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Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice

Gérard Coulombe

Guy Dubay

James Myall

Juliana L'Heureux

See next page for additional authors

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Authors

Lisa Desjardins Michaud, Rédactrice; Gérard Coulombe; Guy Dubay; James Myall; Juliana L'Heureux; Patrick Lacroix; Ann Marie Staples; Daniel Moreau; Treffe Lessard; Robert B. Perreault; Marie-Anne Gauvin; Robert Bérubé; and Robert Chenard

Le FORUM



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

VOLUME 41, #2

SUMMER/ÉTÉ 2019



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OF THE
MADAWASKA ACADIANS**

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Madawaska, ME*

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Résonance, Franco-American Literary Journal:

<https://digitalcommons.library.umaine.edu/resonance/vol1/iss1/>
other pertinent websites to check out -

Les Français d’Amérique / French In America

Calendar Photos and Texts from 1985 to 2002

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

Franco-American Women’s Institute:

<http://www.fawi.net>





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

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Aide Technique

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

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

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Le FORUM

Centre Franco-Américain, Orono, ME 04469-5719



Lettres/ Letters

Where are the Franco-Americans? Whatever happened to Frenchie?

By
Gérard Coulombe

Where is “Frenchie” in the family?
He does not exist.

“There are no more Franco-American.” Pardon me! My wife, Juliette, and I, Gerard, and my brother-in-law, Raymond are among the last Franco-Americans. Others, from the immediate family, those I can count on the fingers of my hands, as I call out their names, are Franco-Americans, no more. My children and grandchildren are not, well our daughter, a bit, but not the triplets, not their older sister, not any of my sister’s children and not their children, and so on.

Before I forget, I have to ad, the eldest of my nephews, David, for he still speaks some French, as I recall. Maybe some others still do, but I so seldom speak to them that I think everybody speak English, only, now.

The exception, still, would be my

younger sister whose children do not speak it, although their father did, as he was Franco-American, too, as both of his parents, as were mine, and my wife’s parents were Franco Americans, that is, their parents were all from the Province of Quebec, not from the other Province whose government expelled a goodly number to a totally foreign country and, where there language changed, forced by numbers’ dominance, entirely, as were we, forced, eventually to speak English, primarily, at first, and, over time, exclusively.

To this day, my brother-in-law prefers French, as it is his primary language. I am not going to quibble with people who do not recognize our French as French; derogatively, our “speak” is “Canuck” French, and so be it, although I recall reading Theophile Gauthier, and I knew that what I could read , was reading and speaking and writing was French.

What other people thought was B.S. I knew it even though they did not, but they meant well, as that is what some of my Friends had heard about the Canuck Franco-American.

My youngest sister might have had a tougher time of it. She was of a different kind of schooling than mine was, and even as I say that, I do not know what I mean, except that she remained in the community where we were born, even after I left, I, having enlisted, serving in the Korean War and having the indoctrination into different cultures that I hadn’t had in my own home town.

Meanwhile, my sister, she married,

had children while her husband was educated to be a teacher as I was, and he served the State of Vermont in their Department of Education before he retired, having done it all from having been teacher to superintendent, going on to become a director of special education services for the State--Franco-American though he was; his wife, my younger sister and he had five children—all Americans and “Anglos,” as are their children and mine and the grandchildren, too.

There’s a world of us, don’t tell, and we were not all from the Province of Quebec. We had already spread out, the reader might recall, from what was then Quebec, and so you find a Coulombe” in California, the one that brought you **Trader Joe’s**—believe it or not.

Unrelated Coulombe’s are in jail for a variety of reasons, one for “killing” a twenty-year old cat he shared with his partner. The chosen method was unusual, although the couple separated over it, they were back together.

Remember Coulomb’s law.

Notoriety exists in many families.

No less among Franco-Americans and Canadians.

Here we are, mostly, still, assimilated. And, then, what will it matter?

Whatever it is, we are likely to read about it.

Those of use who still read, that is, if you texted, recently.

No matter our ancestry.

We will be in a registry, on line, some time.

THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE MADAWASKA ACADIANS

by **GUY F. DUBAY, Madawaska, ME**

I shall start my presentation smack-dab in the middle with a look at entries of the merchant trader accounts of Abraham & Simon Dufour of 1844-1848 or more specifically with the account of Regis "Bonhomme" Diagle 1808-1880 in the Dufour Journal of accounts. Some four years after this grandson of the Madawaska pioneer of 1785 had become American, Regis "the Goodman" was already a member of the Board of Assessors of Madawaska Plantation, Maine. In the 1850 U.S. census Daigle’s real estate valuation is given at \$1000 which sets him at the upper end of property valuations among settlers along the

St. John River. Looking at these merchant trader accounts practically feels like we are looking at the persons' check book with deposits (credits) and debits.

On January 3rd, 1846 Daigle traded a load of 64 1/2 bushels of oats for a credit of £8 17s 4 1/2d. with an additional £1 12s 3d for taking the load up river to the St. Francois river lumber operations. The account mere cites the site of the operations but elsewhere we learn tha the firm of Hammond & Atherton of Fredericton, N.b. had a lumber operation in that area at this time. Travel to the St. Francis river from Madawaska, (Continued on page 21)

Dear Le Forum;

I enjoy every issue!

Please renew my subscription for another 2 years.

Thank you!

David Lemay, Dover Foxcroft, ME



(More Letters on page 23)

Separation, Family — the End of our Franco-American Experience

by *G rard Coulombe*

By the end of my freshman year at the University, I knew that I had a job because my roommate said that we had one. "Bud" had always been up front with me. I trusted him. Unlike "Bud," I was a veteran attending college on the Korean War G.I. Bill. Otherwise, I would have re-enlisted.

I had enlisted, in the first place for a simple reason. I was very upset with the religious brothers who had taught me, that none of them had recommended that I attend college. Not one of them spoke to me about college, and I suspected that they spoke only to some few of the fifty or so who graduated that year, 1950, from Saint Louis High School.

I had witnessed, one morning, toward the end my senior year, upon entering class earlier than usual, that the teacher was speaking to two of my classmates about college, no less. And, later, I wondered, why not me? I found it so irritating that when a friend called to ask if I would take the bus with him to Portland, Maine, from a Biddeford Drug Store near the corner of Main and U.S. Route one to visit all of the recruiting stations in downtown Portland, I agreed.

That afternoon, we both came back to Biddeford on a return bus, and, having already signed up for the Air Force, but needing a parent signature on a release form, there was still some work to do. My Mom and his Mom signed. Mom did not ask any questions. She simply said that my dad would be surprised in the morning when she would tell him. Dad worked the second shift, and would not be home until after midnight, as he always walked to and from work, never having owned a car.

Gerard Beaudoin, a classmate, and I, had not doubted that each of our mothers would sign, and had agreed to take the next bus back to Portland later that afternoon. We returned by bus to the recruiting station on a base in South Portland, and from there, having been inducted, we were transported by a military bus to the Portland train station where we boarded a passenger car on a side track that was awaiting a final boarding of enlistees from other communities around and beyond the Portland area including lower Maine.

From there, it had been to Boston where we hooked up to other cars and a new engine, and, then, as a troop train proceeded to Albany, around the corner to Buffalo, and then to Chicago, stopping at just about every station in between until we reached Saint Louis, and, then, swung further South still until we reached San Antonio.

Upon disembarking, all of us were hustled into an irregular formation in open air, just off the troop train and the tracks and ordered to attention by an assortment of drill sergeants, whereupon the loudspeaker cracked, noisily, until the voice announced that we, the United States, were at war with North Korea. Bam! I was reflecting upon that when we were all tasked, first to the barbers who shaved the hair from our

As for myself, I just wondered about the mess I was in, but, looking around, I sure had a lot of company.

heads, leaving us all bald with some of us shamed a little, I guessed from some of the guys with perplexed looks on their faces, as if they might have been thinking that they just might have made a mistake, there was no undoing going forward.

As for myself, I just wondered about the mess I was in, but, looking around, I sure had a lot of company.

After basic training, and the hell that that was, other than the challenge that it was, I ended up being a radar mechanic in the service, where, perhaps, the best thing that I learned and never forgot while in Mississippi, that is, which had nothing to do with any kind of knowledge in particular, is knowing how deep the water is at the end of a pier before one dives in.

My training was as a radar mechanic. And it had me, first, assigned to the Naval Air Station in Saint Paul / Minneapolis, Minnesota where we awaited the induction of the Minnesota Air National Guard and members of that outfit assigned to our real destination which was a small, newly constructed, non-operational radar station, situated in the

Northeast corner of Missouri — Kirksville is the name of the nearest town on the highway North to Minnesota.

In any case, here I was with a job going with "Bud," to his hometown, a name, I've forgotten. I was welcomed there and roomed with Bud, and, on occasion, when he needed help, I would join in doing the chores.

As Bud had promised, it did not take us long to get a job, as Bud knew people. Our first job was working construction--foundations, they were. The two of us worked a two-bag cement mixer. Shovel the sand and gravel in, pour the bags of concrete mix in, bucket the amount of water into the mixer and get it turning so that the slurry would tumble over and over until the concrete was ready only as Bud knew how to make it.

It was our job, one, to operate a cement mixer, two, to wheel barrows full up — each of us had one — up the plank walk to the platform from which we, three, poured our loads into the in-place forms.

It was a tough job for a college kid., and more so to a Vet like me unaccustomed to hard work, for my tools had always been a screwdriver and a continuity checker. This wheelbarrowing was tough of muscles, hard on our hands and back. But Bud had told the friend who had hired us for the job that we were up to it. And, I tell you, it was one hell of a hard job. Hard on the muscles, hard on the hands, the back and the legs. It was hard on my spirit, too. Would I, could I, make it?

I went to bed tired, exhausted, not teary, but maybe a bit weepy. All the hard work I had done so far was basic training drill and barrack fighting.

My joints hurt, my fingers were locked in place. I could hardly open my hands; stretching fingers was near impossible; standing up straight hurt, as did squatting. It took a while toughening up, getting rid of the hurt feeling, needing a reminder, what's this hard work for?

And then, we were freed. We were re-assigned to a crew with the job of removing the structure of a bridge over a road crossing a stream and replacing it with a concrete abutments and slab, instead.

The location was just great, out in the country with woods on the North-Westerly side and woods and a grassy woodland field on the other. This job was located above US Route 2, not far from Rumford where the Androscoggin River crosses under Route 2. Just about there is an a juncture that headed up Route 5, going up to Andover, Maine.

(Continued on page 5)

(Separation, Family — the End of our Franco-American Experience continued from page 4)

Sometimes, Saturdays, maybe, we worked on a much bigger project. I rode a crane's cable ball down, into a large caisson built on the floor of the River; it was where there was work to do to prepare for the pouring of concrete, I guessed. But I didn't care to work in a caisson with water on all sides and having a crane over our heads, swinging, toing and froing.

All in all, the regular day in and out job was a good job. We joined a crew that altogether made five of us working the job. All the others, including my buddies were experienced jobbers at all kinds of tasks and with all kinds of equipment, including heavy equipment.

My job was all manual, hammer and crowbar stuff, but round spade work, mostly, in blue clay.

Slinging a hammer was taught to me by the boss man soon after he saw me drive a spike into a plank for a temporary wooden bridge across the stream so we could remove the old crossing.

My old boss showed me by saying, " 'Gimme' that!" He held the spike in one of his old, black veined hands, he slammed the hammer down on its head, and, in just two slams of the hammer, he had driven that spike through the plank.

"No tap, tap," he said. "You go home."

I also learned that digging into blue clay, sucking water, was a very back-breaking, arm aching, water sucking job just to cut into a spade full of it, lift it up and out with water holding it down, and you lifting with all your might to break the suction lifting up on your spade until it broke free, and, then, you could turn, and shove your wet, blue block of clay aside into the pile that a bucket loader would pick up and move. No. We wheelbarrowed it away or someone did.

The good part was that "Bud" suggested we live on site. We brought everything we needed from his home and set up home in a clearing about some twenty yards from the work site and not far from the stream where we drew our water and at first kept the food that needed "refrigeration."

Well that was a dumb thing to do, we soon found out, as the animals, starting with beavers new their way around and had soon broken into our water-cooled stashes and gotten away with stuff. We had the idea of hanging stuff from a tree, but some birds, big ones got into that stuff. We then switched to caching all our stuff in the tent.

Since we were near farm country and Maine Forests, game warden were around, checking out the few farm owners about and what deer problem they might have eating their corn and stuff like that. What product was being used by farmers to keep the deer away and so save the crop of corn, mostly.

Joe Zale who owned the farm up a way was keen on protecting his crop. He might have played the game with the warden. But if there was deer about eating up the corn, he might take one down, now and then. And I think that's what the warden was looking for.

One night, we were up late around the campfire after a feed and some desert that Joe's young daughters had brought down for our desert. Their mom did things like that for us.

*And everybody else,
suspected, but never said or
asked if I was "Canuck."
Although, I don't think it
was a word they would have
used.*

It was late, we were dousing the fire before going to bed when "Bud" spotted a light up on the temporary bridge we had built, and then the beam switched towards us, and, then, Bud, whatever he was thinking, picked up his long gun [all I knew was that I had once fired an M1 Garand rifle on a firing range and carried one on some guard duty, but Bud wasn't fooling, he raised it and let go a round up in the air.

Soon enough we heard some hailing, saying, "We're Forest Rangers" or something like that. Soon that was followed by a chat and what the hell and all that was hollered coming from both ways.

The explanations and introductions were made. They left and we went to bed. The next day, Zoe Zale, after work at the paper mill in Rumford came over to talk about what he had heard and the part he had seen from the deck of his farmhouse, which I knew from an earlier visit had an inline latrine attached to the house, a series of one plank with four holes for an indoor latrine. I never asked about its cleaning, but I admit to using it one day, as I needed to.

The boss called me, "Hey you." Bud called me, "Gerr." And everybody else, suspected, but never said or asked if I was "Canuck." Although, I don't think it was a

word they would have used. Someone might have whispered, "Asshole," but I never heard anything like that. Besides, I thought that I had been pretty much Anglicized or, for that matter, had had enough Southern drawl drilled into me, I know I used it, that it came out naturally because it hadn't been that long from my discharge, a year's not that much time to loose what's well ingrained.

There was another time that I enjoyed our stay, camping out in the field, and that was when I was invited to have dinner with a family whose land was down a side road a way. He, too, had a family, another of girls rounding it out. All of us sat at the large dinner table. There was a lot of chatter, as I recall, and the Mrs. was happily chortling around, busily supplying us all with good food and good cheer.

I felt as if I were being treated like the golden boy come courting.

A few weeks later, I thought it time to head home because my clothing needed cleaning.

My sister where I went to wash my clothes rather than trouble my mother at home already had six kids and had to do a lot of washing. So, it was easy for her to accommodate me in her home. It was best. Our mom and dad had moved in five years I had been gone from home when the time I had enlisted.

I recall my sister saying that she had never seen a wash as dirty as mine. She had had to put my stuff through a few wash cycles before she had decided that perhaps they would not have withstood another attempt to thoroughly clean them.

In the interim, I visited what I projected to be my future mother-in-law, who, by the way, died at ninety-one, having requested her oldest daughter's Rose's husband Ferdinand, or "Buster" to bring her a lobster for dinner. That's when she was in the hospital, terminally ill, whereupon, having finished her lobster and the tamale, she proceeded to die, happily.

What my future mother-in-law had said to me on my visit is that she looked forward to her daughter marrying a local doctor. Juliette had just finished at Saint Vincent's Hospital School of Nursing from which she had graduated and working off a loan by being employed as a nurse, of course, by Saint Mary's in Lewiston.

I returned to my job on Sunday. I didn't have a car; I really didn't drive. My parents had never owned a car, so I would guess, all these later, that I got back in *(Continued on page 6)*

(Separation, Family — the End of our Franco-American Experience continued from page 5)

a combination of hitch-hikes. I was well accustomed to hitchhiking, as I had done it before, cross-country a few times.

I need to say something about my two sisters. Therese [with the accents] was the oldest. Julianne the youngest. I was older than both. I knew Therese better.

By this time, both of my sisters were married.

Therese married a Collard, who survived her. His mother just happened to have been French Canadian from a mid-Canada Province. Therese and her husband had six children. David, the oldest is married. He went to college and became an aircraft engine manufacturer's inspector. Deborah married to a retired textile manufacturer lives with her husband in the Texas Panhandle, Denise married a lobsterman in Maine, Peter is in fabrication and lives with his wife in Maine, Julianne married a teacher, G. Asselin who is deceased. He

was in his life-time a principal, superintendent of schools, and a deputy commissioner for special education in Vermont. They had four children, one girl, and four boys. All of them had children of their own. The oldest of the children earned a doctorate in exotic, esoteric, and ancient Chinese and works for the State Department. His wife is a Chinese refugee, and now due to her education as an architect now in charge of ambassadorial residences in different parts of the world. The three brothers and one sister all live in the Capital area of Vermont. One lives near the University. The youngest of the boys has lived at home. He is single and has increasingly been a companion to his Mom, my youngest sister, who enjoys traveling and maintaining, both, a Yankee and French-Canadian patois. The two other boys have families who enjoy all of the opportunities that Vermont provides its citizens.

My sisters pretty much retained their French. They frequently spoke it and so did the children for a while. But that Pretty much disappeared for all, my children

and theirs more easily, of course, became thoroughly Americanized, so to speak, although they were from their time of their births, Americans, whereas, my and my sisters' upbringing and culture was in the main French. We spoke it because we grew up with the language and then we played outdoors in French because everyone else up and down the block and across town, spoke it. Biddeford, Maine, in the 1930's, 1940's and mid 1950's was all French, by that, I mean our neighborhood was French and we were comfortable being French. From the time I enlisted, I left being French behind me. No one called me "Frenchy" or anything like that. I don't even recall being called, "Gerard!" Like many others, in those days, "Hey," and whoever it was, was looking you in the eyes. There were Cajuns in the military. I tried engaging one in French, and I had no idea what he said in his patois, as much as I was hearing him say what he was saying, but in accent and the Southern drawl added, we agreed that I wasn't understanding his primary language.

More of The Early years in Biddeford

From a Memoir, Leaving Maine

*By Gérard Coulombe
Fairfield, CT*

We graduated from Saint Louis High School in Biddeford, Maine, in mid-June, 1950. Our class was small mainly because many of the boys from grammar school had dropped out to enter the work force as planned, either for them or by them, to help support the family or start a family as soon as they became established in a permanent job.

Later, I learned that many more of members of our class had gone to college than I had originally thought, angry as I was, that I had not been given any direction about further education. But giving directions, particularly of the guidance variety or even a lecture or two on the possibilities afforded by colleges and the mysteries, to most of us, I think, that beyond the walls of local academia there were colleges opened to our social and or financial standing and the possibilities they held, for certainly most of us were already acquainted with the jobs available to us and to the probabilities of personal advancement being low and very competitive.

For those of us who went from our grammar schools to high school, we did so because we were motivated. Either our parents motivated us, or we saw the need for further education, which was available to us. We could have attended the public school, and some students from our Catholic grammar schools might have attended public schools, it would have been anathema for those of us whose parents strongly adhered to the Catholic faith to have attended public schools. It would have taken an atheist [I never met one in Biddeford], a fallen away Catholic [but never a convert to Protestantism as there was no such person, or a French Catholic who had done the unthinkable in a staunch Catholic family and married an "Irlandais" which is not the same as an American or one of the Protestant beliefs.

I had a phone call from a classmate who asked if I would go, with him, to Portland by bus to visit the military recruiting offices to learn who would take us and which of the different branches were offering en-

listments, as neither of us drove or had a car available to us. But it did not matter because neither one of us drove. My parents never had a car, so, they had no need to drive. We lived in a second-floor flat of a four-story building, a popular type of structure throughout New England to accommodate families without the means of owning their own homes.

We were French and Catholic. We started out speaking French at home because our parents were of first and second generation French-Canadian extraction in Maine. My paternal grandparents had emigrated to the State of Maine from lower Québec in the 1890's or even earlier. That's estimation, for they had died before I was born, and I only vaguely knew where they had lived at the bottom of Hill Street, in the parish my father had us move to.

My father spoke French only. My maternal grandfather was from Canada by way of Berlin, New Hampshire. My maternal grandmother's brother had fought in the Spanish American War. He was known for his annual black bear hunt and his fishing. I recall the latter because he took me fishing once, and I only managed to catch sunfish, although I confess to have been happy with my catch, such as they were. Uncle Noé continued to hunt bear throughout his life and to bring his catch of fish to the house. *(Continued on page 7)*

(More of The Early years in Biddeford continued from page 6)

As proof of his bear kill, he never failed to bring us a “share” of bear steak.

Parenthetically, a quick check of our family name in Canada reveals that the first male in Canada with the family’s surname, Coulombe, arrived from France in the year 1670. At the time, there was only one way to describe Biddeford-Saco, on the Saco River in the county of York. They were the towns that depended on the textile mills for employment and the majority of employees, men and women, was French-Canadian.

Of the two cities, Biddeford was predominantly French-Canadian. That is to say, the majority language was French. It was somewhat different in Saco, where the majority of the populace was staunchly English and Protestant. Although many spoke French and there were a number of residents who attended mass at French-speaking parishes, much of the town had managed to remain Anglo. That is, the preponderance of homes in Saco were Anglo, and the dominant language on the Street was English, whereas in the homes, on the streets and in the commercial establishments of Biddeford, the language spoken was French or as some preferred, Canadian French.

