

Spring 2019

Le Forum, Vol. 41 No. 1

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Recommended Citation

Desjardins Michaud, Lisa; Coulombe, Gérard; Gauvin, Marie-Anne; Vermette, David; Bergeron, Wilfred; Beaulieu, Timothy; Vaillancourt, Henri; Marceau, Albert; Parent, W.F.; Myall, James; L'Heureux, Juliana; Beebe, Suzanne; Somers, Maggie; Boutin, Bob; Larson, Denise; Roberge, Debbie; Moreau, Daniel; Bergeron, Chip; Langford, Margaret S.; Bolduc, Paul; Beaupré, Danielle; and Pelletier LePage, Adrienne, "Le Forum, Vol. 41 No. 1" (2019). *Le FORUM Journal*. 90.
https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum/90

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Le FORUM



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

VOLUME 41, #1

SPRING/PRINTEMPS 2019



Photo by Jackie Derosier

Websites:

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

Oral History: <https://video.maine.edu/channel/Oral+Histories/101838251>

Library: francolib.francoamerican.org

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

other pertinent websites to check out -

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

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

Franco-American Women’s Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>





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Volume 41 Numéro 1
 SPRING/PRINTEMPS
 2019

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Tirage/Circulation/4,500

Imprimé chez/Printed by
 Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, Maine
 Publié 4 fois l'an par le Centre Franco-Américain.

Le Forum est distribué surtout aux Franco-Américains des États-Unis. Les énoncés, opinions et points de vue formulés dans *Le Forum* sont ceux des auteurs et ne représentent pas nécessairement les points de vue de l'éditeur ou de la rédactrice, ou du Collège des arts et des sciences libéraux à l'Université du Maine.

Le Forum is published 4 times a year by the Franco-American Center. *Le Forum* is distributed in particular to Franco-Americans in the United States. Statements, opinions and points of view expressed are not necessarily those of the editor, the publishers or the College of Liberal Arts & Sciences of the University of Maine.

Tous les textes soumis doivent parvenir à — Forward all submitted texts to: Lisa D. Michaud, Rédactrice-en-chef/Editor-in-chief, *Le Forum*, University of Maine, Orono, Maine 04469-5719, U.S., au plus tard quatre semaines précédant le mois de publication — at least four weeks prior to the month of publication.

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

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

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

Sommaire/Contents

Lettres/Letters3	James Myall10-13
L'État du ME4-26, 28-32	<i>The Newspaper Editor Who Led a Racist Attack on US Soldiers</i>
Cutline and Stories:	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne Visits August's Early Franco American Community</i>
La Pie Bavarde	Juliana L'Heureux13-15
My Brother-in-law—Fernand (Buster)	<i>Immigration discrimination and Franco-American history</i>
Côté	<i>Immigration</i>
Sometime... Growing up in Biddeford, Maine	Suzanne Beebe21-22
Exams of Franco-American WWI Draftees	<i>How French Can a Kerouac Play Be?</i>
Show the Poorest State of Public Health in the U.S.	Maggie Somers24, 32
	<i>Our Trip to Quebec</i>
L'État du NH16-17, 25, 32	Bob Boutin26-27
Memère Bergeron	<i>10 Reasons Why Every New Englander Needs to Visit Quebec City</i>
	POETRY/POÉSIE28-31
NH PoutineFest updates and an introduction	BOOK REVIEW33
	<i>by Denise Larson</i>
A history of diversity in our small towns	BOOKS/LIVRES34-36
	Debbie Roberge28-29
L'État du CT18-20, 22-24	<i>Living on a Farm</i>
What Is A Catafalque?	<i>Charles and Iva (Haycock) Fernald</i>
	<i>Do you have Franco-American Roots?</i>
The Franco-American Radio Shows in New England	<hr/> NOTICE!
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La Maison Bow-Wow	

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 Le FORUM
 Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719



*Lettres/
Letters*

**Who are These
People?**

I can tell you who they are NOT. They are not “Native Americans” OR “Indians”.

Let’s run through the sequence of events that prove it:

- 1) About 20,000 to 14,000 years ago, migrants arrived from Eurasia in what is now known as the Americas.
- 2) 1492 - Christopher Columbus discovered the “New World”
- 3) 1507 – “America” was named after Amerigo Vespucci

And a few definitions:

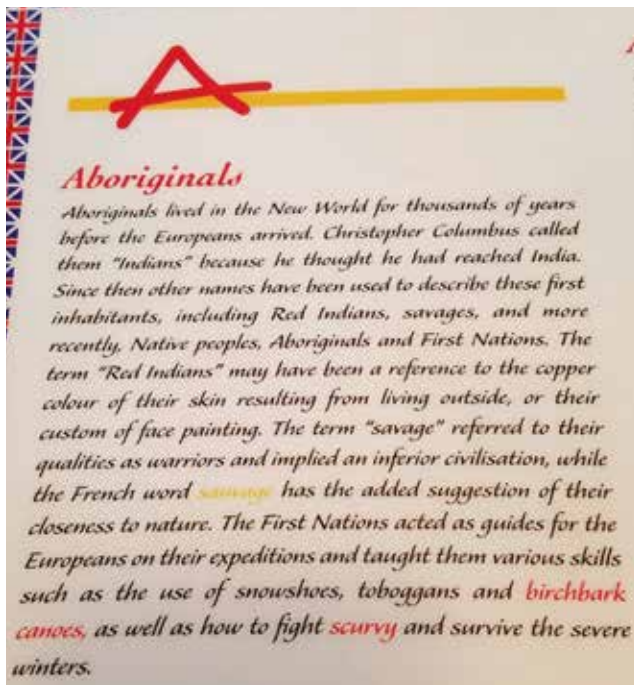
- aboriginal = existing (in a region) from the beginning; first
- America = Associated with Amerigo Vespucci (who, by the way, lived from 1454 to 1512)
- Indian = a native of India or the east Indies (As we know, the term “Indian” originated with Christopher Columbus who believed he had arrived in India.)
- indigenous = native
- native = an original inhabitant

According to Wikipedia, “The indigenous peoples of the Americas are the pre-Columbian peoples of North, Central, and South America and their descendants.”

In doing research for this article, I came across numerous references to “Native Americans” and “Indians”. Even Webster’s dictionary is guilty. Some of what I’ve read attempts to justify these references to indigenous peoples. I believe this is totally wrong and needs to change.

Reading/hearing these references to aboriginal peoples has bugged me for quite some time. I think it really grabbed me when I returned to Maine after living in Quebec, Canada for a time. In Canada, these peoples are usually referred to as natives, indigenous peoples, or first nations. Having discovered through my French-Canadian ancestry that I have native blood, I’m now on a mission to correct what I consider a huge mistake here in America.

On a recent visit to the Musée du Fort in Quebec City, I came across the following which helped further confirm my belief that the terms “Native Americans” or “Indians” are true inaccuracies.



*ABC de la Nouvelle France/
ABC of New France*

A friend at the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine encouraged me to write an article to express my views on this subject and correct misconceptions. I’m also taking on the challenge to right what I feel is a horrible wrong. I hope this will encourage people to change how they refer to indigenous peoples who were on this continent long before it became “America”.

With this article, I begin my journey to educate people on how to properly refer to our native peoples. I would appreciate any help or feedback to assist me on this journey. Thank you!

Lin LaRochelle
neigekins@earthlink.net

Dear Le Forum;

Enclosed is my payment for my subscription and for the subscription for my friend that you have on file.

Thank you and congratulations to you and to your wonderful team of volunteers for another great issue of **LE FORUM!** I look forward to the next one.

With much appreciation and Best Regards,

June Turcotte, North Hampton, MA

Chère Le Forum;

Ci-joint est mon paiement pour mon abonnement et pour l’abonnement cadeau pour mon ami que vous avez dans le dossier. Merci et félicitations à vous et à votre merveilleuse équipe de bénévoles pour un autre grand numéro de **LE FORUM!** J’attends le prochain.

Avec l’appréciation et les meilleures salutations,

June Turcotte, North Hampton, MA

Bonjour Le Forum;

Many thanks for all your efforts with this great publication!

Best wishes!

John England, St. Paul, MN

Bonjour Le Forum;

Lire **Le Forum** est toujours un plaisir. Merci pour tout ce que vous faites pour les Franco-Américains non seulement au Maine mais partout dans ce grand pays où on se trouve transplanté.

Ken Fleurant, Green Bay, WI



Cutline and Stories:

by *Gérard Coulombe*

Note: Cutline and some background: My maternal grandparents and some of my mother's siblings. Four girls had died in childhood, one other was given to the Church and disappeared In Canada for many years, as far as I knew, my mother had never mentioned her before she reappeared in Biddeford because "Ma tante" Eugenie" agreed to take her in and she died in Biddeford.

I was born on the second floor of my grandparents' half duplex, The left side, facing the house. One side was a local grocery store, one of many that abounded in the community. The grounds were lavish, flowers and a few fruit trees, pear and cherry. There was also a lawn swing on the Grounds. And, a barn and sheds were attached to the building which, in all, created an "ell."

Pepere was a teamster for the Peperell Company. He hauled bales of cotton from boxcars on side rails to the mill's carding rooms. The barn was for his horses and cart.

My grandfather opened one of the barn doors so that he could sit there in an arm chair, take out his pen-knife and do some whittling. Often, he watched me at play in the yard. I was the preferred one, as far as my Aunt Eva was concerned, she cared for my blind grandmother and did all the cooking. My grandfather ate everything with his knife. I liked to watch him gather his peas and load his knife's blade with them and adroitly move the knife to his mouth where he unloaded his peas. For me, it was unbelievably interesting to watch.

I was born on the second floor, as were my two sisters. I do not remember the layout of the apartment or the rooms. What I do recall is that there was an exit to the shed; of course, that landing was the second floor of the sheds that were part of the barn.

While my younger sisters, babies, really had to avoid my aunt's, I, the favored one had a run of everything, and my grandfather was gifted in his tolerance of me and in his eagerness to watch me at play. I could collect a bouquet of flowers for my mother, but never my sisters who were scared or terrorized away.

I was living there when my grandmother died, and I recall the black crepe



First Row: Antonio Coutu, Joseph Coutu, Pere, et Mari Poirier Coutu, Mere, Henri Coutu. Second Row: Clara Coutu {Coulombe}, Marie Louise & Rose Anna Coutu, {both became nuns} Eugenie Coutu {Chabot}, and Eva Coutu.

at the front door and the casket in the front room against the wall to the outside garden. Visitors came to pay their respects and people said their rosaries and the priest came to read the prayers for the dead. At the age of three, I understood what dying was about, as I had watched on my knees by her bedside as she exhaled a whitish broth of phlem.

Antonio became a butcher, married; his wife died early on. My mom kept her brother away from the house, never let him broach the door to the kitchen when he came for some reason; I found out later that it was because he had a girlfriend, a longtime one, who was a hairdresser with her own shop. As they were unmarried, they were living in sin out in the open, my mom was a traditionalist that way. I wondered why, once; someone gave me an answer, still, it always bothered me, but I never broached the subject with her—I learned the story in bits and pieces.

Henry died along with another in an automobile accident, at twenty-one, I believe; he and friends were in the mountains, some say it was Maine, others say it was New Hampshire. The driver who became my Sea Scout leader, years later, never broached the subject with me years later. The car rolled backwards, it was a roadster, and the two in the back seat died when the car crashed rolling backwards into a tree trunk.

My mother, sisters and I visited the nuns on a trip to Canada. We did not spend

much time with them, as they both worked in an orphanage, the workings of which I understood little about at the time. One aunt work involved the laundry room. I can only imagine the hard work involved, some heavy lifting, wet, red hands in hot water, and all... The other worked in the infirmary. Maybe, not a nurse, but after years of care and drudge, I imagine, something of a professional, unlike her sister.

Eugeny had a tough life. But she was always a gracious hostess, a wonderful conversationalist, could hit a spittoon with a cud of tobacco she'd been chewing for hours, and sat mostly in a rocker, when she wasn't busy cooking big meals and feeding her family. And, bless her heart, it was she who reunited her sister, probably abandoned on the church's steps for some ungodly reason for life to take its course..., and it surely did. I'm sure her life was never an easy one, and after her husband, who needed her to care for him after his first wife died, the kids, nor hers, threw her out of the house, but, piously, gave her a warning: Hurry and find yourself a place to stay soon! You're on your way out! Good thing she found her sister, Eugeny, who agreed to take her in. That my mother never mentioned her in all that time is a mystery to me. She never talked about it or any other family matter.

(N.D.L.R. Reprinted from *Le Club Français Newsletter, La Fanal*.
Soumis par Jacqueline Blesso.

LA PIE BAVARDE

À tous et à chacun:

Un envoi qui mérite d'être lu vient de mon amie qui habite dans une banlieue de Chicago et qui a joué un rôle innocent dans l'enchaînement des événements menant aux fonds en fidéicommi Mikesell. L'article semble avoir été écrit en 2001 et la copie sur America on Line est daté de 2004. L'auteur m'est inconnu. Je l'ai traduit en français parce que c'est écrit en anglais.

LE TITRE: Moment propice, Endroit favorable

(The Right Time, The Right Place)

Le sujet: Amitié

Il s'appelait Flemming ce pauvre fermier écossais. Un jour, en travaillant pour faire vivre sa famille, il entend un appelle,

“**Au secours,**” venant d'un marais tout près. Il mit ses outils de côté et courut au marais. Là, il trouva un garçon pris dans la boue jusqu'à la ceinture. Le fermier Fleming sauva le jeune d'une mort lente et terrifiante.

Le lendemain, une diligence grand luxe arriva à la maison du pauvre Écossais. Un noble en vêtement élégant descendit et se présenta comme le père du garçon que le fermier Fleming avait secouru. “**Je veux vous payer,**” dit l'aristocrate. “**Vous avez sauvé la vie de mon fils.**” “**Non, je ne peut pas accepter de paiement pour ce que j'ai fait,**” répondit le fermier écossais en refusant cet offre. À cet instant le fils du fermier vint à la porte du taudis familial. “**Est-ce votre fils?**” demanda le noble. “**Oui,**” répondit fièrement le fermier. **Je vais vous faire un marché. Permettez que je fasse instruire votre fils du même niveau que mon fils.**

Si le jeune retient quelque chose de son père, sans doute il deviendra l'homme dont nous serons fiers tous les deux.” Ce fut ce qu'il a fait.

Le fils du fermier Fleming fut instruit dans les meilleures écoles en finissant ses études à St. Mary's Hospital Medical School à Londres. Par la suite il se fit connaître à travers le monde entier comme le célèbre Sir Alexander Fleming qui a découvert la pénécilline.

Deux ans plus tard, le fils du même noble qui fut sauvé du marais fit une pneumonie. Comment lui a-t-on sauvé la vie cette fois. La pénécilline! Le nom du noble? Lord Randolph Churchill. Le nom du fils? Sir Winston Churchill.



My Brother-in-law — Fernand (Buster) Côté

By Gerard Coulombe

My brother-in-law was married to Rose Salvas, my sister-in-law. They had six children when I first met them. They lived in Saco, Maine, on Ferry Road.

My wife's name is Juliette Salvas. None of my relatives, neither my parents nor sisters attended my wedding. My wife-to-be's parents did not attend, and neither did her sisters or brother, either.

As we were married at the Catholic chapel in Orono by the chaplain there, Father Letourneau, who just happened to be a distant relative of my wife to be, it might have been a challenge of two dimensions in that we had not been approved for marriage in our home churches, and it happened not to be a problem for the University of Maine's Catholic chaplain. As I was a veteran and my wife had been attending a nursing school in Lewiston, the new rectors in our former parishes did not recognize us as parishioners and we would not be re-introduced to the Church by spending time in pre-nuptial instructions.

It was just a few close friends who came or were already present on campus

and happened to be attending college with us and a few of my wife's closest friends from nursing school and her closest friend from our home-town, Biddeford, that joined us for our wedding.

Buster, was my brother-in-law's nickname. He was known all over Biddeford and Saco, as Buster, Buster or Fernand Côté.



He owned the Seal Rock Bottling company. My brother-in-law, Joe Salvas, worked, part time, with his father, my father-in-law, Joseph Salvas, senior, who, among other things, sold insurance from

his second-floor office on Maine Street, the downtown sector, over or near what was then, J.C. Penney's, I think. Joe also worked as a distributor-driver and all-around bottling helper, I think, for Buster.

Buster was a big community activist and general service association member and supporter in those days. He was on the Biddeford Hospital board and also assisted in promoting the failed Catholic hospital that the Decary brothers had been trying not only to build and sustain after it opened partially, but later failed due to who knows what? Lack of funds?

In any case, my brother-in-law Buster, loved to eat. Friday nights were special for him. He loved baked beans as much as lobster, and everything was proper in the household and particularly at dinner time on a Friday night with the six children around the table, one boy and his sister, two other sisters, and still, two more. They were born, as if by a plan devised for sustainability. The oldest, the next oldest, and then the youngest. One boy and five girls.

Of course, at the table he was in charge, that is to say, he directed the operation of prayer before meals, the order of the servings, the propriety of the conversations and the interaction between children and the elders, which included himself as chief, his wife as servant, and then the guests, and last

(Continued on page 6)

(My Brother-in-law —Fernand (Buster)
Côté continued from page 5)

were the children.

The food was plentiful, and the conversation was determined by Buster. He loved to eat, so conversation was short and to the point. Beverages included some of his Seal Rock ginger ale or, perhaps, a Moxie, which he distributed.

His business was built upon the spring behind the barn and close to the plant which produced the water for the Seal Rock beverages. Working hard to maintain the quality of the water was key to his success because his territory extended to Old Orchard and most of York County and was especially successful summers with the tourists.

His wife, Rose, my sister-in-law, was a doll of a woman. She maintained a close relationship with her sisters and loved to shop with them and made shopping together in Portland an event which though might have devolved into a fight, particularly when one of the girls proved more disagreeable

than ever anticipated, but who was always capable of being disagreeable on purpose, such as the time she ended an argument by demanding that the driver stop the car in the middle of a road between Portland and Biddeford so she could get out in the middle of traffic just because she was “mad.” And the driver stopped, and Peggy, did get out, and walked the several miles home to Biddeford along Route 1, the Portland Road. There were no cell phones in those days.

Buster was quite the dancer. He was tall, thin, austere looking in appearance, his face’s jaw was that of an impoverished, malnourished man, his nose was thinnish and long; his brow seemed always frowned, although, he had a full head of darkish hair that seemed to me, semi-combed; his ears were large and therefore stood out, but that might have been for his choice of haircuts. He wore spectacles; sometimes they hung down his nose, practically ready to fall off.

But, boy, could he dance! I’ve watched him at events at his club when he let it all out, and danced like a wild man

making every move, particularly those in which he shimmied to near the ground and up again, even when he was in his 80’s, mouth agape, thin jawed, bony, deep smile on his face, out-pacing one of his grandkids who could only stand pop-eyed, watching her grandfather dance the swing.

Otherwise, Buster was a quiet man. We were never very close. Buster was also a hard man. He definitely believed in discipline. To be close to him, I mean, not personally, but physically, one got to know that. He was not verbose but spoke his mind when he felt he needed to. Mostly, he minded his own business. Mostly, I think, he was a reserved man, but he could smile over tender moments which sometimes only he could perceive and appreciate more than most. I liked that about him. But as far as the two of us were concerned, we were definitely of another generation, like my father and I, who ever had anything much to say to each other because, well, probably because each of us was unfamiliar with the other’s world.

