France qui chante; Dans la lointain, avec elle chante., » which translates into English as: "It is France who sings in the distance, sing with her."



Joseph Arthur Smith (1869-1960) wrote a poem entitled: « À Georges Charette : L'un des héros du Merrimac, » which is found on pages 66 to 68 in volume three of the *Anthologie*. It is written in eleven sets of sestets, with a rhyme scheme of aabccb. Joseph Arthur Smith described the poem as an address in verse which he read at a reception given by the Franco-Americans of Lowell, Massachusetts on Labor Day, Monday, September 5, 1898, and it was initially published the next day in *L'Etoile*, as cited on page 259 in the bibliography of the volume. The planned reception is confirmed by a report in the *Boston Daily Globe*, entitled: "Hero at Home: Gunner Charette Again at Lowell," (Mon. Sept. 5, 1898, page four), where one can read in the final paragraph: "Mr. Charette will be tendered, Monday night, a complimentary supper by the association Catholique in the hall of the French American college." However, there was a second hero's reception on Thursday, September 8, 1898 in Lowell City Hall, where he was greeted by over five thousand people, as reported in the *Boston Daily Globe*: "Honored by Citizens: George Charette Given Public Reception at Lowell – 5000 People Shake Hands with Hero," (Fri. Sept. 9, 1898, page five). George Charette was one of eight men who were ordered to scuttle the U.S.S. Merrimac in order to block the mouth of Santiago Harbor in Cuba during the Spanish-American War, but before the men were able to sail the ship into position and scuttle it, it was sunk by the Spanish, and the eight men were captured by the Spanish on June 2, 1898. The eight men (Continued on page 41)



(A (Not So) Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 40)

were later returned to the United States in an exchange of prisoners, and each of the eight men received the Medal of Honor. The poem by Joseph Arthur Smith extols the virtues of bravery and heroism of Georges Charette, without questioning any of the ethical issues concerning the Spanish-American War.

Joseph Arthur Smith also wrote the lyrics to two songs which are also found in volume three of the *Anthologie*, the first is « Le départ du soldat, » on pages 69 to 70, and the second is « La prière du soldat, » on pages 71 to 72. Eusèbe Champagne (1864-1929) composed the music to both songs, but the score is not found in the *Anthologie*. « Le départ du soldat » was published in 1918, and « La prière du soldat » was published in 1919, as cited on page 258 of the bibliography. The two verses of « Le départ du soldat » are octets with a rhyme scheme of ababbcbc, and the refrain is also an octet with a rhyme scheme of dedefgfg. The three verses of « La prière du soldat » are octets with a rhyme scheme of ababc-bcb, and the refrain is also an octet with a rhyme scheme of dedefgfg. The two songs truly depict the life of a soldier before and after the war, for in « Le départ du soldat, » the unnamed soldier tells his girlfriend, Madelon, not to cry as he goes to war to defend the country, while in « La prière du soldat, » the unnamed soldier greets his mother upon his return, telling her that he is thankful that her prayers to God saved him from death. « La prière du soldat » fulfills the original meaning of Armistice Day, when the war-weary soldier is home, thankful to be alive, which is expressed in the last three lines of the refrain: « Ma mère, c'est fait, la victoire est pour nous;/ Les ennemis ont déposé les armes;/ Remercions le ciel à deux genoux. » A translation of the quote is: "My mother, it is finished, victory is for us;/ The enemies have laid down their arms;/ Let us thank heaven on two knees."

Long time subscribers to *Le Forum* may remember that "Le départ du soldat" was recorded by the Chorale Orion of Lowell, Massachusetts, and the recording is available on a long-playing record (LP) entitled: *L'Amour C'est Comme La Salade: La musique de Philias, Eusèbe et Octave Champagne*. A review of the album, as well as the biographies of the Champagne Brothers, and the lyrics to all ten songs

on the album, which includes the missing line in "Le départ du soldat" on page 70 in volume three, were published in the Spring/Printemps 2014 (Vol. 37, No. 1) issue of *Le Forum*.

### Thanksgiving – The Fourth Thursday of November

The sole reference to the American holiday of Thanksgiving by any of the 29 Franco-American authors is written by Emma Dumas, in her novel, *Mirbah*, found on page 79 in the redacted version in volume four of the *Anthologie*, and on page 24 of the complete edition of *Mirbah*, also published by the NMDC. The reader should note that the Emma Dumas defined the date of Thanksgiving as celebrated on the last Thursday of November, which was the date it was celebrated in Massachusetts and most other states before 1942, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt and Congress, on December 26, 1941, legally fixed the holiday to the fourth Thursday of November. The footnote by Dumas may be an indication that her intended French-Canadian readership may have been unfamiliar with the date of the holiday.

### Feast of St. Catherine – November 25

Like the reference to Thanksgiving made by Emma Dumas, she also referenced the Feast of St. Catherine on the very same pages in both editions of *Mirbah*. She also defined the feast day in a footnote, which clarifies that the saint is St. Catherine of Alexandria, who was martyred in 305 A.D. in City of Alexandria, Egypt, on the orders of Emperor Maximus II, and not to be confused with St. Catherine of Siena (1347-1380) whose feast day is April 29. In France, there is the tradition for faithful Catholic woman who are unmarried, to pray for a husband on the Feast of St. Catherine of Alexandria, while in French Canada, in particular in Montreal, there is the tradition of girls making taffy on the feast day, called St. Catherine's Taffy.