Nearly all the merchants on the street spoke or had someone waiting on customers who spoke French. My uncle was a butcher at the A&P, and he spoke French and most probably English, although I can’t say that I ever heard him speak the latter. In other words, along with Lewiston, Westbrook, and some other communities in Central and southern Maine, the near dominant language was French Canadian. Until the start of the Second World War, the language of our elementary schools was French.

Some people may laugh at that, and, as a matter of fact, many did laugh at our accent for the way we spoke our French. “Canuck” was the derogatory term defining Franco Americans and a Canadian hockey team that had adopted the term as its nickname, one that we, by and large, hated. On the street, “Canuck” meant “dumb” or “stupid” or both depending upon its context. If we as children were not aware of this appellation, we were indeed pretty stupid because we resented being called that, and, as the underdog, even though we were the dominant minority in the city, we certainly did not appreciate the appellation.

Our mother, Clara, had worked at Pepperell Textiles in the spinning room. She became a stay-at-home mom once married to my father. He was unemployed at the time that I was born, but he soon had a job with the Works Progress Administration during the Depression as a day laborer working on roads and town bridges. Then, we lived in an apartment that was really the second floor of my grandfather’s half of the duplex on Cutts Street. It stood at the side and in the shadow of the Roman Catholic Church of Saint Joseph on elm Street, the same U.S. Route One that runs through Fairfield, CT, our hometown, today. I was the eldest of the children in my family, born in Biddeford, and I had two sisters who followed my birth.

All three of us were born in my maternal grandparents’ house. One of my mother’s many sisters, Eva, was the one to stay behind to take care of her parents, my grandparents. My grandmother was blind. My grandfather was a retired mill teamster. My aunt always “loved me,” but she did not love my two sisters. In her eyes I could never do any wrong. My sisters nearly always did. One of the terrible things they did was to pull flower heads from their stems as bouquets for our mother. I did not do that because I was engaged with my “grandpère.”

We moved to Bradbury, the street around the corner from Cutts Street when the stress and strain of getting along with my aunt, who was nursing my blind grandmother at the time became too much after grandmother died and my Aunt Eva stayed on to nurse my elderly grandfather, the only man I ever knew who ate all of his food with his knife. He would, at times use his pocketknife for the same reason, as it was for him as for others, the favored utensil.

Many of the homes and apartments on Bradbury were owned by the Irish, with whom we “Canucks” did not get along—this only from the recollection of the protective way our parents had to look over us as we played out on the street. We lived on the second floor of a six-apartment, three side-by-side, box building. We played in the sand in back of the house in an area either separated by a stand-alone shed or another house on a parallel, adjoining street to ours.

The Boston and Maine tracks were not so far away. We could hear the rumbling of the train trucks and the hoot of the steam horns, as the freight and passenger trains rolled along on their way to Portland or Boston. We could hear them as they stopped or slowed down along the way as signal sets

went on or off for various reasons. As a boy, I had the full range of the neighborhood as far as we could walk in a day when I was only five years old. It is truly amazing that we had such a full range of the town to amuse ourselves in and at such a young age.

For the time we spent on Bradbury Street, our family of five, my parents, two younger sisters and I, lived among a bunch of “Irlandais.” We were surrounded by Irish children in the streets and forced to play with them whenever they let us play in their pick-up games of stickball in the spring and summer. Otherwise, we roamed our playgrounds.

They were no ordinary playgrounds like the one at Bradbury School on our Street. Bradbury extension was an unfinished street in that it dead-ended at a blasted but ungraded rock ledge that continued to the street perpendicular to it above. There was an abandoned granite quarry with water in it where I recall having seen kids swim. Friends had warned me that it was a dangerous water hole. But I was too scared to ever approach it as I so feared the devil implanted by nuns at the very center of our minds and souls because the talk was that some kids had drowned in it, and we had been forewarned not to play on the ledges cut into the granite faces where blocks of it had been cut out. We did play in the woods back there, beyond the quarry and scarred ourselves over the hoboos we believed camped there overnight.

The other places we played were in the back of the shoe shop, where we picked up loads of shoe nails that we used for our own constructions with hammers we sneaked out of the shed at home. The wood we used to build our backyard forts for our tin soldiers came from the box shop, which was down Bradbury and across the e tracks along the river. We collected all kinds of pieces that we might have used as kindling but chose to assemble them when we played fort with our First World War tin soldiers, positioning them in the trench battlefields we constructed, some times, with the help of our father who was on weekends attuned to playing with us whenever he wasn’t working in the shed fashioning pieces for his machines he used at the mill. My dad as a pretty smart toolmaker who used ordinary metal working tools available at “Ushers Hardware.”

I recall many experiences as a boy because my mother was busy with the girls, my two sisters. I was allowed to roam the *(Continued on page 8)*

(More of The Early years in Biddeford continued from page 7)

streets. I do not recall any friend with whom I was with for the day. Whoever they were, we managed to get around from Mr. Shaw's woods and the pool of deep water from a stream into which we swung from a rope tied to a limb over the pool and dropped from once over the center without hurting ourselves.

It was imitative of a lot of things we saw older boys do. There were bonfires from dry Christmas trees collected from the neighborhood and kept hidden in an old barn until George Washington's Birthday on February 22. When they were taken out for a bonfire. There was the July 4th fireworks fun that we had because firecracker packets of various sizes were freely available from the neighborhood variety store. Although the newspaper reported damaging accidents involving face and limbs, we somehow managed the nickels and dimes it took to buy all that we could from the varieties of fireworks available. We could blast away or freely hurl strings of them to explode away as the string broke apart and explosive petards or individual bombs flew in multiple directions.

We moved from Bradbury to Freeman Streets, or to be more specific, from my mother's parish to my father's parish, from Saint Joseph's to Saint André's, where I entered second grade and continued my duties as an altar boy. I had learned the

Latin responses to the service of the Mass on my mother's knees and had already started serving at the church on Elm Street around the corner from where we had lived on Cutts Street to the side of the church. I guess I was just about five when I also served mass at the convent the nuns had behind the huge Saint Joseph's Elementary School on Emery Street.

The naming of streets suggests something more than one place to another. Although Cutts intersected Bradbury Street, the two streets were not only home to French Canadians who lived in the neighborhood. The Irish also lived in the same neighborhood because the French church, Saint Joseph, and the Irish church, Saint Emery were just three short intersections apart off Elm Street, Rout 1, going through the western edge of town. So for my dad, the move to his former parish, Saint André represented a move to a thoroughly French neighborhood, which, he thought would help solve some of the problems of language growing up where we had once lived, in the midst of an Irish speaking bunch of kids. Mon père wanted us growing up speaking French.

There was another reason that I could not have understood at the time. That was the preferred appointment of a French speaking Bishop as opposed to an Irish Bishop to the diocese of Portland. And that kind of discontent with the Irish Bishop on my dad's part was the primary fight that my

father had with the Irish and the Church in general. I understood later that the Pope settled the problem by telling the Fracos to fall in line of else.

My father would not end up having to speak Irish to get along. It's not something he ever expressed, but I knew that living door to door with the Irish was not something he would unnecessarily endure. Just as the French settlers of Canada didn't like the blokes, my dad could not more stand the Irish than his brothers and ancestors could stand the blokes from Montréal or Québec because of the Dieppe raid later, an attempt involving a Canadian division to assess the capabilities of German troops in Fortress Europe. The exercise was a complete failure involving a single Canadian Division. The result in Montréal, as I heard it from my cousin, dead men and prisoners of war, is that for the rest of the War many French Canadian would-be enlisted men ran for the Provincial forests to escape service.

In closing, that last story might be a fabrication concocted by my father's nephew who worked in Montréal at the time I heard him tell the story while we sat on a park bench while he ate his lunch because he was on a break and did not have much time, certainly no time to show a youngster around. I certainly never saw him again. Bud I did see his sister in Trois-Rivière many, many years later when her husband, in bed ill, sat on the pot, dying.

The Year Maine Went Mad – the Know Nothingism of 1854-5

April 7, 2019 Acadians, Biddeford-Saco, Brunswick, Ellsworth, Home, Jesuits, Maine, Religion

By James Myall

A political realignment. Promises to drain the swamp and put Americans first. Attacks, both verbal and physical, on immigrants and minorities. In 1854 and 1855, Maine, like much of the country, was shaken by the rise of the Know-Nothing movement. Its anti-immigrant and anti-Catholic rhetoric overturned state politics and spilled over into mob violence. For a brief period, much of the state went mad.

The Know Nothing movement had its origins in secret societies across the United States. The name given to the group was, in

fact, a nod to the clandestine nature of these gatherings. When pressed, members would say they "knew nothing" about the group or its beliefs. As the members organized themselves more formally as a political party, they called themselves the "American Party" or the "Native American Party." But the "Know Nothing" label stuck.

The Know Nothings organized themselves in opposition to the recent surge in immigration to the US, particularly the influx of Irish immigrants in the wake of the Great Famine (1845-9). The Irish were seen as a different kind of immigrant from the "traditional" English and Scottish people

who had come to the US in earlier decades. Not only did many Irish not speak English (speaking the native Irish language instead), and often arrived destitute of any resources, but they were overwhelmingly Catholics, and even seen as racially different from the Anglo-Scottish descendants.

While Irish-Americans were their primary target, other groups also incurred the ire of the Know Nothings. French Canadian immigrants shared many of the same characteristics the Know Nothings despised, and the small but growing Franco community in Maine was caught up in the nativist violence as well.

In its Aug 24, 1855 issue, the Union and Eastern Journal of Biddeford, which was sympathetic to the Know Nothing cause, reprinted the text of a pamphlet it had printed up for a local Know Nothing group. The principles of the movement were:

Americans alone are capable of ruling themselves...

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We stand firm as a surge-beaten rock in our opposition to the overwhelming tide of foreign and pauper immigration...

We oppose the naturalization of foreigners and equalization with our own citizens until they have been twenty-one years on our soil....

We oppose with all our hearts... the insidious aims of the Church of Rome to obtain political and secular power in the Republic...

We are in favor of other countries supporting their own paupers instead of dumping them here to burden us....

We are bitterly and fervently opposed to the designing knaves who... have used [immigrant voters] through bribery, corruption, and their own their own easily excited prejudices as tools for their own personal advancement.

The synthesis of the Know Nothing message was that poor immigrants were flooding the United States, bringing strange customs with them, nursing divided loyalties and with a secret foreign agenda. These same immigrants were being used as pawns by corrupt politicians (especially Democrats) to rig elections. A message that sounds familiar today.



“Father Bapst, SJ, Catholic Priest of Ellsworth, Closes the Door of the Public School Against the Children of Papists.” Cartoon from the Ellsworth Herald, Feb 24, 1854.

As a political movement, the Know Nothings (officially known as the American Party) had some short lived electoral success in mid 1850s. In Maine, their candidates helped wrest control of the legislature away from the incumbent Democrats and elect Anson P. Morrill, running on a joint Republican-American ticket, as Governor. The incoming legislature set to work with a series of anti-immigrant measures. They banned newcomers from serving in the militia, and added a 3-month residency requirement before new citizens could vote. More drastically, they removed the ability of state and municipal courts to naturalize new citizens, forcing immigrants to travel to the federal courts to apply for citizenship.

The Know Nothings also supported Maine’s powerful temperance movement, which had already achieved the first state-wide prohibition of alcohol anywhere in the country in 1846. The so-called “Maine Law” was partly inspired by stereotypes of drunken Catholic immigrants, especially the Irish, but it was also used to discriminate

against Franco-Americans, and enforcement of the law was often lop-sided.

At the local level, Know Nothings campaigned against what they saw as Catholic influence on local school boards, and any erosion of the traditional public school curriculum, which in this period include a substantial dose of (Protestant) Bible study.

In Ellsworth, the Know Nothing group was known as the “Cast Iron Band” and led by William Chaney, the editor of the Ellsworth Herald newspaper. (In honor of Chaney’s nativist sentiments, the paper later became the Ellsworth American). Conflict broke out between the Cast Iron Band and Father John Bapst, a Swiss Jesuit who oversaw a sprawling parish in central Maine. A native French-speaker, Bapst had been assigned to Maine initially to minister to the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy people, but later oversaw several small but growing immigrant parishes as far afield as Skowhegan and Eastport.

Father Bapst had moved to Ellsworth in 1854 to establish a church for the growing Catholic community in town. While his very presence was probably enough to infuriate the nativists, Father Bapst became their sworn enemy after he encouraged Catholic children at the local school to ask to be excused from studying the King James Bible. When the school board (stacked with members of the Cast Iron Band) refused, Father Bapst helped the children’s parents take the case to court. In a landmark ruling, the state Supreme Court sided with the school board. The precedent in *Donahue v Richards* stood in US law for half a century before minority religious rights were accepted in public schools.

Undeterred, Father Bapst established a parish school for the Catholic children to attend. This only seems to have escalated *(Continued on page 10)*



Advertisement for the “American Citizen,” A Know-Nothing newspaper in Boston, 1852. The protesters in the illustration carry anti-Catholic placards, and in the upper right, a divine hand seizes a basilisk wearing the Papal tiara snaking out of St Peter’s in Rome.

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tensions. Someone broke into the public school and vandalized their Bibles. In response, the windows of the parochial school building were broken and a bomb was set off on the school house steps.

Ellsworth was not the only scene of mob violence in Maine at the time. Irish and Franco-American communities in Bath, Brunswick, and Lewiston all experienced Know Nothing attacks in the space of a few months.

A history of St John's parish in Brunswick recalls how the early parishioners faded a campaign of intimidation in this period

There was such antipathy between Protestant Americans, the Irish and Canadians, that often, during encounters on the street and even in the factory, things came to insults and to blows. "We did not dare go out at night, a witness told us, for fear of finding ourselves in a fight. If you wanted to go to the post office to get your mail? We would all get together as a "gang" to protect ourselves in case we were attacked. What's more, it was unthinkable to go out on the town, for young men and for young ladies alike. We would just stay quietly at home.

In Brunswick, things didn't come to these excesses of savagery, but it is reported that one evening, returning to Topsham and passing by a small house on the edge of the river, occupied by two Canadian families, Labbé and Lévesque, some of these fanatics tried to demolish it and to throw the debris into the river. They did not get to bring their criminal project to completion; but a woman, who was then alone and sick in the house, was so frightened that she died a few days later as a result of this fear.

Meanwhile, worse attacks occurred in neighboring Bath and Lewiston. In Bath, a visit by an itinerant preacher, who went by

the name "Archangel Gabriel" whipped a crowd into a frenzy in the days following the city's Fourth of July celebration. On July 6 a mob attacked the Old South Church, which was being rented by the local Catholic congregation for worship. The parishioners were a mixture of Irish and Acadian immigrants largely engaged in shipbuilding. The mob smashed the church's windows, destroyed the pews, and hoisted an American flag on the spire before setting the building on fire. The whole structure was destroyed.



John Hilling, "Third Phase, Burning of the Old South Church," Bath, 1854. Image: Maine Historical Society/Maine Memory Network

In Lewiston, another small congregation had its house of worship destroyed by a nativist mob. The Catholics of Lewiston, denied a permanent home by the Franklin Company that ran the town, were worshiping in a chapel formerly used by another denomination. On December 8 1855, the building on Lincoln Street was set ablaze. Franklin Company agent Albert Kelsey recalled the incident much later:

One night, someone set fire to the little church The alarm of fire was given and I hurried down to the scene. I found five or six hundred Lewiston people standing on the street opposite the burning building. They were hooting and yelling and jeering. The fire engine had come to the scene but someone had cut the hose. At that juncture I ordered out the hose from the Bates, as the building was almost directly in the rear of the mill. I posted men along the hose and told them that if anyone attempted to cut it, to hold those men on the

premises at all hazards. Then I went to the end of the hose and took the nozzle. First of all I turned it across the street and swept that crowd of persons who stood there shouting in an insulting fashion. They scattered like flies before a shower. Then I put water on the fire. [But] the building was ruined.

But Ellsworth was to host the greatest outrage of the Know nothing fever.

In the face of the escalating tension in Ellsworth, the bishop of Boston had Bapst leave town for several months. But when he returned in October 1854, the Jesuit's enemies were still waiting for him.



Father John Bapst, SJ, ca 1860. Image: John Bapst Memorial High School/Maine Memory Network.

On the very night Father Bapst set foot in Ellsworth again, members of the Cast Iron Band abducted him at night, took him to the town wharf, and tarred and feathered him. On the verge of hanging the priest, the mob was talked down into tying him to an iron rail and attempting to ride him out of town. A group of armed Catholics eventually found Father Bapst bloodied and unconscious and alone, and brought him to safety.

The events in Ellsworth shocked Mainers and the nation. The "Ellsworth Outrage" was reported far outside the state. While some newspapers downplayed it's significance, most Americans saw the attack on a member of the clergy by a mob of vigi-

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Fear, Prejudice, and Vaccinations

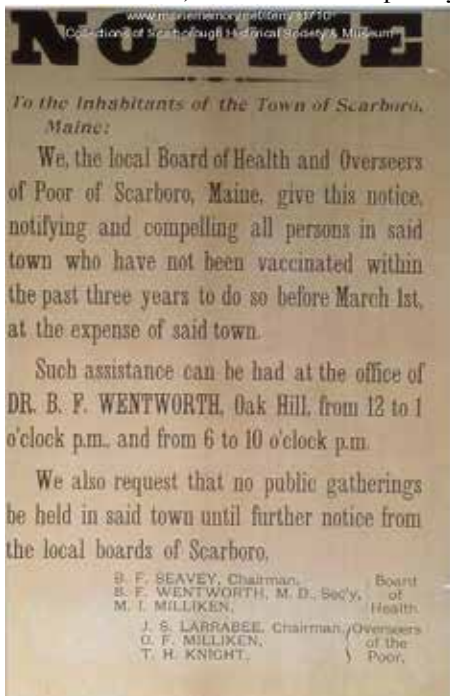
May 1, 2019 Augusta, Health, Lewiston-Auburn, Maine, Politics, Quebec

By James Myall

Maine's public health officials scrambled to respond to the threat of an epidemic. They were contending with a misinformation over the effectiveness of vaccinations, and xenophobic sentiment which blamed immigrants for the threat. The year was 1885, and the threat was coming from Canada.

In the spring of 1885, a smallpox epidemic had broken out in Montreal, then a city of around 200,000 people. Ironically, the disease came to the city from the United States, via a worker on the Grand Trunk Railway on the Montreal-Chicago line. Conductor George Longley had been diagnosed with smallpox at Montreal General Hospital but the facility refused to admit him, fearing the disease would spread to other patients. So Longley turned to the French hospital, the Hôtel-Dieu, took him in. From there, the disease, sometimes known as the "red death," spread rapidly among the poorer French Canadian population of the city.

Despite its virulence, smallpox was preventable. A vaccine (the first vaccine to be discovered) had been developed by



Notice of Vaccinations, Scarborough, 1902. Image: Scarborough Historical Society & Museum / Maine Memory Network

British scientist Edward Jenner in 1796. The invention of the smallpox vaccine had been a great advance in public health that saved countless lives.

But in Montreal in 1885, large numbers of French Canadian families had not been vaccinated. Eventually, 3,000 people, overwhelmingly French-Canadian, would die during the city's epidemic.

As word of the outbreak reached the American press, officials were worried. In states like Maine, large numbers of French Canadians were immigrating to work in the state's industrial cities or crossing the border to work in the logging industry contemporary accounts describe new trainloads of immigrants arriving in Lewiston every day. It seemed quite possible that the disease would find its way into Maine.

Officials sprang into action. The State Board of Health had been newly created in 1885, and coordinating the response to smallpox became its first major task. Larger cities employed their own physicians and health boards to oversee efforts, while in rural areas, the state sought assistance from the US Marine Hospital.

The primary initiative was a massive vaccination campaign, particularly in towns with sizable Franco-American populations:

In **Bangor**, the City Doctor visited all 69 schools in the city during October and September, vaccinating 1,180 children.

In **Augusta**, Dr Brickett went from house to house in the Sand Hill neighborhood, with the assistance of an interpreter, vaccinating 515 people at the expense of the city. He noted that he was "treated with great politeness" and that the houses were "in a neat and clean...and [good] general sanitary condition"

In **Westbrook**, the Board of Health offered free vaccinations to inhabitants over the age of two, citing the "presence of so large a number of Canadians in our midst" and the "humanitarian" and "commercial" consequences an outbreak would have.

These vaccinations were generally given at the city's expense, and particularly targeted children, who were most vulnerable



"Sanitary Precautions against a Smallpox Epidemic - An Inspector of the Board of Health Vaccinating Tramps in a Station House," *Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, April 19, 1874. Image: New York Public Library

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lantes to be shameful. Father Bapst himself received a warm welcome in Bangor, where he would take up residence for the next five years. Local officials even awarded him the freedom of the city to show their repudiation of the prejudice he had faced in Ellsworth.

After Bangor, Father Bapst moved to Massachusetts, where he helped found Holy Cross and Boston Colleges. The trauma at Ellsworth apparently haunted him for the rest of his life, causing him to have nightmares decades later.