Sometime...growing up in Biddeford, Maine

By, Gerard Coulombe
From the memoir: Leaving Maine

Biddeford, Maine, across the River, Saco, and South of Saco, Maine, extending from inland places to the shores of Saco Bay, and from edges of Biddeford Pool to Timber Point, was home to many people, mostly Anglos at first, after the Sosoki, those living on the Saco River.

My grandparents came from the Canadian Province of Quebec, I don’t know when, but my father came first is my story because that is what I was told or remember that it was told to me that he, Felix, my father, came down to work in the mills, one of two textile mills along the Saco, the Pepperell and the Bates.

When I was in high school, my father came down ill, and I took a job as a bobbin boy at the Bates and worked second shift. I left for work after school finished, walked to the diner on Washington Street for supper, and then down Main, across the bridge to Saco Island and through the entrance gates to the Bates, punched in,

Replaced the card in its slot and

went up the stairs to the third floor and the spinning room where I hung my coat in the employee rest room and walked across the floor to find a waist high canvas box truck, maybe with some empty bobbins in it, and then take off from there in search of empty bobbins for my daubers, the women whom I served.

It was my job to keep them occupied with bobbins that they, as daubers needed to use and place them on their lines of spinning frames whenever a bobbin was full, and the frame of them stopped.

Without empties, the doffer could not work, and so, it was, that they, the doffers, depended on me to find the bobbins where they were expended, emptied, so they, the doffers, could continue to do their work without expensive and time wasted stoppage.

A spinning room was huge. Think of a huge airplane hangar filled with spinning frames requiring all these bobbins. A full frame did not empty all at once, they emptied

as they did willy-nilly. As frustrating as that might seem to someone unused to that kind of work, that’s what it was like, and that is why my work, the bobbin boy was so important. So, I was keen on finding bobbins and I was also good at hiding baskets full of them so that I could have ready supplies as these baskets on the spinning room floor where emptied by my doffers.

I’ve often said that my father was an actor. He was. All the while, he had photos of himself in costume. My mother never mentioned these to me or to my sisters, as far as I know. I saw a few when I was much older. And that was just because my wife’s father had not only been an actor himself, but he had a company of actors who acted at the City Theatre which was located inside the City Hall building with its marquee overlooking Main Street.

It ought to be said here that my father’s acting career heavily influenced his life, as he lived all his life in a role that I find hard to describe. Whenever I speak of my father, I speak of him with some consideration for the life he led every working day. He was up at around ten a.m., He had breakfast and lunch which his wife, Clara, Mom, prepared for him.

By that time, Mom had already done all of her housework from the washing of the clothing on a Monday morning with a
(Continued on page 7)

(Sometime...growing up in Biddeford, Maine continued from page 6)

double boiler of water heating up on the stove for her to pour by hand, drawing from it with long handled pan to transfer to the washing machine.

We had been up by six during school days, and we had left for school soon after having had an early breakfast which our mom prepared. And then, we had our chores, dressed, gotten our books, and each of us had accepted from her a lip peck on the cheek while Papa was still sleeping soundly through the kitchen noise in our first floor apartment's small kitchen of our first floor flat in Saint Andre's Parish, and more than likely, I had already been up earlier and dressed, run of the porch run up the hill to the sacristy where I dressed, lit candles, served and did all in reverse before breakfast. We would not be seeing dad that day, or the next, or the day after the next. It wasn't until Saturday noon that we saw him in the kitchen having his breakfast. Often, even then, when he got up, we were out at play somewhere. I was. I Truthfully, I can't begin to imagine where my sisters were. Perhaps, they were in their room.

As to my sisters, I can frankly say that I did not know them well, either. The times we were close was when we were sick with every imaginable childhood diseases of the times, and, particularly when the doctor had to be called, and he came on a house visit to see us, as we were kept in the same room because all of these illnesses happened to be contagious somehow, and, so, we were kept together, but each of us had our own bunk sized bed in one of the corners of a bedroom. [I'm laughing here. I just looked up "antique bunk sized bed frames." For the cost of "one" of these {today}, my mom could have paid, {then} five years of rent.]

All to say that Dad, "mon pere" [reads like pear] was not around much. He listened to Radio Canada as often as he could, but it had to be on weekends or holidays, the only time he was home to listen to radio at night. When I was younger, in grammar school and at home, I listened with him, as we only spoke French in our parish part of town where we Franco-American's lived, there was little to do but speak French outside the home. And I dare say that our French was the Quebecois of the province and not that which is spoken there, today, which requires its own dictionary.

"Radio Canada" was special for my

Dad. And, I hasten to add that I enjoyed listening as well because I found the programs interesting not just because they came from Quebec, but also they were programs in French, actually, a language that we not only spoke, exclusively in our community, which included the schools because French was our primary language, and all school business was conducted in French..., and business, too. Every store owner in our community was Canadian, Quebecois French. The Shoe Store, Borduas' was owned by Monsieur Borduas. His youngest daughter asked me to be her date for the prom at her school the year she graduated, and I don't recall if this was from eighth grade or high school.

I did not discuss any of the episodes with our Dad; I recall however, that the program, although radio, was as visual, mentally, as any provocative, real, live event I've ever heard in my own home, or elsewhere. At the time. There was nothing like it on local radio's as all broadcasted in English, of course. And, by radio, Montreal was all hat far away, considering that as often, it was he WAR, and we could listen to "This is London Calling" on our shortwave band.

As there was no T.V. then, one had to have an imagination that was comfortable what it the ears heard, if not sinful in fact, it was certainly situationally provocative for my young ears to ha

Yes, we were called "Canucks" by some ignorant blokes, but not all that often. As an insult, the term did not hurt.

But, as I look as the kids in our neighborhood today, things don't happen the way it did when we were growing up. Back then, the whole world was our playground; basically, I mean, nearly the whole town and, even, the next one over, Saco, across the River, by that name, known to all of us kids not only as our playground in some ways, but also as the River on which legend is based that put the fear of the River's potential as a place to be careful on, to be afraid of, where one had to be take care when playing on or even on its shores.

As a kid, I played with Normand Picher and Gerard Lambert. More often, it was with Normand whose home was closer to where I lived.

Whereas I do not know when the cut behind the house where I lived, on a street with four story tenement buildings and outside gallerias to get up to the apartments, I do recall that adjacent to the first floor apartment we first had upon moving there from the house on Bradbury Street on

the other side of town, there was a bank of four of garages, all of them in one garage building, two of which were owned by the owner of a rendering truck that kept its equipment there, barrels for the rendering collected from markets and butchers shops, restaurants and he like were kept there and the trucks kept, parked outside on the slight incline to the garages. That it smelled is true, but I can only say that we were used to it, so much so, that I couldn't even say that I had learned to tolerate the smell.

That cut behind the house, constructed, so that there could be a road going up and across that hill where new houses had been added. And at the top was the home of my best friend. Normand Picher. His dad was a member of the Painchaud Band that marched in parades up and down Main Street and, also, played concerts at Clifford Park bandstand in the woods there. Summers there were held special concerts there and I recall seeing Mr. Picher playing solo on occasion.

The Park was also a playground for generations of kids, as it was ours, growing up. We were good with B.B. Guns, although my parents never bought me one.

Normand Picher and I and another youth, Gerard Lambert, if I recall correctly, who lived on Pool Street in the environs of Normand and next to his home there was a building that was at one time and among a series of businesses, a laundry. I think.

Lambert, single family home was adjacent to the right of the home to a sort of hospital, I think; although it might have had many other uses other than a kind of palatial home, at home, as I recall, at one time. That is how I thought of the place, living where I did.

While Lambert's home had the air of a straight-out farm building, with the front of the in-line structure having the living quarters, first, followed by the middle part, the kitchen, etc. and, then, there was a barn at the tail end.

The second floor of the barn was left to Gerard's use. He boxed, so there was an improvised boxing ring, etc. We three boys, Gerard, Normand and I hung out there often enough, as I recall, doing what I hardly recall it to have been. What I do recall is that

From there we headed straight for the woods across the street, Clifford Park, and played war games--imagined we in fox holes of sort in the myriad natural constructions dropped in place by whomever had been

(Continued on page 10)

French North America
 Blog by David Vermette
 author of *A Distinct Alien Race*

Exams of Franco-American WWI Draftees Show the Poorest State of Public Health in the U.S.

On February 20, 1923, Charles B. Davenport of the Eugenics Record Office in Long Island, NY, wrote a letter to Henry F. Perkins, eugenics point man at the University of Vermont. “Did you know,” wrote Davenport to Perkins, “that in the study of defects found in drafted men, Vermont stood at or near the top of the list as having precisely or nearly the highest defect rate for quite a series of defects? This result I ascribe to the French Canadian constituents of the population which, I had other reasons for believing, to contain an undue proportion of defectives.”¹

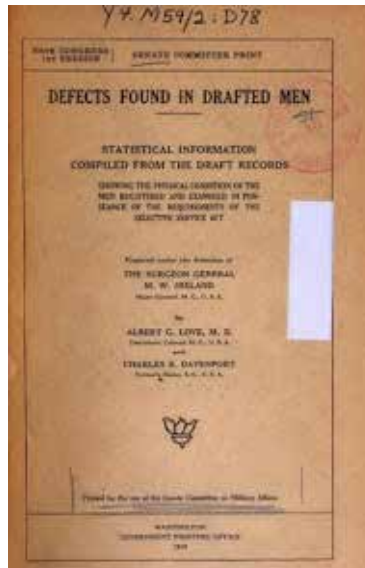
Davenport knew well the “study of defects found in drafted men” because he co-wrote the detailed statistical report on the subject for the Senate Committee on Military Affairs.² This 1919 report of more than 350 pages compiles data from medical examinations of 2.7 million men, 18 to 30 years old, drafted during the First World War. Examiners reported cases of what they regarded as mental or physical “defects,” which included a wide range of diseases and conditions from heart disease, to asthma, to blindness, to flat feet, to obesity, to drug addiction.

The report cuts the data three ways. First, it reports the distribution of these “defects” among the states. It then divides most of the states into smaller regions that reflect different economies: agricultural, manufacturing, mining, or commuter regions. There is also a similar series with the data grouped by environment or terrain: mountain, desert, maritime regions, etc. In these analyses, the researchers attempt to group the various health issues according to the draftee's occupation or milieu.

Then comes what the researchers term “the racial series.” These “races” include groupings like “mountain whites,” “Indians” (Native Americans) and “Mexicans.” There is also a number of breakout groups of “foreign born whites.” “Group 19” is the French Canadian “racial” group.

This group was created, like the oth-

er groups, by aggregating areas with high concentrations of French-Canadians, where the latter constituted more than 10 percent of the population. All such regions were in New England, in the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The French-Canadian group had “the highest defect rate” of any of the “racial” groupings in the U.S. (266). Areas with high concentrations of French-Canadians led the lists in a range of health problems associated



1919 report by Albert G. Love and eugenics supporter Charles B. Davenport

with low socioeconomic status including alcoholism, malnutrition, and obesity.

Presenting their findings on “Group 19,” the researchers state:

The French Canadian group shows an extraordinary excess of defects in various important respects, such as tuberculosis, spinal curvature, deaf-mutism, mental deficiency and psychoses, refractive errors [myopia and other eyesight issues], otitis media [inflammatory diseases of the ear], defective hearing, asthma, bad teeth, hernia, deficient size of chest, and height and underweight. The sections of which the French Canadians form a predominant factor are among the poorest from the military standpoint (46).

The French-Canadian group led the U.S. in alcoholism. Alcoholism was high across New England in 1919 and not only in the areas with high concentrations of French-Canadians. Of the ten states with the highest numbers of alcoholics among drafted men, five of them were in New England (86, Table 12). However, in the parts of New England with large French-Canadian populations, rates of alcoholism were many times higher than elsewhere. The rate of alcoholism among young men in the French-Canadian parts of New England was 0.91 per 1000 persons. By contrast, populations such as the Germans/Austrians and Russians in the U.S., stereotypically thought to enjoy a drink, had rates of alcoholism of 0.38 and 0.21 per thousand respectively (269, Table 106).

The French-Canadian grouping also had the highest rates, by far, of men judged “underheight” and “underweight” (294, Tables 180, 181). They also had the highest incidence of diagnosed malnutrition except for “mountain whites” and “Indians” living in “sparsely settled” places (294, Table 182). Anemia, a condition often caused by vitamin or mineral deficiency, was found to be “exceptionally high in the French Canadian section(s) (305).” At the same time, the highest rates of obesity in the U.S. were found in places with large French-Canadian populations (272, Table 114).

The “French-Canadian immigrants” were also found to suffer from a high proportion of “defective physical development.” But exactly how this condition is defined and how it differs from “underweight” is unclear even to the researchers. However, the rate of “total defective development and nutrition” among the French-Canadian group was many times higher than that of any other group listed: 85.26 persons per 1000, as compared with the next highest numbers among Scottish-Americans and “mountain whites,” with about one-half the rate of the French-Canadian group. The researchers own that “defective development” “is due to a variety of causes (33-34).” Since Davenport was a eugenics supporter, the report often wishes to find a “congenital” or “racial” cause for some alleged “defect.” But it admits that “defective physical development” has environmental components.

The group [showing ‘defective physical development’] has a great importance for social therapeutics, since it is largely due to unhygienic methods of living, although
(Continued on page 9)

(Exams of Franco-American WWI Draftees Show the Poorest State of Public Health in the U.S. continued from page 9)

in considerable part due, also, to congenital defects.... A center for defective physical development is found in the States which center around Chattanooga, and it seems probable that this area is largely determined by the presence of hookworm infection. There is another center in New England, and this seems to be controlled very largely by the French-Canadian immigrants, who show a high rate of defective physical development (33-34).

“Unhygienic methods of living” are blamed for the undernourished conditions of young men in the mill towns, and not the socioeconomic conditions that had turned the rural poor of Québec into a neglected labor pool destined for U.S. mills and factories. Whether the causes were congenital or environmental, many of the young men who came from the mill town milieu were no longer physically fit even for the trenches.

Having found that the French-Canadian group scored highest in a wide range of alleged “defects,” the authors then attribute the poor showing of some New England states to high concentrations of French-Canadians.

Rhode Island had the highest “defect rate” overall. “Conditions in which Rhode Island stands first or second are: Alcoholism, obesity, neurosis, total for myopia and defective vision (cause not stated), hemorrhoids, bronchitis, deformities of appendages and trunk, atrophy of muscles of the appendages, underheight, and underweight (41).” Why does Rhode Island stand at or near the top in many “defects,” per Love and Davenport?

It is largely because of the defective or nonresistant stock which has been drawn to this the most urban of all the States—that in which the population is most generally engaged in manufacturing. While one may not ascribe the defects to the occupation, it is probable that the occupation has attracted stock with defects or susceptible to them. Next to Rhode Island stands Vermont....It is surprising in what a number of defects the small State of Vermont leads. The reason for this is probably because of the presence in Vermont of a large number of French Canadians in whom the defect rate is particularly high (41).

Love and Davenport ascribe Rhode Island’s high “defect rate” to “defective stock” attracted by the state’s manufacturing, while Vermont’s is attributed to its “large number of French-Canadians.” However, elsewhere in the report, the authors find that these two

states “have this in common that they contain a large proportion of Canadian French (149).” More than once, they claim that the reason for these states’ poor showing is the French-Canadian presence.

The authors discuss some problems with the hypothesis that New England’s health woes were due to “defective” French-Canadians. They observe that New Hampshire had a larger percentage of French-Canadians than either Rhode Island



My maternal grandfather (right) and his brother in their WWI uniforms

or Vermont, and yet it was in the middle of the pack as regards alleged “defects.” The authors conclude that the “high position of Rhode Island and Vermont” with respect to “defects” is “due to a combination of...three factors...the thoroughness of the examinations made by local boards, the intelligence and care exercised at Camp Devens [where New England draftees were examined] and the high percentage of French Canadians in the population (149).”

Conditions that were environmental, a consequence of living in fetid mill towns, are ascribed to “congenital” causes. These conclusions were then used by eugenics proponents, like Davenport and Vermont’s Henry Perkins, to class the French Canadians as an “inferior” breed in their racial hierarchies. Since French-Canadians in the mill towns were poor, they faced public health challenges; these challenges were then essentialized by eugenics proponents and made a part of the “racial” (their word) makeup of the French Canadian people.

Among the alleged “defects” that stemmed from life in the mill towns were problems with eyesight, hearing, and respiratory issues. And these health problems appear already in young men mostly in their twenties. High rates of obesity, malnutrition, and the off-the-chart rate of alcoholism show a community that’s been marginalized by the society of its day and relegated to an underclass status. Such a status, in all times and places, is hazardous to one’s health.

The data from drafted men paints a shocking portrait of the Franco-Americans in the mill towns in the early 20th century. They emerge as among the most disadvantaged groups in the U.S. from a public health perspective. When compared with groups recognized as poor or historically disadvantaged, such as “mountain whites,” rural Native Americans, and Mexican-Americans, the data shows the tragically poor condition of public health in the New England mill towns where the French-Canadians predominated.

Both of my grandfathers were in the military in the World War One era and they were both born and raised in the areas Love and Davenport have aggregated to create their French-Canadian “racial” group. Their data provides insight into the world of my grandparents, the places where they were born and raised. My father was born less than a decade after the report on drafted men was issued, in one of the heavily French-Canadian areas of Maine. The “defective” French-Canadian men described here were relatives, friends and neighbors of my parents and grandparents. This report captures the stark reality of the mill town milieu that formed previous generations of Franco-Americans, the forbears of most of the two million French-Canadian descendants who still live in New England. No surprise that little of what happened there was passed down to younger generations.

For more on eugenics and Franco-Americans see Chapter 13 of my book *A Distinct Alien Race*.

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

Notes

1. David Vermette, *A Distinct Alien Race* (Montreal: Baraka Books, 2018), 256.

2. U.S. Congress, Senate, *Defects Found in Drafted Men: Statistical Information Compiled from the Draft Records, Prepared under the direction of the Surgeon General, M.W. Ireland, by Albert G. Love, M.D. and Charles B. Davenport, Printed for the use of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, 66th Congress, 1st Session, 1919. Parenthetical page numbers and table numbers refer to this report.*

The Newspaper Editor Who Led a Racist Attack on US Soldiers

February 9, 2019 African-Americans, Old Town, World War Two

By James Myall

In March 1942, an army company arrived in Old Town, Maine. Like countless other companies across the country, the unit was assigned to guard critical infrastructure during World War 2. In Old Town, the soldiers were tasked with protecting the railroad from possible sabotage. This would have been unremarkable, apart from one detail – the soldiers were Black. The US Army would be segregated until 1948, and these soldiers from the 366th infantry regiment were all African American. They would be stationed in a town that was overwhelmingly White. Though they were initially welcomed by locals, it wasn't long before the soldiers were demonized and chased out.



Sgt. McArthur Stafford and Pvt. Robert A. Stephens of the 366th Infantry, in North Yarmouth, Maine, July 4, 1942. Image: Maine Historical Society / Maine Memory Network

(Sometime...growing up in Biddeford, Maine continued from page 7)

there first to mine granite blocks out of the earth I now suppose, but do not know.

Further in and Easterly, there was a huge rock screening monster of a contraption with a holed, metal screening and tumbling tunnel of a tube within which we could walk, as it was safely just standing there for we imaginative boys to have a hell of a great, wonderful time, just playing some game or other.