### The Franco-American Foods for Fall

Like the Season of Summer, it is hard to define what is a Franco-American food for Fall, and in a conversation with Lisa Michaud, the editor of *Le Forum*, on Tuesday, October 23, 2018, she suggested to me, stews. Betty A. Lausier Lindsay

included one recipe for stew, chicken stew, on page 65 of her cookbook, *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspille dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère*. The astute reader of *Le Forum* may have noticed that there is not a single reference to Halloween anywhere in the nine-volumes of the *Anthologie*, and there are no recipes for candy in Lindsay's cookbook. It is my understanding that Halloween originally was a Protestant mockery of the Catholic belief in Purgatory, in the Colonial Period, and into the Early Republic of the U.S., which would be understandable that it would not have been celebrated in a Catholic culture as French Canada. In my recent conversation with Lisa Michaud, I joked with her about spruce gum, and giving it to Trick-or-Treaters for Halloween, and I remember spruce gum could be purchased at gift shops, like the Happy Hour Restaurant and Gift Shop in White River Junction, Vermont that my parents and I would visit in the 1970s, while en route to our family in Canada. On page 24, under the heading of "Extra, Extra, Extra," Lindsay wrote about spruce gum, which she and other children, would just take a glob from a spruce tree, and chew it. She noted: "It was bitter to the taste at first, but as the sap became gummy, the bitterness disappeared." I remember chewing it, maybe when I was ten or eleven years old, and it definitely had a bitter taste of pine. I did become accustomed to the bitter pine taste, and the individual units of spruce gum did lose their bitter taste over time, but I must remark that spruce gum was tough to chew, for it was almost like a hard candy at first, and over the course of a couple of days, it did soften, but it still had a viscosity stronger than any other chewing gum that I could remember.

Since Thanksgiving is the day of feasting in the U.S., there are recipes by Lindsay that could add to the holiday, such as pumpkin cookies on page 36, potato stuffing on page 55, Aunt Helen's turkey stuffing on page 17, and Canadian brown sugar pie on page 48. Despite her recipe for turkey stuffing, Lindsay did not include a recipe for cooking a turkey in her cookbook. Also, she included a recipe for pumpkin pie on page 17, which has the amounts for baking four pies, but she omitted instructions for cooking time and temperature, in both the English and French sections of the cookbook.

(Continued on page 42)



# Coin des jeunes...

## PUMPKIN HARVEST AT FARMER ROY'S

*By Virginia L. Sand-Roy (Copyright 2018)*

This year Farmer Roy is blessed with a huge pumpkin harvest, more than usual. He feels so blessed that he wants to share this abundance with all of the children in the village. He knows all of their names. Therefore, one beautiful September afternoon, Farmer Roy and his wife selected a special pumpkin for each child in the community and wrote the child's name on the pumpkin with black paint. In that way, their names could not be missed; they were bold and bright on the large orange pumpkins.

Then, on October 1<sup>st</sup>, Farmer Roy and his wife carefully loaded each personalized pumpkin in the back of the old red farm truck and drove into the village. On the way, their pet raven flew over and landed on the pile of pumpkins in the back of the truck and went along for the ride. If you can imagine the image of an old, red farm truck slowly driving down a country road, with a pile of pumpkins in the back, topped with a large, lively, black raven, you will surely smile or chuckle.

After arriving in the village, Farmer Roy and his wife dropped off the personalized pumpkins to the homes of all the children while the children were in school. They wanted the children to find their surprise-personalized pumpkins upon arriving home from school, later that afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Roy were hoping that their surprise-personalized pumpkins would bring a smile to each child in the community (and of course to the parents, grandparents, etc.).

By the end of the afternoon, Farmer Roy and his wife were tired, but felt so good

about sharing their blessed harvest with the community in this way. On their return to the farm, they worked their Farm Stand for a couple of hours and prepared for tomorrow's Farmer's Market in the village. They had many pumpkins left to sell at their Farm Stand and at the Farmer's Market.

During the next few days, all of the village children visited the Roy Farm Stand with their parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, pet dogs, friends, etc. They all bought everything that Farmer Roy and his wife had to sell and they all came with BIG smiles on their faces because of the personalized Halloween pumpkins that the children had all received from Farmer Roy and his wife. Everyone in the community showed their gratitude to the Roy Farm with all of their purchases. One blessing brings another. This small village community felt thankful and blessed during this harvest season, especially Farmer Roy and his wife.

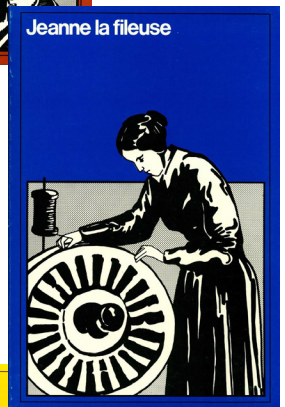
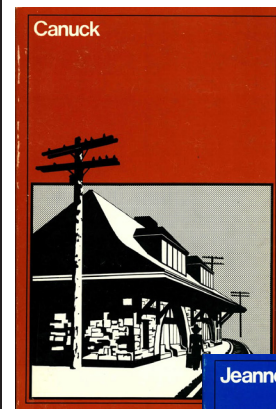


*(French translation on page 43)*

*(A Not-So Brief Guide to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture continued from page 40)*

### How to Purchase the Books and the LP

The best means to purchase copies of the cookbook, *Nothing Went to Waste in grandmother's kitchen/Rien n'était gaspille dans la cuisine de ma grand-mère*, as well as any of the nine-volume set, *Anthologie de la littérature franco-américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*, and the LP, *L'Amour C'est Comme La Salade: La musique de Philiat, Eusèbe et Octave Champagne*, is to contact the Franco-American book vendor, Roger Lacerte, the owner of La Librairie Populaire, 18 rue Orange, Manchester, NH 03104-6060. His business phone number is (603)-669-3788, and his business e-mail address is: [libpopulaire@yahoo.com](mailto:libpopulaire@yahoo.com).





# La Récolte de Citrouille à la Ferme de Roi

Par *Virginie L. Sand-Roi (Copyright 2018)*

Cette année l'agriculteur Roi est très chanceux avec une énorme récolte de citrouille, plus que d'habitude. En fait, il se sent si chanceux qu'il veut partager cette abondance avec tous les enfants au village. Il connaît tous leurs prénoms. Donc, un beau jour en septembre, l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme ont choisi une citrouille spéciale pour chaque enfant dans la communauté et ont écrit le prénom de l'enfant sur la citrouille avec la peinture noire. De cette manière, leurs prénoms n'ont pas pu être manqués ; ils ont été hardis et brillants sur les grandes citrouilles oranges.

Puis, le premier octobre, l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme ont soigneusement chargé chaque citrouille personnalisée à l'arrière du vieux camion rouge et ont conduit au village. En chemin, leur corbeau domestiqué a volé dessus et a débarqué sur le tas des citrouilles à l'arrière du camion et a fait une promenade. Si vous pouvez imaginer l'image du vieux camion rouge conduisant lentement à travers champs, avec un tas des citrouilles à l'arrière, couronné avec un grand corbeau noir et vivant, vous sourirez sûrement.