The Know Nothing mania faded as quickly as it flared up. In Maine, as elsewhere, the movement lost support quickly in the later 1850s. Events like those at Ellsworth rightly destroyed the Know Nothings' reputation. But the groups also struggled to find a common position on slavery, which soon replaced immigration as the greatest political issue of the time. In Maine, many Know Nothings drifted into the new vigorous Republican Party. The last gasp of the American Party was in the presidential election of 1860, when many former Know-Nothing politicians supported the third-party candidacy of Senator John Bell of Tennessee.

Though the formal role of the Know Nothings was at an end, their influence in Maine lived on. Their anti-immigrant sentiments would resurge in future decades, while the policies they championed, especially prohibition, lingered for generations.

(Fear, Prejudice and Vaccinations continued from page 11)

Maine authorities also targeted lumber camps which employed large numbers of French Canadian workers. The state set up an inspection station at Moose River, on the major overland route from Quebec into Maine. All travelers were required to be vaccinated unless they had recently had one. However, there were reports that some immigrants were “escap[ing] by passing in the night.”

The vaccination campaign seems to have been largely successful. Just a handful cases of smallpox were reported in Maine that year.

On the other hand, it’s possible that the public health scare was overblown. Le Messenger of Lewiston complained in an October 14 editorial that the outbreak of smallpox had given the English language press in Canada the “the eagerly-sought-after occasion to spew its hateful bile against the French Canadian race which it resents.” The American press, they contended, was “no longer hide what they really think of our race, from whom they are perhaps already thinking of relinquishing their hospitality in this country.” They also accused the Maine press of repeating “hateful slander” without questioning the source.

The prejudice of the disease-carrying immigrant is a long one, and one that’s been repeated in our own times. Additionally, French Canadians had long been characterized as ignorant peasants held back by Catholic “superstition.” On September 30, the Portland Daily Press said that French Canadians were “paying dearly” for their “superstitious prejudice” in its coverage of the outbreak.

Another example comes from the Gardiner Home Journal of September 16, 1885, which wrote:

“There is some advantage in us not having cotton mills, with the accompanying French Canadian population: we are not liable to have the small pox imported so soon.”

There certainly was opposition to vaccination among Montreal’s French Canadians. Not only was a large portion of the population unvaccinated when the disease broke out in the Spring, but when the city authorities tried to mandate vaccination, a

riot broke out, and a mob stormed city hall.



“An Incident of the Small Pox Epidemic in Montreal,” Harper’s Weekly, Nov 28, 1885. Image: New York Public Library

The report of the Maine State Board of Health for 1885 cited a “strange fatality of ignorance of race” among Montreal’s French Canadians, but also said that the “superstitious error” was due largely to the “demagogism of charlatans” – advocates who argued that vaccination itself was dangerous. The board scathingly called the death of the 3,164 people in Montreal – mostly children – an “experiment on a gigantic scale” by “the anti-vaccinations.”

However, accounts of the trouble in Montreal (then and now) also often leave out important historical context. Anglo-French relations in Canada were particularly tense in the summer and fall of 1885. The Anglo authorities had arrested Franco-Métis resistance leader Louis Riel in May, and would execute him in November, prompting widespread protests. The French Canadians of Montreal were in no mood to have government mandated vaccination imposed on them.



“Immigrant Inspection Service.” Image: National Library of Medicine

The outbreak was also largely localized to Montreal, as Dr Louis Martel of Lewiston explained. Originally of St-Hyacinthe, QC, Dr Martel had practiced in Montreal before coming to Lewiston. Martel gave an interview to the Lewiston Gazette which was reprinted in Le Messenger (where Martel was one of the editors). In addition to a misinformation campaign spread by proponents of homeopathic medicine, Montreal’s French Canadians had some reasons to distrust vaccines:

“I witnessed the smallpox epidemic which hit Montreal in 1872. There was some opposition to vaccination, for two reasons. Firstly, because two reputable doctors, one of whom was a university professor, were themselves opposed; also because the virus used was bad; so bad that in some cases arms had to be amputated.”

Doctor Martel also pointed to another reason that smallpox didn’t take hold in Maine. Because very few of Maine’s Francos came from Montreal, the state’s exposure to the disease was limited. In fact, the efforts at vaccination were somewhat duplicative:

“During the year I was City Physician in St-Hyacinthe, it was my duty to vaccinate all children over six months, by going from house to house. I don’t remember any objections or discontent. I hesitate to believe that I would be received with anything other than open arms in presenting myself to Lewiston homes with the same mission. I vaccinated more than 2,000 French Canadians in this city, and of that number, I don’t remember a single adult who had not been vaccinated at least once in their life.”

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Acadian celebrations & family reunions planned in August at CMA 2019

April 12, 2019, Franco-American News and Culture Grand Pre, New Brunswick Canada, Prince Edward Island

By *Juliana L'Heureux*



This popular party is held once every five years during the month of August. My photographs were taken when the events were held in Madawaska, Maine and when we visited Grand Pre, Nova Scotia.



My husband and I attended the Acadian festival held in Madawaska, Quebec and New Brunswick Canada. We attended a reception held at the Fraser Mansion in Madawaska.

Congrès mondial acadien (CMA) is a perfect opportunity to immerse in the Acadian history and culture, while enjoying a visit to the beautiful Canadian Maritime provinces. This year, there are twenty locations to explore in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island during the festivities planned in August 2019, during the Congrès mondial acadien.

The CMA goal is to strengthen the ties that unit all Acadian communities throughout the world, all while showcasing a modern and authentic Acadian culture and identity. The Congrès is also an opportunity to welcome all those who are interested in l'Acadie and love its culture.

Family reunions are a major part of the CMA, as they have been since the first one. As of April 11th, 36 families registered for the events and several more are expected.

A partial list of the family reunions are at this site here <https://www.dropbox.com/preview/Public/Acadian%20festival%20Copy%20of%20CMA%20family%20list.xlsx?role=personal>

When my husband and I visited the CMA held in Madawaska and New Brunswick, a few years ago, we were impressed by the numbers of people who participated. Two events we particularly remembered were the joyous tintamarre, which is essentially a fun filled noise parade. Of course, the celebration of Acadia Day with a Mass celebrated on the Feast of the Assumption, is the memorial to Le Grand Dérangement, the 1755 deportation of the Acadians, who were brutally forced out of Nova Scotia. Our Lady of the Assumption is the patron saint of the Acadian people.



A cultural exhibit we visited at the Saint David's Church, when we attended the CMA in Madawaska.

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(Fear, Prejudice and Vaccinations continued from page 12)

The 1885 smallpox scare is both similar and different to our current conversation about vaccinations. Then, as now, immigrants faced prejudice and were unfairly maligned as vectors of disease. Then, as now, public health was threatened by a mistrust of vaccinations, fueled by a misinformation campaign. The public health response in 1885 was quite different to today's. While the question of mandatory vaccination for school children has divided Mainers, there was a consensus among the politicians of 1885 not only that vaccination was a public good, but that it was worth spending taxpayers' money to improve the health of immigrants – quite the opposite of some of the hostile rhetoric we've seen today.



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.

jamesxmyall@gmail.com

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

(Acadian celebrations & family reunions planned in August at CMA 2019 continued from page 13)

Marc Poirier is the CMA 2019, director of marketing and communications. I was delighted with the well organized information he sent, after we spoke about the schedule.

Check the website CMA 2019 here for details about the schedule and practical information, including links for some lodging locations.

Following is Poirier's well written narrative about the CMA highlights:

This year's Congrès will be the sixth and will mark the 25th anniversary of the first Congrès in 1994 that was held in southeastern New Brunswick. The other Congrès were held in 1999 (Louisiana), 2004 (Nova Scotia), 2009 (Acadian Peninsula) and 2014 (Madawaka, New Brunswick – northern Maine – an Témiscouata region in Québec, near the border of New Brunswick).



Grand Pre Nova Scotia site where the 1755 deportation of the Acadian people began. (L'Heureux photograph)

The Congrès take place every 5 years. The location of the 2024 edition will be announced by the Société nationale de l'Acadie, in June of this year. The Société nationale de l'Acadie is the group that supervises the selection of the location of each Congrès and sets the main guidelines of the organization of the event.

CMA 2019 will be the first to be held in Prince Edward Island and it will be the second time for southeastern New Brunswick.

The framework of the Congrès are in the 20 host municipalities. There are 12 in New Brunswick: Saint-Louis-de-Kent, Rogersville, Richibucto, Bouctouche, Cocagne, Shediac, Cap-Pelé, Beaubassin-Est, Saint-Antoine, Dieppe, Moncton and Memramcook.

Eight host municipalities are in Prince Edward Island (PEI): Souris, Charlottetown, North Rustico, Miscouche, Summerside, Wellington, Abram-Village and Tignish.

Each of the host municipalities have one day designated as their special day of activities, that they organize. Since the Congrès lasts for 15 days and there are 20 host municipalities, some will share the same days.

The highlight of the Congrès will be the opening day, August 10th, in Abram-Village PEI, the 135th anniversary of the adoption of the Acadian flag and anthem on the 14th, in Miscouche PEI, the national Acadia day on the 15th, and closing day in Shediac New Brunswick, on the 24th.

One major part of the Congrès will be held in downtown Moncton New Brunswick, at the Extrême frontière space, from August 16 to 23, along the Riverfront Park and Downing Street. This area will be open to pedestrians only for the duration of Extrême frontière. It will have an outdoor urban festival feeling with booths and pavilions, where art, genealogy, street artists, food,

and all kinds of experiences will be offered.

Each night, the action will move to the big stage nearby, for diverse shows. On August 16th, will be the special 25th anniversary show, that will highlight artists that performed in the first Congrès in 1994, like the legendary Acadian group 1755, famous Cajun signer Zachary Richard and artists that played in other editions of the Congrès. Extrême frontière will showcase more than 50 artists and musicians.

The name Extrême frontière comes from a novel from the late famous Acadian poet Gérald LeBlanc, who made Moncton his home.

Other components of the Congrès will be a three-day popular conference called Grand parle-ouère (the big talk) where topics concerning modern Acadie chosen by the participants will be discussed. There will also be an Economic Forum, a Youth Event, a Women's Summit, a senior event and a First Nation component that are not yet defined.

The events are expected to attract participants from Canada, New England, Louisiana, and many other US states and internationally, of which several tens of thousands will be attracted to the family reunions.

Contact Marc Poirier for more information at this email: marc.poirier@cma2019.ca

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/>

Biddeford update about the Lincoln Mill Tower Clock and bell restoration

April 26, 2019 Franco-American News and Culture La Kermesse, Louise Merriman

By Juliana L'Heureux

BIDDEFORD, ME – Historic clocks are often interesting destination locations for tourists. In Biddeford, the Lincoln Mill Clock Tower and bell could be one of those

destinations, if restoration efforts continue to progress.

For example, my husband and I joined with the crowds in Prague, in the Czech

Republic, during our visit there, to wait for the famous medieval Astrological Clock to chime on the hour, as a reminder about our destined mortality. Of course, London's Big Ben, on the historic Parliament building, is a focal point on the city's landscape. In downtown Portland, Maine, the big City Hall tower clock, the municipal statuesque Monument Square and the Congress Street Hay and Peabody clocks are included in the city's historic charm.

Therefore, it seems timely to create a historic landmark in Biddeford, by re-
(Continued on page 15)

(Biddeford update about the Lincoln Mill Tower Clock and bell restoration continued from page 14)



Lincoln Mill Clock Tower is undergoing a restoration effort. The bell is located in another location, as reported in a prior blog. Photo by Louise Merriman

storing the Lincoln Mill Tower Clock and bell. Thanks to civic leadership by Louise Merriman, this lovely tribute to Biddeford's industrial past might become a focal point for cultural tourism. Merriman is helping to lead efforts to restore the Lincoln Mill Tower Clock and its bell in a visible location where the public and tourists can experience the city's industrial history.

Merriman's leadership in the restoration efforts to save the Lincoln Mill Clock and Tower were reported in a previous blog posted at this link here.

My report described how the Biddeford Lincoln Mill Clock represents the city's pride as an industrial leader in manufacturing, during the 19th and 20th centuries.

Support for the historic clock's restoration is significant to the large Franco-American communities who reside in York County's industrial region, and near the cavernous buildings where thousands of the residents' ancestors worked in the textile and shoe manufacturing mills.

(N.D.L.R. Part I & II first appeared on Patrick's Blog at <http://querythepast.com/>)

History, Heritage, and Survival: Rassemblement 2019, Part I

019-05-02 PL Franco-Americans, Heritage and Memory, Historical Memory, Public History, Survivance

by Patrick Lacroix, Historian

What do you call a gathering of Franco-Americans and friends of Franco-American

Franco-Americans, and all of Biddeford's residents, and visitors were familiar with the clock, when it stood on the roof of the Lincoln Mill building, located on the corner of Lincoln Street and Main Street. It was considered to be a civic honor for individuals to be invited to ring the bell in the clock tower. Many of those who rang the clock's bell even carved their names into the walls of the clock tower.

The history of the Lincoln Mill began in 1853-54, when the Saco Water and Power Company built the Lincoln Mill. In 1853, the clock was constructed. In the 1870's the tower and clock were moved to the top of the stairwell of the Lincoln Mill.

Merriman says the 166 year history of the clock tower is inter woven with Biddeford's industrialization and the region's preeminence as a manufacturing leader, a position it held during the 19th and into the 20th centuries.

City leaders are asking for the public's support to help the restoration project. This old historical clock tower in Biddeford, belonging to the Lincoln Mill, needs a major helping hand. If everyone who considered it worthy would donate whatever you can afford, the bells would toll again..." said Michael A. Caron on his social media page.

I appreciate the updated information Merriman sent about her preservation leadership progress. In a series of educational presentation slides, she described how the Lincoln Mill Clock and Tower with the bells were the "heartbeat of our community", in Biddeford. She quotes "The Men and Times of the Pepperell, the ringing of the bells," how the "...mellow-toned bell of the mill rang six times daily. The first bell came at twenty-five minutes before sunrise, when the sun rose the mill had been at work for a quarter of an hour. The bell rang again to open and close a forty-five minute interval before breakfast; at noon it rang twice to open and close another forty-five minute



Ringling the bell in the clock tower was considered to be a privilege. Many who were ringers wrote or carved their names in the clock tower's walls.

spell for dinner. And, its final peal was (...closing...) time, at sunset in summer or at 7 PM or 7:30 PM in the winter."

Merriman will be presenting information about the Lincoln Mill Clock Tower history and restoration, beginning on June 21, at the 37th annual Biddeford La Kermesse Festival. Information about the 2019 festival is available at this link: <http://www.lakermessefestival.com/>

"Indeed, the Lincoln Mill Clock Tower is steeped in Biddeford History," says Merriman. "People timed their lives by the bell when it rang in the Clock Tower."

Contact Louise Merriman at lou-ism366@gmail.com for more information.

happen every spring.

The latest installment of the Rassemblement, an annual tradition for the Franco-American Centre at the University of Maine, was a tremendously thought-provoking and inspiring event, not least by virtue of the diverse voices that shared the stage. As a gathering of scholars, students, creative writers, artists, and community members, the event continues to offer insight on Franco-Americans' history, memory, and identity. Immense thanks and kudos
(Continued on page 16)

(History, Heritage, and Survival: Rassemblement 2019, Part I continued from page 15)

are due to Susan Pinette, Director of Franco-American Studies, and Lisa Michaud, the Community Engagement Coordinator, for the event's success.

This being my first Rassemblement—caveat lector—I was thrilled simply to listen and learn. But I was also privileged to share some of my research and engage historically with other attendees.

The weekend was prefaced with a panel titled, “Franco-Americans, Acadians, and the Great War: The Legacies of World War I.”

Severin Beliveau—an attorney, former state legislator, and prominent advocate of Franco-American rights and culture—discussed his father's experience in the Great War through the lens of his diary. (Stay tuned for his book!) Historian Mark Richard built upon prior research to discuss the effects of xenophobia on Franco-Americans; he notably drew from F. X. Belleau's letter on the balance of survivance and legal Americanization. Doctoral candidate Elisa Sance brought much-needed attention to the struggle for equal rights in education in the Saint John River valley, in northern Maine. I learned a great deal from all three of my co-panelists, as I am sure our audience did.

I added my own touch by delving into the relatively unexplored field of Franco-American politics by addressing electoral success in the context of hardline Americanism. As many in the room recognized, my findings did not coincide perfectly with existing narratives on the subject.

There is ample knowledge of the discrimination and marginalization that people

of French-Canadian descent faced on U.S. soil. No one denies it. It is, in fact, central to Franco-Americans' historical consciousness. But researchers can do more to explore how Francos reacted and found modes of expression, which were religious but also political. At times they resisted, at times they conformed. Often they eagerly moved between two cultures—one of baseball and motion pictures, the other of parish rites and bilingual schooling—and this only served to raise suspicions among their neighbors. But the way in which Franco-Americans interpreted opportunities and viewed life in the United States appears to have undergone a significant shift in the period anchored by the Great War; further exploration of the crucial era may change how we understand Francos' “arduous ascent,” as I put it. Without offering my research (indeed, still in its preliminary stage) as the last word on the subject, I hope I invited scholars to keep probing longstanding narratives.

Our moderator, author David Vermette, actually opened up the discussion by sharing some of the dominant narratives of the Franco-American community.

In regard to their relationship to the past, some Franco-Americans speak of decimation and decline; some offer a resolute, “We are still here!” Although few broached the question, the Rassemblement seemed in its humble but spirited way to weigh in favor of the latter.

Another important theme is the issue of labeling. Again, few touched on this. Yet it is apparent that many in the community, regardless of generation, grew up identifying not as Franco-American, but as French or French-Canadian, or even Acadian in some areas of Maine. The term Franco-American

seems to long have been elites' preferred designation and seems to have become a more common label only in recent decades. There is still some resistance to the term. I leave the matter to those who claim that heritage... whatever “that” might mean to them.

At last, there is the big question of Franco-American solidarity—whether Francos truly support one another. Beliveau and others recalled that doubts among fellow Francos sank Elmer Violette's congressional campaign in the 1970s. That, of course, is assuming that solidarity, no matter what, should trump other interests that might arise, as some early twentieth-century editors and activists argued. With the Franco-American community—even this is a lofty term—being more diverse and divided now than perhaps at any point prior, unequivocal solidarity might be too remote a luxury. The governorship of Paul LePage has had the dubious virtue of showing how unlikely Franco political consensus has become—and with good reason.[2]

Historical research on Franco-Americans, however anchored in past events, inevitably touches on these identity-related themes, the first one in particular.

All historians are implicated in this. From a personal standpoint, none of my research is prescriptive.[3] I write about past people in past circumstances as honestly and as far as my sources will enable me. I believe this is true of most of my colleagues in the field—although few would relinquish their own agency as citizens. Yet I am keenly aware that my findings may not coincide with Franco-Americans' vision of their own past—or that they may interpret my research in ways I had not intended or expected. The Rassemblement was especially helpful in this regard. Although I have been engaging with Franco-Americans for years, the event enabled me to better understand how history, memory, and identity can dialogue with one another. As I have previously argued,

conceiving of rather different destinations, academics and members of the Franco-American community should continue to nudge one another, urging one another on—here, in the direction of justice in our day, in the direction of an honest portrayal of our past. This means withdrawing from the debate as to who has the whole truth, or useful truths, and approaching one another with charity and

(Continued on page 17)



Currently on display at the Franco-American Centre is the art of cartoonist Peter Archambault.

History, Heritage, and Survival: Rassemblement 2019, Part II

2019-05-09 PL Franco-Americans, Heritage and Memory, Historical Memory, Public History, Survivance

by *Patrick Lacroix, Historian*

As the Rassemblement moved past academic history—and well past the First World War—on April 26 and 27, we had the opportunity to ponder the theme of this edition. Artist and performer Abby Paige had proposed the “Ship of Culture” as a theme and invited us to consider the ship of Theseus, the mythical founder of Athens. When Theseus returned to Athens, his ship was long kept in the harbor and it began to fall apart. Little by little, over time, the Athenians replaced its every part and piece with new materials, leading some to ask whether this was still the same ship Theseus had sailed in or a new one. Applying the story to the last hundred years of Franco-American history, attendees recurrently returned to the question of cultural legacy and change—how much has been preserved, how much lost.

I was especially absorbed by the presentations of Keith Chevalier and Raymond Pelletier, who touched on the matter of physical and human artifacts in the telling of Franco-American history. Chevalier, an archivist at St. Anselm College, discussed the challenges of preservation in the transition from physical records to microfilm to digitization. He brought to our attention a severely, irreparably redacted diary to exemplify the purposeful silences in the archives.

(Robert Perreault provided an interesting footnote to the diary’s story the following day.) Pelletier, a professor emeritus at the University of Maine, shared his own Franco story, from humble origins in Berlin, New Hampshire, to a successful career in French education—after bucking French-language pedagogies long at odds with the lived experience of Franco-Americans.

A rich discussion ensued, with many Franco-Americans in the room sharing their view of the past, of their identity, and of their relationship to one another. To Quebec-born Yvon Labbé, long a leading figure at the Centre, this discussion was nothing new, nor were some of the proposed answers. “We had the same conversations in this very room” in the early 1970s, he explained. But whatever disagreement there might be in the room in 2019, it was nothing as compared to the often heated and sometimes bitter debates of nearly fifty years ago—not merely between young Franco-American activists and the higher powers of the University of Maine, but among Francos.

Labbé proposed his own metaphor—culture as a cage. His emphasis was less on confinement than on the way in which we are products of our formative years. A person might push out the cage’s walls and bars and, every now and then, its roof.