However, one day, we were scarred out of our wits when a swarm of hornets we had inadvertently disturbed chased us out of it, luckily, without stinging any of us, for it could have been our last foray into that monster of a contraption.

Meanwhile, when we were not in the woods and just kids, still, during the stages of the Second World War we were engaged in trench warfare in the empty lots to the left of Norman's parents' house and just below where a nemesis of ours lived. He was about the age, a bully we thought, we certainly feared him, had been threatened by him, and had no mind to come anywhere near him, so

threatening was he. In any case, we played on the large lot on the side of the hill above the street that climbed the side of the hill behind the tenement where I lived.

Many an engagement was fought there, mud hand grenades were thrown, and it was there we rolled our own cigarettes of dry corn husk and silk. One time. We set the field on fire, accidentally.

Norman and I grew up. We both worked at the Central Theatre as ushers. Norman wanted to be a projector operator and spent a lot of his free time learning how to be one from the operator who taught him. As far as I know, my friend kept working there. I have no idea when he left school.

Meanwhile, I had stayed in school all the while, even as all my friends from my parish left grammar school to work, as that was there need or aspiration.

In my last year of high school, having experienced work in the mill while I managed high school as best I could, my dad having been so ill as to be unable to work, I graduated having learned a lesson when I had come upon two of my classmates receiving "guidance" from one of the brothers {religious}, a teacher on applying to some

The *Penobscot Times* announced the arrival of the "Negroes" on March 20, 1942. Sports editor Otis Labree noted that that "We here in Old Town seldom see a Negro, and to look at these boys now is quite an oddity." But LaBree also suggested the locals "make them feel at home here in the Canoe City." He cited the example of Joe Louis, a Black boxer who was famous for volunteering to serve in the US Army in 1941.

In the weeks that followed, the paper also contained hints of good relations between the army men and the locals. The soldiers took part in an entertainment put on by locals, and started a softball team.

But the newspaper was also at the center of the backlash against the Black soldiers. Its chief editor published a series of inflammatory editorials which stirred up racial divisions, blew the resulting confrontations out of context, and finally led a campaign to petition the federal government to have the unit reassigned elsewhere.

In 1942, the *Penobscot Times* was owned and edited by John "Jimmy" Coghill. He had grown up in Virginia, which was still dominated by Jim Crow laws and rigid segregation in social places. It's hard to know for certain, but it seems likely that he brought this experience with him to his cam-
(Continued on page 11)

school. I did not know at the time that it was the Maritime Academy, or that there was such a place, which I later learned, they attended.

Meanwhile, a classmate called me soon after graduation to ask if I would go with him to Portland. We took the bus, went, enlisted by pure chance, returned home, Mom signed the papers, and he and I returned to Portland to board a train car, that at the end of the line all the way to Texas had become a troop train full of new recruits. And the day we arrived, as we were sworn in, we were then told that the Korean War had started.

The Korean War GI Bill gave me the opportunity I needed to be who I became. Instead of re-enlisting at the end of my enlistment, I decided to use the GI Bill to go to college. So I literally ran as fast as I could off base somewhere in Oklahoma and flew to an airport where I could fly home to Boston, first and then take the train to Biddeford, got myself a summer job folding Pepperell towels for Macy's, and that fall, I, along with a friend, who had also left the service, we both registered at the University.

(The Newspaper Editor Who Led a Racist Attack on US Soldiers continued from page 10)

paign against the men of the 366th regiment.

In the May 29th issue of the Times, Coghill issued a stern warning to the people of Old Town. Playing on racist stereotypes, he claimed that the Black soldiers would generally make themselves a nuisance, and in particular that they were a threat to the young women of the town. He alleged not only that familiarity between white women and Black men would lead to marriage, but also that some soldiers were “entertaining” married women in the town while their husbands were away. Coghill called for a town curfew on “unattended women.”

In the very next issue of the weekly paper, June 5, Coghill reported an incident they seemed to prove his prediction correct. On the evening of June 1, Henry LeGasse and his wife, along with another married woman, were said to have been walking back from a dance when they were allegedly confronted by two of the African American soldiers. According to Coghill’s account, the soldiers demanded LeGasse “share” the women with them and when LeGasse, a boxer, refused, a fight broke out, during which time one of the soldiers slashed LeGasse with a knife or razor.

In Coghill’s mind, this was exactly what he has been warning about – the mixing of the two races would only lead to violence. In fact, the account of the incident raises questions. Coghill himself had spread the idea of the sexually aggressive Black man just days earlier, and likely bears at least some responsibility for what happened.

Not that Coghill was repentant. A local minister, Reverend Raymond Baughan of Orono, challenged the editor on his rhetoric – “This war is being fought, we are given to understand, over the worth of persons of every race and creed... would your editorial have been written, and in the same language,

if the soldiers living in Old Town had been White?” Coghill’s response to the reverend cited the “barriers of nature” between the races, and questioned if the minister would be comfortable with his own children marrying “a Negro.”

The memory of the fight and its aftermath lived on long after the army company had left Old Town. In 1946, Coghill was running for Congress (calling himself a “Progressive Democrat”) and the incident was rehashed. Even years later, the former editor was only slightly apologetic. In a May 17 letter to the Times, he maintained (falsely) that he and his newspaper had simply been reacting to events, rather than stirring them up:

This writer shut his eyes and ears to complaints for twelve weeks. Finally, when the situation could not longer be ignored by the local newspaper, the editorial now being circulated was written... All in all, it was a vicious editorial. It was meant to be. It was dashed off after a particularly odious attack on a man strolling down the street with his mother and mother-in-law.

Coghill expressed regret for “lashing out with every charge prejudiced Southerners have ever brought against the Negro,” and claimed that his views had changed since then. But by saying that his editorial came *after* the scuffle with LeGasse, rather than *before* it, he was still trying to shift the blame onto the Black soldiers.

Alongside the story of the fight in the June 5, 1942 issue of the paper, Coghill printed a copy of a petition calling for the removal of the entire company. The request was addressed to US Senator Owen Brewster, asking the War Department to reassign them. Brewster had his own checkered history with race relations. His candidacy for Governor in 1924 was supported by Maine’s chapter of the Ku Klux Klan. In his 1932

campaign for Congress, Brewster tried to have the result overturned on the basis that the state’s literacy test wasn’t being properly enforced against French-speaking voters in Northern Maine.

However sympathetic or otherwise Brewster was to the petitioners, he passed the request along, and the soldiers of the 366th were indeed removed from Old Town later that month.

The Old Town incident was hardly unique. In many towns across the US, Black soldiers found themselves made unwelcome by local residents, often due to racial prejudices. Despite the fact that these men were defending the country in a time of war, White Americans’ unfounded fears overrode their patriotism.

The National Archives has the records of many of these incidents, but the folder for Old Town is now empty.

That’s not the only difficulty I had in researching the story. Brewster’s papers are housed at Bowdoin college’s special collections – but the staff there found no reference to the Old Town petition there either. The Penobscot Times has been digitized and is available online – but several issues in May and June 1942 aren’t available. The newspaper’s microfilm at the University of Maine’s Folger library also lacks those issues. The only record of Coghill’s original inflammatory editorial I found was when it was summarized in the Times in 1992, on the fiftieth anniversary of the incident. The then-editor rightly called it “the most disgraceful episode in the history of the paper.” *The historical record never survives perfectly, and even in big institutions, items sometimes go missing. But it’s hard not to conclude that at least some of these gaps in the record are the result of trying to erase the memory. But we can’t heal old wounds by pretending they didn’t exist, and we can’t address systematic racism without acknowledging the truth.*

Nathaniel Hawthorne Visits Augusta’s Early Franco American Community

March 10, 2019 Augusta, Maine

By James Myall

In the 1830s, Augusta was a boom town. Designated the state capital in 1827, the settlement had grown quickly from a frontier trading post. Several large public buildings were completed in the space of a

few years, including the state house (1829), the state armory (1827). The largest of these was the Kennebec Dam, which was begun in 1837. At the time it was the largest Dam project in the country. It cost three hundred

thousand of dollars to build and involved moving more than 400,000 cubic feet of stone and two million board feet of lumber.

A project as large as this required
(Continued on page 12)

(Nathaniel Hawthorne Visits Augusta's Early Franco American Community continued from page 11)

substantial labor to complete, and among the workers on the Kennebec Dam were some of Augusta's first French Canadian immigrants. We're fortunate to have a vivid description of life for these early migrants through the journal of Nathaniel Hawthorne.



Portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne, 1846. Image: National Park Service/Maine Memory Network

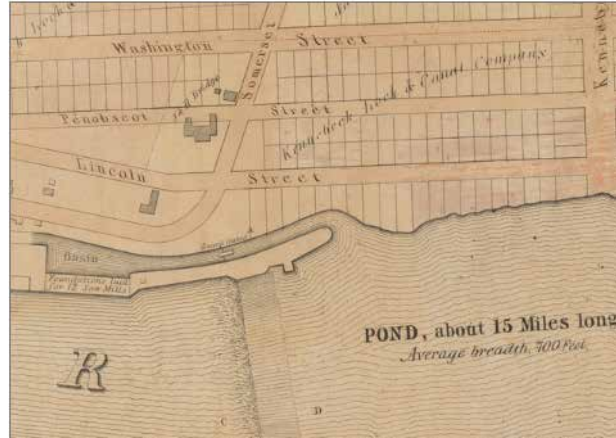
When he visited the city in 1837, Hawthorne was not yet a celebrated American author. In fact, Hawthorne was in Augusta to visit a college classmate, Horatio Bridge, who had helped get Hawthorne's first book published the year before. Hawthorne was visiting Bridge to thank him for the assistance.

Horatio Bridge was a member of one of Augusta's leading families. In addition to working as a lawyer, he was a partner investor in the Kennebec Dam company. Bridge's large house at which Hawthorne was staying, overlooked the river and the dam project:

"The house is very pleasantly situated,—half a mile distant from where the town begins to be thickly settled, and on a swell of land, with the road running at a distance of fifty yards, and a grassy tract and a gravel-walk between. Beyond the road rolls the Kennebec, here two or three hundred yards wide. Putting my head out of the window, I can see it flowing steadily along straightway between wooded banks; but arriving nearly opposite the house, there is a large and level-sand island in the middle of the stream; and just below the island the current is further

interrupted by the works of the mill-dam, which is perhaps half finished, yet still in so rude a state that it looks as much like the ruins of a dam destroyed by the spring freshets as like the foundations of a dam yet to be. Irishmen and Canadians toil at work on it, and the echoes of their hammering and of the voices come across the river and up to this window."

In addition to the "mansion," the Bridge family also owned large swaths of land in Augusta, including the hill adjacent to the new dam project which was then known as Cushnoc Heights but which came to be called Sand Hill. As French Canadian and Irish laborers came to Augusta to work on the dam, many of them built houses on the Bridge family land on Sand Hill



Detail from an 1838 map of Augusta. The Dam is visible, as is the Bridge mansion, surrounded by empty lots designated for mill housing on Sand Hill. Image: Digital Maine.

Hawthorne accompanied Bridge on a walk through this neighborhood during his visit. Bridge was effectively the landlord and employer for these families, and while he was apparently "considerably a favorite with the lower orders," his authority over them was near absolute. Hawthorne reports that his friend was sought after by the French Canadians as a mediator because Bridge spoke French. But he also records that Bridge had the unspoken right to "[tear] down the dwelling-houses of a score of families, and driving the inmates forth without a shelter," if he so wanted. Such was the precarious position the migrant workers found themselves in.

Likewise, their living conditions were crude. Hawthorne described a trip to the collection of "shanties" occupied by the workers. The migrants were living in turf houses; simple constructions with dirt walls and roofs. These buildings were cheap and quick to construct "They may be built in three or four days, and are valued at four or five dollars"), and would become common for newcomers to the American and Canadian West.



Sod House, Haneyville, Saskatchewan, 1907/8. Image: The Canadian Encyclopedia

In these simple dwellings, Hawthorne observed that "upwards of twenty people" sometimes lodged in homes no bigger than twenty square feet.

This was an indication that the newcomers were not just limited to male laborers, but whole families. Hawthorne describes both French and Irish families, including women and children. Yet the French Canadians were also highly mobile. He notes that many families "are frugal, and often go back to Canada with considerable sums of money." At one point,

(Continued on page 13)

(Nathaniel Hawthorne Visits Augusta's Early Franco American Community continued from page 11)

two French Canadian boys came to the house to sell strawberries. As in later periods, this early migration was a family affair, and everyone pitched in to the family economy.

Like many of his contemporaries, Hawthorne indulged in prejudices against both the French Canadians and the Irish immigrants. He claimed, for example, that it was customary for Irish husbands and wives to settle their differences "with blows." He also seems quick to believe that the immigrants are drunk, lazy, or generally "immoral."

On the other hand, Hawthorne notices the difficulties faced by the newcomers. He describes fights between the two French and Irish (a theme common to all accounts of the two groups across time and space). He also records an incident in which a French Canadian and a local Yankee got into a fight over oxen. The French Canadian was fined \$12; there's no mention of a punishment for

the Yankee.

At heart, Hawthorne was a romantic, and even with his critical observations, it's clear that he admired some of the simplicity of the migrants' life. After a visit to an "elegant new mansion" in Hallowell, which had cost upwards of \$60,000 to build, the author mused:

"Which sort of house excites the most contemptuous feelings in the beholder,—such a house as Mr. —'s, all circumstances considered, or the board-built and turf-butressed hovels of these wild Irish, scattered about as if they had sprung up like mushrooms, in the dells and gorges, and along the banks of the river? Mushrooms, by the way, spring up where the roots of an old tree are hidden under the ground."

Not only were those mushroom-like houses building on the old roots of French settlement in the Kennebec Valley during the colonial period, they were also laying the foundations of a Franco community in Augusta that would endure to the present day.



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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Immigration discrimination and Franco-American history

March 29, 2019 *Franco-American News and Culture* James Myall, *Ku Klux Klan, Le Forum, Severin Beliveau*

By Juliana L'Heureux

LEWISTON, Maine – A historical overview by James Myall, presented during a seminar on March 19th in Lewiston, described how Franco-Americans were subjected to immigration discrimination during the 19th and into the 20th century. Anti-immigration discrimination campaigns were led by the Know-Nothings and the Ku Klux Klan. Myall writes a Bangor Daily News blog at this site here.

Myall included news reports and pictures he obtained during his research.

Three resources I often refer to in my writings about the discrimination demonstrated towards French-Canadian immigrants and Franco-Americans are:

1. *The Silent Playground*, by Ross and Judy Paradis of Frenchville, Maine published in *Voyages: A Maine Franco-American Reader*, pp 428-440.

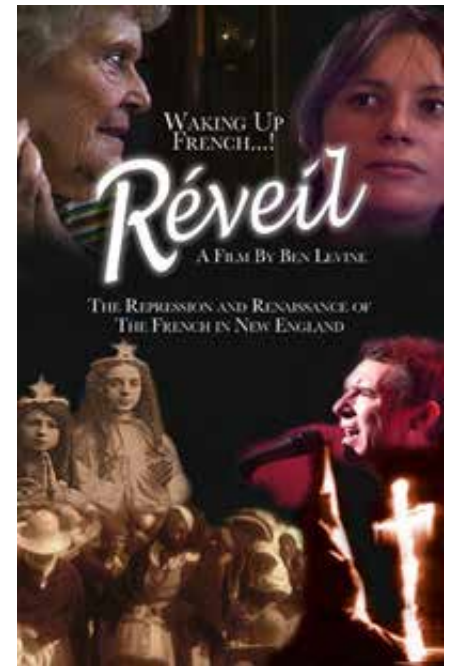
2. *Réveil-Waking Up French the Repression and Renaissance of the French in New England*, a documentary film by Ben Levine

3. Remarks of Severin M. Beliveau: 20th Biennial conference of the American Council of Quebec Studies, in Portland Maine on November 3, 2016 published in *Hiver/Winter 2017*, Vol. 38 # 4 "Le Forum", pp 19-20. (https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/francoamericain_forum/), (See excerpts below.)

An anti-Catholic riot that occurred on July 6, 1854, in Bath Maine, was one of a number that took place in coastal Maine in the 1850s, led by the Know Nothings.

In fact, the horrible riots spread to other areas, including the tarring and feathering of Father John Bapst, in the town of Ellsworth, Maine. The violence in the 1850s was associated with the rise of the Know-Nothing Party.

Although the Ku Klux Klan is most often associated with white hooded mobs who preached white supremacy, the revival of the organization in Maine during the 1920s, was also anti-Catholic. In fact, from news reports of the Klan's activities, it was evident that the organization was opposed to



Anti-immigration demonstrations led by the Ku Klux Klan- video clips are included in this documentary film.

the burgeoning number of French-Canadian and Irish immigrants who were living in Maine and working in the industrial cities, especially in Lewiston, Waterville, and in York County, in Southern Maine.

In fact, the Klan incited the historic history of contentious relations between *(Continued on page 14)*

(Immigration discrimination and Franco-American history continued from page 11)

Maine's Protestant 'Yankee' population (those descended from the original English colonials), and Irish-Catholic and French Canadian Catholic newcomers, who were immigrating in large numbers. The rise of the Know-Nothing Party in the 1850s even resulted in the burning of a Catholic church in Bath, Maine, and the tarring and feathering of the Jesuit priest Father John Bapst, in Ellsworth.



Severin Beliveau, a speech to the 20th Biennial conference of the American Council of Quebec Studies in Portland Maine described some of the anti-immigration activities led by the Ku Klux Klan in Maine.

Following is an excerpt from Beliveau's presentation:

"In Maine, the Franco-Americans were the targets of hate in communities like Rumford, where I grew up. My father, who was also a lawyer, Albert Beliveau, who became the first Franco-American to serve on the Maine Supreme Court, told me often about watching a cross burn above the Androscoggin River, near Rumford, on a ledge overlooking the tenement buildings occupied by Franco mill workers. This was the 1930s, when Owen Brewster, a Klan member, was first elected the Governor Maine, then one of its senators in Washington, and where, also, in Portland, the KKK held one of the largest parades in Portland's history, promoting white supremacy and anti-immigration policies."

Although the caustic history of Klan

activities and anti-immigration demonstrations against French-Canadian immigrants may seem distant, the discrimination simmering against new French speaking immigrants was evident in remarks by the recently resigned Shane Bouchard, who abruptly left his position as Mayor of Lewiston, a move caused, in part, by racial remarks.

(My letter to the editor: OPINION Posted March 16: Juliana L'Heureux: Lewiston's history lives on:

Shane Bouchard and the Ku Klux Klan text message gives more evidence to the well known quote about those who forget history are doomed to repeat it.

Previous generations of Maine's Franco-Americans often talked about the times when the Ku Klux Klan was active in their neighborhoods. In fact, the Klan was visibly spreading hate during the 1920s, when frightening burning crosses were used to terrorize the French-Canadians, who were largely immigrant Roman Catholics.

That terrible time in Maine's history isn't even 100 years old, but it seems evident that Bouchard had no understanding about the discrimination against Francos in his own city. Otherwise, if he knew about this dark period in Maine history, he would have known better than to compare an Androscoggin Republican campaign meeting to the Ku Klux Klan.

It is good riddance to Bouchard's short tenure as Lewiston's mayor. Hopefully, all Republicans will rebuke Bouchard's statement.

"Shane Bouchard and the Ku Klux Klan text message gives more evidence to the well known quote about those who forget history are doomed to repeat it."

Beliveau included an optimistic overview about how Franco-Americans have been able to overcome the past. "Nevertheless, there have been many changes. Maine is becoming a Franco-American homeland. Maine is the most 'French' state in New England."