En arrivant au village, l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme livraient les citrouilles personnalisées aux maisons de tous des enfants pendant que les enfants étaient à l'école. Ils voulaient les enfants de trouver leurs surprise-citrouilles personnalisées après arrivant chez eux de l'école, après-midi. Monsieur et Madame Roi espéraient que leurs surprise-citrouilles personnalisées apporteront un sourire à chaque enfant dans la communauté <<et mais oui aux parents, aux grands-parents, etc. >>.

Par la fin de l'après-midi, l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme ont été fatigués, mais ils ont senti bons en partageant leur récolte chan-

ceuse avec la communauté de cette manière. A leur retour à la ferme, ils ont travaillé leur stand de ferme pendant deux heures et ont préparé pour le marché des fermiers au village demain. Ils avaient encore beaucoup de citrouilles à vendre à leur stand de ferme et au marché des fermiers.

Pendant les jours suivants, tous les enfants du village rendaient visite au stand

de ferme Roi avec leurs parents, les grands-parents, les tantes, les oncles, les cousins, les chiens, les amis, etc. Tout le monde achetait toutes les choses que l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme vendaient et tout le monde se portait les grands

sourires sur le visage à cause des citrouilles personnalisées d'Halloween que les enfants avaient reçu de l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme. Tout le monde dans la communauté montrait leur gratitude à la ferme de Roi avec leurs achats. Un bienfait apporte un autre. Ce petit village sentait reconnaissant et chanceux pendant cette saison de récolte, particulièrement l'agriculteur Roi et sa femme.



# Une question sans réponse

par  
*Grégoire Chabot*

Ça faisait au moins cinq minutes qu'il regardait le TV. Il avait fini ce qu'il avait à faire dans la cuisine, s'était rendu au salon, et s'était assis dans sa chaise. Il pensait lire le papier pour montrer qu'il était occupé, qu'il avait des choses importantes à faire. Mais il l'avait tout lu avant le déjeuner. Ça, elle le savait et lui aurait posé des questions ou fait des commentaires.

Comme ça, il resta là à regarder « Judy et Joe » ou « Patti et Pete » ou « Philomène et Pamphile » ... tous ces programmes-là du matin se ressemblaient tellement qu'il avait beaucoup de misère à savoir au juste lequel il regardait à ce moment-là. Mais il faisait acraire que Patti et Pete (tedben que c'tait vraiment « Philomène et Pamphile ») était le programme le plus intéressant du monde. Si elle croyait sa comédie, il pourrait peut-être s'échapper, s'évader ... ne pas avoir à poser de nouveau cette question qu'il détestait tellement.

À vrai dire, c'tait pas la question elle-même qu'il détestait, mais plutôt tout ce qui suivait. La question était simple. Facile. Neuf petits mots. « Pi, ton ventre, y fait-ti encore mal? » Mais ça faisait quatre jours qu'il la posa. Depuis qu'elle avait annoncé ce mal lundi matin, première affaire, il avait posé la question au moins cinq ou six fois par jour. La première fois, il voulait vraiment savoir si sa chère épouse se portait mieux, époux soucieux qu'il était.

Mais après ça, après avoir passé des heures et des heures (et des heures) à discuter les causes possibles de se mal de ventre et les histoires de toutes les autres membres de sa famille qui avaient souffertes de la même maladie, pi qu'est-ce qu'elle devrait faire pour soigner le mal et tedben qu'elle devrait téléphoner sa nièce qui était infirmière dans un gros hôpital à Boston parce qu'elle saurait certainement quoi c'est faire, il en pouvait plus. Il était ben tanné du mal de ventre et des causes et des traitements possibles et même de sa chère nièce de Boston.

Mais, il ne pouvait pas ne pas poser c't'à maudite question-là. Il savait qu'il aurait dû la poser du moment qu'il était entré

(Suite page 44)



## Earl Joseph Fernald (1924-1933)

by *Debbie Roberge*

Christmas 1932, like most families of that time period gifts were few and oftentimes for some none at all. Well that year only the younger children were given the opportunity to pick out two items that they wanted for Christmas. The parents would pick out one, Earl's two choices were a cowboy suit or a sled. Well his birthday was in March so the cowboy suit could wait till then, the sled he could use more in the winter not only for play time but in using for odd jobs.

My maternal grandfather Charles William Fernald worked at a mill that made croquet sets. One day his boss came up to him and said he needed him to work in the sawmill for a man who didn't show up for work. Charles said he didn't want to work on that machine because he didn't really know that much about it. Also the guy absent that day had said that there was something wrong with the machine. The boss told him he either worked the machine or went home. So Charles ran the machine, and a log came off hitting him in the stomach almost killing him. He was rushed to the hospital where he spent a long time. After the accident he had cashed in his life insurance policy, the family needing the money but he took out 25 cent policies on the three youngest kids - Betty, Bobbie and Earl. He had only paid one month on the policies when Earl died.

The day was the 8th of January 1933 my maternal grandmother Iva Bernice (Haycock) Fernald had just made a big pan of biscuits. My mother, Beatrice Ella (Fernald) Quirion was able to sneak out of the house with one without getting caught.



But not Earl, he got caught in the act, and his hand was slapped by his mother. Earl, who had a studder wanted to know why the pet (meaning my mother) could get away with it. It was a long time before anyone got any biscuits, Even though Earl had a studder he could sing and whistle and he used to do it at lunchtime for the women at the Spinning Mill next door to where they lived and he would have my mother pass the hat. My mother, Earl and their friend Elwin Thibeau loved to go sliding, but living on the island in Skowhegan the best place to go was across the river to a hill on Turner Avenue. It wasn't unusual for them to be gone for most of the day playing with the neighborhood kids.

My mother and Earl were very close and when they could their older sister Helen would also come along if she didn't have chores to do at home. When Helen couldn't tag along Earl was in charge and Betty never disobeyed Earl not until that day. She never refused anything he asked of her. She went every where with him and he never refused her or made her stay behind when he went some where. This would be the one and only day she would ever refuse him. It was getting dark and they knew they had to head home Earl wanted to take a shortcut. His shortcut involved sliding down the hill and across the river ice straight to where they lived and be home in no time. Betty said no she was too scared so Elwin said he would walk her home. Betty made it home and Earl's shortcut that day never made it past going down the hill. At the bottom of the hill, he went right through a hole in the ice. When his sled hit a rock or abutment his body slid off with his boot strings catching in the front of the sled, otherwise his body would never have been found.