But to a great extent they will always be in the cage of their upbringing. Few returned to Labbé’s model, but, from hearing other voices at the Rassemblement, I could see the truth in it. Some individuals might have left Berlin or Lewiston or Manchester, but they understood how much Berlin and the other cities had made them and, in a sense, are still with them.

Along the way, we were treated to creative writing and performances by Joan Vermette, Susan Poulin, Normand Beaupré, and Robert Perreault. Chelsea Ray of UM–Augusta shared her study of Franco-American plays and students of the University of Maine and Université Laval also stepped forward to share their work. Regrettably—travail oblige—I missed the second day’s afternoon and evening presentations, although I trust that they were just as inspiring.

(Continued on page 18)

(History, Heritage, and Survival: Rassemblement 2019, Part I continued from page 16)

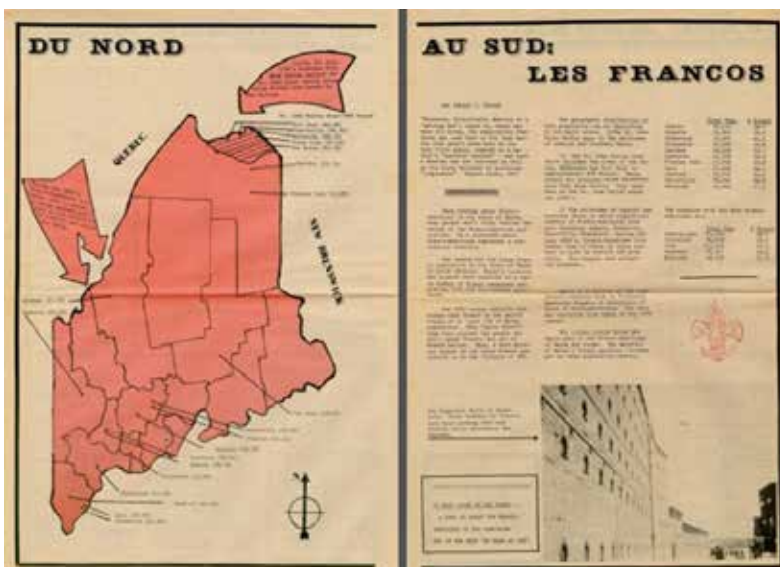
humility.

Thus, having shared my findings, I was happy to simply listen. In this regard, in my next post, I will move beyond big historical—often unanswerable—questions to discuss what I heard Friday evening and Saturday and what we might make of Franco-American life in 2019. As always, stay tuned for more.

[2] I am reminded of an incident that took place along Lake Champlain in upstate New York, in the early 1790s, after French-Canadian soldiers had settled the area. Amidst an escalation of conflict among the settlers, Jacques Rouse visited a neighbor, sword in hand, and asserted that he was “full of grief that, so few Frenchmen as we are here, we cannot live in concord together.” See *The Moorsfield Antiquarian*, vol. 1, no. 2 (1937).

[3] A person of Franco-American descent recently told me, in almost as many words, “Don’t tell me who I am.” I make no such claim, of course, but the exchange goes to show how difficult it is to disentangle historical research from identity.

<http://querythepast.com/rassemblement-2019-part-1/>



Cut-out from a four-decade-old copy of Le Forum – a relic of a far more turbulent era among Franco-Americans

(History, Heritage, and Survival: Rassemblement 2019, Part II continued from page 17)

Although my first post on the Rassemblement focused on history and memory, I also want to salute three initiatives showing that all things Franco-American are not relegated to the past:

Jesse Martineau and Mike Campbell, respectively host and producer of the French-Canadian Legacy Podcast, shared with attendees the tremendous conversations they have had on the past, present, and future of Franco-Americans. Picking up on the Theseus analogy, Jesse likely spoke for the entire group in explaining, "I have no idea whether it's the same ship, but it's still a cool ship and we want to bring others on board and check it out." As he has stated before, he does not see the culture as dying, but as different, and the podcast is an eloquent testimony to that idea.

Jessamine Irwin, a former University of Maine student now teaching at New York University, shared her experience as guide and leader of an alternative spring break. Self-selecting students from NYU have participated in a cultural enrichment program that have taken them through francophone New England to Quebec City. They have had the opportunity to meet people who grew up with the French language and French-Canadian culture in the United States, but also recent French-speaking immigrants who have come from other countries and continents. Jessamine is currently developing a



Jesse Martineau and Mike Campbell present their podcast to a packed house at the Rassemblement.

documentary film on the Francos of Maine with Natalie Baird.

The first issue of *Résonance*, a literary journal dedicated specifically to Franco-American culture, appeared earlier this year and the Rassemblement provided an opportunity to cheer its launch. The journal is under the editorship of poet and library cataloging manager (at Harvard, no less) Steven Riel. It is available online and merits much more than a heavy skim.

Beyond fruitful but less formal discussion, the weekend closed with an homage to Dean Louder, an American-born geog-

rapher, writer on Franco-American themes (writ very large), and long-time professor at Université Laval. He passed away almost exactly two years ago, leaving behind a rich output of research, a blog chronicling his explorations of French America, and, for those who knew him, very fond memories as well. I hope his spirit of adventure and discovery continues to offer inspiration—in particular, to discover others and understand them on their own terms.

The Rassemblement was, in my case, one opportunity to do so in some small measure; I hope to find many more.

Pictures of the Franco-American Day in the Maine State Capitol

May 17, 2019 Franco-American News and Culture Alphonse Poulin, Armand Mentré, Biddeford Cultural and Heritage Center, Diane Cyr, Heather Pouliot, Le Club Calumet, Lisa L. Newell, Lorraine Pouliot, Rachel Desgrosseilliers, Rep. John Martin, Rep. Margaret Craven, Senator Susan Deschambault, Severin Beliveau, Susan Poulin

By Juliana L'Heureux

AUGUSTA, ME- Franco-American Day at the State Capitol was a cultural success.

On Wednesday, May 16, 2019, the Maine Legislature held a joint session in the House of Representatives to recognize the Franco-American heritage evident throughout the state. Eleven citizens were inducted into the Franco-American Hall of Fame during formal legislative ceremonies. This special recognition for and about Franco-Americans marked the seventeenth



Heather Pouliot prepared Acadian buckwheat pancakes called ployes. They were a delicious success served in the State Capitol Hall of Flags.

occasion when Franco-American Day at the State Capitol has been celebrated.

Listed here are the 2019 Hall of Fame inductees:

Dolard Gendron of Androscoggin County

Caroline Dubois of Aroostook County

Robert Lacasse of Kennebec County

Alphonse Poulin of Kennebec County

Karen Rancourt-Thomas of Kennebec County

(Continued on page 19)

(Pictures of the Franco-American Day in the Maine State Capitol continued from page 18)

Roger Hurtubise of York County
Susan Poulin of York County
Armand E. Cote - posthumous
Raymond Gagnon – posthumous
Priscilla Gendron – posthumous
Reverend Father
Rudolph J. Leveille - posthumous



Heather Pouliot (left) with Lorraine Pouliot of Augusta, prepared ployes to serve in the State Capitol Hall of Flags during Franco-American Day.

Awards were presented to the inductees in a Hall of Flags ceremony following the joint legislative recognition session. A joint session of the legislature was led by Senator Mark Lawrence of York County and Rep. John Martin of Eagle Lake. Presentations of the awards were given by Senator Susan Deschambault and Representative John Martin.

Le français était la langue du jour! In fact, the diversity of French language accents heard in the State House conversations were interesting to listen to; because, they were examples about the cultural diversity within the French speaking communities.

Counsel General of France Armand Mentré recognized and complimented the Maine Legislature for leading the Franco-American Day ceremonies in French and English.

“I appreciate the diversity of accents being heard today,” he said. “French is a universal language”.

In fact, the Maine State Capitol was filled with people who were speaking French and interested in learning more about the

language. Indeed, the occasion was a bilingual French and English celebration. Enthusiastic cultural pride was evident. Franco-Americans shared their stories with the public and among each other, as though all were attending a family reunion.



Guests attending the Franco-American Day in the Maine State Capitol were (left) Hon. Rep. Margaret Craven, of Lewiston, Rachel Desgrosseilliers, executive director of the Museum L-A, in Lewiston and the Consul General of France in Boston, Armand Mentré.



Le Club Calumet in Augusta was among the Franco-American exhibitors. Lisa L. Newell is president, pictured with a plaque, engraved with the surnames of the Acadians who were deported during the 1755 Acadian expulsion, a terrible period in North American history known as “le grand derangement”. Information about Le Club Calumet is available at this website: www.calumetclub.com.

In the Hall of Flags, cultural exhibits were hosted by Le Club Calumet and the Biddeford Cultural and Heritage Center. A delicious “ployes” cooking exhibit was hosted by Rep. Matthew Pouliot’s family, his wife Heather Pouliot and his Memere Lorraine Pouliot, of Augusta.

Ployes are delicious Acadian buckwheat pancakes. They are served with offerings of butter, brown sugar, Maple syrup or molasses. Ployes are often served at local events and fairs.



Among the inductees recognized in the Franco-American Hall of Fame were Alphonse Poulin of Kennebec County and Susan Poulin of York County. Although they are not directly related to one another, they learned, at the ceremonies, that they share the same first immigrant ancestor, who arrived in Quebec in the early 17th century. Franco-American cultural pride was evident in the Hall of Fame induction ceremonies.



Biddeford Cultural and Heritage Center was among the Franco-American Day exhibitors. Pictured with Severin Beliveau, the Honorary French Consul to Maine with Diane P. Cyr of Biddeford and Nicole Morin-Scribner.

For information about the Biddeford Cultural & Heritage Center check this website: www.biddefordculturalandheritagecenter.org.

*C’était une bonne journée
 Franco-Américaine!*

La cour de l'école en 1961

*Ann Marie Staples,
Rochester, NH*

À droite se trouve un édifice à trois étages. Il est tellement long qu'on ne voit pas la rue River derrière lui. Ses murs sont construits de briques rouges et une inscription gravée sur une plaque de bronze identifie le bout le plus moderne donnant sur la rue Bridge « École Secondaire de Notre-Dame du Saint-Rosaire, 1948. » Si on se tient au centre de la cour on voit tout le panorama du rectangle : le couvent accroché à l'ancienne école, l'école primaire de 1935 jointe à l'école secondaire, l'église et sa sacristie, le presbytère, et l'incinérateur où les grands garçons brûlent les décombres chaque après-midi. On voit surtout le moulin Wyandotte derrière la rivière.

Comme ceux de l'école secondaire, les murs de l'école primaire sont faits de briques rouges, sans doute créés dans les brick-yards de Gonic. Le mur qu'on voit de la cour est décoré de huit énormes fenêtres qui sont tellement grandes que le bedeau peut grimper sur leurs rebords et faire cinq pas. Ces énormes fenêtres sont presque toujours embellies par les chefs-d'œuvre des jeunes artistes qui trouvent leurs inspiration assis derrière elles.

Au côté gauche de la cour, c'est une autre histoire. À gauche une clôture de fil de fer borde la cour sur toute sa longueur passant derrière l'église et le presbytère. Elle

protège les occupants de la cour contre les deux chutes d'eau sale de la rivière Coche-co qui hurle vers le moulin Wyandotte. De temps en temps, à midi et quart, le moulin Wyandotte déverse sa teinture dans la rivière et la vapeur caustique remplit vite la cour, ainsi que toute la ville jusqu'à la mairie. La cloche pour faire rentrer les élèves ne sonne pas longtemps après ces déversements. Au printemps, quand la rivière se réveille et commence à courir au sérieux, les fils de fer de la clôture se font réchauffés par des centaines de petites mains – quelquefois de grandes mains aussi. En été, les lilacs au bord de la rivière derrière la clôture produisent un vent qui est doux quand il se rend à l'édifice de briques rouges, mais qui devient bien énervant quand on s'approche à la clôture.

La terre est toute couverte d'asphalte noir abîmé ici et là. Aucun brin d'herbe ne pousse, sauf dans les fissures, cependant le bedeau les tue avec du goudron chaque été. Une ligne blanche est peinte la longueur de la cour la divisant en deux. La division est juste parce que le poteau télégraphique érigé exactement dans le centre de la cour est exactement au milieu de la ligne. C'est sur ce poteau où l'équipement de basket-ball est monté. Cet équipement de basket-ball fait face à gauche et surveille la clôture et la rivière. C'est là où les garçons doivent jouer leurs jeux de garçons. Ils ont la rivière. Le côté à droite ne se plaint pas car il possède les huit balançoires et les merveilleux poteaux de fer qui les supportent. Les balançoires sont dominées par les filles. Chaque septembre, les écolières établissent l'ordre entre-elles avant d'utiliser des balançoires

et créent un protocole strict à suivre avant de grimper sur les poteaux.

Sur l'asphalte du côté à gauche on a peint les lignes essentielles pour jouer au base-ball, tandis que les lignes de hop-scotch se trouvent sur l'asphalte du côté droit. Mais c'est le côté droit qui a le trésor. Il s'agit de la plate-forme de ciment nichée dans un coin au pied du mur où les écoles primaires et secondaires se rejoignent. Ensemble, les murs et la plate-forme servent d'une jolie scène pour de beaux spectacles improvisés. Quand le camion vient verser ses tonnes de charbon, il les verse dans le trou au centre de cette plate-forme. Il faut sonner la cloche, car ça cause une poussière affreuse qui colle à tout, surtout quand le monsieur remet le couvert de fer au trou et fait son balayage. Le lendemain, le calme retourne. C'est au bord de cette plate-forme que les plus grandes filles s'asseyent et discutent les garçons qu'elles regardent se secouer au côté gauche.

Au fond du rectangle se trouve un énorme vieux couvent à quatre étages, construit de bois et peint entièrement d'un gris pale. Celles qui y habitent doivent se soulager avec les vents divers des arbres qui poussent autour. À la porte de l'ancienne école en bois accrochée à ce couvent, on voit une inscription presque tout effacée proclamant faiblement, « -cole de Notre – du -osaire. » Les rideaux blancs dans la vingtaine de fenêtres du couvent et son ancienne école défient l'asphalte noir et la peinture grise autant qu'ils défient le poison du moulin et la poussière du charbon. Il n'a jamais été nécessaire d'inscrire, « Ici prospère un peuple têtù. »

The School Yard in 1961

*Ann Marie Staples,
Rochester, NH*

A three-story building is to the right. It's so long that you can't see River Street behind it. Its walls are made of red brick and a bronze inscription identifies the most recent part of the building fronting on Bridge Street as "Our Lady of the Holy Rosary High School, 1948." If you stand in the middle of the yard you get a panoramic view of the whole rectangle: the convent hooked on to the old wooden school, the 1935 grammar school joined to the high school, the church and its sacristy, the rectory, and the inciner-

ator where the big boys burn school trash every afternoon. You can especially see the Wyandotte mill behind the river.

Like those of the high school, the grammar school walls are made of red brick, undoubtedly fabricated in the Gonic brick yards. The wall that you can see from the yard is decorated with eight enormous windows that are so big that the janitor can climb up onto their sills and take five steps. These enormous windows are nearly always embellished by the masterpieces of the young artists who find their inspiration seated behind them.

On the left side of the yard it's a whole other story. On the left, a chain link fence borders the whole length of the school yard, passing behind the church and rectory. It protects school yard occupants against the two falls of dirty Coche-co River water rushing

towards the Wyandotte Mill. From time to time, at a quarter past twelve, the Wyandotte dumps its dyes into the river and the caustic steam quickly fills the school yard, as well as the whole downtown all the way to City Hall. The bell that calls students back to class rings not too long after these dye dumps. In the spring when the river awakens the starts running for real, the chain links get warmed up by hundreds of little hands – sometimes big hands, too. In summer, the lilacs on the river banks behind the fence send a breeze that's quite gentle by the time it reaches the red brick building, but it becomes very exciting as you get nearer to the fence.

The land is totally covered in black asphalt with a little wear and tear. Not a blade of grass grows, except in the cracks, but the janitor kills them off with tar during

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(The School Yard in 1961 continued from page 20)

the summer. There's a white line painted down the center of the school yard dividing it in two. It's an even division because the phone pole stuck exactly in the middle of the yard is exactly in the middle of the line. On this pole is where the basket ball back board and hoop are located. It faces left and oversees the chain link fence and river. It's there where boys must play their boys' games. They have the river. The right half of the yard doesn't complain because it has the eight swings and the fabulous iron poles holding them up. Girls dominate the swings. Every September, school girls establish order among themselves before using the swings and create a strict pole climbing protocol.

On the left side of the asphalt yard, somebody painted a baseball diamond, while a set of hop-scotch lines was painted on the

right side. But it's the right side that has the treasure. It's a cement platform wedged in the corner formed by joining the grammar and high schools. Together, the walls and platform make a pretty stage for improvised performances. When the truck comes to deliver its tons of coal, it dumps them into the hole in the middle of this platform. They have to ring the bell then because it creates a horrendous dust that sticks to everything, especially when the man puts the steel lid back on the hole and does his sweeping up. The next day, things are normal again. It's along the edge of this platform that the big girls sit and talk about the boys they see horsing around on the left side.

At the far end of the rectangle you see an enormous old four-story convent, built of wood and painted entirely in pale gray. They who live in it must find comfort in the various breezes that the few surrounding trees produce. At the door of the old wooden

school connected to this convent, you can see a faded painted inscription weakly announcing "ool of Our --- of - osary." The white curtains in the twenty odd windows in this convent and its old school building defy the black asphalt and gray paint as much as they defy the mill's poison and coal dust. It has never been necessary to inscribe, "In this place prospers a stubborn people."



(THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE MADAWASKA ACADIANS continued from page 3)

by horse & sleigh, was on the frozen rivers of the season.

Four days later, once again, this time, a load of 77 bushels of oats earned Daigle a credit of £10 11s 9d. with a credit of £1 1s. 6d. for the delivery of the load "Hez" Drake" In the 1850 U.S. Census we find Melzar Drake at Portage Lake where he is lumber camp foreman of the Shephard Cary operations on the Fish River. Cary, of Houlton, Maine, at some point was a U.S. Congressman regarded as a hick from Maine by John Quinch Adams.

That same day, Feb. 4, 1846 there's a purchase of a pair of boots for his employee with the account debited at £1.. We know from other citations in the account who the employee is, in deed the 1850 U.S. Census gives Antoine Beaulieu as a resident in the Daigle household.

Allow me, if you will to take a bit of poetic license and imagine the following conversation of that day.

Daigle: "Toine go hitch up the horses, we're going up river again.

Beaulieu: Today?

Daigle (with exasperation) What do you mean, today?

Beaulieu: Well, Monsieur, Look at my

boots, I'll freeze my toes off if I go on the river with these boots.

Daigle: Look, young man, when you get to the Dufours, pick yourself out a good pair of boots and charge it to my account, but that's going to come out of your wages.

Again on Feb. 14th, 1846 a credit of £12 12s 6d for 101 bushels of oats and £3 3 s 1 1/2d for the transport of this load to Thomas E. Perley. The Perley brothers of Fredericton had a lumber operation on what we now call Perley Brook in Fort Kent which empties into the Fish River just below Fort Kent Mills.

So there we have it, the newly Americanized Madawaska farmer was a supplier of fodder for the oxen of various lumber operations From St. Francis to Fort Kent to Portage Lake in Maine.;

In the middle of winter, we are not seeing the Acadian farmer hibernation in his home spending the evening relating folklore or listening to his widowed mother telling stories, à la Longfellow fashion of what the Acadians called "le grand Dérangement" (The Great unsettling). No, in these two Winter months there was £38 14s 6d. to be earned in shipping farm produce to the lumber camp operations. Various citations in the accounts show a day laborer's wage to have been 2s 6d. a day. Multiply that amount by eight and you get £1. £38 at 8 days salary vakye gives us a value of 304 days' wages of the time.

On Feb. 19, 1846 the account shows 5s paid to Antoine Beaulieu. That is he gets two day's wages (twice 2s 6d). I read that as saying he's got his new boots and he's back from Portage Lake and he gets his salary anyway.

I don't know what farm work was being done in the spring, but Antoine Beaulieu gets a credit of 1s 5d on May 25 and 5s on June 16th 1s 10 1/2d on July 17th and 2s on Sept. 19.

We learn in a letter of the Assessors of Madawaska Plantation to Bishop Fenwick of Boston that Regis Daigle indeed is one of those municipal officers.

Allow, once more a little poetic license here. The Petition of the residents of Madawaska for the right to build a chapel "In the middle of the plantation is addressed to the Right Reverend ----- Fenniwick Bishop of Bangor, He there is no such office as a Roman catholic Bishop of Bangor. But let us look at this from a Madawaska oerspective of 1846. Bangor? Boston? what the hell is the difference, isn't it all "from" away" as the Aroostook County folk put it? Isn't it all way out there beyond the Haynesville woods?

I'm being facetious and playful here in putting it that way, The honorable municipal officers do not even know the bishops' first name and they spell the Bishops' surname with two "n's". Sorry about that, folks, But the good bishop does grant the peti these new American citizens are not Red Sox fans yet with the ball park name spelled with but
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(THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE MADAWASKA ACADIANS continued from page 21)

one "n" in Fenwick. But the good Bishop does grant the petitioners their request and he dies a month later.