Ceux qui ne peuvent pas se souvenir du passé sont condamnés à le répéter.

Myall's presentation was given during an evening program on March 19, 2019, held at the University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn College (USM LAC) and it was sponsored by the Franco-American Collection.

Immigration

February 1, 2019 Franco-American News and Culture Americanization, Biddeford, C. Stewart Doty, French-Canadian, Lewiston, Nebraska, Willa Cather

By Juliana L'Heureux

During a visit to the Ellis Island and Statue of Liberty National Monument in New York Harbor, I went to the electronic immigration map. A visitor could select a nation of origin and find out where in the United State the immigrants from a particular selected country had settled. When I pressed the button for "French-Canada", I expected a cluster of lights to appear around New England. Although my expectation was validated, I was surprised to see how many other places on the map lit up, especially when there were dense clusters in California.



A portrait of Franco-American immigrant mill workers on exhibit at the University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn campus.

All Franco-Americans in Maine, those who are the descendants of French-Canadians, are related to immigrants.

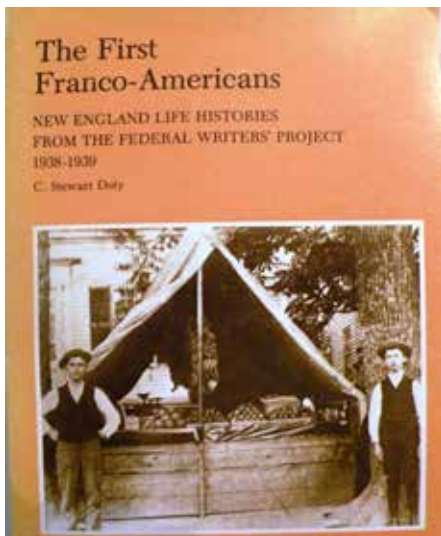
I was reminded about the Ellis Island experience recently when I was fortunate enough to read the wonderful essay "Nebraska", by the American author Willa Cather. Her essay was originally published in September 1923, in *The Nation* magazine; but the copyright protection was lifted in 2019, so I was able to transcribe it from the source. (Thanks to the excellent help of Charlie Remy, who is an electronic resources librarian, for his research to locate the original essay in *The Nation*.)

In the "Americanization" of her home state of Nebraska, Cather skillfully created

(Continued on page 15)

(Immigration continued from page 14)

a history about the people, a story that was rooted in migration and immigration. To summarize her beautiful narrative, she described Nebraska's resilient settlers, and pioneers as being a mixture of European immigrants and people who migrated to the state from New England. They settled in Nebraska because they wanted to own land, when there was plenty of prairie to cultivate. In other words, who were the people who settled in Nebraska? In 1923, there were very few people who were "native Nebraskan", unless they happened to be related to the indigenous nations, those who wandered and hunted through the prairie.



The First Franco-Americans were French Canadians- at least 25 percent of Maine citizens self describe themselves to be "Franco-Americans". C. Stewart Doty published their stories.

She wrote, "When I stop at one of the graveyards in our own county and see on the headstones the names of fine old men I used to know: "Eric Ericson, born Bergen Norway....died...Nebraska." "Anton Pucelik, born Prague, Bohemia.....died, Nebraska," I have always the hope that something went into the ground with those pioneers that will one day come out again. Something that will come out, not only in sturdy traits of character, but in elasticity of mind, in an honest attitude toward the realities of life, in certain qualities of feeling and imagination."

Her observation, and the reflection on the Ellis Island immigration map, caused me to apply Cather's quote to Maine and the state's Franco-Americans. There are many thousands of graves in Maine's cemeteries where the analogy can be applied. "Born..... Quebec....died...Maine."

In Maine, the immigration to the state from France began in 1604, with the St. Croix Island settlement, in Calais. Although the first immigrants failed to establish their vision of a New France at that time (the harsh winter of 1604-05 caused the survivors to re-locate to present day Nova Scotia), they led the subsequent groups of French settlers, trappers, fishermen, soldiers, and Files du Roi, who succeeded in populating Quebec and New France. French-Canadian settlers into Maine and New England experienced parallel experiences, much like the hardships, and tragedies being reported by migrant populations throughout the world and in the Americas.

Le Grand Dérangement continues to be a vivid reminder about the cruelty imposed on Acadian settlers in Nova Scotia. In the 1755, the British expulsions of the French settlers, caused carnage to separated families during the mass exportations. Acadians were "scattered to the wind" when they were shipped off in boats to places, most of them to the east coast of the United States, where they had no relatives to help them. A group of the refugees eventually settled in Madawaska, in Maine and New Brunswick, Canada.

French Canadian immigration into Maine began in earnest when workforce needs created jobs. Railroad connections from Montreal into Maine helped families to settle in Lewiston and other industrial cities where factories needed workers. Immigration from French Canada declined in the 20th century, but the experiences of the immigrants who arrived into the United States in many ways mirror the history of other group migrations. Moreover, Franco-Americans have also adapted, or as Cather described, they accepted "Americanization".

Becoming Americanized, for Franco-Americans, was challenging. Adjustment was especially difficult during the 1920s, when widespread demonstrations against the French-Canadian immigrants were reported throughout Maine, during Ku Klux Klan rallies, targeting French Catholics. This discrimination continued to be manifested in other ways. For example, in the December 10, 1973, The New Yorker, an article by Calvin Trillin titled, "Où se trouve la plage?", described how Gilbert Boucher, who was the Mayor of Biddeford Maine, claimed access to the beach at Biddeford Pool, using the power of declaring eminent domain. He may have been the first Mayor in the nation to use

this power. He did so, because people with distinguishable English names were preventing local Franco-Americans from having access to the beach. Another landmark article titled "The Silent Playground" was written by Ross and Judy Pardis, published in the anthology Voyages, both former state legislators, from Frenchville. They wrote the history about how Franco-American children were prevented, by state statute, from speaking French in public schools. In fact, the "English Only" law was finally erased from the books in 1969, after being in effect for 50 years.

In my opinion, all immigrants are faced with invisible walls when they settle in a new place. Their walls consist of many kinds of difficult social barriers. Nevertheless, in Maine today, those who are only three generations removed from their first French-Canadian ancestors, are actively involved in nearly every segment of the state's culture, government and social fabric.

Let's apply Cather's presumptive topic to Maine, when she posed the topic of who Nebraskans would be today, if there were no immigrants? Who would be living in Maine today, if there were no French-Canadian immigrants who settled in the state? In fact, Maine today has a population of 1.336 million people. In the 2011 community census, at least 25 percent of the population self-declared as being Franco-Americans. Do the arithmetic.



*Photo by
Lisa Desjardins
Michaud
Franco-American
Programs
University of
Maine Orono*

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

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



Memère Bergeron

Wilfred Bergeron, Concord, NH

Memère Bergeron lived on Lafayette Street the “French” enclave of my hometown, Rochester, NH. She had moved there after the death of her husband in the early 1950’s. I remember little of Pepère Bergeron. They owned a big house on Oak Street in Gonic, a few miles away. I remember a big yard, a garden, and a shed full of mechanical stuff to catch a young boy’s interest.

I seem to remember being in their kitchen one summer night and having some older man I don’t remember (Pepère?) lift me up to the ceiling light to play with the on-off chain. It was one of those old time things made of tiny brass balls connected that used to be a feature of old time light pull chains.

I didn’t know Joseph Bergeron, my pepère, very well, but I remember dad had lots of stories. He was a millwright in the Gonic woolen mill where he met my grandmother, Ora (Plourde); who was a weaver. They married in the early 1900’s and had two girls, Grace and Albertine, and a boy, Wilfred Sr., my dad, born in 1906.

Joe Bergeron’s nickname was Ba’rgeron le diable. He was fun loving, and I guess had quite a reputation. One rumor was that he made a local home brew called “La poule couveuse” -- the sitting hen. One drink and you LAY. This was one of my dad’s never confirmed stories.

He was said to have had at one point a pet duck, who faithfully followed him everywhere, including his half mile daily jaunts to down town Gonic (Post Office, newspapers a bit of conversation with “les vieux amis”). One day the duck never made it home with him, rumor has it the bird was “ducknapped” and ended up as someone’s supper.

In the fullness of time, long before I was around, my Aunt Grace got married and moved to New Jersey. Pepère Bergeron, it was said, loved strong cheese. His daughter sent him a pound of Limburger through the mail.

Apparently, on the day it arrived, pepère B. went to the little post office in Gonic and was told his mail was waiting for him on the loading dock out back, other patrons objecting to the unique fumigating properties of pepère’s parcel!

And then there was the goat. Pepère apparently had a goat who was left to roam the yard at will. One fine spring morning memère was doing spring cleaning and carelessly left the kitchen door open. Memère was doing spring cleaning and had a humon-



gous Fern that she kept in a jardinière in the parlor. It was her pride and joy.

The next thing, there was a huge commotion in the house, with memère chasing the goat out of the house at the end of a broom loudly cursing the goat and pepère in French. Do I need to fill in the blanks about what happened to the Boston Fern? Let’s just say the goat thought it was yummy, and I wish I’d been there to see the ruckus. The memère I knew NEVER got mad!!

Those are all the Joseph Bergeron stories I remember. I also know he and my grandmother spoke French at home, because even after she moved to Rochester from Gonic, memère’s command of English was very limited!

Lafayette Street in Rochester was the center of that city’s “Petit Canada”, enclaves common to many New England mill towns through the 1950’s and early ‘60’s. Back in the day, it was almost more common to hear French spoken than English in those neighborhoods.

Today, Lafayette street is rough, rundown and drug ridden, but I remember it as an area of well kept up houses and apartments that ended at the Rochester Fairgrounds. Memère moved in to the bottom apartment of a two unit building directly across from Gingras Superette covered with red asphalt shingles.

I remember the apartment was always immaculately clean. The smell of kerosene

pervaded the air—a stove that also served as a heater stood in the kitchen, fed by a large glass tank that looked something like a bottled water machine. There was a parlor, a kitchen/eating area and a bedroom with a door that opened into a long narrow breezeway where there was a clothes line connected by a pulley to a tall pole in the back yard.

Dad and I would go to memères after mass most every Sunday. Mother seldom accompanied us. She claimed “claustrophobia” as a reason for avoiding mass and she and her mother in-law had a “difficult” relationship. But that’s another story.

I would sit in the parlor and fidget in my itchy Sunday clothes while dad and memère jabbered away in French about this person or that, mostly from “le bon vieux temps.” I sometimes tried to read a book or two from her limited library, but most of the time fidgeted and wandered, wishing I was out of my good clothes and watching TV or playing with my friends. Memère had a TV (Oral Roberts was her favorite program!) but I don’t remember being allowed to watch it.

Dad and memère spoke French quickly, in machine gun like bursts, heavily loaded with New England French Canadianisms. I had trouble understanding them, and when I tried to contribute my two cents with parochial school French memère would sharply tell me to speak English because she could not understand the French I was speaking.

Later I was told that memère Bergeron, like my memère Plante, suffered from clinical depression and would sometimes spend days in bed getting up only to eat or use the bathroom. Eventually housing for the elderly was built in Rochester and memère Bergeron was one of the first to be given an apartment. I do not remember her passing, but I know she lived into her 90’s.

You can blame *Le Forum* for bringing up these memories. I have many, many more and if you’re not careful I will inflict them on you. Let me know if you want more!



NH PoutineFest updates and an introduction

By Timothy Beaulieu

The Franco-American Centre community is very excited for NH PoutineFest 2019! This year's event takes place on June 22nd, at the Anheuser-Busch Brewery in Merrimack, NH.

Our event was previously held at Northeast Delta Dental Stadium in Manchester. We truly enjoyed our time at the "stadium." It's a great spot right in the Franco heart of New Hampshire.

Our event at the stadium was paired with a baseball game, "The Franco-American Heritage Game." Don't worry, we are keeping that tradition alive, but as a separate event.

The Franco-American Heritage game will take place June 23rd at the stadium. Our local Double A team, the New Hampshire Fisher Cats, will be wearing Montreal Expos replica jerseys for the occasion! Yes, we pushed for that one.

We want to pack the stadium with Francophones, Francophiles, French students, cultural enthusiasts, and regular folks who are just interested in our story. If you or your organization is interested in attending a baseball game that's dedicated to our story shoot me an email: tbeaulieu@facnh.com, we have a discount code available for Le Forum readers. For more info check out the event page: <https://www.facnh.com/baseball-en-francais>.

This brings me back to NH PoutineFest. We've left the stadium and now have a huge event space. The new space allows us to add more of our culture to the event and also bring in the next generation of Franco-Americans.

Our previous events were basically 21+ due to space limitations. This is great for adults looking for a fun day out...but...it cuts out a group we need to reach: children.

The hope is that in this new space we can begin to introduce the next generation to the existence of Franco-American (and our ties to Quebec) culture in a fun way. Perhaps it will lead to many lifelong connections? Time will tell.

While some traditions have gone by the wayside, some we will keep alive with this event. We are not having a traditional

Saint Jean Baptiste dinner this year, but we will roll as much of it as we can into NH PoutineFest. So in a way, it hasn't gone away, its simply changed.

This is a great opportunity. Not only will our Franco community keep a great tradition, but we will bring it to a larger "non-Franco" audience. This helps push our story into the main stream.

Is it a big jump to say poutine can keep our traditions alive? Maybe, but the event did sell out in 8 hours so something



is certainly there.

Keep an eye on our Facebook page - www.facebook.com/nhpoutinefest. If any tickets come available we will announce it there!

Speaking of keeping our story alive, have you heard of the French-Canadian Legacy Podcast? Check it out:

Introduction to the FCL Podcast by Mike Campbell and Jesse Martineau

The French-Canadian Legacy Podcast seeks to discuss the past, present, and future of French-Canadian cultural identity in New England. The primary goal of the project is to tell the story of French-Canadian immigration, a story that is frequently overlooked. The podcast also hopes to follow the lives



of the descendants of those immigrants and track the changes that occurred as successive generations were born and raised in New England. A further aim of the French-Canadian Legacy Podcast is to shine a spotlight on those continuing to do amazing work preserving and promoting French-Canadian heritage. The podcast strives to provide a new platform for the many organizations and individuals continuing to tell our story. Finally, the podcast intends to speculate on what French-Canadian cultural identity in New England might look in 20 to 30 years.

The podcast episodes take the format of a discussion between the host and a guest. Episodes currently available include conversations with Timothy Beaulieu, creator of the incredibly successful New Hampshire PoutineFest, Juliana L'Heureux, a prolific freelance writer of numerous Franco-American stories, and Susan Pinette, Director of Franco-American Programs at The University of Maine.

The project is the work of Jesse Martineau and Mike Campbell, both from New Hampshire. Jesse and Mike both have Franco-American heritage and are incredibly excited to have the opportunity to tell these amazing stories.

The French-Canadian Legacy Podcast can be found on the web by visiting fclpodcast.com. All episodes of the show can be found on YouTube, Sound Cloud, Stitcher, Spotify, Google Play Music, Castbox, and Apple Podcasts.

The show can also be followed on Facebook, Instagram, and Twitter, and Jesse and Mike can be reached via e-mail at fclpodcast@gmail.com.

(More from NH on page 25)

What Is A Catafalque? A Refinement on a Detail within the Article “A (Not-so) Brief Article to Celebrate Summer and Fall with Books Published by the NMDC of Franco-American Literature and Culture”

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

Michel Michaud of Lynn, Mass., told me one day at the end of November 2018, while on the telephone, that I wrote a nearly misleading statement about the composition of a catafalque which is pictured on page 39 of the Fall 2018 issue of *Le Forum*. In the caption to my photo, I wrote: “The catafalque 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 ... in the photograph.” I further noted that Bill Riccio of the St. Gregory Society was the person

who constructed the catafalque before the Extraordinary Form of the Mass for the Feast of All Souls that was prayed on the evening of Monday, November 3, 2003 in the now-closed Sacred Heart Church in New Haven, Connecticut. As I noted in my original caption, the Feast of All Souls, also

called All Souls’ Day, is fixed to November 2, and because it fell on a Sunday in 2003, it was shifted to Monday.

Michel Michaud told me that Bill Riccio’s use of the boxes would have been cumbersome and unnecessary in the era before the Second Vatican Council, (1962-1965), because all Catholic churches used a catafalque. He also said that a catafalque would not only be used for the Feast of All Souls, but also for memorial masses, and even funeral masses, if the body of the deceased were not found as in the instance of someone lost at sea. Hence, a catafalque can be defined as a fake coffin. In a second conversation on Tuesday, February 26, 2019, he clarified and described a catafalque

as a collapsible wooden frame, that when erected, was the height and length of a coffin atop a funeral truck, and it would be indistinguishable from a real coffin once the funeral pall was draped over it. He said that he owns a wooden catafalque, which was likely built circa 1901 by his great-grandfather, who built funeral caskets and altars. Michel Michaud noted that the top wooden board of the catafalque in his possession is raised in the center, and has a tapered curve to the sides, just like the lid of a real coffin.

Michel Michaud further clarified the

paid to the parish, for the first class memorial mass would have a full choir, a second class memorial mass would have a quartet, and the third class memorial mass would not have any music. After the memorial mass, the catafalque would be collapsed, and the funeral pall would be folded, and both would be stored in the sacristy for the next memorial mass. He reiterated to me that the collapsible catafalque would be used two or three times a week, mostly for memorial masses. He further noted that after the Second Vatican Council, the catafalque

was abandoned due to the changes in the funerary rites of the Novus Ordo Missae, along with the color black for the vestments, and so, most pastors simply threw the collapsible catafalques into the garbage.

Today, in the era after the Second Vatican Council, the use of black vestments has been replaced

with white vestments for the funeral mass, as well as the Mass for All Souls’ Day. Memorial masses can be said any day of the week, as any mass for the response of the soul of a loved one does not require a departure from the liturgical vestments from the given liturgical season. Also, memorial masses are no longer locked into the first and fifth anniversaries of the deceased loved one, but the tradition of a memorial mass 30 days after the death of the deceased remains today, and it called the “Month’s Mind Mass.”

In the accompanying photo, which I took near the end of the Mass for the Feast of All Souls on Monday evening, November 3, 2003 at Sacred Heart Church in New Haven, Connecticut, the catafalque is visible in the foreground. (Continued on page 19)



(What Is A Catafalque? continued from page 18)

Haven, Conn., we can see the priest, Fr. Alfred F. Pecaric, S.T.L., reading the final blessing from the lectionary, which is held by Subdeacon Bill Riccio, on the left, and Deacon Robert J. Brunell, Sr., on the right. Behind Bill Riccio is an unidentified acolyte whose face cannot be seen in the photo. Behind and between Fr. Pecaric and Deacon Brunell is the Acolyte Sean Donkin, currently of East Haddam, Conn., and on the extreme right is a third acolyte, Daniel R. Russbach, of Woodbridge, Conn. (It should be noted that Deacon Brunell was the first Permanent Deacon ordained in the Archdiocese of Hartford on February 4, 1973 by Archbishop John F. Whealon. Deacon Brunell of New Haven, died on January 25, 2018.) In the foreground of the photo are four empty rows of pews, and to the right of the pews is the catafalque in the central aisle of the church, properly known as the nave. The catafalque is flanked by a total of six candles, and we can see there are three on one side, the Gospel side, and one on the other side, the Epistle side. The two other candles on the Epistle side of the nave are outside of the frame of the photograph. The candles are supported by candlesticks fixed to holders on the second, third and fourth rows of pews. In back of Fr. Pecaric is the main altar, and we can see the black drapery in the antependium of the altar, and we can see the embroidered "I.H.S." in Gothic font in the main panel, which could not be seen in the photo published in the Fall 2018 issue of *Le Forum*.