Earl had been missing for four days and my grandmother was beside herself, the authorities were searching everywhere with

*(Continued on page 45)*

*(Une question sans réponse suite de page 43)*

au salon ... du moment qu'il s'assit sur sa chaise au plus tard. C'était attendu. Le rite s'était établi. Comme dans tous les autres aspects de leurs vies. Cinq minutes plus tard, il savait qu'elle s'impatientait. Il regardait « Betty et Ben » (« Ègline et Elphège? ») mais il savait qu'elle commençait à se tortiller un peu et se frotter le ventre. Il savait aussi que ça serait pas long avant qu'à se mette à émettre des p'tits « oof »s ou ben des « oioioioi » ... et que s'il ne posait pas la sacré question, ses plaintes deviendraient de plus en plus fortes et insistantes jusqu'à ce que ...

Il souhaitait vivement qu'à un moment de sa vie, il eut trouvé une passion pour le bricolage. Un bricoleur peut toujours s'excuser en disant qu'il travaille sur un projet important qu'il doit absolument compléter. Il peut ensuite s'exiler dans son atelier pour des heures, ou des jours même, sans se faire chanter des bêtises. Mais il n'avait jamais appris à scier des planches ou à clouer deux planches ensemble ou à mesurer n'importe quoi correctement.

Même chose pour les autos et la chasse et la pêche et tous les autres passe-temps qui sont tellement utiles quand les maris veulent éviter de parler à leurs épouses. Le pauvre serait parti à la pêche avec un 12 gauge pi à chasse avec une main pleine de hameçons et se serait demandé pourquoi il avait tant de misère à changes les spark plugs de sa char avec le nouveau pop-up toaster qu'il avait acheté exprès pour ça.

La conversation entre Suzy et Sam (« Andromaque et Adelard? ») à la télé devint de moins en moins intelligible. Les images s'entremêlèrent pour former un brouillard bleuâtre. Il se mit à suer. Il se sentit très, très mal. Et il entendit une voix à la fois connue, à la fois de Mars poser la question: « Pi, ton ventre, y fait-ti encore mal? »





(Earl Joseph Fernald continued from page 44)

no luck. So she asked my grandfather to get someone (they had no car) to take him to see a physic she had about in nearby Madison. My grandfather didn't believe in them but if it helped his wife he would do it. Off he went and the physic knew my grandfather didn't believe in her when he walked in but she told him where he could find his son in the river. When he got back home he told the police what the physic had said and they told him there was a diver from Lewiston who was known to go in icy waters. They went to see him but the man was sick, but the diver's son had just graduated from diving school and when he heard about the situation said he couldn't do it, he didn't want his first body to be that of a child. My grandfather pleaded with him saying that he had already lost his son and he was afraid he was going to lose his wife. The diver's son finally agreed and my grandfather said whatever the cost I will find a way to get the money to pay you.

The diver arrived, went down and his first trip up in the place the psychic said he brought up the sled. His second time he

came up with Earl's body. My grandfather identified him through his face. He tried to pay the diver but the diver had heard about the hardships the family had undergone with my grandfather getting hurt and all and refused any payment. The Town of Skowhegan took up a collection for the family and the owner of Stern's provided the family with clothing for Earl to be buried in. Earl loved flowers and different people sent them including my great great grandmother who sent roses one for every year of Earl's life. When Iva counted them and saw that their was eight it set her off in hysterics and all the flowers were ordered out of the house.

When the funeral came, all the flowers that had been hidden in the cellar were brought over to the church and it loaded the place right up. The minister said he had never seen so many flowers, and it looked like the whole town of Skowhegan was coming for the funeral. The minister also knew that my grandfather was deaf, so he saved his sermon papers for him to read, so that he knew what was going on. When



Earl's casket was brought to the tomb after the service all the flowers were placed in the corner and it made my grandmother sick. She made a promise then that anyone in the family that died in the winter their flowers would be given to people rather than put into place like that, She kept that promise till her dying day.

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

## Lapierre Family

*By Daniel Lapierre  
Translator & Publisher*

Introduction: On Feb. 23, 2001, since I knew there was a genealogy book that existed, written by Sister Marie-Agnes Lapierre, I asked my Uncle Roger Lapierre, for permission to borrow the manual. My Aunt Jean (Roger's wife) took it from their safe, where it had been preserved for the last 37 years, because the last person to have read it was Alfred Lapierre on April 6, 1965, as is so stated in the front of the book. Alfred Lapierre was Neil Lapierre's brother. The book was molded and fragile, but in good condition, with its own green cover. The book was 6 x 8, and the photography was not clear enough to be reprinted.

But nevertheless, I copied the book, 146 pages, and returned it to Roger as soon as possible. One of the problems was that it was in French. Having been a poor student in French, in High School, French was not my life's calling. But with the help of French language software on my laptop and the use of Roger Lapierre's French-English dictionary, given to him by Camille Lapierre, I proceeded to improve

my French. I worked the better part of the winter, 2001-2002, translating to English, Sister-Marie-St-Agnes' book. I purchased a copier and have produced 50 copies of her work, too important to be unread.

I have agreed to share it with the Le Forum readership. Here is the first installment.

The first "La Pierre dit Denis" Canadian ancestors of the Lapierre family was "Pierre", son of Blaise and Jeanne LaPonche. Pierre was born in 1656 in the parish of St. Martin in the village of Nerac, France. He married Marie Anne Goudin, a widow of St. Laurent on Oct. 8, 1687 in the parish of St. Laurent, where his wife used to live during her first marriage. After their first-born, they returned in 1689; they returned to the farm of his wife, which is where they brought up their family "the LaPierre's" until the 4th generation, on the same homestead.

This is how the name LaPierre was adopted. Because the neighbors referred to the land of Mrs. Pierre as "La Pierre" and had returned to her farm, so he was known as Pierre La Pierre. They had six children, Pierre-Jacque, Marie, Joseph, Charles, Marguerite, and Anne. We can say that the authentic cradle of this family is the parish of St. Laurent, Isle d'Orleans.