However, we have the Journal of his successor, the Right Reverend, John Bernard Fitzpatrick recorded during his 1847 Summer trek to Madawaska to personally look at church conditions there. But one more look at the petition is necessary. The Madawaska residents state that in their attendance at the parish church in St. Basile, N.B, the building hardly accommodates them and they sometimes have to follow services from out in the church yard. Then too they state that during the ice out season, they can not cross the river in time to perform their Easter duties. Then they play their American card. They tell the American bishop as a further reason for wanting a chapel on this side of the border is "In case of a War with Great Britain. What better appeal could the present to an American to serve their hearts' desire?"

A final remark states: "Your Lordship will be please to direct your answer to Francis Thibodeau, Justice of the Peace.. Make note that his Justice of the Peace served as a State Representative in 1849. An Acadian who is now a state officer.. We look once more at the Dufour Journal of Accounts and find Francis Thibodeau's account a credit of £4 3d. for a load of hay of one ton, 6 hundredweight, and 84 pounds delivered "au Lac." We are not told which lake that applies to but at the time lumber operations also took place on La Temiscouata at the head of the Madawaska River.

Then In April 1847 one ton, 5 hundred and 54 pounds of hay was taken from his farm of a credit of £1 11s 10d. Again an Acadian now Americanized conducting business in French with accounting in British currency for supplying farm produce to lumber camp operations on both sides of the International border.

Now, a look at another account, that of Francois Cyr who resides on river lot 358 near the easterly bound of the State of Maine. In the report of December 1844 of the Land Commission set up by the Treaty of Washington of 1842, "to quiet the settler's claim, Francois Cyr claims that lot cited stating that he has been in occupation of that lot since 1838. Among his neighbors are Abraham Dubé and Magloire Dubé, who as it turns out are his brothers in law.

The account, however shows that

Cyr has been engaged in a lumber drive on the Green River in New Brunswick which empties into the St. John River opposite present day Grand Isle. Maine. But I want here to single out the closing of the account on April 5, 1848 where we set amounts debited in favor of his employees among whom are his brother's in law, Germain Dubé and Magloire Dubé. Especially noteworthy are the credits in value of £152 19s 8 1/2 pence for effects left in the lumber camp, for the driving of 276 tones of logs and for the residue of logs remaining in the Green River.

Cyr had married Helen Dubé. The Dubé name is not Acadian, it is French Canadian, i.e. Quebecois, but Francis Cyr, like Regis "Bonhomme" Daigle is a grand son of a Madawaska pioneer. He is given as Francois Cyr, son of Hilarion, who it turns out was a son of Joseph Cyr land grantee in the British land grant to Madawaska settlers in 1791. Regis Daigle, son of Jean Baptiste Daigle, was the grand son of Joseph Simon Daigle who receive lot 25 the British land grant to the Madawaska settlers in 1790

I read into this the rapid willingness of the Acadians to adopt American governance.

The Land Grants take us back to the beginning of the story, but I shall once more concentrate on the Americanization phase of the story by regarding next the 1844 Census of Van Buren plantation in which Francis Cyr, cited is a resident. My concentration here again is on the Acadian municipal officers here just two years after the Treaty of Washington rendered them American.

In this census record of the heads of households of Van Buren Plantation on May 31st 184 we have as plantation assessors three Acadians, Paul Cire, , Joseph Cire and Bellonie Violette who each in turn would serve as members of the Maine House of representatives. Joseph Cyr served in Augusta in 1846, Paul Cyr Serve as representative in 1851 and 1859 and Bellonie Violette went to Augusta in 1867 having served not only as a local office but having been an a Commissioner of Aroostook County in 1859. They each went to Augusta as Democrats following the era of Jackson Democracy in which the Irish Catholics in Main hand an influence among the Acadians in their new

American experience.

Irish Catholics who especially impacted on our regions Madawaska history included Edward Kavanaugh, ,U.S. Congressman in 1831 and acting governor of Maine in 1843 and James C. Madigan, Esq. from the same town and parish as Kavanaugh who sent Madigan here to organize plantation government here following the adoption of the Treaty of Washington of 1842.

It must be noted that the State of Maine first incorporated the town of Madawaska in 1831 covering some 4000 square miles on both sides of the st. John River. The 1840 U.S. Census enumerates residents here two districts or listings: Madawaska North (now New Brunswick) and Madawaska South, (now Maine).

John G. Denae of Ellsworth and Edward Kavanaugh of Newcastle, Maine were sent here in 1831 bringing with them a Warrant for the first Town Meeting of Madawaska as incorporated by the State of Maine In Pl. Chapter 151 of 1831. The Town warrant was signed by William D. Williamson of Bangor, as Aroostook County had not yet been incorporated.. The meeting was set to take place at Pierre Lizottes' resident, but leery of reprisal from the British, Lizotte did not let them in his home. Being that the meeting took place on a bright August day, the meeting was held in Lizotte's yard.

Come September with the first state election to be held in Madawaska, Lizotte won election to the office of State Representative. Lizotte however declined to serve , stating in a letter to Maine Governor Samuel Smith, "I was born a British subject and Intend to die so." As a south shore resident, The Treaty of Washington of 1842 rendered Lizotte an American

Now back to the officers of Van Buren Plantation, we note that Paul Cyr, State Rep in 1852 and 1859 sent his son Alexis Cyr to Worcester College after which Alexis Cyr served as State Representative in 1864, 1877, and from 1883 to 1887, which last years was the date of his decease. As subsequent family history has it , this Alexis Cyr has among his grandsons, no less that Leo G. Cyr, U.S. Ambassador to Rwanda during the Lyndon Baines Johnson administration and Edward P. Cyr who first won election as a State senator from Madawaska in 1960 Aye, An Acadian dynasty in American politics.

Belonie Violette (1818- 1879), Like Paul Cyr (1796-1865) an assessor of Van Buren Plantation also had a son, Frederic Violette (1844-1911), a grist mill owner of (Continued on page 23)



Lettres/ Letters

Dear Le Forum;

Just to say what a nice job you continue to do on The Forum - the Spring issue 2019 has several particularly interesting stories that brought us a lot of information.

We did spend four months in Paris this year and returned at the end of March to be witness to a snow storm on April 9 and to the catastrophic fire at Notre Dame from a distance - we are still in shock.

Thanks again for your dedication!

**Anita & Gerard Tassel
Bangor, ME**

Dear Le Forum;

Please keep them coming — I really enjoy them!

Thanks!

**Evelyn Joiner
Lake Forest, CA**

Chère Le Forum;

Il y'a de nombreuses années, nous avons souscrit à votre journal, *Le Forum*, et chaque nouvelle publication nous fait connaître la vie de nos 'cousins' franco-américains. Ils portent des noms comme Pelletier, Cyr, Soucy, Martin et combien d'autres.

Merci pour votre dévouement inlassable à cette magnifique revue.

Vous trouverez c-inclus un cheque pour couvrir un peu le coût de cette revue que nous avons reçu depuis de nombreuses années.

**Amicalement vôtres,
Alphée et Jeannine Cyr
St-Basile, N. B.**

Salut Le Forum;

I loved reading Wilfred Bergeron's "Mémère Bergeron" article in the Spring 2019 issue. Then, flipping some pages, I found "Wyandotte" by chance, and had a pile of joyful flashbacks. I know his subjects well!

Back in 1996, I wrote a little descriptive composition for a UNH course assignment. My subject was the school yard mentioned in Chip Bergeron's Wyandotte poem.

So, I'm sending you my little 1996 composition en français with sort of an equivalent en anglais to do with as you please.

I'm also pasting the Google Maps street view URL for what is left of the buildings in my composition: the sacristy (now daycare?) and grammar/high school (now K-8).

<https://www.google.com/maps/@43.303872,-70.979029,3a,85.4y,143.74h,102.36t/data=!3m6!1e1!3m4!1sKHU85jhfU-RaRY2tE7o0V6Q!2e0!7i13312!8i6656>

Now, I have so much more to read in this issue!

Good job!

**Ann Marie Staples
Rochester, NH**

Dear Le Forum;

Many years ago, we subscribed to your journal, *Le Forum*, and each new publication made us know the life of our now Franco-American 'cousins'. They carry names like Pelletier, Cyr, Soucy, Martin and many others.

Thank you for your tireless dedication to this wonderful magazine.

You will find a check to cover the cost of this publication that we have received for many years.

**Regards,
Alphée et Jeannine Cyr
St-Basile, N. B.**

*(THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE
MADAWASKA ACADIANS continued from
page 22)*

Violette Brook who went to Augusta as Ste Rep in 1897 and a nephew Neill Violette (1882-1935 who served in the State House in 1911. Neill Violette stayed on in Augusta serving as Deputy forest commissioners in the 1920 and state Forest Commissioner at his decease in August in 1935. During his term of service the lumber industry in Maine saw the entry of the Paper Industry in Maine forest land ownership and at that time we get the erection of Forest Fire protection and observation towers on the mountain tops in Maine's wild land townships.

In Belonie Violette's 1867 term of service we get the state passing a resolve "To render legal the doings of Van Buren Plantation". We have no documentation to determine the nature of those doings. However some family story is noteworthy. Bellonie Violette's grandfather, Francois Violette (1744-1824) was one of the land grantees of 1791 with a lot located at the mouth of the Grand River in present day St. Leonard, N.B. In 1825, his son Francois Violette (1774-1856) applied to the British authorities in New Brunswick for the right to set up a gristmill on the Piquanositac stream (Now Violette Brook in Van Buren Maine. Now get this In 1824 this Francois Violette served as a Captain in the York County militia of New Brunswick.. In 1831 He diplomatically received the American visitors, Deqne and Kavanaugh answering their questions to their satisfaction. The Dean-Kavanaugh Report cites instances of resistance to the American visitors.

In 1844 when Belonie Violette serves as assessor of Van Buren Plantation, the former British militia captain is now of retirement age and we find in the Aroostook Registry of Deeds in Houlton, Maine, the Life support mortgage of Belonie Violette in favor of his father, for title to lot 301 which includes the grist mill site of 1825. I read into this the rapid willingness of the Acadians to adopt American governance. Belonie went to Augusta as a Democrat but his son went to the State House as a Republican, as did Belonie Violette's son Neil Violette. In the interval between the father's service and the sons' service in a state office, we have the Republican ascendancy in Maine.

Finding the Franco, Part I: Introduction & Who do you belong to?

By Daniel Moreau

Introduction

This is the first part to an eight part series of compositions with the goal of identifying what it is to be Franco-American and to police the policing of Franco-American identity. I will be looking at how those my age (Millennials and Gen Z) find identity and whether or not they as individuals choose to identify with their Franco-American roots. What does it mean to be Franco-American? What does it mean to be American? How is being a Franco-American different from being another culture? Through this series I expect that some will be insulted, however, with a subject as vast yet specific as this, it is to be expected. The subjects and questions presented in this series do not necessarily represent Le Forum or the Franco-American Centre, but only represent myself as a writer. If you disagree with anything I will present, you can write a nicely worded article to be presented in Le Forum, though I may not care to read it.

Who do you belong to?

We are not unique. Though we like to think we are, there is always going to be someone in this world who talks, thinks, and likes the same things as we do. The thing is, we rarely ever get to meet this person. There are over 7.5 billion people on this earth. 327 million people in the United States, 1.34 million in Maine, and 11 thousand in Orono. These numbers are difficult to comprehend so let's bring it to more of a ratio form. For every single person in Orono, there are 134 other people in Maine, 30 thousand people in the United States, and 700 thousand worldwide. Basically, for every person in Orono, there is an entire Denver, Colorado representing the worldwide population. The odds that your "twin" would be in the same town as you are very slim. Of course, it doesn't take many things for people to get along with each other and create a community. My neighbor in Auburn has very different political opinions than I do, however we still get along because we are part of the same community. Community is putting differences aside for the greater

cause of the relationship between multiple individuals. The Franco-American Community is of course a community, meaning that by definition, each Franco-American is different from the next.

As each community, members have their differences, but also their similarities which are more often than not in the name itself. For instance the Franco-American Community is comprised of Franco-Americans (who knew) sharing the common thread of their culture. Not all communities are based around culture. Because culture is such a large thing, I'll use the community I am part of home in Auburn, which has the commonality of the Stevens Mill

After acculturation comes assimilation. Aspects of the culture are lost with the children, and they become more "Apple-pie, white-picket fence, American."

neighborhood, the subject of which varies over time. Neighborhoods change over time, sometimes for the better, sometimes for the worse, sometimes in no general direction whatsoever. New houses, houses going vacant, changes in land value, etc. The neighbors are different, but share the commonality of the community subject. These people change, too. Everything in the community changes, except for that subject at the very root.

In turn, the Franco-American Community changes, and what makes a community is a collection of individuals. When the Community changes, it doesn't change as one complete entity but instead with a few people to a large percentage of people. And this change doesn't happen quickly but instead, with time. I do not mean this in the sense of an event, but in social and change in identity. According to Mark Paul Richard's book *Loyal But French* which highlights the Franco-Americans of Lewiston, he states that the French-Canadians kept their identity through regular visits or new immigrants from members of French Canada. Once this

immigration dwindled and borders became more restrictive, the identity slowly shifted to Franco-"American", as seen with the term "Loyal but French," meaning that they were loyal to their country of the United States, but they were still French and they had no plans of giving that up.

Another significant change in the Franco-American Community is Assimilation, a subject non-Anglo-Americans are all too familiar with. It starts as acculturation. Those who completely identify with their culture meet and adapt with the "native" culture. A form of acculturation can be seen in the imagery of the Pilgrims shaking hands with the indigenous peoples as grade school would like you to believe, but if you know history, you know this was not the truth. Acculturation is always violent and messy, as people are afraid of people different from themselves. After acculturation comes assimilation. Aspects of the culture are lost with the children, and they become more "Apple-pie, white-picket fence, American." The road to assimilation is not a linear road, but instead a winding network of highways, roads, streets, and trails that lead to different places. It is different for every person. Another note is that you can go in reverse on the network of assimilation. For instance, the Franco-American culture which was lost with my parents, is that of which I am rediscovering. This is not an isolated event, I know more than a handful of individuals my age who have done a U-turn on the network to assimilation, I call these individuals revivalists. More often than not, those who never truly assimilated are eager to see those younger than themselves who have become these revivalists.

But it isn't easy even if you want to, for many revivalists of the Franco-American culture, if you did not grow up speaking the same localized French language as your grandparents did, relearning the French language can damage the view of that one true goal. I, as many others who lost the French-Canadian language, go along with learning Parisian French, and once the revivalist has learned that language, often, if they are not specifically informed, may assume that is the language of their grandparents. However, the Franco-Americans of New England have their own special language denomination of French that identifies Franco-American culture as an identifiable culture. But that's not something I will lead into right away, that will be saved for Part II of Finding the Franco.



The Lessards

by *Treffe Lessard*

Stephen Lessart, (Étienne de Lessart) ancestor of the Lessard families was born in Normandy, 1623. One does not know his origin except that of the name of his parents, Jacques (James) and Marie Herson and that of the village where he grew, Chambois ⁽¹⁾ Normandie France.

It is believed that Étienne⁽²⁾ de Lessart came to live in New France approximately 1645. In June 1646, he is present at a baptism celebrated in Trois-Rivières and, the following year, he is the messenger of good news. It is he who announces the next arrive of help promised by France. The event is noted in these terms: "On this same day (June 21st) Mr. de Lessart returning from Tadoussac⁽³⁾ brought the first news from France given to him by Captain Le Fèvre⁽⁴⁾ arriving at l'Île Percée (...) that five vessels made ready to come and that peace was attained in France."

The 10th of February 1651, Olivier Le Tardiff, Co-Lord of Beaupré, grants to Étienne de Lessart a parcel of land⁽⁵⁾ 2 1/2 miles in depth with ten acres of frontage, on the banks of the Saint-Lawrence River. This land is one of the most beautiful. It will also be one of the most frequented in North America...Captivated by life in New France, Étienne de Lessart chooses this part of the world for his children to be born. The young girl that he loves was born in Paris around 1634. She is eighteen years old, and has already lived in New France for seventeen or eighteen years of her life. Marguerite Sevestre is the daughter of Charles and Marie Pichon who arrived here with three children born of the first marriage of Marie Pichon with Philippe Gauthier, including two girls from Marie's second marriage. Charles Sevestre is an admired man who has "prominence." His lineage perpetuate itself until today by his daughters.

Étienne de Lessart and Marguerite

Sevestre perpetuated their name by giving birth to twelve children, of whom are six sons and two daughters are known. They had to make an alliance to gain widespread acceptance and declare their fathers' patronage in the region of Québec, the coast of Beaupré and the Beauce. March 8, 1658 worried by the absence of a church in Beaupré, Étienne de Lessart and his wife Marguerite brought forth an idea that, three centuries later, is not forgotten. Ardent "to contribute something to the glory of God and to his service, and seeing the inclination and the devotion that the inhabitants of Beaupré have had for a long time, is to have a church and a chapel in which they can attend the divine service and to take part in the sacraments of our mother the holy church," Étienne de Lessart donated a portion of his land on which will be raised the first chapel dedicated to the good Saint Anne.

Pursuant to a requirement from the donors, the construction of the chapel begins during the weeks following the customary ceremonies. The 13th of March 1658, Père Jean de Quen, the interim governor Louis d'Ailleboust and l'abbé Guillaume Vignal participants in the blessing at the church construction "at the site of Petit Cap, (Little Cape) while the interim governor placed the first stone." June 16, 1659, Monseigneur⁽⁶⁾ de Laval can finally visit the first one of three churches, which will be raised at Petit Cap, in the XVIIth century. In 1661, tides have eaten away "the soil from under" the little chapel where "wonders" were already occurring by the intercession of Saint Anne. Étienne de Lessart and Marguerite Sevestre submitted a new plot of land for the construction of a new chapel.

Charles Sevestre died in 1657 and his wife, Marie Pichon in 1661. In the month of February 1662, they officially began the division of the goods left by this couple, which must be divided between the children of the first marriage of Marie Pichon and those of Charles Sevestre. Seven heirs claim their share of houses, lands, furniture and debts to be equally divided. But the division of a house in quarters or the division of land or a lordship is not made without difficulty. Also, after having all items recorded, justly estimated and numbered, prompt action was demanded: "Antoine Boutin age seven or eight years old was called to choose the numbers at random." Étienne de Lessart had just inherited one fourth in a house situated on rue Notre-Dame, in the lower city of Québec. The heirs had to further share a lordship granted according



to Charles Sevestre in the approximate year of 1637. This land "close to Montreal" will later be known as Lanoraie. In 1668, this lordship, which had not been resolved, was recaptured by the authorities of the country and distributed among the heirs. It is of little interest to Lessart who sold it to his brother-in-law, Louis de Niort de la Noraye, in 1698. Étienne de Lessart has twice been granted lordship. It is to him that the Ile-aux-Coudres was granted in 1677 and he sold it to Monseigneur de Laval in 1687. Étienne de Lessart and Marguerite Sevestre meanwhile have other concerns. In 1684, renewing the grants made in 1658 and 1661, the couple chose their place of burial "in the nave" of the church at Saint-Anne de Beaupré. In 1699 "victims of old age and exhaustion," they submitted themselves to their sons Prisque and Joseph. Étienne died in the month of April 1703, and then in 1720, 17 years later his wife Marguerite, approximately age 86, joined him.

And there in St. Stephens' (à la Saint-Étienne) since 1703, mass is celebrated as promised to the ancestor in 1661. As for the bench that he had constructed in the church and that would be occupied by him and by the eldest son of his descendants, would forever be reserved and was continually occupied by Lessards until 1931, then, one got rid of it for the sum of sixty-five dollars.

Étienne was a very active man. He carried on business relations with many Merchants such as Charle Auber, Sieur de la Chesnaie de Québec and Daniel Baille, Sieur de Saint-Meur de la Rochelle in France. Étienne owned a boat, a rather large one considering the times, about 30 by 13 feet. It had a cabin at either end that made it seem elegant indeed and was configured to carry cargo, often between Québec and Sainte-Anne; but his principal occupation

(Continued on page 32)

(The Lessards continued from page 25)

seems to have been farming.

Étienne (de) Lessard: Note that the de was dropped in the late 1700's and that Lessart was recorded as Lessard. Variations of the Surname are: DeLessard-Dessalliers-Lessart and Lessard.

There is an estimated population of over 5,800 Lessards in the United States and over 37,000 Lessards in Canada, the majority living in and around Québec. The United States census Records up to the 1900 Census list over 89,000 Lessards.

Most Lessards can trace their ancestry to a single individual: Étienne de Lessart and Marguerite Sylvestre.

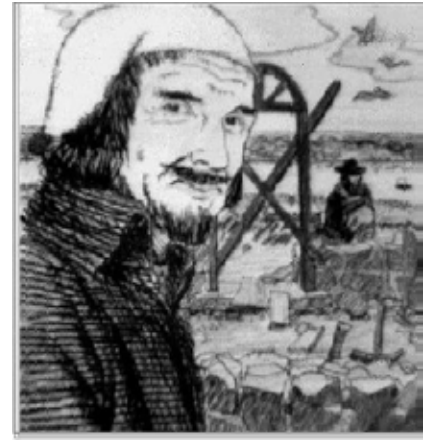
Born in 1623 in Normandy France. Étienne de Lessard arrived in Québec in 1645. Lieutenant junior grade of the militia of Cote de Beaupré, he became co-lord of

the Lanoraie fief in 1688.

Married to Marquerite Sevestre, Étienne de Lessard was survived by a large family of six boys and two girls.