The photograph gives the reader an idea as to how the Mass for the Feast of All Souls appeared in Catholic churches before the Second Vatican Council, when the main altar and the tabernacle were together at the far end of the sanctuary. Also, the vestments for the priest, deacon and subdeacon are correct, as well as the black drape in the antependium of the main altar, and the purple curtains in front of the tabernacle, known as a tabernacle veil. In a third conversation with Michel Michaud on March 14, 2019, he told me that the color black would not be used for the tabernacle veil, due to the presence of the Eucharist within the tabernacle itself, and so, the tabernacle veil would be purple for funeral masses, memorial masses, and the Feast of All Souls. (Curiously, the absence of the color black for the tabernacle veil may not have been known by Bill Riccio, for I recall

that he told me after the mass that Sacred Heart Church did not have the tabernacle veil in black, so he used the purple curtains from the sacristy, since the color purple signifies penance, as when a priest wears a purple stole when he hears confessions, or the liturgical seasons of Advent and Lent. As I remember, Bill implied that there were once a black tabernacle veil, but I may have misunderstood his words. Bill told me these details as he was getting ready to change the two sets of tabernacle veils, the set of purple curtains for the set of green curtains, the liturgical color of Ordinary Time.) Another important detail that is missing is the altar rail, which would have been at the edge of the sanctuary, parallel with the transept. Where the group is standing, there would have been a gate in the altar rail. Sometime after the Second Vatican Council, either in the late 1960s or the early 1970s, most of the altar rail was removed at Sacred Heart Church, but two sections of it survived, in front of the two side altars. A post of the altar rail in front of the side altar with a statue of St. Joseph can be seen in the far right of the photo. Also not in the photograph is the free-standing altar, which is standard today in Catholic churches, as a result of the liturgical changes that came after the Second Vatican Council. The free-standing altar at Sacred Heart Church was moveable, and so, it would be moved into the sacristy before the *Missa Extraordinariae Formae* was said, and returned to the center of the sanctuary after the mass. Therefore, the photograph should give the reader an idea as to how the liturgy for the Mass of All Souls appeared when Rémi Tremblay (1847-1926) wrote his poem "Le jour des morts," found on pages 266-267 in volume one, and when Rosaire Dion-Lévesque (1900-1974) wrote his poem "Interieur d'église," found page 241 in volume nine of *L'Anthologie de la littérature Franco-Américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*.

It must be acknowledged that there is another meaning of the word "catafalque," and it is the platform upon which the deceased is placed, either in a coffin or on a bier. The most common use of the word "catafalque" is for a formal and decorative platform for a deceased dignitary to lie in state. When President Abraham Lincoln lied in state in an open coffin, from April 18 to 20, 1865, the coffin itself was placed on a catafalque that has since become famous, and it is now known as the Lincoln Catafalque. It has been used for 34 other dig-

nitaries since it was first used for Abraham Lincoln, and the last dignitary to lie in state upon the Lincoln Catafalque in the Capitol Rotunda in Washington, D.C., is the 41st President of the United States, George H.W. Bush, from December 3 to 5, 2018. Another example of a catafalque occurred on April 4, 2005, when the corpse of Pope John Paul II was carried on a red-velvet covered bier through St. Peter's Basilica in Vatican City, and the bier was placed onto a catafalque, where the Pope lied in state.

The use of the word "catafalque" to mean a platform is found on the first page of Franco-American novel, *Mirbah*, by Emma Dumas (1857-1926). The passage can be found either on page one of the 247-page novel that was published in 1979 by the National Development Center for French, (NMDC), or in the redacted version by the NMDC that was published in 1980, on page 56 of volume four of the *Anthologie de la littérature Franco-Américaine de la Nouvelle-Angleterre*. In the prologue of the novel, Emma Dumas wrote about the funeral mass of Amélie Rodier, which was held one day in February 1895 in the Church of Notre-Dame du Perpétuel Secours in Holyoke, Massachusetts, and she described the mass as a sung, first-class funeral mass. The word "catafalque" appears in the third paragraph, which is only one sentence: « La magnifique bière, capitonnée de blanc, fut déposée sur le catafalque placé dans la nef, à l'entrée du sanctuaire. » A translation of the quote is: "The magnificent bier, padded in white, was laid on the catafalque placed in the nave, at the entrance of the sanctuary." Emma Dumas implied that the deceased Amélie Rodier is on the bier, and in the following paragraph, she noted that Rev. C.E. Brunault quoted Matthew 24:44, "So too, you also must be prepared, for at an hour you do not expect, the Son of Man will come," before he gave the absolution for the deceased. The practice of having the deceased on a bier, and not as today in a closed coffin, during the funeral mass when Emma Dumas initially published her novel in serial-form from 1910 to 1912 through installments in *La Justice* of Holyoke, can be confirmed through a 1921-edition of *The Roman Missal in Latin and English according to the latest Roman edition, compiled for the use of all English-speaking countries* by the Right Reverend Dom Fernand Cabrol, O.S.B., and published by P.J. Kenedy and Sons of New York City. On page 1298 of *(Continued on page 20)*

Three Franco-American Radio Shows in New England

By Albert J. Marceau, Newington, Conn.

There are three Franco-American radio shows in New England that can be heard either by radio-wave or by live-stream on the internet currently in 2019. The three radio shows are broadcast consecutively on Sundays, from 7:30AM to 2:00PM, starting on station WWSF in Sanford, Maine, from 7:30AM to 9AM, then on WFEA in Manchester, N.H., from 9AM to Noon, and then on WNRI in Woonsocket, R.I., from Noon to 2PM. Each of the radio stations are commercial, therefore, each of the shows are dependent on advertising.

The three radio shows are listed below by the day and hour of broadcast, the name of the show with the host, along with the call letters of the station and the frequency of broadcast. Also listed is the city and state of the station, and the business phone of the station itself. Most importantly, the website for each radio station is listed below.

Sundays

7:30AM to 9:00AM, "The French Hour with Roger" hosted by
Roger Hurtubise
WWSF "The Legends" on 1220 AM and 102.3 FM
Sanford, Maine; (603)-583-4767
<http://1220thelegends.com/on-air/>

9:00AM to 12 Noon, "Chez Nous" hosted by
Roger Lacerte
WFEA on 1370AM and 99.9FM
Manchester, N.H.; (603)-669-5777
<https://1370wfea.com/chez-nous-with-roger-lacerte/>

12 Noon to 2:00PM, "L'Écho Musicale" hosted by
Roger and Claudette Laliberté
WNRI on 1380AM and 95.1FM
Woonsocket, R.I.; (401)-769-6925
<http://wnri.com/>

Saturdays

11:00AM to 1:00PM, "L'Écho Musicale" hosted by
Roger and Claudette Laliberté
WNRI on 1380AM and 95.1FM
Woonsocket, R.I.; (401)-769-6925
<http://wnri.com/>

(What Is A Catafalque? continued from page 19)

the said Roman Missal, under the heading of "The Absolution or Prayer for the Dead after a Requiem Mass," there are the following instructions: "During the Funeral Mass, the body of the deceased lies on a bier, surrounded with lighted candles, in front of the altar. If the body of the deceased is not present, a catafalque or representation of the bier is placed in the sanctuary, in order that the following ceremony may be carried out." The instructions, properly known as the rubrics, described the role of the priest, deacon and subdeacon for the ceremony, with the priest leading the series of prayers in Latin that include the blessing of the deceased with holy water, and incense.

To conclude, the word "catafalque" has two meanings, either as a fake coffin, or as the platform for a coffin or bier. The former definition is largely forgotten today in the Catholic Church, since the funeral rites have changed with the reform of the liturgy after the Second Vatican Council, while in contrast, the latter definition of the word is still in use today.

A note of thanks to Michel Michaud of Lynn, Mass., for his critique on my article, and for his knowledge on the funerary rites of the Catholic Church as they were practiced before the Second Vatican Council. Also, a note of thanks to Nicolas Renouf of the St. Gregory Society in New Haven, Conn., who identified Deacon Brunell in the photo, and to Judith Andrews of Guilford, Conn., who gave me the full name of Sean Donkin. Lastly, it should be noted that days before the November 2018 issue of *Le Forum* was published, I told Lisa Michaud that I was able to identify Bill Riccio as the subdeacon, but I told her that I would not change the text of the caption that I had already sent to her, because she had already formatted the text, and I was unable to identify the deacon.



How French Can a Kerouac Play Be?

by *Suzanne Beebe*

It's not actually a Kerouac play. It's a play — brilliantly staged and running at Lowell's Merrimack Repertory Theatre (MRT) from March 20-April 14 of this year — based on a long unpublished, never finished work only recently adapted by Sean Daniels, Artistic Director of the MRT. Daniels will soon be leaving Lowell for a similar post as Artistic Director for two theaters in Arizona, where he grew up, learned to love theater, and launched himself on a road that now leads him back home. (A trajectory Kerouac himself might appreciate!)

A Kerouac fan before he arrived in Lowell almost five years ago, Daniels worked with the Estate of Jack Kerouac over a number of years to explore the possibility of adapting one of Kerouac's novels for production at the MRT. Ultimately, he and Jim Sampas, literary executor of the estate, settled on Kerouac's unfinished novella, *The Haunted Life*.

Before writing *The Town and the City*, Kerouac had completed a full outline and a few chapters for *The Haunted Life*, whose manuscript-in-progress he lost somewhere in New York City — perhaps on the seat of a taxi, he said. But, as always, he was soon on to other things, including *The Town and the City*. In fact, some of the characters and themes he was working with in *The Haunted Life* became part of *The Town and the City*, his first published work (1951).

Then, in 2002, the handwritten *Haunted Life* manuscript was submitted by an anonymous seller and bought by an anonymous buyer at Sotheby's in New York after being found, it was said, in the closet of a Columbia University dorm room. Though the manuscript as physical artifact could legally be bought and sold, the work as literary creation belonged to the Kerouac estate, which alone controls publishing and adaptation of Jack's voluminous output,

including letters, notebooks, sketches, poems, etc. Consulting with literary executor Sampas and Professor Todd Tietchen of UMass Lowell, who had worked with the estate to edit and publish a 2014 volume entitled *The Haunted Life and Other Writings*, Daniels took the story presented in Kerouac's outline and fleshed it out with ideas and themes present in Kerouac's other works, especially *The Town and the City*, as well as unpublished Kerouac letters shared with Daniels by the estate.

All of which gives us a play based on a Kerouac work with a distinctly Franco-American point of interest in that Peter



Current Artistic Director Sean Daniels has adapted Kerouac's unfinished novella *The Haunted Life* for production by Lowell's Merrimack Repertory Theatre (MRT). Photo courtesy of MRT.

Martin, the main character modeled on Kerouac himself, is the son of French-Canadian parents — like Kerouac's — living in early-to-mid-1940s Lowell (not the Galloway of the *Haunted Life* manuscript or *The Town and the City*). For those of French-Canadian descent who have often felt their ethnic reality to be lost in the shuffle of other, better-known ethnicities, it might be a matter of pride simply to have the family's ethnicity clearly and unequivocally stated as it is in the play — and to have a bit of French pop up at various points in exchanges between Peter, his mother, his father, and even his non-French girlfriend.

But how French will this ethnic element feel to those who have actually lived, grown up in, worshipped, and been educated in New England's mill town, blue-collar French communities, schools, and churches? (Even or especially if they no longer speak or never actually spoke the language themselves.)

The actors have no discernible accents and no characteristically French

mannerisms. (That would be a tall order for a regional theater production with budget and time limitations.) They speak polished English (much of it from Kerouac's narrative and descriptive passages) that sounds like the language of college-educated, highly literate, upper-middle class, long-acclimated citizens. And they don't reference the French institutions, churches, schools, food, feasts, or customs that still existed in full force in 1940s Lowell, with its ethnic worlds co-existing with each other; each having a life unto itself; each featuring a complete range of human experience, activity, and social organization available to the members content to remain in it; and each intersecting with the others — gradually, but increasingly — mostly on a personal level where individuals lived or worked in the same environment, perhaps went to public schools with each other, and began to intermarry with each other as a result.

For me, a third-generation product of Québécois immigrants on both sides of the family tree and a non-French-speaker who nonetheless grew up hearing French being spoken by my grandmother, aunts, and uncles at family gatherings where French community issues and concerns were often a topic, the French element of the play falls flat. The family just doesn't seem very French.

But of course, that's not the focus of the play. The play is about a young man's growing desire to write, see the world, embrace a life beyond Lowell, and re-work his relationship with his parents and girlfriend — all in the context of World War II's impending disruption of life as they've all known it. The young man is Franco-American, but in this play as we have it he could as easily be Irish-American, Greek-American, Polish-American, or Portuguese-American. His ethnicity is subordinate to what's going on in the broader culture and could easily be left out without anyone noticing.

The Haunted Life is a young man's work, written by Kerouac in his early 20's. He hadn't yet realized the extent to which his French-Canadian background, language, and experience had shaped him and set him apart from the literary crowd he was running with in New York and San Francisco — or from the hordes of readers who would lionize

(Continued on page 22)

(How French Can a Kerouac Play Be?
continued from page 21)

him following *On the Road* and other of his drug-and-alcohol-saturated, Buddhist-influenced books. But he would recognize it more and more as he grew older, and he would deal with it more explicitly in his “Lowell” novels, where the French-Canadian world of young Duluoz (his alter-ego) is fully on display.

It would be fun and fascinating for New England Franco-Americans who still identify with the world they grew up in to attend a play or movie based on *Dr. Sax* or *Visions of Gerard* (especially *Visions of Gerard!*), peopled with French-Canadian actors whose accents and mannerisms could make that world real again. But that might be too much to wish for. Our generation is fading, and if a broad swath of Kerouac readers weren’t interested, such a play or movie might not find much of an audience in the States. (Although Québec and the other French-speaking regions of Canada might well expand its market.) In the meantime, thanks to Sean Daniels, we have a play that at least acknowledges our existence and puts our world-renowned native son and writer onstage in the hometown that hasn’t always appreciated him.

LA MAISON BOW-WOW

By W.F. Parent
Mystic, CT

A lanky teenage boy shuffled slowly along, shivering in the frigid night air. His black eye was almost gone now; just a purplish yellow blotch remained. He was miserable—hadn’t eaten or bathed in two days. His name was Marcel Maurice St. Pierre, but everyone called him Loup—

French Canadian for “wolf”. He took immense pride in the fact that his great grandmother was a full blooded Abenaki Indian from the Loup tribe, a fact that made him feel invincible at times. Not today. Today he returned to his hometown a defeated young man, seeking help. But he had no intention of actually going back home ... ever. Instead he sought out his favorite uncle, Romeo Rejean Robitaille.

The light from the moon above re-



Left to right: actors Vichet Chum, Raviv Ullman, Caroline Neff, Joel Colodner, and Tina Fabrique in a scene from the MRT production of The Haunted Life. Photo by Meghan Moore, courtesy of MRT.



Actors Raviv Ullman (front), Tina Fabrique, and Joel Colander in a scene from the MRT production of Sean Daniel's The Haunted Life stage adaptation. Photo by Meghan Moore, courtesy of MRT.

vealed Loup’s dark brown eyes, jet black hair, and skin the color of milk chocolate. Loup looked up to see a street sign denoting Pennsylvania Avenue. Of course, it wasn’t *the* Pennsylvania Avenue. Far from it. It was the gravel access road to the town dump. Despite his dire circumstances, Loup couldn’t help but smile. His Uncle Romeo, owner of the dump, had installed the sign years ago as a joke. —

Loup was familiar with the dump, having worked there for two summers. Bypassing the dump’s simple security gate, he headed for the trailer located in the southeast corner of the property. He was momentarily stopped in his tracks by the pungent stench of smoke rising from a mountain of rubbish. The smell disappeared as he entered a grove of pine trees, a surprisingly isolated and pleasant area. He spied a hand-painted sign proclaiming Romeo’s office trailer as, “*La Maison Bow-Wow*” or “*The Doghouse*” in English. It was a white trailer with the number 1600 painted crudely on its side. It served as Romeo’s office and a club house for middle-aged French Canadian men. They would meet there on Saturday mornings to drink coffee spiked with whiskey, discuss manly matters, and escape from their wives.

Sometimes it provided a place of refuge for men who were temporarily banned from their homes. In short, it was a place where men could be men.

Loup entered the trailer and turned on a solitary light to reveal an immaculate interior. Hanging on one wall was a picture of Romeo’s extended family of forty adults and children. On another wall was a glass case containing Romeo’s Purple Heart. Loup opened the refrigerator and devoured the two slices of stale brown bread he found. Exhausted, he crawled into bed, pulling two itchy woolen army blankets over his head. Even though the blankets smelled like wet dog, he immediately fell into a deep sleep.

As usual, Romeo arrived the next morning promptly at 6:30 A.M. in his rusted-out pickup truck. He was short and muscular, weighing no more than 150 pounds. His pearly white dentures accented a tanned face of deep, weather beaten furrows. Although he was a millionaire, he lived and looked like a common laborer—except when it came to his car, a new 1969 Cadillac. That was his baby. Drive it to work, in the rain? Hell no, simply out of the question! The Caddy was saved for special occasions like *(Continued on page 23)*

(*La Maison Bow-Wow* continued from page 22)
sunny Sunday drives around town.

After Romeo got out of the truck, he performed his morning ritual: thanking God for his wonderful life followed by the Catholic Sign of the Cross. He then entered the trailer and put on a pot of coffee. The noise and aroma of brewing coffee woke Loup up.

Stepping out of the bedroom, Loup's eyes met Romeo's. Both broke instantly into ear-to-ear grins. Romeo burst out, "*Tabernac, bienvenue!* Look wat da wind blew in." They greeted each other in an extended man-hug. "Great to see you. We got much to talk about, no? 'elp yourself to some food. Just got beans and brown bread from Gauthier's bakery. Gotta get work started. Den I come back 'ere. *La Maison Bow-Wow* will be empty by noon. Da guys have to pick up da wives at da beauty parlor and take dem to da Club for lunch." Smiling, he added, "You know how women are, eh?"

Grabbing his old army jacket with a bullet hole in its shoulder and his bowler hat, Romeo bolted out the door. As usual his first work task was to hoist the American flag up a thirty-foot flagpole he had fashioned from a fir tree. Once hoisted, his crew opened the access gate to let the public in. Saturday was a madhouse because it was Dollar Day, when the public could take anything from the designated pile for \$1.00.

By 8:00 A.M. a dozen men had gathered at the picnic tables of *La Maison Bow-Wow* under two colorful but frayed Cinzano umbrellas. At times, Loup could overhear the men talking loudly; sometimes in their French Canadian patois, other times in broken English. The hot topic of discussion was once again Vietnam. Conversations grew loud and angry because Lapan's eighteen-year old nephew had been killed in combat the previous week.

In a couple hours, Romeo returned to the trailer. Once inside he exclaimed, "You alright? 'erd you ran away. Umm. Let me see. Where'd you get da shiner?"

Loup responded quickly, "Shiner by my ol' man...He threw me out of the house. Mood-z. Told me never to come back. So I headed south, hitchhiking. Got as far as Maryland before I realized my plan was stupid. So I'm back, asking for your help."