*Sister Marie-Agnes Lapierre*

Marie was the grandmother of Reverend Antoine Gosselin, first resident pastor at St. Bruno's, Van Buren. It was a great honor for his mother to have been able to attend his ordination to the priesthood in 1828. Marie passed away in 1838 at the age of 99.

In 1838, Father Gosselin came to St. Bruno's, bringing with him, his cousin Joseph (5) Lapierre and his sister Adelaide as directrice of his presbytaire. The poor (Acadians) scattered along the banks of the St. John River had been without a priest for so long and had been begging Quebec to send them a priest. Father Gosselin was their answer. Father was of a very origi-  
(Continued on page 46)

(Lapierre Family continued from page 45)

nal character, somewhat nervous, having charge of all along the St. John River from the Quebec line to Woodstock, and even to Red Rapids. He had to till the soil and hire someone to look after the crops when he was away visiting his parishioners. There were but three French Catholic families at the time. He had to say Mass in the house of the Roberge, descendants of the Roberts of today. Reverend Gosselin was at St. Bruno's parish for 14 years from 1838 to 1852. He died at the age of 72. His life among the dispersed Acadians was lived with a heart and soul of an Apostle. Father Gosselin was the answer to many prayers and also brought the first LaPierre to the United States.

In 1838, when only 16 years old, Joseph LaPierre, oldest son of a family of 14, came as a helper to his cousin, Father Gosselin. The priest claimed that Joseph was rendering help as a singer, serving Mass and was a very clever carpenter. Joseph's only aim was to be of great service to his cousin. On the other hand, the humble pastor of St. Bruno's treated his "protege" with a paternal kindness. After serving the good pastor without restraint for many years, Joseph started thinking of having a home of his own.

In 1815 legislature allocated the construction of a road from Aroostook Road to Grand Falls, now the so-called Caribou Road to Hamlin. Joseph LaPierre chose Lot #20, three miles from Violet Brook, now Van Buren. A pioneer of those days is partly a hero, having to work with the ax; to open roads and cut trees is the work of an energetic soul.

Inside of four years, with hard labor and with faith, this young man had built a home and barn with logs squared off by hand, and covered with homemade clapboards and a roof of shingle. He was a poor young man of this earth's richness, but good in God's help, he was generous, very courageous and had faith.

On the 5th of February 1850, Father Antoine Gosselin blest the first LaPierre's wedding, uniting Joseph and Demerise Madore daughter of Augustin and Marie Dube Madore.

Born at Isle Verte, P.Q., their first and only child of Demerise and Joseph was born September 24, 1851. These brave pioneers continued tilling the land with wooden plows, pulled by two oxen. He grew wheat, oats, buchwheat, flax and vegetables. He



Reverend Antoine Gosselin, first resident pastor at St. Bruno's, Van Buren.

used a sickle to cut the hay and grain. In winter he ground the grain with a homemade "fieu"; he would fabricate his own shingle by hand. In the spring he would go down the St. John River on a barge to Grand Falls where he would trade his own products for fish, kerosine oil, leather, etc. The maples would furnish the sugar and syrup. He would raise his own meat, sufficient for the years.

The mother also played a great part, as she would spin and weave the wool and linen made from flax for all their clothing which was sewed by hand. Their only light was from candles. shoes were also homemade and everyone had his own shoes and moccasins and all were content and happy.



Napoleon's Barn

After 12 years of exile in a strange land this real Canadian could not resist leaving any longer, being lonesome for his parents, relatives, friends and his native land. This little family left Cyr Plantation by horse and buggy for his homeland. They visited Montreal by ways of Riviere du Loup and visited St. Laurent. It was the one and only time he visited his homeland because his wife died June 8, 1858, cause unknown. She is buried in St. Bruno's cemetery, Van Buren.

Joseph remarried in February, 1859, to Madeleine Parent, daughter of Jean and Angeliqne Thibodeau Parent of Hamlin. The marriage was blest by Father McKeaney, pastor of St. Bruno's. They had four children; only one survived, Suzanne, who later married Florent Thibodeau of Grand Isle, Maine. Again Joseph faced the sadness of losing his second wife on May 13, 1864. The loss of his loved ones was a severe blow to take. With his Christian faith and courage he was able to manage for a while. He needed a mother for his children and a companion for himself. On February 14, 1865, he married his third wife, Marguerite Cyr, daughter of Germain and Emillienne Lizotte. Mr. LaPierre was a man of medium height and fair complexion. He was good natured and a fervent Christian. He'd make a big sacrifice to attend Mass, rain or shine, snow or storm. He'd seen days in winter he had to leave early to shovel snow with his son Joseph<sup>6</sup> and neighbors in order to attend Mass and return at 1:00 p.m. tired, but happy to have accomplished his Christian duty.

His third wife was also very talented and intelligent person. She could have administered to all her neighbors. Instead of complaining to anyone about her aches and pains, she would sing "Le Kyrie Eleison". They were blest with 15 children, of whom seven were still living at the time the "LaPierre Ancestors" picture was taken, and two from previous marriages. They were, Joseph from his first marriage; Suzanne from his second marriage; and from his third marriage, Napoleon, Vital, Edith, Demerise, Melvina, Lea, and Laura.

As the years went by, Mr. Joseph LaPierre<sup>5</sup> felt that his health was failing and suddenly came down with Pleurisy. After receiving the Last Sacraments, he placed his will in order, leaving his eldest son, Napoleon, (eldest son by his third wife), as heir of his homestead. He willed to Vital the adjoining Lot #22. With the care and medicine of those days he departed on December

(Continued on page 47)



(Lapierre Family continued from page 46)



*After a day's work came milking time*

24, 1893, at the age of 71, leaving his wife and their children behind. After a couple of years, Napoleon and Vital exchanged properties and responsibilities. The mother, filled with loneliness and sorrow, wanted to get closer to the Church, so she moved to the village of Van Buren. A couple years later the LaPierre's homestead was conveyed to the Deveau family. Mrs. LaPierre spent her last years with her son-in-law, Elzear Lapointe and daughter, Lea. She died October 26, 1914, at the age of 78.