Étienne de Lessard, son of Jacques de Lessard and Marie Herson, was born in Chamblis, diocese of SEE (Orne) in Normandy. In 1645, at the age of 22, he left France on a ship to come to New France (Canada). At the time only a few people from Europe lived in the colony of France.

Étienne owned a boat and was associated with Martin Grouvel who was a navigator from Québec. This work gave him the opportunity to go from Tadoussac to Trois-Rivières on the St-Laurence River for the purpose of transporting merchandise. Surely he was trading furs, because in those days it was the best way to make money quickly.



(1) Chambois: A small community of the diocèse de Sées, in lower Normandy of the département de l'Orne located about 14 km north-east of Argentan.

(2) Étienne de Lessart: (de) signifie (of). It is believed that it dates as far back in time before surnames existed. To distinguish individuals who occupied the same name, the area, the village and other means were added to their birth name to set them apart thus becoming a surname.

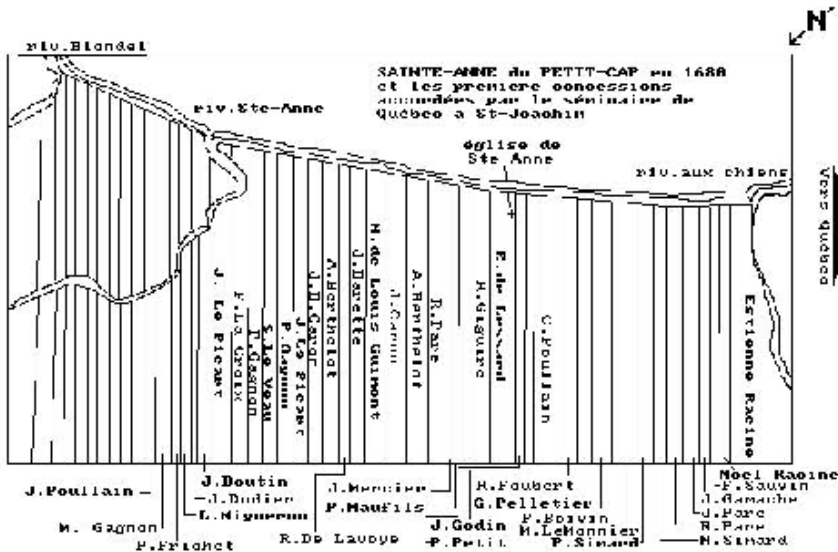
(3) Tadoussac: A community in the vicinity of Trois-Rivières. (Three Rivers)

(4) Captain LeFèvre was a mariner involved in the shipping trade.

(5) A parcel of land: The land granted to Étienne in 1651, situated at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, was named, Sain-Étienne, (Saint Stephen) and cleared by indentured workers whom he had in his service.

(6) Monseigneur means, Monsignor

(7) Seigneur means Lord, a title given to a nobleman. Étienne inherited this title from his father.



FRENCH-CANADIAN INFLUENCE IN THE UNITED STATES

Anne-Marie Perrault, #2238

American-Canadian Genealogist
Vol. 20, Number 1, Issue 59
Winter 1994

Vincennes, Indiana

In 1732, Francois BISSOT de Vincennes founded the city of Vincennes, Indiana. It was a fortified town, developed to protect traders up and down the Mississippi. In 1785, the first permanent parish

was established by Father Pierre GIBault. Americans called him the "patriot priest", because he promoted independence in Illinois. In 1795, Father Jean François RIVET, a native of France, opened the first school, a French-language facility, with the blessing of George WASHINGTON. A library opened with 5000 volumes from the personal library of the bishop of Vincennes, Simon BRULÉ de Bémur, from Rennes. The library still exists and is recognized as one of the best American libraries on the history of French in what became the United States.

John C. Fremont

Jean-Charles FREMONT, son of a Québécois, was, in 1846, commander of the pueblo of Nuestro Senora of Los Angeles, an army which eventually defeated Mexicans. FREMONT became governor of California until it was annexed into the Union in 1850. He was the first presidential candidate of the new Republican party. His platform had four points: (1) to stop the progress of slavery in the free territories, (2) to admit Kansas to the Union. (3) to change the politics of then president Pierce, (4) to build the Pacific Railroad. We all recall that FREMONT was defeated by Buchanan.

(Continued on page 28)

PLEASE HELP US....

Greetings! My name is Meghan Murphy, and as well as being a student here at the University of Maine, I am also a proud Franco-American and the president of FAROG. FAROG is the Franco-American Resource Opportunity Group here at the Centre. As well as having a super cool acronym, we also host monthly dinners and holiday parties for Christmas, Thanksgiving, Mardi-Gras and more! We are a modest group and we exist for the simple purpose of gathering Franco's together to enjoy the amazing culture we all share. We are currently re-doing our office space to accommodate our busy schedule of representing Franco's at multicultural events around campus, holding food and toy drives yearly, a full class schedule for all of our officers, and spending quality time with our amazing community members. We are accepting and appreciating donations for our self-run office remodeling, our monthly dinners, and our expenses for running the club whether it be napkins and silverware, or table cloths and food for meetings.



We thank you for taking the time to read our request, and we hope to see you soon at one of our gatherings. Please follow us on Facebook, FAROG@FrancoAmericanROG, for updates on upcoming events and following our activities! ***Please consider supporting our student group! Make checks payable to FAROG.***

Thank you very much and hope to see you soon!

The top Surnames for MAINE are:

- | | | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. SMITH | 2. BROWN | 3. JOHNSON | 4. DAVIS |
| 5. CLARK | 6. MARTIN | 7. WHITE | 8. JONES |
| 9. WILLIAMS | 10. ALLEN | 11. <u>PELLETIER</u> | 12. <u>MICHAUD</u> |
| 13. THOMPSON | 14. HALL | 15. ANDERSON | 16. YOUNG |
| 17. LIBBY | 18. ADAMS | 19. <u>CYR</u> | 20. <u>OUELLETTE</u> |
| 21. MILLER | 22. STEVENS | 23. TAYLOR | 24. GRAY |
| 25. ROBINSON | 26. GRANT | 27. <u>ROY</u> | 28. WILSON |
| 29. CAMPBELL | 30. KING | 31. <u>GAGNON</u> | 32. MOORE |
| 33. <u>COTE</u> | 34. MURPHY | 35. <u>MORIN</u> | 36. MITCHELL |
| 37. PERKINS | 38. WOOD | 39. ROBERTS | 40. SHAW |
| 41. <u>NADEAU</u> | 42. PERRY | 43. JORDAN | 44. BAKER |
| 45. CURTIS | 46. <u>BEAULIEU</u> | 47. CARTER | 48. MERRILL |
| 49. THOMAS | 50. BAILEY | 51. PARKER | 52. <u>CARON</u> |
| 53. JACKSON | 54. LEWIS | 55. RUSSELL | 56. WALKER |
| 57. <u>BOUCHARD</u> | 58. FOSTER | 59. SMALL | 60. COLE |
| 61. DYER | 62. HARRIS | 63. TURNER | 64. CHASE |
| 65. RICHARDSON | 66. SAWYER | 67. NELSON | 68. COLLINS |
| 69. KELLEY | 70. <u>THIBODEAU</u> | 71. COOK | 72. ROGERS |
| 73. WRIGHT | 74. HIGGINS | 75. RICHARDS | 76. <u>LEVESQUE</u> |
| 77. BERRY | 78. SULLIVAN | 79. REED | 80. MACDONALD |
| 81. HILL | 82. WARD | 83. BROOKS | 84. MCLAUGHLIN |
| 85. <u>THERIAULT</u> | 86. YORK | 87. DAY | 88. BENNETT |
| 89. <u>POULIN</u> | 90. MURRAY | 91. SCOTT | 92. <u>BELANGER</u> |
| 93. KIMBALL | 94. ROSS | 95. LEE | 96. DOW |
| 97. GOODWIN | 98. ELLIS | 99. HANSON | 100. REYNOLDS |

Some of the above Anglicized are also French such as Libby, King, Young, Taylor, Foster, Wood, Baker, Dyer, Murray, Rogers, Brooks, Lewis, Richards, York etc.

POETRY/POÉSIE...

MEMORY FOR SALE

"In Memory of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Niles" reads the tiny tarnished brass plaque as I wipe away the dust with my index finger.

Who might they have been? They, whose names someone long ago affixed, with hope for posterity, to the middle door of this ornate walnut Victorian-era confessional through which have entered dozens of good shepherds to help cleanse and soothe the ailing souls of generation after generation of their repentant flocks.

Could they have been wealthy, prominent members of the parish, whose generous bequest easily covered the cost of this confessional? Or—though much less likely—were they simple folk, humble, and of modest means, whose heirs made an overwhelming sacrifice for love of parents and as a testimony to their profound faith?

Perhaps my questions will forever go unanswered because although this confessional rests in familiar company beside pews, communion rail, sanctuary chairs, tabernacle, stained-glass windows, and other furnishings of worship, I can't walk down this aisle before me to ask the pastor, "Who were these special people whose memory we're being asked to honor for all time?"



No, not today. Today, I can only walk down this aisle, lined also with old claw-foot bathtubs, sinks, toilets, iron radiators, doors, windows, moldings, porch rails, columns, and so many more remnants of our demolished heritage, to ask the clerk—out of mere curiosity, mind you—"How much for the confessional?"

For here, in the gargantuan warehouse of the local salvage company, near the millyard, within earshot of speeding highway traffic and the rush of the Merrimack's waters, lies the memory of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Niles.

Anyone care to buy a memory?

— by Robert B. Perreault

(FRENCH-CANADIAN INFLUENCE IN THE UNITED STATES continued from page 26)

Hot Water in your Hotel? Thank Remi Nadeau

A Québec native, NADEAU built a covered wagon, grew grapes, developed the largest vineyard in the world, built the first hotel in the West to boast hot and cold running water and an elevator and was widely known in Los Angeles as the "crazy Frenchman". You will find a street in the City of Angels named for NADEAU.

Gold in California: Charles Prud'homme

In 1842, Charles PRUD'HOMME discovered gold in California. Many Frenchman came to the Gold Rush from France and their descendants still live in the town of Battlemountain, Nevada, completely surrounded by Amerindians. They still spoke

French in 1970, and raised sheep for wool.

First Fire Company in San Francisco

The first fire company in San Francisco was founded by a group of Francophones and was named, "Companie Lafayette des Echelles et de Crochets" (hooks and Ladders).

French-Canadian Immigration to the United States

In 1808, 300 Franco families had moved to the Québec border of Vermont. In 1837, Vermont became the refuge of the Patriots, following the failure of the Papineau Rebellion. Between the years of 1870 and 1890, 200,000 French-Canadians crossed into New England. Between the years of 1890 and 1910, the number decreased to 150,000. For the entire period of 1871-1931, the number was 1,600,000 from the province of Québec and 400,000 from France.

In 1950, the results of this emigration

were reflected in 427 Franco parishes in New England, representing 30% of all Roman Catholic New England parishes. Also part of this: 1,000 priests and 264 colleges, high schools and parochial schools, serving 8,000 students.

In 1940, 82% of all Franco immigrants to New England still spoke French. In his campaign speeches in the area, Francklin Roosevelt occasionally spoke French.



American-Canadian Genealogical Society

P.O. Box 6478

Manchester, NH 03108-6478

https://acgs.org/

MUSIC/MUSIQUE**National Award Recipients****Honored Franco-American musician couple perform during St. John Baptist program**

June 23, 2018 Franco-American News and Culture Franco-American Collection, Franco-Gendron Center, Lewiston Maine, National Heritage Fellowship

By Juliana L'Heureux

LEWISTON, Me— It was a special occasion to enjoy the performance of the talented Don and Cindy (Lebrecque) Roy, when the talented musical couple from Gorham performed on Friday, June 22, at the Saint John Baptiste celebration held at the Franco-Gendron Center, on Cedar Street in Lewiston.

he taught himself how to play the tunes on the recordings. “I would go to sleep while listening to the long playing records,” he told the audience who attended the duo’s performance in Lewiston.

Among those attending their enjoyable performance was Marie-Claude Francoeur, the Quebec delegate to New England, who came from Boston to attend.



Don and Cindy Roy with Marie-Claude Francoeur, from the Quebec Delegation to New England from Boston, at the Franco-Gendron Center in Lewiston, Maine

In fact, the talented Maine musical duo will be inducted into the National Heritage Fellows by the National Endowment for the Arts, during the organization’s September 28, 2018 ceremonies. They are expert performers. Don Roy is a masterful fiddler, he even makes violins. His talented wife Cindy accompanies him on piano and entertains with step dancing during certain segments of the music. They are fun to watch and their personal chemistry demonstrate their joy in performing lively Franco-American music.

In fact, Don Roy learned to play the violin at 15 years old. He played music with his Uncle Lucian, who is also a talented fiddler. He taught himself the Franco-American music and fiddling by ear, while listening to long playing records of fiddlers music. He would put the records on a stack and set the playing speed at 16 rounds per minute, so he could hear the notes while

(Congratulations to Madame Francoeur for celebrating her birthday during the June 22 program!).

During their 40 year partnership, the Roy’s have performed at Carnegie Hall, at the Lincoln Center in New York City, the Kennedy Center and the Library of Congress in Washington DC. Don Roy is a leader among Maine’s best fiddlers. He attributes his talent to a deep respect he holds for the musical traditions he grew up with in his family and his Franco-American heritage. His family lived in Rockland when he grew up and their Franco-American roots originated in the Winslow area of Maine. During school vacations, he would go to Westbrook to fish and play music with his Uncle Lucien. His wife Cindy grew up in a Franco-American family and her ancestry is traced to the French-Canadians who came to Maine from Prince Edward Island, in the

Canadian Maritimes.

What I most enjoyed about watching Don and Cindy perform was the pleasure of feeling like they were comfortable guests in my home, as though they just stopped by to say “bonjour”. Their joy of performing is as much a part of their talent as are their expert musical abilities.

Saint John Baptiste celebrations are held annually around the saint’s feast day of June 24, to honor the cousin of Jesus Christ and the patron of Quebec. In fact, there are places in France where the ceremonies continue to be a tradition, said Mary Rice-DeFosse, who is a French professor at Bates College and a member of the Franco-Gendron Board of Directors and the Franc-American Collection Board of Directors at the University of Southern Maine Lewiston Auburn College.

Congratulations to the vibrantly talented Don and Cindy Roy! Maine is fortunate to have you among the state’s recognized Franco-American musicians. Your NEA National Heritage Fellowship honor is well deserved.



Don and Cindy Roy performed at the Franco-Gendron Center in Lewiston Maine on June 22 for the Saint John Baptiste program.

<http://francoamerican.bangordailynews.com/2018/06/23/franco-american-news-and-culture/honored-franco-american-musician-couple-perform-during-st-john-baptist-program/>





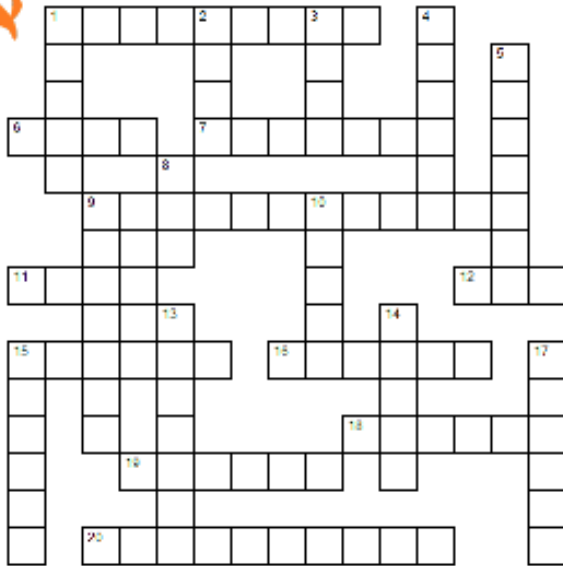
Coin
des
jeunes...



Le Corps Humain



Les
Animaux



ACROSS

- 1. crocodile
- 6. deer
- 7. snake
- 9. bat
- 11. moose
- 12. donkey
- 15. horse
- 16. fox
- 18. bird
- 19. giraffe
- 20. frog

DOWN

- 1. dog
- 2. bear
- 3. wolf
- 4. beaver
- 5. fish
- 8. rat
- 9. camel
- 10. monkey
- 13. whale
- 14. rabbit
- 15. goat
- 17. sheep



- BOUCHE
- BRAS
- CHEVEUX
- CHEVILLE
- COU
- DOS
- ÉPAULE
- ESTOMAC
- FRONT

- GENOU
- GORGE
- HANCHE
- JAMBE
- JOUE
- MAIN
- NEZ
- ONGLE
- OREILLE

- PIED
- POIGNET
- POITRINE
- TÊTE
- TIBIA
- VISAGE
- YEUX

Les Couleurs/Colors

Draw a line from the English to the French color.

- | | |
|---------------------|-----------|
| 1. Brown | 1. Noir |
| 2. White | 2. Bleu |
| 3. Light Purple | 3. Gris |
| 4. Violet or purple | 4. Rouge |
| 5. Yellow | 5. Orange |
| 6. Beige | 6. Marron |
| 7. Pink | 7. Beige |
| 8. Red | 8. Violet |
| 9. Orange | 9. Mauve |
| 10. green | 10. Brun |
| 11. Blue | 11. Blanc |
| 12. Gray | 12. Rose |
| 13. Black | 13. Bleu |

EASY SUDOKU #1

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 8 | 9 | | | 5 | 1 | 4 | |
| 3 | | | 8 | 1 | 7 | | | 6 |
| 7 | 1 | | 6 | | 4 | 3 | 8 | |
| | 4 | 3 | 9 | | | | | |
| 9 | 7 | | | | | | 1 | 4 |
| | | | | | 8 | 7 | 3 | |
| | 9 | 6 | 4 | | 2 | | 7 | 1 |
| 4 | | | 1 | 5 | 9 | | | 2 |
| | 2 | 1 | 7 | | | 4 | 9 | |

(N.D.L.R. Reprinted from *Le Club Français Newsletter, Le Fanal*.

Publié par Marie-Anne Gauvin dans *Le Fanal (Le Club Français)* en avril 2008.

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 un banlieu 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 appel, "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 peux 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 pénicilline.

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 pénicilline! Le nom du noble? Lord Randolph Churchill. Le nom du fils? Sir Winston Churchill.

Votre pie bavarde. Marie-Anne

À tous et à chacun:

Comme vous le savez tous, nous avons cinq sens, l'ouïe, l'odorat, le goût et le toucher. En général, nous ne sommes pas conscients de ces sens qui nous permettent de fonctionner normalement. Une interruption de la normale nous fait réagir de différentes manières.

Par exemple, l'ouïe permet la perception des sons. Si c'est trop fort nous avons envie de se mettre les mains sur les oreilles, l'organe de l'ouïe. C'est une réaction normale qui veut protéger les parties délicates internes. De nos jours ceux qui travaillent près de ou avec des machines bruyantes doivent se protéger en portant des cache-oreilles.

Si le son est bref mais très fort, il peut nous faire sauter ou nous faire échapper un cri de surprise. Je me rappelle qu'un beau matin j'étais allée essayer de pêcher dans le petit ruisseau qui se vidait dans le lac pas très loin de mon chalet. Je suis arrivée

silencieusement au bord d'un remous. J'ai envoyé ma ligne dans ce remous avec un ver de terre accroché au hameçon. J'étais seule. Tout était silencieux sauf quelques oiseaux et le ruisseau qui chantaient à leur

façon. Soudain, tout près de moi, un son comme si quelqu'un avait lancé une grosse roche dans le trou d'eau. FLOC! Un grand cri m'a échappé tellement ça m'a fait peur. Je ne l'avais pas vu mais un castor, lui, m'avait vu. Lui aussi, je crois avait été surpris. C'est leur façon de nous avertir. Il se claqua la grosse queue plate sur l'eau. Je l'ai vu s'en aller la tête sur l'eau suivant le courant, fier de son coup! La vue m'a aidée à comprendre ce qui s'était passé.

De temps en temps, plusieurs sens ensemble nous font réagir. Longtemps passé, 1944, j'étais assise à lire dans un fauteuil à bascule dans le petit salon de la maison familiale et mon père supposément écoutait la radio dans l'autre coin du salon. Je crois qu'il sommeillait plutôt, les jambes allongées devant lui. Ma mère dans la cuisine, la première à réagir au pet qui nous a paru comme un coup de fusil. Sans avoir le temps de réagir au cri de mort de ma mère, la radio s'est mise à péter du feu. Aie! Je suis restée figée dans ma chaise. Mon père s'est vite replié les jambes. Tous les deux, nous avions la vue fixée sur les étincelles qui pétillaient en arrière de la radio et qui roulaient vers nous sur le plancher. Puis une odeur de foudre et de fumé nous avertissaient que quelque chose brûlait. Nous avons compris plus tard que le tonnerre était tombé dans

l'antenne installée dans un poteau dehors rendant meilleure réception de la radio. En suivant le fil de l'antenne, le tonnerre avait pénétré dans la maison et brûlé l'intérieur de la radio. Il a continué à suivre le fil qui brûlait au fur et à mesure qu'il avançait jusqu'au sous-sol en s'évadant par le fil de terre à l'extérieur.