Romeo opened the trailer door slightly and flipped the sign on the exterior to red, indicating the trailer was occupied. No Admittance. He had borrowed the idea from the red light-green light system used in Catholic confessionals.

"Go ahead. Back up to da beginning, eh?"

Loup took a deep gulp of coffee, sighed, and began, "You know last year I spent four months in juvey cause I beat up a kid. Christ, he was twice my size! But anyway I'm the one they sent to jail. Been thrown out of school twice this year. Don't have the grades to graduate high school. Might as well quit now." Romeo remained silent; his piercing brown eyes focused on Loup's face. Loup wondered what was going through Romeo's mind. He began talking again, "My father hates me. To him I'm nothing but a screw up. Sometimes I think he might be right. Anyway, had a fight with Father Ouellette because I made a wise crack and got the whole class laughing. He

**"Don't know why
we're in Vietnam, eh.
Nobody wants da war
'cept da people getting
rich from it, *n'est pas?*"**

grabbed me by the ear, pulled me to the coat closet, shoved me in, and locked the door. Told me to pray for forgiveness; do the Rosary Beads. Left me there for hours. When I finally got home, Father Ouellette had already contacted my ol' man, who went ballistic. You know, in his eyes, a priest can do no wrong. He started punching me before I said a word. That's how I got the shiner. I should have fought back, but didn't. I ran out the door with him chasing me."

Romeo remained silent as Loup paused for a moment trying to gather his thoughts. "Stayed at my buddy Red's house. Borrowed money and clothes. Took off hitchhiking. Called home when my ol' man was at work. Told Ma not to worry." He took another sip of spiked coffee, "I'm between a rock and a bigger rock. Can't go back home. No friggin' way!"

"You're my favorite nephew. If I 'elp you, gotta stay our secret—forever. Okay?"

"*Oui*, it's a deal." as they shook hands. Loup said, "*Merci beaucoup.*"

Loup took another sip of spiked coffee. "Man that is good," he said loudly smacking his lips. "Anyway, I told you about my problems. That ain't all. I'll be eighteen in two months, so I gotta register for the draft ... or escape to Canada. Newspaper

says over a million guys have already been drafted, and another million needed in the future. I'm draft meat for sure. There's no way I'd fail the physical. It's Vietnam for me, no doubt about it. Why in hell are we fighting in Vietnam for anyway? Been at war there since, what...1964? Unless the newspaper's lying, over 30,000 soldiers have been killed in Southeast Asia so far. In just four years! This war could go on forever!"

Unable to contain himself any longer, Romeo unloaded, "Don't know why we're in Vietnam, eh. Nobody wants da war 'cept da people getting rich from it, *n'est pas?* Just saw in da newspaper dat protesters pelted soldiers with tomatoes. Christ, dey just got back from combat duty! Those protesters are assholes ... da stupid shits should blame da government, not da soldiers. Me, I came 'ome from World War II and was treated like a 'ero. Dat's da way it should be."

Loup responded, "It makes me think of that song. You know the one I mean, "Eve of Destruction." He started to sing softly in his best choir boy voice, "'You're old enough to kill, but not for votin' ... You don't believe in war, but what's that gun you're totin'?"

"Dat song gets me every time I 'ear it," said Romeo.

"Yeah, me too. Maybe it's God's message telling me Canada is the answer," Loup said.

Romeo sighed before speaking, "Don't start waving de Canadian flag yet. Tink bout it. Maybe Canada ain't da right ting. But if dat's what you really want, I'd 'elp you. My cousin runs a logging camp in northern Maine near da Canadian border. Dey go back and forth over da border on logging roads. You'd move to Canada, 'ave a job dere. But leave your family and friends forever? Plus you could be sent to jail if dey catch ya. Are you ready for all dat?"

Romeo smiled, adjusted his false teeth, and continued, "War was tough on me...it's tough on everyone. But I'm proud I served...gave something back to my country. America's been very good to me and my family, eh."

Loup was stone-faced, engulfed in thought. After pausing for a minute or so, he replied, "Yah, I hear you."

Romeo pressed on, "You'd make it through Vietnam. I just know it. You were born to be a soldier, a damn good one. Serve your country. Come back 'ere after da war, get married, and raise a family. Work in da

(*Continued on page 24*)

(*La Maison Bow-Wow continued from page 23*)

mill, or ... work for me, take over when I retire." Romeo waved his arms around like an emperor spanning his kingdom, "Look at what I got. My life is great!"

Romeo, having said his piece, became quiet. The conversation continued, with Loup doing most of the talking. Romeo interjected questions occasionally, but didn't offer any judgment or opinion. He knew Loup needed to reach the decision on his own. Finally Romeo said, "Da dump is closing. I gotta pick up my wife. Big party at da Frenchmen's Club tonight. 'elp yourself to da food. You got a lot to tink about," Romeo said as he departed.

Alone, Loup's thoughts swirled around his head like a tornado as he lectured out loud to himself. One minute he was going to Canada, the next he was staying in United States. He fixed himself a delicious bean supper. Exhausted, he threw himself on the bed. He spent a sleepless night, debating within himself: to go or stay.

Right after Sunday Mass ended at 6 A.M., Romeo headed back to the dump. He liked the early Mass because it was in French, and not Latin like other masses. When he arrived at *La Maison Bow-Wow*, Loup was already awake. Their conversation picked up where it left off the day before. It continued until Romeo eventually said, "I gotta go 'ome. What's your decision?"

Loup, bit his lip as he thought for a couple minutes, "Uncle Romeo, I still don't know what to do. I'm only seventeen for cripes sake. Everyone comes to you with their problems. So you must have the answers—what should I do?"

"Don't know. Only *you* can make dat decision. It's *your* life, eh."

A sense of fear overtook Loup. He had hoped Romeo would tell him what to do. But he didn't. Minutes passed as he paced

back and forth, mumbling to himself. Finally he cleared his throat, "It's Canada. Yeah. Canada. I don't want to die in Vietnam. If it were a real war to defend the USA, I'd enlist and risk my life for my country. Like you did. But Vietnam is different."

Masking his disappointment, Romeo calmly said, "Okay, my foreman Midi will drive you to da Augusta bus station tomorrow. Be at da Pennsylvania Avenue sign at 6:00 A.M. Catch de bus to Fort Kent. It's a small town so it will be easy for my cousin to spot you." He took out his wallet, plucked out sixty dollars and handed it to Loup without saying a word.

"Will you hate me if I go to Canada? Think I'm a chicken?"

"*Mais non*, I understand."

"You're the best, Uncle Romeo. The best."

Romeo locked Loup in a lengthy man-hug to say goodbye. "*A bientot. Bon chance mon fils.*" Once outside, Romeo could no longer contain his emotions. A solitary tear rolled down his face. Gazing skyward, he made the Sign of the Cross and whispered, "Dear God, please watch over 'im."

Loup wandered aimlessly around the dump that afternoon, sobbing at times. That evening he said his prayers, hopped into bed and tried to sleep. He spent another sleepless night tossing and turning; one minute he was going to Canada, the next he was staying.

The next morning Midi dropped Loup at the Augusta bus station. Loup paced the floor back and forth mumbling to himself until the bus finally arrived. He and six other passengers slowly boarded the bus north to Fort Kent.

* * *

No one heard anything from Loup for four days, which disappointed Romeo. Nevertheless, he said a prayer every morning for Loup. On the morning of the fifth day, Romeo entered *La Maison Bow-Wow* and

noticed the bedroom door was closed. He peeked inside. Loup sprang up, instantly awake. "Uncle Romeo, I'm staying."

Romeo asked, "You sure?"

"Absolutely. I wanna enlist today. Don't want to wait to be drafted. Wanna be a Marine like you. You showed me the path."

"Didn't do anything. *La Maison Bow-Wow* did its magic — made da background noise go away. Let you open your 'ead and tink." Romeo continued, "It's a big day. We'll take da truck to my 'ouse, clean up, and den fire up da Caddy. Gotta go to da recruiter's in style. Den to da club to celebrate, have a few beers. Enlistin's a big deal."

Romeo said, "You're not a boy anymore, you're a man now."

Loup responded cheerfully, "*Merci beaucoup*. Thank you. Couldn't have done it without you." Romeo started the truck. It backfired, letting out a puff of grey smoke.

Without taking his eyes off the road, Romeo posed the question that was bothering him. "I gotta ask: why'd you change your mind—decide to stay?"

Loup paused and bit his lip before responding, "Bunch of things. I know now the right thing for me is to join the Marines. I need to stop being a goof-off and start being a man. If I don't make big changes in my life, I'd probably end up in jail. Gotta get my shit together so I can respect myself. Maybe then other people will respect me too—even my ol'man. Besides, I've never walked away from a fight in my life. Ain't gonna start now. I think combat is in my blood...part of me. I don't know why, but it's true." Pumping his fist in the air, he shouted, "I'm gonna be the best damn soldier in the battalion!"

Romeo cracked a smile, "Semper Fi. My son."

"Semper Fi ... always loyal," Loup responded proudly, sporting the biggest grin of his life.

Our Trip to Quebec

February 15-18, 2019

by Maggie Somers

The FAROG/Franco-American Programs trip to Québec City was a success! Here are a few of the photos we took while in Québec, we were all too astounded by the beauty and history to leave the moment by taking pictures.

We visited the François de Laval and

Samuel de Champlain statues. François de Laval was the first Roman Catholic Bishop of Québec and was an extremely influential man in his time. He is depicted as the savior to the Native Canadians in this photograph, which is controversial when you consider what happened to the population of Native

Canadians and Americans when Europeans settlers came to the Americas.

The statute of Samuel de Champlain is in the center of Old Québec City, a testament to how influential he was in founding Québec. His statute reads,

Born at Brouage in Saintonge about 1567 - served in the French army as Marechal des Locias under Henri IV. - Explored the West Indies from 1599 to 1601 and also Acadia from 1604 to 1607. Founded Québec in 1608, discovered the region of the Great Lakes, led several expeditions against the

(Continued on page 32)

A history of diversity in our small towns

Retention of ethnic identity does not preclude good citizenship

By HENRI VAILLANCOURT

Retention of ethnic identity does not preclude responsible citizenship.

Nor does multiculturalism preclude the building of a strong and vibrant nation.

In the March 23, 2017 issue of the Ledger Transcript, Mr. Jayant Hardikar, an immigrant from India of 30-plus years, related his recent negative experiences in this era of heightened discrimination against immigrants, as well as some incidents occurring many years ago. Amongst other things, he had at times in the past been told to “act as American as you can,” and to not expect his children to carry out Indian cultural traditions – that they were not Indian after all, but American.

His account struck a chord with me.

As a third generation descendant of French Canadian immigrants from Quebec in the 1880’s, I have more than a passing familiarity with issues related to assimilation and Americanization within a larger cultural context.

I grew up in the town of Greenville, a community that I have been told (yet to be confirmed) was once the most Francophone community in New Hampshire based on percentage of population. The French Canadian dialect – derived from old 17th century dialects of several provinces in France – was my first language, as it was for most of my baby-boomer generation – a language which I and a number of my generation can still speak, in addition to standard international French. It was also the commonly heard language of the streets until the 70’s and 80’s – almost 100 years after the arrival of these immigrants from Quebec and Acadia. In the 50’s, it was likewise the language I often heard spoken in the school yard by the upper grades in the parochial school – a school whose teachers conducted half of the day’s lesson plans in French.

My somewhat younger generation was the first to default to English in conversation, in contrast to previous generations who – while perfectly bilingual – would speak French with anyone who understood the

language, including us kids.

To an outsider, these conversations often had the amusing aspect of being conducted in two languages – my generation speaking English to our parents’ generation, and they responding in French. One can frequently hear the same sorts of intergenerational bilingual conversations among more recent immigrants. This is a natural phase of acculturation – that necessary and unavoidable process of adapting to a new



The iconic visions of our tree-lined streets, such as this historic view of downtown Greenville, belies the challenges newcomers often faced.

environment, and the requirements of a new life.

While retaining many aspects of their native culture, these French immigrants adopted many of the traditions of their new home, and were otherwise actively involved in its development and daily life. As they celebrated the big French Canadian holidays of Christmas, New Year’s, Easter and the Feast of St. Jean Baptiste with religious observances, family gatherings and traditional foods, they also adopted the American celebrations of Memorial Day, Thanksgiving and the 4th of July. As they commemorated the feast days of various saints with religious processions through the streets of town, they likewise celebrated the 4th of July with their own American style marching band. The now well known midnight 4th of July “Pots and Pans Parade” is a relatively recent development of a tradition started by the Deschenes family earlier in the 1900s. Mr. Deschenes, leader of a local marching band composed almost entirely of French Canadians, and no doubt prompted by an

innate love of celebration, began to ring in the 4th with a musical march through town at the strike of 12. When Mr. Deschenes passed on, the tradition was continued by some locals who paraded through town at the usual hour, but without the usual musical accompaniment. Over the years this morphed into what is now a rather raucous event that attracts thousands, and whose church bells, fire sirens and general din can be heard for miles at midnight on the 4th in an otherwise tranquil Monadnock countryside.

During the wars of the last century, these new immigrants heroically fought – and died – in the defense of their adopted home ... the local legion bears the names of those who sacrificed all – LeClair, Caron and

Pelletier. They shared, along with the earlier settlers of Greenville, a love for their community and a desire to keep it safe.

The anti immigrant sentiments and general xenophobia that we are now seeing in America is nothing new. We have been here before – and in relatively recent times.

As a young man in the 1920s, my father witnessed the burning of a cross by the Ku Klux Klan in Fitchburg, Massachusetts. As a family, we would shop in Fitchburg in the 1950s

and ’60s. In approaching the western end of Main Street at the Rollstone Boulder, he would point to the high hill opposite this city landmark – the hill with the painted graffiti – as the gathering place of the white robed members led by their leader dressed in black. If he ever told us who the object of the Klan’s demonstration was, I do not remember it. I was more transfixed with imagining what this fiery spectacle looked like from that prominent vantage point to a large part of the community of Fitchburg. It wasn’t until many years later that I discovered that their main targets in New England were the immigrant Catholics, primarily the French Canadians because of their large numbers, but also the Irish, Italians, Polish, and whatever Jews or African Americans might be around. The aim of the Klan in the north was White, Protestant supremacy – first and foremost. They were active in all New England states throughout the 20s, declining to a very small membership by the early 30s.

There was considerable opposition
(Continued on page 32)

10 Reasons Why Every New Englander Needs to Visit Quebec City

Bob Boutin <bob@yourtravelcap.com>
www.yourtravelcap.com

With so many things to do and see close to home in New England, we forget about the adventures that await us north of the border. Our French friends have a lot to offer in Quebec City, the capital of the Province of Quebec. Read on for reasons why every New Englander should visit this charming destination.

1. It Feels Like France

When walking in downtown, or centre ville, of Quebec City, you'll feel as if you're walking in France. The colonial buildings, cobblestone roads, historic churches and squares are longstanding testimonials to a time when this area of Canada was quite literally part France. Quebec City is the closest you'll get to Europe in North America. So if you never got around to going to Paris or Nice, just drive up to Quebec.



This area of Quebec City looks and feels just like France

2. It's close

When we usually think of international travel, expensive fares come to mind. However, most of us New Englanders don't have to drive more than a few hours to reach Quebec City. A road trip to Quebec from Boston is about 7 hours (and of course, you get the added bonus of visiting New Hampshire, Vermont, or Maine on the way, depending on your route). In the grand scheme of international travel, Quebec is pretty much in our backyard, which makes it the perfect international destination for an extended weekend.

3. Less Expensive Than Europe

Not only is Quebec easier to get to than Paris, but also a trip to La Capitale is much friendlier on the wallet. The USD to CAD (United States dollar to Canadian dollar) exchange rate is often in our favor. Even during the rare times when the Canadian dollar is worth more than ours, it's usually not by much. The opposite is true for the Euro. Why get less bang for your buck in Europe when you can go to Quebec?

4. Quebecers are friendly

Quebecers are more than happy to welcome you into their city. They're proud of their history, culture, and of course, language, and love sharing their knowledge about their homeland. Many Quebecers, especially in the tourist areas, are bilingual, so there's no need

to worry about a language barrier. Of course, saying "Bonjour" or "Merci" will go a long way, even if those are the only two French words you know. The Quebecor culture, and their demeanors, resemble our own more closely than you might think.

5. Nature is all around



Montmorency Falls

While Quebec City is a bustling area, you don't have to go far to enjoy the great outdoors. The city is cyclist and walker friendly. If you enjoy strolling in a beautiful park, you can stay in the city and enjoy the Plains of Abraham, a national park overlooking the majestic St. Lawrence River. Or perhaps you'd like to take a short, 8-mile drive and explore Montmorency Falls, which are almost 100 feet taller than Niagara Falls. Perhaps a nice, leisurely drive around the nearby pastoral Island of Orleans (Île d'Orléans), is more your speed. Either way, there's plenty to do outside.



The St. Lawrence River, with the Ile d'Orléans in the background.

(Continued on page 27)

(10 Reasons Why Every New Englander Needs to Visit Quebec City continued on page 27)



Views of farmland on the island, with the St. Lawrence in the background

6. Another Perspective on History

We share one very important trait with our French neighbors: We're proud of our history. We take credit for the American Revolution which eventually led to our independence from Great Britain. Something different happened in Quebec, however. They were part of France until 1763 when they lost the French and Indian War, and then they became part of Great Britain. So while we were ridding ourselves of the British crown, they had just become subjects. English-speaking, Protestant Great Britain wasn't thrilled that Quebec was full of French-speaking Catholics. Did the Quebecois stop speaking French and being Catholic? Do we stop cheering for the Patriots and dropping our Rs because the rest of the country hates us and thinks it's ridiculous? I think not.

It wasn't until 1774, with the passing of the Quebec Acts, that tensions started to loosen. Of course, how effective the Acts were, along with if there's still tension today, is cause for debate.



Drawn by one of the English soldiers who was at the Battle of Quebec

7. The Winter Carnival

We New Englanders are no strangers to long, hard winters. In Quebec, they embrace the winter season with their annual Winter Carnival. All sorts of outdoor, winter-related activities take place, such as an ice canoe race across the St. Lawrence River, sledding on toboggans, tasting the frozen Quebec delicacy of maple syrup on a stick, and even visiting or staying in a castle made entirely of ice. Bring your warmest jackets and get out there to enjoy winter!



Make sure you say, "Bonjour" to Bonhomme Carnaval, the mascot! Photo credit Stagiairec, Wikipidea Commons

8. Milder Summers

This isn't to say that it doesn't get warm in Quebec; it does. The summer heat and humidity just isn't as brutal as it is for us New Englanders, especially for those of us who live in Southern New England. If New England's July and August are too hot for you to handle, drive up north for a cooler, more manageable summer environment.

9. The Food

You haven't lived until you've tried the Province of Quebec's delicacy: poutine. This dish of French fries topped with cheese and gravy won't help your arteries, but it sure is good. Another thing to try to is authentic Tourtière, which most of us know simply as French meat pie. Make sure you try authentic crepes topped with maple syrup. If you visit during early summer, make sure you stop at one of the numerous strawberry stands on the way to the city – you'll never taste anything fresher.

10. Tim Hortons

If you're a true New Englander, I know what you're thinking. "This sounds fun and all, but are there any Dunkins up there?" I hope you're sitting down when you read the answer: No. There aren't any. Dunkin tried to get a foothold in Quebec, but it just didn't work out. But hold on, not all is lost! If you need your Dunkin fix, Tim Hortons is the next best thing. In fact, some may argue that it's even better, but that would be another discussion. Tim Hortons' menu is similar to Dunkin's, including iced coffee, so you'll be all set.