*By his third wife, Marguerite (Cyr) he had 15 children. Among them were Demerise, Edith, Napoleon, Melvina, Lea and Laura. Some died young.*

### **Joseph Lapierre<sup>6</sup>**

Joseph<sup>6</sup> at the age of 14, after his father remarried the third time, could not adjust to his new mother. He devoted all his affection toward his father. A few years before Joseph<sup>6</sup>'s marriage, his father willed him a parcel of land, Lot #18, neighbor to his. He built him a house suitable for a large family. At the age of 26, Joseph<sup>6</sup> chose for his companion, Marie Bourgoïn, a teacher, born in Grand Isle, Me., March 9, 1853, daughter of Beloni Bourgoïn and Solome Cyr. The marriage took place at St. Bruno's on September 3, 1877 in the old church, blest

by Father Richer.

Joseph<sup>6</sup> was a very honest and devoted man and his word was as good as gold. He had a prompt character and dignified, aimable by all. He loved music passionately. His wife played a great role in his life. She was an incomparable wife and mother. They were blest with 11 children. Marie Ange, the oldest, entered the convent of the Good Shepherd on November 19, 1904 and made her profession July 4, 1907, professed in 1910 as Sister Marie de Saint Adolphe, died Jan. 16, 1928. Severin<sup>7</sup> who died from diptheria April 14, 1896, eight days after his brother Patrick died of the same disease.

Flavie<sup>7</sup>, married in Salem, MA, Nov. 9, 1914, to Alex Landry, a barber, but had no children.

Abel<sup>7</sup>, born March 12, 1889; died November 18, 1889.

Patrick<sup>7</sup>, born September 18, 1890; died from diptheria April 6, 1896.

Anonyme<sup>7</sup>

Louis (alias William, Billy and Willie), married Albina LaPierre (a cousin) at Lewiston May 28, 1928, died in 1952.

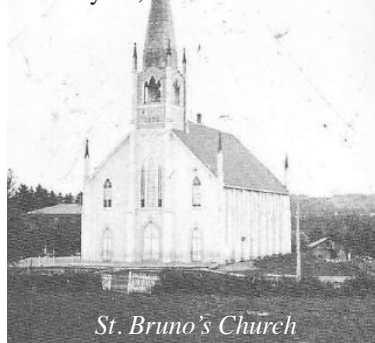
Leonile (Neil)<sup>7</sup>, born August 16, 1895, married Flavie Soucy February 3, 1920. They are the parents of our 1970 residents, Roger and Donald.<sup>8</sup> They had 12 children;

*At left, Mrs. Demerise Madore LaPierre, wife of Mr. Joseph LaPierre, Sr., at right.*

*The picture above shows Mr. LaPierre's first wife. He had three wives, of whom two preceded him in death. By his first wife, Demerise (Madore) he had a son, Joseph. By his second wife, Madeleine (Parent) he had four children but only one, Suzanne survived.*

Roger, Donald, Sylvio, Euclide, Conrad, Gerard, Camille, Leopold, Leopoldine, Geraldine, Carmen, Carmella, Janette.

Anonyme, 1896.



*St. Bruno's Church*



## **RELIGIOUS ITEMS FOR SALE!**

***Rosaries, Statues,  
Crucifix, Medals, First  
Communion and Con-  
firmation items, Vizer  
Clips, Key Chains!***

***Other Items, scarves,  
bonnets, dishcloths,  
pichous and afghans!***



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207-868-5164**

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

DUBÉ  
(Dubay)

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.

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

	Pierre	29 Jan	1821		M.-Rose Pellerin	Yamachiche	167
64	Jean-Baptiste	15 Feb	1814		Françoise Duval	St.Jean-Port-Joli	168a
65	Pierre-Marcel	08 Nov	1831		M.-Olympe Pruneau	St.Roch-Aulnaies	168b
66	Fabien/Flavien	14 Nov	1837		Constance Lebel	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	169
	Joseph	04 Nov	1839		Nathalie Côté	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	170
					(Jérôme Côté & Suzanne Tardif)		
	Abraham	11 Oct	1842		Henriette Caron	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	171
	Bernard	22 Nov	1842		Marie-Charlotte Caron	St.Patrice	172
	Louis*	1m.	11 Feb	1839	Emelie Malenfant	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	172a
	"	2m.	26 Apr	1842	Angèle Morin	St.André, Kam.	
	"	3m.	20 Nov	1849	Marie Gagnon	St.André, Kam.	172b
	*NOTE: error in original (1839) marriage: mother as Catherine Proulx						
	At his first marriage, two of his brothers were witnesses: Fabien and Joseph.						
67	Jean-M.	1m.	27 Jan	1818	Anastasié Dupont	St.Roch-Aulnaies	
	"	2m.	16 Jan	1827	M.-Thècle Lord	Lotbinière	173a
					(b.20-1-1808, Ambroise Lord & M.-Thècle Bélanger)		
	Gabriel	07 Jan	1823		Scholastique Caron	St.Roch-Aulnaies	173b
	Romain	17 Jul	1826		M.-Louise Lord/Laure	St.Roch-Aulnaies	174
68	François	26 Jan	1841		Angélique Rossignol	St.Patrice, Riv.-Lp.	176
	Michel	1m.	26 Aug	1851	Adélaïde Nadeau	St.Patrice	177/68A
	"	2m.	09 Feb	1880	Rosalie Cloutier	St.Honoré, Témis.	
69	Gabriel	1m.	18 Jan	1820	Scholastique Michaud	St.Patrice	69A
	"	2m.	03 Oct	1836	Lucie Bouchard	St.Patrice, Riv.-Loup	
	Pierre	19 Jan	1830		Soulange Bélanger	St.Roch-Aulnaies	178
71	Antoine	17 Jan	1804		Angélique Goulet	St.Gervais, Blchs.	180
72	Pierre	19 Apr	1819		Marie Couture	St.Gervais, Blchs.	182
	Antoine	04 May	1819		M.-Luce Laferrière	St.Pierre-Sud	183
	Joseph	14 Aug	1821		Marie-Mgte. Gaumond	St.Pierre-Sud	184
	Dominique	31 May	1824		Flavie Lemieux	Cap St.Ignace	185
	Louis	18 Jan	1833		Catherine Galibois	Berthier-s-Mer	72A
74	Edouard	03 Feb	1823		Florence Michaud	Rivière-Ouelle	186
75	Rémi	17 Nov	1815		M.-Thècle Michaud	St.André, Kam.	
	Romain	05 Nov	1816		Soulange Michaud	St.André, Kam.	187
	Léandre	08 Oct	1822		Rose Marquis	Cacouna, R.-Lp.	188
	Edmond	04 Sep	1826		Geneviève Gagnon	Cacouna, R.-Lp.	189a
	Joseph	07 Aug	1827		Zoé Saindon	Rivière-Ouelle	189b
	Séverin-J.	16 Feb	1830		Victoire Dionne	Rivière-Ouelle	190/75A
	Odilon	09 Feb	1830		Henriette Boucher	Rivière-Ouelle	191
	Jean-Bte.	02 Feb	1841		M.-Françoise Lebel	Rivière-Ouelle	75B
77	Antoine	09 Nov	1812		Marie Larrivée	Trois-Pistoles	192
	Magloire	22 Jan	1828		Josette/Suzanne Pelletier	Kamouraska	193
	Rémi	21 Feb	1832		M.-Eliante Martin	Isle-Verte	194
78	Olivier	14 Feb	1831		Marie Lyonnais	St.Frs.-Lac, Yam.	
	Joseph	16 Jan	1838		Priscille Chassé	Cacouna, R.-Lp.	195
	Michel	18 Oct	1841		Angèle Thériault	Isle-Verte	196
	Basile	05 Oct	1845		Anastasié Poitras	Ste.Luce, Rimouski	
	Jean-Bte. ?	?	circa	1840	Françoise Hébert ?		78A
	(b.1806 - d. 4-12-1861 St.Arsène)						