Ce petit récit prouve que plusieurs sens, l'ouïe, l'odorat et la vue ensemble peuvent s'engager à nous surprendre ou à nous prévenir du danger. Ma foi, j'étais tellement traumatisée que j'ai eu peur jusqu'au lendemain quand j'ai pu enfin maîtriser mon énervement. Heureusement, jamais plus ai-je eu peur des tempêtes de tonnerre. Appréciations tous nos cinq sens. Ils sont merveilleusement créés.

Votre pie bavarde. Marie-Anne





French-Canadian Legacy podcast

April 5, 2019 Franco-American News and Culture Fleur de Lys, French-Canadians, Haiti, immigration

By Juliana L'Heureux

Good questions were posed during my podcast interview with Jesse Martineau on the French-Canadian Legacy podcast. In fact, the interview is now live at this site.

We enjoyed an uplifting discussion about Franco-American identity.

In the podcast, I was able to reflect about the history of Franco-Americans and cultural identity. Although I'm not a sociologist or anthropologist, my experience writing about the culture has exposed a universal theme about the Franco-American subtitle, being a Quiet Presence" (per Dyke Hendrickson). In fact, Franco-American history does not blend with the homogenized Great American Melting Pot, because the history of immigration, beginning in 1604, with the failed St. Croix Island settlement, pre-dated the Plymouth Colony. Instead, Franco-Americans have experienced the marginalization of their history, and culture, largely because of language, religious and immigration discrimination.

It's important for Franco-Americans to have their stories told. It's important because of the credit deserved for the sacrifices, and contributions they have made for the development of the industrialization of New England, for their patriotism and as examples of the immigrants' American Dream.

It's interesting to read about the history of immigration attitudes that were framed during the 19th century's industrialization of New England. In the book, "Ancestors and Immigrants: A changing New England Tradition", by Barbara Miller Solomon, published in 1956, she described attitudes about immigrants that were held in the past. Unfortunately, many of the attitudes seem to have transcended time. There are definitely parallel opinions between then and now.

In fact, the book described an "Anglo-Saxon complex", documented in 1880, by noted academics who complained about how the Irish and the French Canadians were

"by race, 'uncongenial'" to the institutions familiar in New England traditions and politics. (p. 67). Moreover, one politician even wrote an essay in the Cyclopaedia of Political Science (a publication that began publishing in 1881) about how "Institutions which were successful with the well-trained and thoughtful New England Community, could not work with the "mixed and ignorant population." Other opinions about the immigrants to New England, claimed that the new arrivals of Irish and French-Canadians "caused a shock to the population".

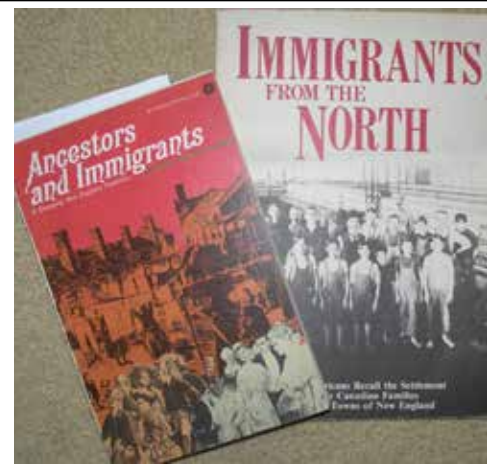
Of course, today, the Franco-Americans who are descended from the French-Can-



Blaine House distinguished guests on March 19, 2019 (left) Severin Beliveau of the U.S., Stephanie Jean of Haiti, Marie-Claude Francoeur of Quebec, Armand Mentre of France and Marc Jacques of Canada. This historic photograph (photo credit Juliana L'Heureux) is an example of how the French and the French-Canadians have reached out to Maine's Franco-Americans and other French speaking cultures.

nadians, are assimilated into 25 percent of Maine's population. Franco-Americans are Maine's largest ethnic minority. "Maine is the most French of the New England states," said Severin Beliveau, in a 2016, speech given to the American Council of Quebec Studies, published in Le Forum, a University of Maine quarterly journal. This cultural transition, from French-Canadians to Franco-American citizens, occurred within three to four generations after the arrival of the first immigrants, as described in Solomon's history.

As I prepared to answer the thoughtful questions asked during the interesting podcast, it occurred to me how many



Immigration history then and now.

Franco-Americans are unaware about the discrimination experienced by their ancestors. In fact, there are many Franco-Americans who are unaware about where their grand-parents came from when they immigrated to New England from Canada. It is a tribute to today's French-Canadians that their outreach programs to Franco-Americans have supported building those historic cultural connections. For example, signing the Fleur de Lys agreements with Franco-American cultural associations, are among these efforts.

In my opinion, learning about Franco-American history is important because the experiences of our ancestors and immigrants will connect us to what we are witnessing today, with the immigrants who are desperately fleeing economic insecurity and persecution in their native countries. Our immigration histories share their human condition.

While browsing through some of the materials I've collected about French-Canadians and immigration, I found a reference published in "The Franco Files", by the Franco-American writer Jo Anne Lapointe, attributed to John Lambton (1792-1840), (Continued on page 33)



BOOKS/

LIVRES...

Franco-America in the Making: The Creole Nation Within

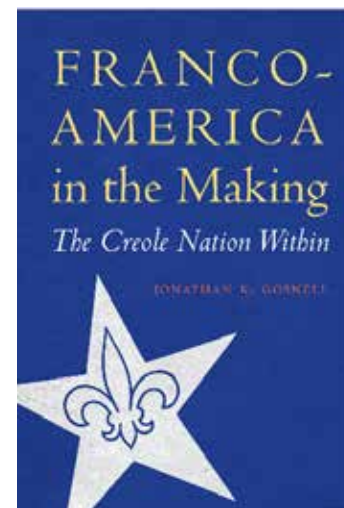
Jonathan K. Gosnell

U of Nebraska Press, 2018 - History -

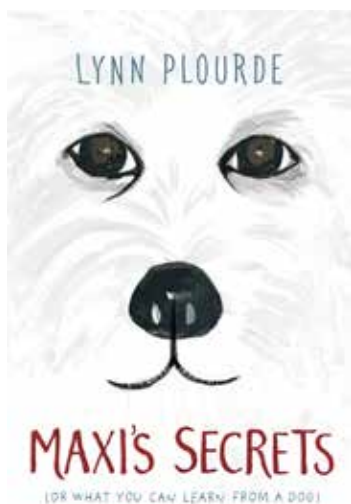
Every June the city of Lowell, Massachusetts, celebrates Franco-American Day, raising the Franco-American flag and hosting events designed to commemorate French culture in the Americas. Though there are twenty million French speakers and people of French or francophone descent in North America, making them the fifth-largest ethnic group in the United States, their cultural legacy has remained nearly invisible. Events like Franco-American Day, however, attest to French ethnic permanence on the American topography.

In *Franco-America in the Making*, Jonathan K. Gosnell examines the mani-

festation and persistence of hybrid Franco-American literary, musical, culinary, and media cultures in North America, especially New England and southern Louisiana. To shed light on the French cultural legacy in North America long after the formal end of the French empire in the mid-eighteenth century, Gosnell seeks out hidden French or “Franco” identities and sites of memory in the United States and Canada that quietly proclaim an intercontinental French presence, examining institutions of higher learning, literature, folklore, newspapers, women’s organizations, and churches. This study situates Franco-American cultures



within the new and evolving field of post-colonial Francophone studies by exploring the story of the peoples and ideas contributing to the evolution and articulation of a Franco-American cultural identity in the New World. Gosnell asks what it means to be French, not simply in America but of America.



Maxi's Secrets

(or, what you can learn from a dog)

by Lynn Plourde

Illustrated by

Maira Kalman (cover art)

Nancy Paulsen Books/Penguin

To be honest, I never dreamed of getting a dog. Maxi was a bribe from my parents.

Timminy is moving to a new town and going to a new school for grades 5-8, where he’s the shortest kid at the school and where his dad is the new assistant principal. No wonder his parents get him a dog as a “bribe!” But Timminy and his parents get more than

they bargain for. Their new Great Pyrenees puppy Maxi (short for Maxine) is large, lively, and lovable, but also DEAF. While Timminy is busy feeling sorry for himself after getting teased at school and shoved into lockers, Maxi and their next door neighbor Abby who’s blind show Timminy that you don’t have to be just like everyone else to “fit in.” But will Timminy learn that lesson along with all the other secrets to life Maxi tries to teach him?

<https://www.lynnplourde.com/index.php/books?bid=35>

(French-Canadian Legacy podcast continued from page 32)

the 1st Earl of Durham: “He thought that French Canadians, whom he described as a people ‘without history and without literature’, would gradually abandon their identity.” <https://www.cbc.ca/history/EPIS-CONTENTSE1EP7CH5PA1LE.html>

It’s important to set the record straight and prevent that wrong minded prophesy from happening.

Franco-Americans have a special immigration history and the 400 years of historical stories continue to be told.

“Merci!”, to Jesse Martineau, for bringing attention to this history in the French-Canadian Legacy podcast.

<https://francoamerican.bangordailynews.com/2019/04/05/franco-american-news-and-culture/french-canadian-legacy-podcast/>

La vieille photo

par Robert Bérubé

Une photo en noir et blanc révélant un passé vieux de plus d'un siècle. Dans la photo, il y a deux personnes assez âgées. Elles sont assises sur des chaises de bois devant une maison en bois. La vieille femme porte un bonnet. Son mari, un homme à la barbe blanche, porte un grand chapeau. Il y a deux enfants. Une fille et un garçon au seuil de l'adolescence. Il y a aussi deux jeunes hommes, affichant des moustaches, des complets et des chapeaux melon. Il y a quatre jeunes femmes. Les robes sont longues reflétant la mode du temps. Toutes les personnes portent des souliers et elles sont endimanchées. Tous ont un air très sérieux sauf la vieille qui affiche un début de sourire. Quelle était l'occasion qui a engendré cette photo? Un mariage? Des funérailles? Impossible de déterminer en regardant cette photo.

Depuis un très jeune âge, j'ai été un passionné de la généalogie. Lorsque j'avais 18 ans, l'oncle maternel de ma grand-mère maternelle, Hormidas Lepage, me donna une copie d'une photo de la famille de ses grands-parents maternels accompagnés de quelques membres de leur famille. Il m'a dit : «Y'a pu personne qui veut ça sauf toi!» Il ajouta : «C'est une copie d'une photo qui a été envoyée à des gens de la famille exilée aux États-Unis.» Je voulais des précisions concernant la photo. Qui étaient les personnes dans la photo? Quelle était la circonstance? En quelle année la photo avait-elle été prise? Malgré son âge avancé, Hormidas était centenaire et plus, il possédait une mémoire encyclopédique de son histoire familiale.

«Tout ce que je sais c'est que les deux vieux sont Louis Moisan et Eulalie Racette! Pour les enfants, je ne pourrais pas te dire qui est qui. La photo a été prise à St-Jacques-L'Achigan au Québec! Pour l'année, je sais que c'est avant le départ de mes parents qui sont déménagés au Massachusetts vers 1877. Ils étaient allés travailler dans les usines de tissage.»

La mère d'Hormidas, Euphémie Moisan, était aussi la fille d'Eulalie Racette et de Louis Moisan. Cette Euphémie que je ne pouvais identifier dans la photo, et ce, à cause des ressemblances avec ses sœurs avait épousé Israël Lepage. Euphémie et Israël, accompagnés de leurs filles, avaient

quitté St-Jacques comme plusieurs Québécois du temps et s'étaient aventurés au Massachusetts afin de survivre. Ils étaient des réfugiés économiques et la vie aux États-Unis pour cette famille n'était pas plus facile qu'elle ne l'avait été au Québec. Céline Lepage, la fille aînée d'Euphémie et d'Israël, avait raconté les péripéties de sa vie à ses enfants et à ses petits-enfants, et à ma mère Huguette Marion. Maman nous avait régales avec les histoires d'aventures de sa grand-mère aux États. Pendant de nombreuses années tout ce que je savais, c'est que Céline et ses sœurs avaient travaillé dans des usines de textile à Holyoke, au Massachusetts. Ce n'était pas une vie facile. Ils vivaient dans une communauté d'exilés canadiens francophones parsemée d'immigrants de diverses origines européennes. Céline connaissait un peu l'anglais, assez pour travailler. Elle avait appris une chanson bilingue et elle la chantait à ses descendants.

'I went to the market mon petit panier sous mon bras. I went to the market mon petit panier sous mon bras. The first girl I met was la fille d'un avocat. I love you et vous ne m'entendez guère, I love you et vous ne m'entendez pas...'

La famille Moisan-Lepage a vécu aux États-Unis pendant dix ans. Les conditions de vie étaient très difficiles et dans les usines, le travail encore plus dangereux. De plus, un des moulins avait brûlé et plusieurs personnes avaient péri. Le manque de sécurité financière et physique, l'isolement, la pression du clergé de rapatrier les exilés furent les raisons principales qui ont motivé leur retour au Canada. Une odyssée monumentale les attendait car la famille retournait au Canada mais non au Québec. Ils devenaient des pionniers d'une nouvelle colonie dans le nord de l'Ontario. Ils quittaient une ville américaine moderne, en pleine révolution industrielle, pour vivre dans un pays où il n'y avait que peu de population. En quelque sorte, ils devenaient les premiers habitants dans un territoire immense et éloigné avec une profusion de lacs, peu de terres cultivables, des forêts immenses et des marigouins gros comme des rats. Tout était à découvrir. Tout était à construire. Un avenir se dressait.

Pendant de nombreuses années les seuls renseignements et documents que je

possédais au sujet de cette famille ancestrale étaient la chanson de Céline Lepage, la courte histoire concernant l'exil et bien entendu la photo des Racette-Moisan. Trois éléments qui manquaient de liens entre eux.

Et la vie continua...

Lorsque j'avais le temps, je m'adonnais à mon passe-temps d'apprenti généalogiste et je faisais des découvertes. La première fut le recensement américain de 1880. Ce document me révéla que la famille Moisan-Lepage vivait à Chicopee Hampden dans l'État de Massachusetts. Israël (33 ans) et ses filles Céline (16 ans) et Délia (15 ans) travaillaient dans un 'cotton mill', une usine de tissage de coton. Les sœurs Louisia (11 ans), Parmélia (9 ans) et Wivina (Ouvina) (7 ans) fréquentaient l'école et les deux plus jeunes Malvina (4 ans) et Luména (2 ans) vivaient à la maison. Une dernière fille Alexina est née au Massachusetts après le recensement. Dans le document l'épouse d'Israël se prénomme «Molzer» (34 ans) et son rôle était de «keeping house» donc elle était ménagère du foyer. Ce prénom m'était étranger et il me fascinait. Je ne voyais aucun lien phonétique entre Euphémie et Molzer. Ce n'est qu'en feuilletant davantage le document que j'ai constaté que presque toutes les épouses originaires du Canada français portaient le nom Molzer. Une mère en anglais est «mother». Certes, le recenseur comprenait mal l'accent francophone et toutes les «mother» héritèrent du prénom Molzer. Notre bonne Euphémie Moisan s'était faite américaniser et fut transformée statistiquement en Molzer Lepage.

Le deuxième document trouvé fut un condensé d'histoire produit par la société historique du Nouvel-Ontario intitulé «Verner et Lafontaine». On y raconte :

«Grand branle-bas dans la colonie. M.I. Lepage arrivait avec ses huit filles. Huit filles dans une paroisse de colons. Que de mariages en perspective...»

La chroniqueuse oublie de mentionner le fait que Monsieur I. Lepage et ses huit filles étaient aussi accompagnés de son épouse et de leur mère Euphémie Moisan. Ayant vécu la transformation de son nom, la pauvre femme était maintenant reléguée à l'oubli. Tel est le sort de plusieurs de nos pionnières en terre Nord-Américaine. L'histoire est injuste envers nos mères! L'arrivée des Moisan-Lepage en territoire de colonisation eu lieu en 1887. Personne n'a décrit la route précise et les défis encourus par cette famille lorsqu'ils ont quitté Chicopee

(Suite page 35)

(La vieille photo suite de page 34)

Hamden au Massachusetts pour se rendre à Verner, en Ontario. Ce qui est dit cependant c'est qu'ils sont arrivés durant la nuit et qu'il n'y avait ni hôtel, ni maison, ni famille qui les attendaient. Le train arrêta à une vingtaine de kilomètres de leur destination finale. La dernière partie de leur périple est presque incroyable. Les dix membres de la famille ont dû se transporter eux-mêmes, en utilisant deux vélocipèdes manuels sur les rails. La rédactrice précise qu'un voisin «ne put leur offrir que le plancher de la cuisine ce que la famille Lepage accepta avec plaisir». Chaque fois que je relie ce passage je suis très ému. Les défis qu'ils ont surmontés dénotent la dureté d'une vie de colonisation et d'une terre inhospitalière, mais aussi leur force de caractère et, surtout leur détermination de surmonter des obstacles en dehors de toutes mesures humaines.



À Verner, la vie des Moisan-Lepage continua...

En 1888, Euphémie Moisan donna naissance à un fils, Hormidas Lepage. Hormidas bien entendu, était l'arrière grand-oncle qui m'avait donné la photo. Les huit filles Lepage se sont trouvées des conjoints et à elles sont seules les ancêtres d'une bonne partie de la population du Nouvel-Ontario.

Connaissant ma passion pour la généalogie, plusieurs descendants de cette famille me firent don de photos, et je les en remercie. Le séjour des filles Moisan-Lepage aux États-Unis était bel et bien documenté. Adolescentes, Céline et ses sœurs profitèrent un peu de la vie américaine. Le legs pour la postérité, de leur exode à Chicopee Hamden, fut une trentaine de belles photos prises par un photographe professionnel.

Il y a quelques mois, je recherchais des renseignements additionnels au sujet d'Euphémie Moisan et de ses parents Louis Moisan et Eulalie Racette. Ma grande découverte fut celle d'apprendre qu'Euphémie Moisan et son époux Israël Lepage n'étaient pas les

premiers membres de cette famille à s'exiler aux États-Unis. Louis Moisan avait un frère qui avait quitté St-Jacques l'Achigan en 1838. Il s'appelait Thomas Moisan. Son histoire témoigne d'une vie extraordinaire.

En 1838, âgé de 28 ans, Thomas Moisan s'est rendu à New-Orleans en Louisiane pour assumer le poste de trappeur pour la «American Fur Company». En 1839, il traversa les Rocheuses pour se rendre à Fort Vancouver, voyage long et très périlleux. Durant ce temps, il a occupé les fonctions de mineur en Californie, d'employé chez McLoughlin et ensuite d'engagé chez la «Hudson's Bay Company». En 1842, il a établi une réclamation territoriale à Salem en Orégon, devenant fermier et propriétaire d'un grand domaine. Le 3 octobre 1842, Thomas avait épousé Henriette Longtain fille d'André Longtain et de Nancy Okana-

mon ancêtre Louis, de son épouse Eulalie Racette, ses enfants et ses frères et sœurs. Il parle du quotidien, du journal 'La Minerve', du curé, de ses vaches, de ses agneaux et de ses chevaux et de ce qui lui tient à coeur. Il rapporte des détails concernant la santé et la condition de vie de ses proches. Le vocabulaire et les expressions sont empreints de catholicité, d'archaïsme et de terroir. Ce qui est des plus touchants c'est la salutation de la fin :

«Je suis ton tendre frère

Louis Moisan qui ne t'oubliera jamais.»

Le lecteur se demande si les deux frères se sont revus au moins une fois avant de mourir. Je doute...

Une seconde lettre écrite par un autre frère, Pierre, le 25 mars 1888 est adressée à la veuve de Thomas Moisan, Henriette

gan. Durant sa vie, Thomas a géré plusieurs entreprises et est devenu riche. Il a construit une très belle maison qui, à l'époque a fait beaucoup d'envieux. Cette maison est maintenant un musée. Thomas Moisan est aujourd'hui considéré comme un des pionniers et fondateurs de l'État de l'Orégon.

Bien que la vie extraordinaire de Thomas Moisan mérite une attention toute particulière, tel n'est pas le but premier de mes propos. Une autre découverte m'attendait! En approfondissant mes recherches j'ai découvert que Thomas Moisan entretenait une correspondance avec ses neveux et ses frères dont Pierre de Montréal et Louis Moisan de St-Jacques. Mon Louis Moisan! Celui qui était le père d'Euphémie Moisan, grand-père de Céline Lepage, qui était la mère de Maria Fortin, qui avait donné naissance à Huguette Marion, ma mère.

Le 27 juillet 1861, Louis Moisan avait rédigé une longue lettre à son frère Thomas. Cette lettre donne un aperçu de la vie de

Longtain. Pierre parle du deuil éprouvé suite à la mort de Thomas. Henriette dans une correspondance antérieure avait demandé aux Moisan de lui faire parvenir des photos de famille. Pierre confirme que les photos de famille lui seront remises dans quelques temps par le Missionnaire Monsieur Delorme. Il termine sa correspondance en indiquant qu'il est son beau-frère pour la vie.