What reasons did I miss? Let me know!

POETRY/POÉSIE...

Generations

Daniel Moreau

Bong... Bong... Bong...

The bell rang out from the Saints Peter and Paul steeple, looking over the city on a cloudy fall day

Friends, family, and strangers calmly march to their cars with their jackets draped over their forearms

Crows fly around as if to mock the dead

The last of the Landry Silent Generation no more

Stories that were never told, will never now

The question kept stabbing at me... was who I really am connected with my last memere?

I asked my father, "Why did you never teach me French?"

He responded, "If you want to, take a class."

"No, not that kind of French... I mean our french, the French you spoke when you were my age."

He went silent for a second

"I wanted you to be an American."

"I don't feel like one though, football doesn't interest me. I was never a fan of hot dogs. I felt like

I was learning someone else's history in my History classes, when I see pictures of New York, or

Los Angeles, or Washington DC I feel nothing... I don't feel 'patriotic' at all.

I've heard the stories and I've seen the pictures of how memere lived

And whenever I do, I lived what she did and then I feel belonging

I was born into blood and I'll never want or be able to dissolve into water

I've tried to learn French at school but it was never the French our family spoke

And when you failed to pass it on to me, you lost it to time

It was something I could be and belong to and you've taken it away from me

And I don't know how and if I could forgive you for that."

"So you think you're the only one?

40 years ago I would speak my native tongue in school and be disciplined for that

I was punished for existing as myself.

A slap on the wrist for a word in french

And then there were those who wanted us to be Americans

We would pray, and they would burn our cross

We would speak French and they would say to speak white.

They beat the French out of me

I did the only thing I could do and that was to comply

So I became an American

And I did the same thing for you and your siblings

Because I'm protecting you too

I'm protecting you from a life of hate

I took those experiences from you so you can be who you want to be."

"Who I want to be is Franco-American.

I don't care if I'm told to speak white. I'll say whatever I want to

I don't care if I'm beat down. I'll stand up straighter

I don't care if I'm called a frog. I am a frog. And I'm proud of that.

I'm proud to be who I am

And no one can take it away from me



POETRY/POÉSIE...

WYANDOTE

Chip Bergeron

Big, old, brick mill building
 Down the steep ravine.
 Across the dirty river
 From the tarmac playground
 Of the school I attended
 As a kid-this was the '50's,
 And they made wool,
 Big, big rolls of wool;
 You could see it being reeled in
 From the looms, if you looked
 Into the picture windows
 At the end of the building.
 Big, big rolls: you could tell
 What color they were weaving
 By the dye they dumped
 Making the dirty little river
 A toxic, sludgy, oily rainbow.
 When the boilers blew off steam
 A pipe near the big round chimney
 Would roar, belching white, wet clouds,
 And when they cleaned the wool,
 The air was a yellowish miasma
 Of poisonous, evil smelling fog.
 The nuns still let us out at recess,
 Even though it was hard to breathe,
 And sometimes hard to see.
 A little for shouldn't bother anyone,
 And besides, that smell was money
 That put food on some kids' tables.
 We could watch the water
 That sometimes spilled

Over the big concrete dam
 At the front of the mill.
 After a storm would come
 Lots of debris and branches.
 Once I remember
 A stray telephone pole
 Teetering at the edge.
 We watched it all recess,
 And when we went back to class
 It still hadn't made up its mind
 Whether it was going or staying.
 But the best time for watching
 Was early spring, when upriver
 Ice was breaking up. Big white flocs
 Would cascade over the dam
 And make a deafening thunder
 As they broke up on the rocks below.
 The economy closed the mill
 Shortly after I left that school
 It was closed for a good long time,
 And finally refurbished and re-purposed.
 Today it makes nothing. It houses
 Geezers and other useless antiques.
 The old mill gives me no warm feelings.
 When it was a mill, I never saw
 Anyone inside, entering, or leaving it.
 They say people worked there,
 But you couldn't prove it by me.
 Sometimes I think it just ate the people
 Who were supposed to work there,
 And crapped out the wool—
 Big, big rolls of it.

Horticulture

When my pianist mother married my father, James K. Sullivan, she closed her music school. Despite many challenges, she never abandoned either her music or her desire to further express her creative artistry. So, reading, observing, questioning, she became a gardening expert. As the family moved from place to place in the Midwest (Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska) she raised as many flowers as time and climate permitted. After we settled in California's Central Valley, she met the challenges of hot rainless summers, hardpan, and winter fogs. This was her method.

Know soil, climate, space.
 Understand what loves cold
 yet thrives in heat.

Make windows into cold frames;
 place them on the worn gray bench
 behind the shed.
 Use screens for sheltering seedlings
 shaded by the fig tree.

Choose seeds, shoots, and slips
 to plant by the rocks left from the old fish pond.
 Place some by the west fence or near the sun porch.



Mingle daisies, poppies, pansies, among other
 cherished annuals with the roses—
 some nurtured from small cuttings
 sheltered under last year's canning jars.

Oversee the vibrant floral alphabet
 from allium to zinnia and witness its displays—
 from brashly bold to muted in color, texture and design.
 Inhale each season's tributes to the gardener's art.

This above all: persevere.
 No plantings ever truly die.
 They thrive and bloom triumphant
 in random gardens of the mind.

—Margaret S. Langford
 Keene, New Hampshire

La Maison de Mémère et Pépère

Roland et Venney Bolduc



When the sour taste of the paper mill filled our nose
we knew the valley which Mémère et Pépère lived wasn't far.
A sour that lingered like a pleasant, uplifting limerick
refusing to exit our ears.

"Where are we?" I'd ask Claire, just to hear it.
"We're in Mexico." She'd say.
Sometimes I'd pretend I'd been on a plane to the country
and I fell asleep because it'd been days!

The mill's scent that galloped with the car, fell behind.
And like a river, the mighty Kennebec street flooded the skies with aromas
as beautiful and vibrant as the Northern Auroras

The river was most cheerful when
a white wood house, appeared through the clear skies.
Its windows line with pine-shaded shutters.
The green steps were always the first ones to the door
and even they seemed anxious for even a sample of the stove's freshness.

We walked in, always before the steps.
In the amount of time butter stays on a knife Mémère et Pépère greeted us.
"There! oh-Kay!" Mémère would smile
Pépère's "Bon!" Was barely audible over Mémère,
but his smile stretched like the bushel of bananas on the kitchen table.

Fresh baked bread, cookies, and pies filled the counters and the air.
Chicken soup simmered on the stove.
"Are you hungry?" She would ask
It was a silly question,
anyone could've eaten a huge symphony of food, minutes prior
and forgotten.
A trio of helpings with a side of Pépère's fresh bread loaded with butter.
Even a king would be jealous.
When dessert decorated the counter, Only a fowl would stop at the trio,
A savory molasses sandwich cookie with raspberry jam
with a generous portion of pie,
raspberry, apple or blueberry, sometimes pumpkin or chocolate.
Pleasure wasn't just food, of course.
Après tout, c'était la maison de Mémère et Pépère.

Between the amazing food,
All the countless memories, fiddle-heading, Pepsi spring water, fishing,
apples in the wind, woods and rocks, picking fresh tomatoes and cucumbers,
Stories and chats (walking up hill, both ways),
staying up late with ice cream, graham crackers and strawberry milk.

A few days later, when it was time to return home
we'd leave with a heavier car, full of food and other goodies
and a saddened smile, we had part of you with us,
in our minds and thoughts
and of course in our hands, were more cookies and more bread
which we refused to share with the steps.

Everyday, I cherish these moments, these memories.
Everyday, my kitchen table reminds me of you because we worked on it together.
Merci Pépère et Mémère.

— Paul Bolduc 03/07/2015

POETRY/POÉSIE...

What's In A Name

They called me French
based on my heritage
from a country over 3,000 miles away
and the language I speak.

Then they called me Franco-American
a fragmented identity,
forced association of countries
a term reminiscent
of wars
and spaghettios.

When I was no longer
an immigrant
could not be distinguished
by an outward sign
of accent, religion or tradition
they no longer knew
what to call me
so they stopped
acknowledging
I was any different
at all.

— Danielle Beaupré

Sage Advice

Mémère told me
to be careful who I married
to not repeat her mistakes.

So I listened well,
and refused to date
Frenchmen and stuck to American boys
who introduced me
to new traditions
and didn't care if I went
to Church on Sundays
or what I cooked
for dinner.

But it took a Frenchman
who could ask me
in my language
to make me say yes.
I am a traditionalist after all.

— Danielle Beaupré

POETRY/POÉSIE...

Vive La Survivance

The mother is the lynch pin
on her hinges all tradition:
children imitate her language,
learn their prayers
from her lips.

Girls will cook
the dishes she makes,
dress like she does,
keep house the same,
recite the rosary.

Boys will
take their families
to Mass on Sundays,
play at cards,
take vows of abstinence
from whiskey
to gain His favor.

Language is human
expression of religion,
personal communication
with the Divine,
Which unvoiced is lost.

— *Danielle Beaupré*

Ce Qui Me Déprime

Moi, ce que me déprime
C'est que les feuilles mortes
Ne veulent pas rester mortes
Elles flottent sure tout le Pays
Dans ma cours et ma gallerie
Elles toubillonnet et me disent:
L'été et l'automne c'est fini.ni.ni...

C'est l'hiver que s'en vient
Tes bas de laine, tu les mets
Tes chandails et tes capuchonms
Tu les mets, c'est la saison
Et n'oublie pas tes chauds pantalons
Il va faire froid en porchon.chon.chon....

C'est le sort du Canadien
De se réchauffer jusqu'à l'an prochain
Si on aime pas cette température-là
On ne demeure pas au Canada.
C'est pourquoi je demeure aux États.tats.tats...

The Road to Kerouac's Lowell

In death you bring to Lowell the eager readers
Drawn to what appeals in how you trod
Your road — your loves, your ecstasies, your visions,
Buddhist insights, friendships, flights of drug-filled,
Boozy, yearning, wild experimentation
Leading, you hoped, to freedom from a hard
Life's grinding, soul-binding, needful exigencies.

But if they come with eyes to see, they will
Agree that you were shaped by all you tried
To flee: mill city ethos, cramped horizons,
Fierce Lowell ethnicity caught up in
Fevered U.S. dream of self-creation,
Self-promotion, self-reliance, and ceaseless
Climbing of a would-be class-free ladder.

The church on Merrimack Street, the remnants of
A now-lost Little Canada, the grotto
On the river crowned with outstretched Christ
On beckoning crucifix, the once-French churches
Of Pawtucketville and Centralville,
The words "Ti Jean" engraved upon your gravestone
Speak of all that birthed and brought you back.

For as you aged — uncool, unglamorous,
Beyond all flower-child analysis —
The mill town Catholic French-Canuck Lowellian
In you grew stronger, so that when you died,
Your Greek-Lowellian wife could barely think
To bury you somewhere else, since you were Lowell's,
Even if Lowell hardly wanted you.

A few companions of your on-the-road
And literary life came to your wake
And funeral, but Stella, your wife, furious
At the loneliness of your life with her
In Florida — where visitors rarely came —
Said she never wanted to see them again,
Now that she had finally brought you home.

Ironic that the life that gave you fame
Could not provide a burial filled with pride.
Only the city ashamed of how you'd lived,
Yet learning as the years went by how much
You'd loved and written about her, could finally
Ensure a fitting place of pilgrimage
For those who read, admire, and seek you out.

So let the visitors come; your life and Lowell's
Are intertwined, French-speaking son of immigrant
City steeped in fervent blue-collar history
Rooted in a river that powered great mills
And captured one boy's rich imagination
With sound and sight and turbulent sensation
Communicated to a world of readers.

(A History of Diversity in Our Small Towns continued from page 25)

to the Klan by both the recent immigrants as well as by many more reasonable heads within the older Yankee community. As such their reign of terror did not reach the level of what was seen in the South. Nevertheless they did their damage. During the early morning hours of Jan.27, 1925, the parochial school of the French Canadian parish of St. Cecilia's in Leominster, Massachusetts, was set on fire, causing severe damage.* Other local schools were heard to be targeted, including the school of St. Bernard's parish in Fitchburg. A watch was established by the immigrants that thwarted further local arson attempts, though the Klan was successful both before and after this in Shirley and Dorchester.

In the greater Monadnock region and adjoining areas, cross burnings occurred with some regularity. n November of 1925, a 35-foot cross was burned in Keene, and in Feb. 1926 a 10-foot cross blazed in Nashua. On the evening of St. Patrick's Day in Milford in 1926, a dynamite bomb was exploded, alerting the frightened residents to a fiery cross. The following month another bomb was exploded in Wilton to accompany the burning of a 15 foot cross.**

Xenophobia – racial and ethnic prejudice – fear of “the other.” These are not just manifestations of individual extremist mindset, but have often been institutionalized in government policy. We saw in our own country the internment of Americans of Japanese descent in detention centers during WWII. In the U.S., Canada and

Australia, the residential school system was established for indigenous children, where they were forbidden to speak their language or practice native spiritual beliefs, and punished for doing so, or for exhibiting anything related to their culture – all with the intent of erasing ethnic identity, and transforming them into that which the dominant culture deemed acceptable. The emotional, physical, and even sexual abuse of these institutions is just now coming to light, the extent of which is a national scandal in the countries

THE ANTI IMMIGRANT SENTIMENTS AND GENERAL XENOPHOBIA THAT WE ARE NOW SEEING IN AMERICA IS NOTHING NEW.

WE HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE – AND IN RELATIVELY RECENT TIMES.

involved; and the psychological toll this had on the victims of this system is now after many years being acknowledged by these governments.

Even here in New England, as recently as the '50s and '60s, the speaking of French was forbidden in some schools, with children punished for doing so and rewarded for reporting classmates who did. Anglicization of French surnames was encouraged, with some adopting these without prompting in order to better “fit in” and avoid the stigma of ethnic identity.

Even as we are now experiencing

a period of heightened discrimination in some sectors, we are simultaneously seeing a growing appreciation for the diversity of mankind. The internet has brought the richness of culture to our very fingertips, and with this there is a growing pride worldwide in the uniqueness of ethnic identity. Traditions and languages – on the brink of extinction a mere decade or two ago – are experiencing a renaissance as young people recognize their value in reclaiming their heritage.

I would say to the Mr.Hardikars out there: Be proud of your culture and your traditions, and don't hesitate to expose your children to their richness and beauty. They will retain – or not – as much or as little as they are personally inclined. But let it be their choice! For while I have heard adults of various ethnic origins mourn the loss of their identity as their parents, under pressure to Americanize, refrained from speaking their language or otherwise passing on their heritage – I have yet to hear a single person say they were happy their parents had chosen to do so. And, Mr. Hardikar, in the end you will be as fine an American citizen as any, and will have contributed to the colorful tapestry of a multicultural nation!

**St. Cecilia Church and School (Burnt from History) Film by Eliot Marquis*

***Pgs 68,69,112 Not a Catholic Nation – The Ku Klux Klan Confronts New England In The 1920s, by Mark Paul Richard*

Henri Vaillancourt lives in Greenville, NH

(Our Trip to Quebec continued from page 24)

Iroquis from 1609 to 1615, was successfully Lieutenant-Governor and Governor of New France. Died at Québec 25th December 1635.

The following photographs are of several of the students that came on the trip with us and some of the events/places we went to. At the Carnaval, there was ice skating, tire (taffy pulling), ax throwing, and lots of good food and drinks. We went to the Notre Dame de Québec and took photos of the fabulous vaulted ceilings and ecclesiastical paintings. It was an incredible experience being in a city with so much history and culture, especially because many of us on the trip share that culture.





BOOKS/
LIVRES...

Book Review

Denise R. Larson

A Distinct Alien Race: The Untold Story of Franco-Americans; Industrialization, Immigration, Religious Strife by David Vermette. Montreal: Baraka Books, 2018.

There are three kinds of Franco-Americans, according to David Vermette, author of *A Distinct Alien Race: The Untold Story of Franco-Americans*: (1) Those who vaguely realize they have some French ancestry but inquire no further; (2) Those who know and care about French heritage but only from the standpoint of family history and genealogy; and (3) Those who have kept the French language and awareness of a distinct Quebecois or Acadian culture alive in their family and perhaps a community group.

I have to admit that I'm in Category 2 and read Vermette's book from that viewpoint. With that disclosure in mind, I'd like to share my observations about his well-researched and sometimes personal work.

Don't skip the Introduction. It's worth reading. It tells the who, what, when, where and why of the book, answering the questions I had about the title—"Alien Race" and "Franco-American."

And the Prologue—another not to be missed. It contains an excellent history-in-a-nutshell concerning New France-Canada-Quebec and British North America.

The main text of this book is divided into four sections: From Ship's Captains to Captains of Industry; The Other Side of Cotton; The Reception of Franco-Americans; and Tenacity and Modernity. There's also a poignant epilogue, extensive notes, and an index.

From Ship's Captains to Captains of Industry

The first section is informative and shows the author's research skills, but he could have applied his demonstrated talent for summarization to the abundance of details about the birth and growth of New England manufacturing. The tie-in with the book's focus on *Canadiens* (French speaking Canadians) comes with the introduction of the leading nineteenth-century mercantile families, the Perkins and Cabots.

The Other Side of Cotton

Section Two brings in the personal touch, paralleling Cabot's life with that of the author's great-great grandfather. In addition, Vermette moves from the analytical to the personal by bringing in the story of his father and his hometown of Brunswick, Maine. He does this purposefully: "Moving from general trends to a particular instance exposes the humanity within the events," he writes. There's a good explanation of the 1837 Rebellion in Canada and how it influenced migration and immigration to the south and western United States. Also included are simple, clear maps of Canadian counties and a decade-by-decade chronology.

The Reception of Franco-Americans

Survival of the French-speaking Catholic culture amidst a predominant English-speaking Protestant identity is the topic of Section Three. Vermette deserves credit for presenting a balanced view of the politics, prejudices, and xenophobia that was a backlash to World War I.

Tenacity and Modernity

The last section tells the story of evolutions in economics and culture and the expansion of manufacturing to the South and movement of younger generations to the suburbs, the combination of which inspired youth to dream beyond work in the mills and a good life beyond subsistence survival.

In *A Distinct Alien Race*, the author raises questions that are not easy to answer: Does a common language designate a culture or is it more? What of traditions, religion, knowledge of and acknowledgement of origins? What about predispositions of character—*joie de vivre* with a tang of sharp humor, strong bonds of family and community coupled with traditions of endurance and survival—*la survivance*.

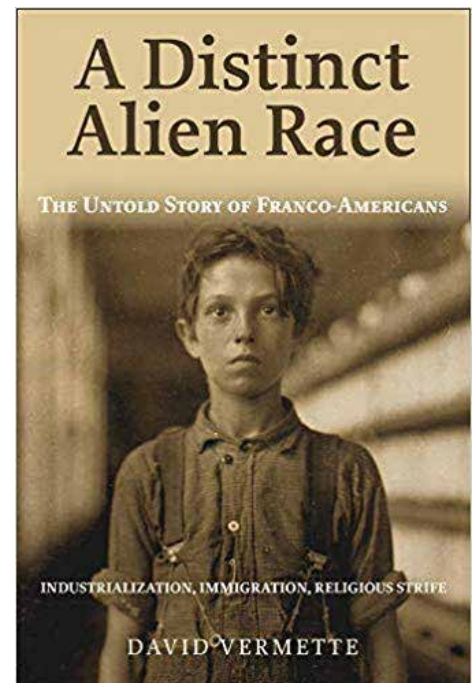
Start and Finish

Vermette's book starts and finishes at a cemetery—a good place for genealogists to begin research and a place where we all end up. But this is not a history of dead ancestors. This is a thoughtful study of the people who came after them. It is the story of the people for whom their hardworking, rarely protesting predecessors did what they had to do for themselves and their extended family while clinging to their deep faith in the goodness in life.