(Continued on page 49)



*(Les Familles Dubé continued from page 48)*

80 Alexandre	07 Nov	1815	Véronique Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	
81 Alexandre	30 Jan	1849	Marguerite Simard	Rimouski	198/81A
82 Joseph	17 Nov	1812	M.-Charlotte Daris (Barthélémy Daris & Josephthe Sirois)	Rivière-Ouelle	199
Pierre (b.28-6-1790 St.Louis)	17 Nov	1829	Mathilde/Martine Hudon	Kamouraska	200a
Firmin	04 Sep	1826	Apolline Leblanc	New Richmond, Bon.	200b
Romain 1m.	19 Sep	1832	Modeste Rioux	Trois-Pistoles	200c
" 2m.	23 Sep	1844	Domitilde Chamberland	St.Simon, Rim.	200d
83 Magloire	1m.	10 Jan	1802 Marie Bergeron	Isle-Verte	
" 2m.	26 Jun	1826	Esther Laplante	Isle-Verte	201
Romain	19 Apr	1836	M.-Louise Blanchet	Rimouski	202
84 Joseph	02 Nov	1825	M.-Marguerite Cyr (b.8-8-1805 St.Basile)(Hilarion Cyr & M.-Charlotte Tardif)	St.Basile, NB	84A
Isidore	11 Nov	1828	M.-Madl./Mgte. Cyr-Crock (b.(Hilarion Cyr & M.-Charlotte Tardif)	St.Basile, NB	84B
Abraham 1m.	09 Nov	1832	Marianne Michaud (b.1814 NB)	St.Basile, NB	84C
" 2m. (b.8-12-1804 St.Basile, NB)	15 May	1872	Séraphine Sirois (b.1813 Canada)	Grand Sault, NB	
Germain	07 Apr	1834	Modeste Cyr (b.30-12-1815 St.Basile)(Hilarion Cyr & M.-Charlotte Tardif)	St.Basile, NB	84D
86 Alexandre	18 Feb	1822	Pétronille Pineau	Rimouski	203
Pierre (#1)	22 Apr	1822	Angèle Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	204
Pierre (#2)	23 Nov	1825	Judith Ouellet	Kamouraska	205
Prosper	07 Jan	1829	Henriette Michaud	Rivière-Ouelle	206a
Elie	02 Mar	1829	Charlotte Ruest	Rimouski	206b
François-X.	06 Aug	1833	Henriette Caron	St.Roch-Aulnaïes	207
Jean-Honoré	16 Sep	1834	M.-Rosalie Malenfant	Trois-Pistoles	208
88 Honoré-Michel	24 Oct	1814	M.-Victoire Roy-Desj.	Kamouraska	209
" 2m. (b.6-10-1794 Kamouraska)	24 Nov	1817	M.-Anne Roy-Desj. (Jean-Bte. & M.-Josephthe Ouellet)	Kamouraska	
Jean-Baptiste	11 Jan	1819	M.-Euphrosine Sergerie dit St.Jorre	Kamouraska	210
Olivier 1m.	23 Oct	1832	Angélique Dionne	Kamouraska	
" 2m.	05 Nov	1844	Louise Levesque	Kamouraska	212
Antoine 1m.	20 Nov	1832	Euphémie Martin (d.20-2-1838 of childbirth)	Rivière-Ouelle	
" 2m.	09 Apr	1839	Adélaïde Roy-Desjardins	Kamouraska	213
François-Zéph. (b.28-2-1807 Kam.)	30 Sep	1834	Josephthe Poirier (b.1812) (b. 1811 - d.8-10-1892 Holyoke, age 82) (Etienne Poirier & M.-Josephthe Moquin)	Longueuil, Chambly	214
89 Cyrille-Jn. 1m.	22 Oct	1821	Josephthe Bouchard	Rivière-Ouelle	
" 2m.	24 Nov	1829	Osithée Bérubé	Rivière-Ouelle	215
90 Tiburce	03 Nov	1840	Angélique Lamarre	Rivière-Ouelle	216
91a François	11 Aug	1840	M.-Vitaline Boucher	Rivière-Ouelle	217a
Charles-Timothée (Dr./médecin, ecuyer)	01 Feb	1847	Euphémie Pouliot	St.André, Kam.	
Jean-Bte.	28 Nov	1848	Justine Martin	Rivière-Ouelle	217b
91b Ambroise 1m.	27 Jul	1830	Isabelle Fortin	l'Acadie	
" 2m. (b.21-11-1803 Louiseville, Maskinongé)	22 Feb	1841	Sophie Ste.Marie	l'Acadie	218a
92a Jean-Bte.	24 Apr	1815	Geneviève Brodeur	l'Acadie, St.Jean cty.	218b
92b Pierre	01 May	1848	Eloise Massé	Louiseville, Mask.	218c
Joseph	10 Jul	1848	M.-Salomé Desjarlais	Louiseville, Maskin.	219
93 Jean-Bte. 1m.	30 Oct	1854	Angèle Paradis	Kamouraska	