Une photo en noir et blanc révélant un passé vieux de plus d'un siècle. Dans la photo, il y a deux personnes assez âgées. Elles sont assises sur des chaises de bois devant une maison en bois. La vieille femme porte un bonnet. Son mari, un homme à la barbe blanche, porte un grand chapeau. Il y a deux enfants. Une fille et un garçon au seuil de l'adolescence. Il y a aussi deux jeunes hommes, affichant des moustaches, des complets et des chapeaux melons. Il y a quatre jeunes femmes. Les robes sont longues reflétant la mode du temps. Toutes les personnes portent (Suite page 36)

The old photo

by Robert Bérubé

A black and white photo revealing a past of more than a century. In the photo, there are two elderly people. They sit on wooden chairs in front of a wooden house. The old woman wears a bonnet. Her husband, a man with a white beard, wears a big hat. There are two children. A girl and a boy on the threshold of adolescence. There are also two young men, with mustaches, suits and bowler hats. There are four young women. The dresses are long, reflecting the fashion of the time. All the people are wearing shoes and their Sunday best. All of them show a very serious look except the old woman who displays what seems to be the beginning of a smile. What was the occasion that spawned this photo? A marriage? A funeral? It is impossible to determine the occasion by looking at the photo.

From a very young age, I was a passionate genealogist. When I was 18, the maternal uncle of my maternal grandmother, Hormidas Lepage, gave me a copy of a photo of the family of his maternal grandparents shown with some members of their family. He said, "There's nobody who wants those souvenirs except you!" He added, "This was a copy of a photo that was sent to exiled family in the United States I wanted some details about the picture What was the circumstance? When was the photo taken? Despite his advanced age, because Hormidas was over one hundred years old, he displayed an encyclopaedic memory of his family history.

Hormidas stated: " All I know is that the two old folks are Louis Moisan and Eulalie Racette. As for the children I could not tell you who is who. The photo was taken in St-Jacques-L'Achigan in Québec. As for the year, I know that it was before my parents departure when they moved to Massachusetts around 1877. They had gone to work in the weaving mills. "

Hormidas' mother, Euphémie Moisan, was also the daughter of Eulalie Racette and Louis Moisan. This Euphémie, that I could not identify in the photograph, because of her resemblance to her sisters, had married Israël Lepage. Euphémie and Israël, accompanied by their daughters, had left St. Jacques as had many Québécois of the time and had ventured into Massachusetts in order

to survive. They were economic refugees and life in the United States was no easier than it had been in Québec. Céline Lepage, the eldest daughter of Euphémie and Israël, had recalled and shared the adventures of her life with her children and grandchildren one of whom was my mother Huguette Marion. Maman had entertained us with her grandmother's stories of adventures in the States. For many years all I knew was that Céline and her sisters had worked in textile factories in Holyoke, Massachusetts. It was not an easy life. They lived in a community of French-Canadian exiles dotted with immigrants from various European backgrounds. Céline knew a little English, enough to work. She had learned a bilingual song and had sung it to her descendants.

"I went to the market mon petit panier sous mon bras. I went to the market mon petit panier sous mon bras. The first girl I met was la fille d'un avocat. I love you et vous ne m'entendez guère, I love you et vous ne m'entendez pas..."

The Moisan-Lepage family lived in the United States for ten years. The living conditions were very difficult and even more dangerous in the textile industries. In addition, one of the mills had burned and several people had perished. The lack of financial and physical security, isolation, and pressure from the clergy to repatriate the exiles were the main reasons for their return to Canada. A monumental odyssey awaited them as the family returned to Canada but not to Québec. They became pioneers of a new settlement in northern Ontario. They were leaving a modern American city, in full industrial revolution, to live in a country where there was little population. In a way, they became the first inhabitants in an immense and remote territory known for its a profusion of lakes, not much cultivated land, immense forests, and gigantic mosquitoes. Everything was to be discovered. Everything had to be built. This was the beginning of new future.

For many years, the only information and documents that I possessed regarding this family of ancestors were Céline Lepage's song, the short story about their exile and return and the Racette-Moisan photo.

And life went on ...

(Continued on page 37)

(La vieille photo suite de page 35)



OLDEST CENTURY farm boasts this 163-year-old dwelling still used by granddaughter of builder. Built by Thomas Moisan in 1856, stately structure is visible just south of Brookia, looking eastward from highway 50E. Genesee French-Canadian founder of farm even had indoor bathroom when such facilities were rarely in Oregon country. House now is occupied by Mrs. Alberta Moisan Lanier. Its hand-hewn timbers and planks were shaped and put together over two-year construction period.



des souliers et elles sont endimanchées. Tous ont un air très sérieux sauf la vieille qui affiche un début de sourire. Quelle était l'occasion qui a engendré cette photo? Un mariage? Des funérailles? Impossible de déterminer en regardant cette photo.

Je pouvais maintenant conclure que la photo de Louis Moisan, d'Eulalie Racette et de leurs enfants avait été prise avant 1877, avant le départ d'Euphémie Moisan et d'Israël Lepage. Un des destinataires de cette photo était, sans aucun doute, Thomas Moisan. Le fait de recevoir une photo était la seule façon de voir sa famille lorsque l'on vivait aux deux extrêmes d'un continent durant les débuts d'une colonisation en terre américaine. Mais, quel précieux témoignage!



(The old photo continued from page 36)

When I had the time, I devoted myself to my hobby as an apprentice genealogist and I made discoveries. The first was the American census of 1880. This document revealed to me that the Moisan-Lepage family lived in Chicopee Hampden, Massachusetts. Israël (33) and his daughters Céline (16) and Délia (15) worked in a cotton mill, a cotton weaving plant. Their sisters Louisia (11), Parmélia (9) and Wivina (Ouvina) (7) attended school and the two youngest ones Malvina (4 years) and Luména (2 years) lived at home. One last daughter Alexina was born in Massachusetts after the census. In the document the wife of Israël is named "Molzer" (34 years) and her role was "keeping house" so she was a housewife. That name was foreign to me and it fascinated me. I did not see any phonetic link between Euphémie and Molzer. It was only by flipping through the document that I noticed that all the French-Canadian mothers were identified with the name Molzer. Of course, the enumerator did not understand the French-speaking accent and all the "mothers" inherited Molzer's as a first name. Our good Euphémie Moisan had been Americanized and was statistically transformed into Molzer Lepage.

The second document that I discovered was a summary of a history produced by the Historical Society du Nouvel-Ontario entitled "Verner and Lafontaine." It stated: (translation) "Great commotion in the colony, Monsieur I. Lepage has arrived with his eight daughters. So many marriages should occur!"

The columnist forgets to mention the fact that Mr I. Lepage and his eight daughters were also accompanied by his wife and their mother Euphémie Moisan. Having lived with the transformation of her name, the poor woman was now relegated to oblivion. This is the fate of many pioneers in North American soil. History is unfair to our mothers! The arrival of the Moisan-Lepage in colonisation territory took place in 1887. No one has written about the challenges surmounted by this family when they left Chicopee Hamden in Massachusetts to travel to Verner, Ontario. What is stated though is that the family arrived during the middle of the night and that there was no hotel, no house and no family to greet them. The train stopped twenty kilometers from their final destination. The last part of their journey is

almost incredible. The ten members of the family had to transport themselves, using two manual rail carts! The writer states that a neighbor "could only offer them the floor of their kitchen as lodging... and that the Lepage family accepted this offer with pleasure". Every time I read this passage I am very moved. The challenges they overcame denote the harshness of life of pioneers in an inhospitable land, and also all their determination to overcome obstacles beyond ordinary human measure.

In Verner, the life of Moisan-Lepage continued ...

In 1888, Euphémie Moisan gave birth to a son, Hormidas Lepage. Hormidas of course, was the great great-uncle who had given me the picture. The eight Lepage daughters had found spouses and are the ancestors of much of Northern Ontario's population.

Knowing my passion for genealogy, many descendants of this family donated pictures to me, and I thank them for it. The Moisan-Lepage girls' stay in the United States was well documented. The legacy for posterity, of their stay in Chicopee Hamden, are some thirty beautiful photographs taken by a professional photographer on tin plates.

A few months ago, I was looking for additional information about Euphémie Moisan and her parents Louis Moisan and Eulalie Racette. Euphémie Moisan and her husband Israël Lepage were not the first members of this family to go into exile in the United States. Louis Moisan had a brother who had left St-Jacques l'Achigan in 1838. His name was Thomas Moisan. His life history is a testimony to an extraordinary life.

In 1838, aged 28, Thomas Moisan traveled to New Orleans, Louisiana to assume the post of trapper for the American Fur Company. In 1839, he crossed the Rocky Mountains to Fort Vancouver, a long and perilous journey. During this time, he worked as a miner in California, as an employee of McLoughlin, and later as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1842, he established a territorial claim in Salem, Oregon, becoming a farmer and owner of a large estate. On October 3, 1842, Thomas married Henriette Longtain, daughter of André Longtain and Nancy Okanagan. During his life, Thomas managed several companies and became rich. He built a very nice house which at the time made some people envious. This house is now a museum. Thomas Moisan was a pioneer of the State of Oregon.

Although the extraordinary life of Thomas Moisan deserves special attention, this is not the primary purpose of this text. Another discovery awaited me! In deepening my research I discovered that Thomas Moisan had a correspondence with his nephews and brothers including Pierre from Montréal and Louis Moisan from St-Jacques. My Louis Moisan! He was the father of Euphémie Moisan, grandfather of Céline Lepage, who was the mother of Maria Fortin, who had given birth to Huguette Marion, my mother.

On July 27, 1861, Louis Moisan wrote a long letter to his brother Thomas. This letter gives an insight into the life of my ancestor Louis, his wife Eulalie Racette, his children and his brothers and sisters. He talks about everyday life, about the newspaper 'La Minerve', about the priest, about his cows, his lambs and his horses and what he loves. He reports on the health and living conditions of his family. The vocabulary and the expressions are marked by catholicity, archaism and 'terroir'. What is most touching is the greeting of the end:

"I am your tender brother

Louis Moisan who will never forget you."

The reader wonders if the two brothers ever met again, at least once, before they died. I doubt it...

A second letter written by another brother, Pierre, on March 25, 1888 is addressed to the widow of Thomas Moisan, Henriette Longtain. Pierre speaks of the mourning experienced after the death of Thomas. Henriette in an earlier correspondence had asked the Moisans in Québec to send her family pictures. Pierre confirms that the family pictures would be handed to her in a short while by the Missionary Mr. Delorme. He ends his correspondence by indicating that he will remain her brother-in-law for life.

A black and white photo revealing a past of more than a century. In the photo, there are two elderly people. They sit on wooden chairs in front of a wooden house. The old woman wears a bonnet. Her husband, a man with a white beard, wears a big hat. There are two children. A girl and a boy on the threshold of adolescence. There are also two young men, with mustaches, suits and bowler hats. There are four young women. The dresses are long, reflecting the fashion of the time. All the people are wearing shoes and their Sunday best. All of them show a very serious look except the
(Continued on page 38)

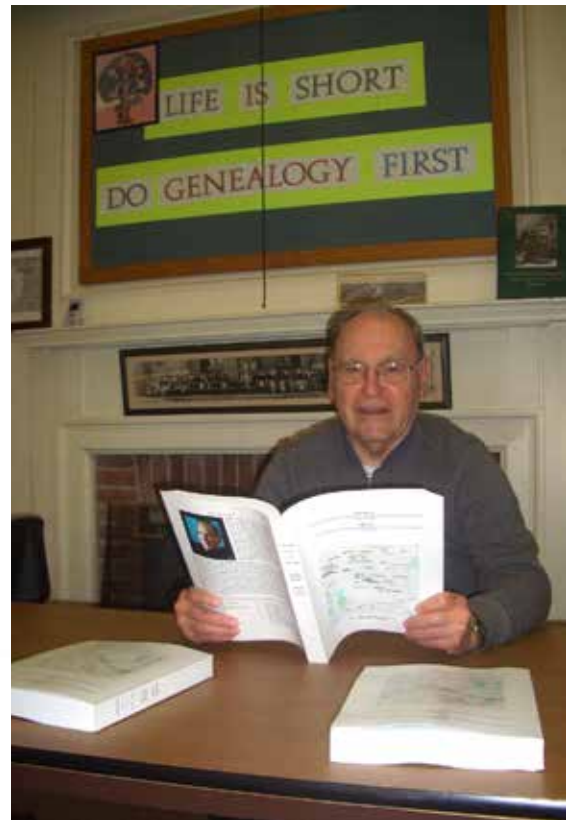
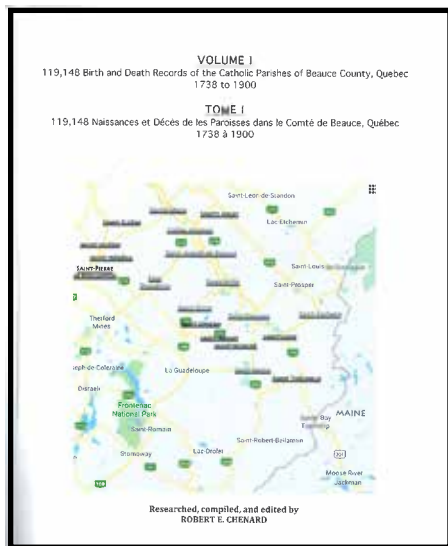


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The original parish records (written in French) were carefully researched and compiled into a huge data base alphabetically by family that took nearly 7 years to complete. The three large volumes each require about 670 pages each. Also included are thousands of marriages in both Quebec and many New England towns where these immigrants lived and married. Over 85% of Quebec immigrants into Central Maine prior to 1900 came from Beauce county, some as early as the late 1700's.

This very limited set of books sells for only \$125 plus 10% for U.S. postage. To obtain a set of these volumes please contact the author (Bob Chenard) either by phone (207-649-2774) or by email (rechenard@roadrunner.com).



Robert Chenard

(The old photo continued from page 38)



old woman who displays what seems to be the beginning of a smile. What was the occasion that spawned this photo? A marriage? A funeral? It is impossible to determine the occasion by looking at the photo.

I could now conclude that the photograph of Louis Moisan, Eulalie Racette and their children had been taken before 1877, before the departure of Euphémie Moisan and Israël Lepage. One of the recipients of this photograph was, without a doubt, Thomas Moisan. Receiving a photograph was the only way to see one's family when siblings lived at the two extremes of the large North American continent.

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Franco-American Families of Maine

par **Bob Chenard,**
Waterville, Maine

Les Familles Crépeau

Welcome to my column. Over the years Le Forum has published numerous families. Copies of these may still be available by writing to the Franco-American Center. Listings such as this one are never complete. However, it does provide you with my most recent and complete file of marriages tied to the original French ancestor. How to use the family listings: The left-hand column lists the first name (and middle name or initial, if any) of the direct descendants of the ancestor identified as number 1 (or A, in some cases). The next column gives the date of marriage, then the spouse (maiden name if female) followed by the town in which the marriage took place. There are two columns of numbers. The one on the left side of the page, e.g., #2, is the child of #2 in the right column of numbers. His parents are thus #1 in the left column of numbers. Also, it should be noted that all the persons in the first column of names under the same number are siblings (brothers & sisters). There may be other siblings, but only those who had descendants that married in Maine are listed in order to keep this listing limited in size. The listing can be used up or down - to find parents or descendants. The best way to see if your ancestors are listed here is to look for your mother's or grandmother's maiden name. Once you are sure you have the right couple, take note of the number in the left column under which their names appear. Then, find the same number in the right-most column above. For example, if it's #57C, simply look for #57C on the right above. Repeat the process for each generation until you get back to the first family in the list. The numbers with alpha suffixes (e.g. 57C) are used mainly for couple who married in Maine. Marriages that took place in Canada normally have no suffixes with the rare exception of small letters, e.g., "13a." If there are gross errors or missing families, my sincere apologies. I have taken utmost care to be as accurate as possible. Please write to the FORUM staff with your corrections and/or additions with your supporting data. I provide this column freely with the purpose of encouraging Franco-Americans to research their personal genealogy and to take pride in their rich heritage.

CRÉPEAU

Maurice Crépeau, born 1639 in France, died 1704 in PQ, son of Jean Crépeau and Suzanne Faumoleau of the town of les Roches-Beritaud, depart of Vendée, ancient province of Poitou, France, married on 12 October 1665 in Québec city to "Fille-du-Roi" Marguerite Laverdure, born 1646 in France, died 1727 in PQ, daughter of Martin Laverdure and Jacqueline Leliot (or Laliot & Lecat) from the parish of St.Nicolas-des-Champs, Paris, France. The town of les RochesBeritaud is located 37 miles west-northwest of the city of Parthenay.

| | | | |
|--------------|-------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 Maurice | 12 Oct 1665 | Marguerite Laverdure | Québec city 2 |
| 2 Maurice | 06 Feb 1702 | Marie Audet | St.Jean, I.O. 3 |
| 3 Basile 1m. | 26 Nov 1725 | Marguerite Raté | St.Pierre, I.O. |
| " 2m. | 18 Apr 1746 | M.-Elizabeth Matteau | Château-Richer 4 |
| Charles | 20 Apr 1740 | Agnès Charland | Château-Richer 5 |
| Pierre | 06 Nov 1752 | M.-Josette Dorval | St.Pierre, I.O. 6 |
| 4 Maurice | 13 Jul 1778 | Marguerite Cloutier | Château-Richer 7 |
| 5 Joseph | 26 May 1777 | M.-Josette Gagnon | Château-Richer 8 |
| 6 Pierre | 17 Aug 1778 | Charlotte Bussière | St.Henri 9 |
| 7 Joseph 1m. | 08 Feb 1813 | Marguerite Martin | St.Jacques-l'Arch. |
| " 2m. | 09 Feb 1819 | M.-Thérèse Moreau | l'Assomption 10 |
| 8 Joseph | 17 Jul 1797 | Thérèse Trudeau | St.Michel-Yamaska 11 |
| 9 Joseph | 10 Jan 1809 | Reine Laflamme | St.François-du-Sud 12 |
| 10 Stanislas | 12 Sep 1848 | Henriette Richard | St.Edouard 8A |
| 11 Jérémie | 01 Mar 1824 | Marguerite Théroux | St.Michel-Yamaska 13 |
| 12 Laurent | 03 Feb 1845 | Rosalie Martin | Ste.Marguerite 14 |
| 13 Régis | 16 Feb 1857 | Marie Crépeau | St.David-Yamaska 15 |
| 14 Marie | 30 Jan 1872 | Georges Gaboury | St.Évariste (to Augusta) |
| Laurent | 06 Jun 1876 | Virginie/Eugénie Pelchat | St.Honoré 13A |
| Napoléon | 18 Feb 1884 | Adèle Dulac | St.Honoré 13B |
| Séraphie | 09 Feb 1886 | Majorique Cloutier | St.Honoré (to Augusta) |
| 15 Olivier | 19 Aug 1884 | Marie Février-Laramé | St.David-Yamaska 17 |
| 17 Albert | 08 Jul 1913 | M.-Rosa Brouillard | St.David-Yamaska 17A |

The following are descendants of the above who married in Maine:

| | | | |
|-------------------|---------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 8A Edmond | 08 Apr 1882 | Clara Lemire | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| 13A M.-Louise | 14 Jan 1901 | Louis Betit (Bétit) | Augusta(St.Aug.) |
| Léa | 10 Feb 1901 | Évangéliste Bédard | Augusta(St.Aug.) |
| M.-Anne | 16 Jun 1901 | Louis Tondreau | Augusta(St.Aug.) |
| Philippe | 07 May 1906 | Joséphine Breton | Waterville(SFS) |
| 13B Séraphine | 25 Aug 1901 | Joseph Cloutier | Augusta(St.Aug.) |
| Alphonsine 1m. | 10 Apr 1913 | Gédéon Trépanier | Augusta(St.Aug.) |
| " 2m. | 21 Jan 1956 | Joseph Huard | Waterville(ND) |
| Marie 09 | Oct 1916 | Wilfrid Poulin | Augusta(St.Aug.) |
| 17A Henry-Wilfred | 30 May 1940 | Arlene-Frances Lowell | Biddeford(St.Mary) |
| Rose | 31 Aug 1940 | Charles Bélanger | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| Maurice | 12 Oct 1940 | Blanche Hamel | Biddeford(St.And.) 17B |
| Lucille | 26 Aug 1940 | Lawrence Burke | Biddeford |
| " rev. | 25 Oct 1940 | (Wilfred) Burke | Biddeford(St.Mary) |
| Léandre | 21 Oct 1950 | Jacqueline St-Louis | Biddeford(St.Jos.) 17C |
| Walter-G. | 07 Apr 1951 | Lucille-L. Dumas | Saco(NDL) 17D |
| Madeline | 05 Sep 1953 | James-M. Shafer | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| Roger-L. | 27 Feb 1954 | Barbara Lessard | Biddeford(St.Mary) 17E |
| 17B Raymond-M. | 02 Sep 1961 | Monique Levasseur | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| Gérard-A. | 31 Aug 1963 | Gabrielle-M. Jacques | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| Norman-Paul | 28 Jan 1967 | Diane-A. St-Ours | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| Lucien-Fernand | 10 Oct 1970 J | oanne-Elaine Vallière | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| Robert | 27 May 1972 | Elaine Fecteau | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| 17C Judy-Ann | 23 May 1970 | Francis Grégoire | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| Susan | 07 Sep 1970 | Gérard Goulet | Biddeford(St.Jos.) |
| Diane-Rita | 30 May 1975 | Ronald-Richard Vase | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| Thérèse-Irène | 11 Sep 1976 | Gary-Wayne Corey | Biddeford(St.And.) |
| 17D Denis-Marcel | 08 Oct 1983 | Linda-Ann Lambert | Saco(NDL) |
| 17E Carol-Ann | 12 Sep 1975 | Roland-R. Hurtubise | Saco(HT) |



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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