Denise R. Larson is a regular contributor to Le Forum. Her fiction is available at Apple's iTunes bookstore. She lives in the greater Bangor metropolitan area.



From back cover of A Distinct Alien Race: Adrienne Pagnette, 14 or 15, doffer, Winchendon, Mass., 1911. Lewis Wickes Hine (Library of Congress).

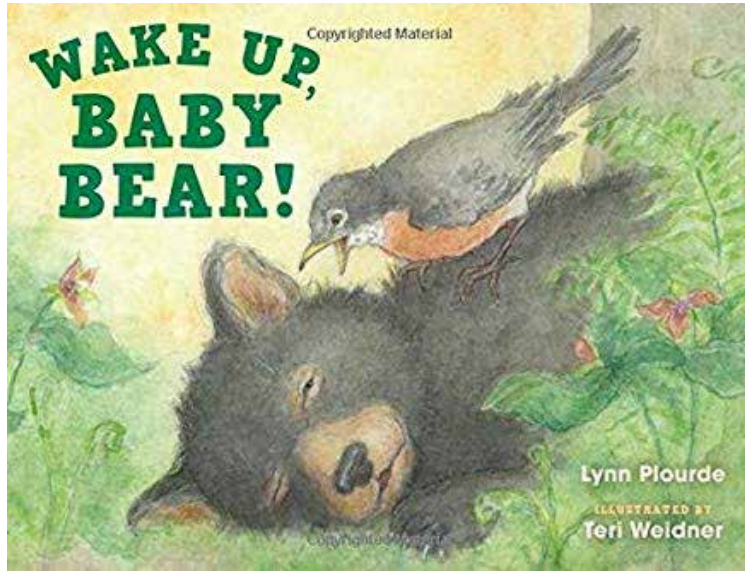


<https://www.amazon.com/Distinct-Alien-Race-Franco-Americans-Industrialization/dp/1771861495>



Wake Up, Baby Bear!

by Lynn Plourde (Author), Teri Weidner (Illustrator)



Poor Baby Bear is so exhausted from staying up too late in the fall, that now he can't wake up in the spring. Even his old friends, Moose, Owl, and Hare have no luck waking the tired little bear. A few well-placed pecks from Mother Robin does the trick and Baby Bear finally awakes just in time to do a little babysitting himself.

This charming follow-up to Baby Bear's Not Hibernating explores themes of friendship, diversity, working as a team, and parenting; plus it concludes with fun facts and information about black bears.

<https://www.amazon.com/Wake-Baby-Bear-Lynn-Plourde/>

Maxi's Secrets: (or what you can learn from a dog)

by Lynn Plourde (Author)



When a BIG, lovable, does-it-her-way dog wiggles her way into the heart of a loudmouth pipsqueak of a boy, wonderful things happen that help him become a bigger, better person. With its diverse cast, authentic narrator, and perfect blend of spot-on middle-grade humor, drama, and wisdom, this powerful debut is relatable, funny, bittersweet, and full of heart.

Timminy knows that moving to a new town just in time to start middle school when you are perfect bully bait is less than ideal. But he gets a great consolation prize in Maxi—a gentle giant of a dog who the family quickly discovers is deaf. Timminy is determined to do all he can to help Maxi—after all, his parents didn't return him because he was a runt. But when the going gets rough for Timminy, who spends a little too much time getting shoved into lockers at school, Maxi ends up being the one to help him—along with their neighbor, Abby, who doesn't let her blindness define her and bristles at Timminy's "poor-me" attitude. It turns out there's more to everyone than what's on the surface, whether it comes to Abby, Maxi, or even Timminy himself.

About Lynn Plourde

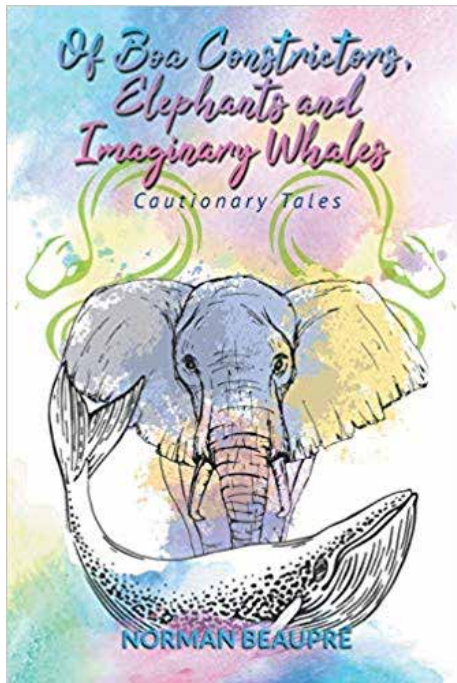


Lynn Plourde is the author of more than 30 children's books, mostly picture books, but also a graphic novel and a middle grade novel. She's a teaching author who has done hundreds of visits to schools where she shares her books interactively, acts some out as plays, and teaches writing mini-lessons to students. Lynn is a native Mainer who frequently uses her home state for inspiration when writing. She currently lives in Winthrop, Maine, with her husband. You can learn more at her website: www.lynnplourde.com



Of Boa Constrictors, Elephants and Imaginary Whales: Cautionary Tales

by Norman Beupre



It's a surprising combination of the illustrations of three animals that represent a collection of cautionary tales. The author counts on the creative imagination of the reader to grasp the full meaning of the three animals represented here: a boa constrictor, an elephant and a whale. The boa constrictor and the elephant are taken from the imaginative tale of St-Exupéry's "The Little Prince" where we find a boa constrictor swallowing an elephant that grown ups call a "hat." As to the whale, it's there to remind the reader of the Biblical whale that swallowed Jonah.

It's a reminder of being in the belly of the beast. The cautionary tales in this book are thus represented as tales of the creative imagination that remind the reader that sometimes one needs to be cautious about what one does or hears. The author simply asks the reader to open one's mind to the fascination of imaginary tales that rival so called fact and reality. Children are most often sensitive to what grown-ups fail to decipher and understand.

They see a boa constrictor swallowing an elephant while grownups see a hat.

<https://www.amazon.com/Boa-Constrictors-Elephants-Imaginary-Whales/dp/1644600781>

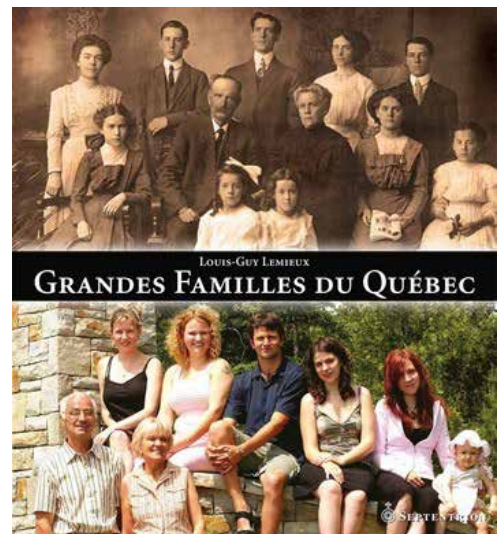
New Addition to our Library Grande Familles Du Québec: Louis-Guy Lemieux

Le Québec aurait pu ne jamais venir au monde. Il aura fallu des hommes et des femmes hors de l'ordinaire pour réaliser cette belle utopie : un empire français en Amérique. Ce sera un échec aux yeux de l'histoire. Mais il reste sur place un pays et des millions de gens qui parlent français. C'est déjà beaucoup.

Ce livre est la somme de trente articles publiés dans Le Soleil sur les grands ancêtres québécois, ceux qui ont laissé la descendance la plus nombreuse sur le territoire desservi par le quotidien. Les patronymes retenus sont, à tout prendre, comparables pour tout le Québec.

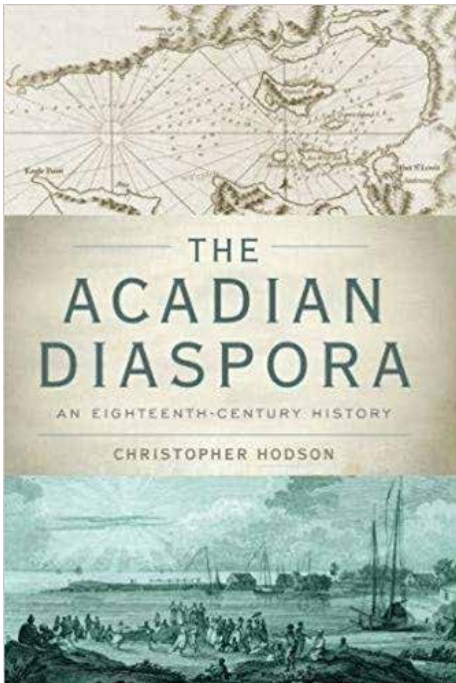
Beaulieu, Bélanger, Bergeron, Bouchard, Caron, Cloutier, Côté, Dubé, Dufour, Fortin, Fournier, Gagné, Gagnon, Gauthier, Girard, Lachance, Lapointe, Lavoie, Lessard, Lévesque, Morin, Nadeau, Ouellet, Paquet, Pelletier, Poulin, Roy, Savard, Simard, Tremblay

Louis-Guy Lemieux est né à Québec en 1945. Il a commencé sa carrière au journal L'Événement. Attaché à la rédaction du Soleil depuis près de 40 ans, il a été successivement reporter, critique de littérature et de cinéma et chroniqueur urbain. Il se passionne pour l'histoire et plus particulièrement pour la généalogie.



Louis-Guy Lemieux

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**The Acadian
Diaspora:
An Eighteenth-Century
History (Oxford Studies in
International History)
Reprint Edition**

*by
Christopher Hodson*

ments culled from archives in France, Great Britain, Canada, and the United States, Christopher Hodson reconstructs the lives of Acadian exiles as they traversed oceans and continents, pushed along by empires eager to populate new frontiers with inexpensive, pliable white farmers. Hodson's compelling narrative situates the Acadian diaspora within the dramatic geopolitical changes triggered by the Seven Years' War. Faced with redrawn boundaries and staggering national debts, imperial architects across Europe used the Acadians to realize radical plans: tropical settlements without slaves, expeditions to the unknown southern continent, and, perhaps strangest of all, agricultural colonies within old regime France itself. In response, Acadians embraced their status as human commodities, using intimidation and even violence to tailor their communities to the superheated Atlantic market for cheap, mobile labor.

Through vivid, intimate stories of Acadian exiles and the diverse, transnational cast of characters that surrounded them, *The Acadian Diaspora* presents the eighteenth-century Atlantic world from a new angle, challenging old assumptions about uprooted peoples and the very nature of early modern empire.

<https://www.amazon.com/dp/0190610735/?tag=BFWorld-20>



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Protein 1g	2%
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Living on a Farm (A story told to me by Theresa Roberge, my mother-in-law) by Debbie Roberge

Getting a piece of land etc and with that in mind I thought you might like to hear what it was like for me growing up on a farm. My dad thought like you and he bought a piece of land, about four acres with a shack. I think he paid \$800.00 for it. What I remember most about that place were the spiders. I guess nobody had lived there for a long time. No power, no plumbing (kerosene lamps and an outhouse), but it was home and of course over the years my dad built a nice house, garage and barn, etc.

We put in power and plumbing and added chickens, pigs and a cow. That cow gave the best rich milk. My mother used the two vegetable trays in the fridge for the milk. One was for morning and The next day she would skim the cream off the milk. And that was cream like you never saw in the stores. It was so thick you could pick it up with a spoon. When you turned the spoon upside down the cream never moved. Most of that cream was for our butter and making the butter was my job. The cream had to be left out of the fridge for a while to get it to room temperature. The butter was made on

Saturday when my folks went to town grocery shopping, etc. One time I forgot to take the cream out when I was suppose to, then wanting to hurry it along I put the bowl in the sun. Bad idea! We didn't have any butter that week. the other for the evening milking.

We never had a horse though; my father preferred tractors but he never bought one. He made his out of old cars. He could do just about anything he set his mind to. To go with his tractor he made a trailer to help haul stuff around the farm. My father tried to teach my mother how to drive the tractor and she didn't like it much. One day the two of them were spreading manure for the garden and Dad wanted to leave some extra at the end of the garden. However, my mom couldn't seem to hold the tractor still so finally Dad hollered Whoa!, Mom thought he said Go, so she stepped on the gas and Dad went flying into the manure pile. After that he tried teaching me. Now that was a hoot! That tractor had so many do hickeyes under the steering wheel I could never keep them straight. One day we went to the end of the land, which happened to be at the top of a hill. Dad said now all I had to do was steer the tractor since we were going down hill. I didn't have to use the gas. Well at the bottom of the hill was a little brook with a narrow little bridge, which I would have to go across. All I could think of was going head first in that brook. We picked up quite a bit of speed going downhill and Dad kept telling me to step on the brake that we were going to fast. I couldn't even find the brake! Just before we got to the brook, the tractor hit a bump and we sailed right over the bridge



and landed on the other side in a pile of dirt. That was my last ride on the tractor!

I guess the job I disliked the most was haying. We had a neighbor who cut the hay for us but then it had to be raked by hand with wooden rakes. Then it was loaded by hand of course in the hand wagon. When it was piled as high as they could get it, it had to be hauled to the barn. But something had to be put on top of the hay to keep it from flying off and that something was I. Only me! Now you have to realize on top of that hay wagon there was nothing to hold on to but the hay. More than once I slid off before getting to the barn. I never got hurt though, because I usually took half the load with me.

A Postscript to this story - my mother-in-law passed away on August 13, 2018 at the age of 91.

were great friends and she really liked him and that was her choice, but in those days 1907 mom was the boss.

Iva and Charles got along like night and day. Charles was satisfied with very little as long as he had a roof over his head, food on the table and a warm house with enough chopped wood for winter. He was also content to just come home and relax after a hard day's work. Now Iva on the other hand liked the better things in life, a nice home

(Continued on page 39)

Charles and Iva (Haycock) Fernald - their beginning by Debbie Roberge

Charles and Iva , my maternal grandparents affectionately called by me as "Dedar" (and I am not sure where that came from) and "Moses" were married because one night during their courtship they fell asleep on the couch. Iva's mother said that

when the time comes that you sleep together it is time to get married. What would my great grandmother think of today's world? Now Iva didn't want to marry Charlie as she called him, she had someone else in mind, his name was Lynn Worcester. Lynn and Iva

(Charles and Iva (Haycock) Fernald - their beginning continued from page 38)

with pretty things, flowers to plant outside, things that Charles couldn't give her because he just never had a really good job nor a steady one. Iva also like to go places and do things. The wedding took place on the 29th of January 1908 in Cherryfield, Maine a small town in Washington County where Iva was from. Charles was from nearby Ellsworth in Hancock County.

They lived in Cherryfield between eight and ten years before moving to Skowhegan in Somerset County. By then they had one son, Stanley (b. 1916) and two daughters, Eleanor (b. 1908) and Arlene (b. 1913) and had lost one child due to a miscarriage. The move to Skowhegan was to be closer to Iva's parents who had moved there earlier. Ella my great grandmother told them that there were more jobs and money there due to the lumbering industry and log drives. Frank, my great grandfather was working the log drives and Ella was running a boarding house. The boarding house was located in an area known as "Cornshop Hill", called that due to a small mill located at the bottom of it. Once my grandparents settled in the first home down by the Eddy across from Coburn Park Iva started working at the boarding house and Charles went to work in the mill handling the logs coming out of the river.

A year before any other children were born my great grandfather Frank died in 1921 of cancer of the throat. He had suffered with it for three years and had even traveled out west to Savannah, Missouri for treatment for two months. Upon returning home he caught a cold that developed into influenza which the family had. The illness made the cancerous infection grow worse, but yet the

doctor said he improved and it prolonged his life another year and he died on 21 May 1921 at the age of 58.

My great grandmother Ella and her youngest son and daughter Marcia and Walter moved in with my grandparents. Marcia was able to get a job but Walter was still in school. Ella needed income and somehow (this part I don't know how) she was able to get a job as a housekeeper for someone in New York. There she had a shock and collapsed on the street. The shock left her paralyzed and her left leg crooked. The doctor told the family that it could be put back



the normal way by snapping it. He was an osteopathic doctor, and at the time weren't well liked. He snapped the leg and it came up and laid across her stomach. Anymore attempts would endanger her life according to this doctor.

Ella was transported back to Skowhegan and moved in with her daughter Iva and family. Iva said she was hard to live with, either because of her condition or her Irish heritage. When she wanted something she wanted it right then and there. One time Iva was down on her hands and knees scrubbing the bedroom floor that Ella was living in and Ella asked for a glass of water. Iva said she would get it as soon as she finished the small section of floor that was left to do. Ella reached over and grabbed Iva's hair, pulled it and yelled and said now in a very loud and angry voice.

The last thirteen years of Ella's life she lived at the Marcotte Home in Lewiston, moving there about 1930. Iva had her hands full with her own family and Charles not working (next story). Iva didn't like the idea as the family didn't have a car and she would not be able to visit her very often. All of this change of the new living place was made through a friend of Ella's and Iva was never involved in the discussion at all. In fact she knew none of it till it was time for Ella to be transported to the home. Iva took it as an insult like as if she hadn't done a good enough job for her mother. Once Ella moved down there Iva started hearing things from the ones who did get to visit, such as asking people to bring her something so she could die, that she hated living down there. One of them she asked was her own son Walter to bring her something. Can you imagine living for 13 years on your back in bed unable to do almost nothing with your left leg laying across you? In April of 1944 Ella caught a cold going around the home and died.

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

Do you have Franco-American Roots?

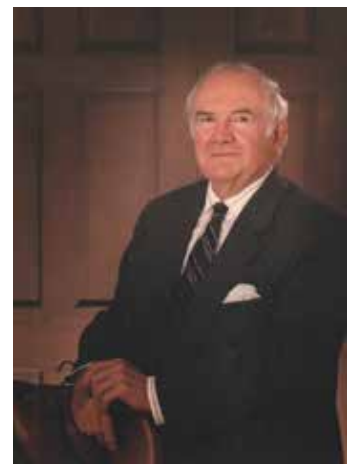
by Debbie Roberge

A new resource will soon be available this fall if you have Franco-American roots. A genealogical collection donated to the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine in Orono, by the family of the late Adrien Lanthier Ringuette is currently being set up for research.

Four walls with eight bookcases covering subjects from genealogy to the history of France and Canada and the individual counties of Quebec. There are also binders and files of this man's own personal research that amazes me every time I look at something in that room. This gentleman and his mother wrote everything down in their research and I can't imagine what he would of done if he would of lived longer.

The book listing will soon be online so that one can research titles of books they want to research before they visit this library. There is also a computer in the room containing numerous files that have been donated that relate to Franco-American research.

For more information contact: Lisa Michaud, Coordinator of Community Engagement
Email: Lisam@maine.edu Telephone: (207) 581-3789
or by mail at: 110 Crossland Hall, Orono, ME 04469-5719



Adrien Lanthier Ringuette



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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