*(Continued on page 50)*

(Les Familles Dubé continued from page 49)

"	2m.	11 Oct	1864	Victoire Ruais	St.Pascal, Kam.	93A
"	3m.	10 Jul	1871	Delphine Pelletier	St.André, Kam.	93B
94 Jean-Bte.		18 Oct	1864	Clémentine Beaulieu	Les Escoumins, Sag.	93C
95 Théophile		10 Feb	1874	M.-Philomène Pelletier	St.Arsène, R.-Lp.	95A
George		01 Jul	1878	Georgina Côté Cacouna,	R.-Lp.	
96 Gédéon		03 Oct	1837	Emélie Boisbrillant	Kamouraska	220
97 Joseph	1m.	24 Oct	1826	Clarisse Ouellet	Isle-Verte	
"	2m.	07 Jan	1861	Luce Levesque	Ste.Flavie, Rim.	97A
Paschal	1m.	10 Sep	1832	Lavinia McEarchern	Isle-Verte	221
"	2m.	27 Jul	1846	Virginie Gagnon	Isle-Verte	222
Germain		26 Sep	1838	Olympe Petit-St.Pierre	Isle-Verte	223
Hilaire		11 Jan	1842	Séraphine Côté	Isle-Verte	224
George		07 Jan	1851	Angéline Miville-Desch.	St.Patrice, R.-Lp.	225a
Cyrille		11 Nov	1851	Eléonore Dion	Isle-Verte	
98 Prosper		19 Sep	1837	Marie-Poméla Lavoie	St.Pascal, Kam.	225b
(b.23-9-1801 St.Louis-de-Kamouraska)						
Emélie		10 Sep	1854	Baptiste Gauvin	Van Buren, ME	
99 Pierre		29 Jan	1833	M.-Louise Levasseur	St.André, Kam.	226
Louis	1m.	21 Jan	1845	Christine/Delph. Landry	St.André, Kam.	227a
"	2m.	08 Feb	1864	Hélène Laforge	ND-du-Portage	227b
100 Cuthbert		10 Feb	1840	Séraphine Côté	Isle-Verte	228
(widow of André Côté)						
Maxime		27 Feb	1843	Nathalie Paradis St.Simon,	Rim.	229
François		12 Sep	1843	Josephite "Léa" Charest	Trois-Pistoles	230
Narcisse		12 Jan	1846	M.-Obierge Paradis	St.Simon, Rim.	231a
Octave		23 Nov	1847	Catherine Canuel Rimouski,	Rim. 231b	
Pierre		10 Oct	1848	Marguerite Chenel	Rimouski	232
101 Antoine		25 Aug	1862	Rose-de-Lima Brien	St.Laurent, Montréal	
102 Noël-Ant. 1m.		17 Feb	1806	Perpétue Gagnon	Rivière-Ouelle	
"	2m.	07 Nov	1808	Josephite Bonenfant	Rivière-Ouelle	233
"	3m.	19 Feb	1816	M.-Florence Bérubé	Rivière-Ouelle	234
Vincent		31 Jul	1810	M.-Charlotte Gagnon	Kamouraska	235
François		04 Aug	1812	Véronique Bonenfant	Rivière-Ouelle	236a
103 Olivier 1m.		28 Jan	1840	Emilie Côté	Trois-Pistoles	236b
"	2m.	26 Jul	1842	M.-Modeste Levesque	Cacouna, R.-Lp.	
(b.1800 – d.29-8-1873 Isle-Verte)						
104 Alexis		30 Jul	1810	M.-Egyptienne Brisson	les Becquets, Nico.	237
105 Jean-Baptiste		27 Sep	1825	Véronique Beaulieu	Rivière-Ouelle	238
Alexis ! 1m.		02 Jul	1850	Joséphine St.Pierre	Trois-Pistoles	
"	2m.	24 May	1859	Emérence Dallaire	Chicoutimi	
106a Louis		22 Feb	1819	M.-Catherine Pelletier	Kamouraska	239
Edouard 1m.		19 Aug	1822	Cécile Lajoie-Normandin	Rivière-Ouelle	240
"	2m.	07 Jan	1851	Delphine Servant	Rivière-Ouelle	106A
Adrien		05 May	1823	Julie Roussel	Rivière-Ouelle	241a
François		21 Sep	1835	Priscille Guy	Rivière-Ouelle	241b
106b George		04 Jul	1837	M.-Modeste Bérubé	Rivière-Ouelle	241c
Edouard		12 Sep	1842	Domitilde Levesque	Trois-Pistoles	
Louis-Stanislas		08 Nov	1842	M.-Adeline Levesque	Trois-Pistoles	
Guillaume 'Wm.'		19 May	1845	M.-Louise Gaudreau	La Baie, Chicoutimi	241d
Bernard		04 Nov	1851	Justine Levesque	Rivière-Ouelle	
Jean		29 Aug	1854	Apolline Mignot-Labrie	St.Roch-Aulnaies	241e
107 Jean-Bte.		30 Jun	1817	Marguerite Périgny	Batiscan, Champl.	242a
Maurice		31 Jan	1837	Françoise Trottier	St.Stanislas	242b
Dosithée		03 Sep	1844	Adèle Ouellet	St.Pascal, Kam.	242c
108 François		15 Aug	1826	Marcelline Consigny*	Rivière-Ouelle	243
*dit Sansfaçon						
Thomas	circa		1827	M.-Angèle Caron	Rivière-Ouelle !	244

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



# Please Help Us!

February 15-18, 2019, we have organized a Quebec Winter Carnival Trip for our students. We are seeking monetary donations to make this happen.

Please make checks payable to FAROG/  
Quebec Trip.

We thank you in advance!

Merci mille fois!



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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